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THE NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXXIX

MARCH TO AUGUST

1902

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THE

NATIONAL REVIEW

No. 229.—March 1902

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

An Epoch-Marking Event.

ALTHOUGH the past month was crowded with political episodes, both domestic and foreign, of unusual importance, from the formal and probably final breach between Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to the unconscionable campaign against Lord Pauncefote in the semi-official German press, it will hardly be denied that the overshadowing event is the conclusion of the Agreement between Great Britain and Japan, which constitutes an Alliance, in the Continental acceptation of that term. This is clearly an epoch-marking event, and has been so regarded at home and abroad, but we feel convinced that the longer it is examined, the stronger will become the approval already accorded by the people of the British Empire. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the scope and purport of the new Alliance in these pages, as it is dealt with in an article by A, B, C &c., whose contributions to the *National Review* on foreign affairs have attracted a certain amount of attention during the last few months. They can hardly be accused of approaching the subject from an anti-Russian standpoint, and we venture to commend their interpretation of the Treaty to those who, to the great delight of our Teutonic cousins, have rashly asserted that the new arrangement is directed against Russia. It would be more accurate to say, and this is one of its chief attractions from the British point of view, that the Alliance with Japan signifies our emancipation from the German yoke which we have borne so meekly for many years. Before coming to the official documents, one preliminary observation is necessary. It is argued in some places that the British Government must have had a pistol presented to it by the Marquis Ito

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before it could ever have consented to enter into such a far-reaching and "un-English" compact, and that practically the choice lay between becoming the ally of Japan or seeing Japan become the ally of others. Were this the true genesis of the Agreement it would simply show that the British Foreign Minister had acted with courageous promptitude, for we ask the critics what would have been their feelings if they had suddenly learnt that owing to the supineness of our Government, Japan had decided to enter a possibly hostile coalition. To those who suggest that we should have communicated any overtures for an alliance from Japan to the Government of St. Petersburg, we reply that the English and Russian Governments are not on terms which make such communications possible, and it must also be remembered that owing to the peculiar relations between Russia and Germany our Government has frequently found that to communicate with the former is to communicate with the latter. Imagine Germany's opportunities for mischief had she got wind of the Anglo-Japanese negotiations! Moreover, well-informed persons have long suspected that unbeknown to the mass of Russians, and entirely unknown to France, some occult understanding exists between the Berlin Government and the China Department of the Russian Foreign Office—we put it no higher than this—which would account for many otherwise unaccountable incidents in the Far East, particularly during the Waldersee *régime*. In any event we doubt whether there was anything sudden in the conclusion of this Agreement with Japan. Documents involving such immense issues are not drawn up in a day under menace. We should be inclined to attribute far more importance, than do those who put forward this theory, to the *rôle* of the eminent Japanese Minister in London, Baron Hayashi, just as on the British side Lord Lansdowne was a very important factor. As the authorship of the Alliance has become a burning Party question in Japan, where we are glad to observe it is immensely popular, it would be inadvisable to probe the personal problem further. The appointment of Baron Hayashi to London by the Marquis Ito was regarded by competent persons as a signal that the Government of Tokio intended to make a very serious effort to place the relations of the two Powers on a business basis.

Lord Lansdowne's Despatch.

The Agreement between Great Britain and Japan was signed on January 30, 1902, and published at midnight on February 11,* accompanied by a covering and explanatory despatch from Lord Lansdowne to Sir Claude MacDonald, the British Minister in Tokio, informing the latter that

* A monthly review may be permitted without invidiousness to protest against the official practice of issuing important documents so as to throw the

This Agreement may be regarded as the outcome of the events which have taken place during the last two years in the Far East, and of the part taken by Great Britain and Japan in dealing with them.

Throughout the troubles and complications which arose in China consequent upon the Boxer outbreak and the attack upon the Peking Legations, the two Powers have been in close and uninterrupted communication, and have been actuated by similar views.

We have each of us desired that the integrity and independence of the Chinese Empire should be preserved, that there should be no disturbance of the territorial *status quo* either in China or in the adjoining regions, that all nations should, within those regions, as well as within the limits of the Chinese Empire, be afforded equal opportunities for the development of their commerce and industry, and that peace should not only be restored, but should, for the future, be maintained.

The frequent exchanges of views during the developments of the last few years have convinced the two Governments that their Far Eastern policy is "identical"; consequently, "it has resulted that each side has expressed the desire that their common policy should find expression in an international contract of binding validity." There we have the true origin of the Treaty, though, as the *Times* very fairly points out in a leading article, "if the fabric has been reared and completed to its present stage by Lord Salisbury and Lord Lansdowne, the site was cleared and the foundations were laid by Lord Rosebery," who eight years ago, while all the other Powers were hesitating, showed "that he was prepared to treat as an equal the State we now greet as an ally" by giving his consent to that revision of the Treaties with the Western Powers which enabled Japan to take her rightful place amongst the nations, and later on, again, it was Lord Rosebery who refused to allow England to be associated with the Triple Alliance of Russia, Germany and France, which combined to rob Japan of the lawful fruits of her crushing victory over China. In spite of the disorganised condition of the Liberal Party, it is infinitely satisfactory to all patriotic Englishmen to feel that such an important new departure in British policy has been the handiwork of the best men on both sides, and we say this without any desire to deny Lord Lansdowne the credit of placing the coping-stone on this great international edifice.

Peace with Honour.

Lord Lansdowne dwells, in his despatch, on the essentially pacific character of the Agreement, seeing that in the first article "we join in entirely disclaiming any aggressive tendencies either in China or Corea," but the High Contracting Parties also place on record

maximum of strain on conscientious journalists. The publication of an Alliance at midnight is a gratuitous outrage.

their determination that should the interests they desire to safeguard be endangered,

> It will be admissible for either of them to take such measures as may be indispensable in order to safeguard those interests, and words have been added which will render it clear that such precautionary measures might become necessary and might be legitimately taken, not only in the case of aggressive action or of an actual attack by some other Power, but in the event of disturbances arising of a character to necessitate the intervention of either of the High Contracting Parties for the protection of the lives and property of its subjects.

The chief obligations undertaken by the signatories of the Agreement are the maintenance of a strict neutrality "in the event of either of them becoming involved in war, and of coming to one another's assistance in the event of either of them being confronted by the opposition of more than one hostile Power." By the remaining provisions Great Britain and Japan "undertake that neither of them will, without consultation with the other, enter into separate arrangements with another Power to the prejudice of the interests described in the Agreement," and whenever those interests are threatened "they will communicate with one another fully and frankly." There is to be no Bismarckian business. In conclusion Lord Lansdowne reiterates that the British Government have been largely influenced in entering into "this important contract . . . by the conviction that it contains no provisions which can be regarded as an indication of aggressive or self-seeking tendencies in the regions to which it applies," rather is it "a measure of precaution . . . in the defence of important British interests."

> It in no way threatens the present position or the legitimate interests of other Powers. On the contrary, that part of it which renders either of the High Contracting Parties liable to be called upon by the other for assistance can operate only when one of the allies has found himself obliged to go to war in defence of interests which are common to both, when the circumstances in which he has taken this step are such as to establish that the quarrel has not been of his own seeking, and when, being engaged in his own defence, he finds himself threatened, not by a single Power, but by a hostile coalition.

While trusting that the Agreement will make for the preservation of peace, "should peace unfortunately be broken," it will have the effect of restricting the area of hostilities. In the deplorable event of a war between Russia and Japan, *e.g.*, which is a catastrophe to be avoided because, whatever the issue, no permanent peace could ensue, other Powers will now hesitate to join the fray unless they deliberately desire a world-wide conflagration. This inevitable consequence of our new policy has not been lost upon Europe and is responsible for the favourable reception of the Anglo-Japanese Agreement in peaceful countries

such as Italy and Hungary. Even in Paris there is some sense of relief.

Text of Our Agreement.

As slight discrepancies have been detected between the British interpretation of the Agreement, and the Agreement itself, and as the latter is certainly the most important document to which statesmen have affixed their signatures and seals since the conclusion of the Franco-Russian Alliance, we think it as well to reproduce it textually. We would remind the reader that in any variance between the phraseology of Lord Lansdowne's despatch and the terms of the Agreement, the latter obviously prevails, as Lord Lansdowne himself was careful to point out in the House of Lords. The High Contracting Parties are not responsible for one another's despatches, but only for the Treaty :

Agreement between Great Britain and Japan, signed at London, January 30, 1902.

The Governments of Great Britain and Japan, actuated solely by a desire to maintain the *status quo* and general peace in the extreme East, being moreover specially interested in maintaining the independence and territorial integrity of the Empire of China and the Empire of Corea, and in securing equal opporunities in those countries for the commerce and industry of all nations, hereby agree as follows:

Article I.—The High Contracting Parties, having mutually recognised the independence of China and Corea, declare themselves to be entirely uninfluenced by any aggressive tendencies in either country. Having in view, however, their special interests, of which those of Great Britain relate principally to China, while Japan, in addition to the interests which she possesses in China, is interested in a peculiar degree politically, as well as commercially and industrially, in Corea, the High Contracting Parties recognise that it will be admissible for either of them to take such measures as may be indispensable in order to safeguard those interests if threatened either by the aggressive action of any other Power, or by disturbances arising in China or Corea, and necessitating the intervention of either of the High Contracting Parties for the protection of the lives and property of its subjects.

Article II.—If either Great Britain or Japan, in the defence of their respective interests above described, should become involved in war with another Power, the other High Contracting Party will maintain a strict neutrality, and use its efforts to prevent other Powers from joining in hostilities against its ally.

Article III.—If in the above event any other Power or Powers should join in hostilities against that ally, the other High Contracting Party will come to its assistance and will conduct the war in common, and make peace in mutual agreement with it.

Article IV.—The High Contracting Parties agree that neither of them will, without consulting the other, enter into separate arrangements with another Power to the prejudice of the interests above described.

Article V.—Whenever, in the opinion of either Great Britain or Japan the above-mentioned interests are in jeopardy, the two Governments will communicate with one another fully and frankly.

ARTICLE VI.—The present Agreement shall come into effect immediately after the date of its signature, and remain in force for five years from that date.

In case neither of the High Contracting Parties should have notified twelve months before the expiration of the said five years the intention of terminating it, it shall remain binding until the expiration of one year from the day on which either of the High Contracting Parties shall have denounced it. But if, when the date fixed for its expiration arrives, either ally is actually engaged in war, the alliance shall, *ipso facto*, continue until peace is concluded.

An Example.

Persons venturing to suggest that it might be advisable for Great Britain to adopt a definite policy involving larger arrangements with other Powers than has been the practice of late years, have invariably been met by the stereotyped statement that "public opinion would not stand it," or by clap trap about "entangling alliances." This has been the stock pretext of successive ministries for drifting in every direction, and thus sparing themselves the intellectual effort involved in thinking out a policy. Lord Lansdowne has found, however, that this bogie of public opinion which paralyses so many of his colleagues, is an empty terror. In laying it he has rendered a conspicuous public service, and we venture to hope that his success may not be wholly lost upon others who live with "their ear to the ground." Is it too much, *e.g.*, to hope that before the Budget assumes its final form the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have risen to the height of a great occasion, and will have the nerve to emancipate himself from the antiquated superstitions in which he has hitherto moved, and lived and had his being? He has a golden opportunity of placing our whole fiscal policy on a broad Imperial basis, *i.e.*, of undoing in the interests of an Empire the work which Peel and Gladstone avowedly did in the interests of an island. The announcement of the Alliance with Japan, to give it its proper name, so far from exciting the resentment which was doubtless expected by some of Lord Lansdowne's weaker brethren, was spontaneously acclaimed by the nation and the Empire, which does not contain quite so many fools as statesmen imagine. The opposition of the pro-Boer press was, of course, a foregone conclusion and it is a tribute to the Treaty. Indeed, its approval might have excited some misgivings. No opinion on imperial questions carries more weight than that of Australia, especially on the Far Eastern question and in connection with a community, with which at times there has been some racial friction. The Australians are a large-minded and robust people, gifted with political perspective; in other words they know that the wood is greater than the individual tree. It was therefore not in the least surprising, but none the less satisfactory, to learn that

Mr. Barton, the Federal Premier, had at once expressed his satisfaction at the Japanese Agreement, pronouncing it to be beneficial to the position of the Commonwealth, because the Empire, whose integrity is vital to Australia, acquires a much stronger naval and military position, and because anything which advances the commercial position of Great Britain will also be good for Australia. While from New Zealand, which has become under the inspiring guidance of Mr. Seddon one of the first factors in our political world, came this gratifying telegram, sent by Lord Ranfurly, the Governor: "My Government congratulate his Majesty's Government on British-Japanese Alliance. They regard it as being of most beneficial bearing to Australasia."

A Declaration of Policy.

When Lord Lansdowne entered the House of Lords on the occasion of the discussion on the new Agreement, there was an unwonted outbreak of applause from the assembled Peers, a sufficiently significant sign of the popularity of the Treaty; for in recent times the Lords have usually shown themselves to be in closer touch with public opinion than the House of Commons, which is becoming more and more "detached" from the main stream of national life. After a few friendly, but non-committal, remarks from Lord Spencer, the temporary Leader of the Opposition, who expressed the highest opinion of the Japanese, Lord Lansdowne made a short speech which is hardly less important than his despatch. He was unable to lay any further papers on the table, as the Agreement speaks for itself, and it hardly required "even the short explanatory despatch which accompanied it," while preliminary communications had necessarily been of the "most confidential character," and it would not be in accordance with tradition to publish them. We are glad to observe that the British Foreign Minister disposed of the idea that any other Power had been privy to the negotiation of the Agreement, as the German Government, which cannot bear to have its finger out of any pie, has had the hardihood to suggest in quarters where the fiction is likely to be accepted, that they were, so to speak, the godfathers of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance! Other inaccurate persons have suggested that the United States is an informal member of the Alliance, an assertion which can only produce misunderstanding, as it is completely contrary to American policy (as the Kaiser will discover) to make alliances. But by far the most important part of this speech was the frank recognition that we have opened a new era in our foreign policy, and whatever other members of the Government, who

have evidently not read the Agreement, may say, the statement of the responsible Foreign Minister stands on record as a declaration of British policy.

I think it is true that in recent years international agreements involving assistance on the part of this country to other Powers have been generally regarded with considerable suspicion and misgiving; but I say frankly we are not going to be deterred by these considerations, or to admit for a moment that because this Agreement does involve a new departure it is therefore open to adverse criticism. I do not think that any one can have watched the recent course of events in different parts of the world without realising that many arguments of undoubted weight generations ago have ceased to be entitled to the same consideration now. What do we see on all sides? We observe a tendency on the part of the Great Powers to form groups. We observe a tendency to ever-increasing naval and military armaments that involve ever-increasing burdens upon the people of those countries where these armaments are accumulated. There is also this—that in these days war breaks out very suddenly, which was not the case in former days, when nations were not, as they are now, armed to the teeth and ready to enter on hostilities at any moment. When we consider these features of the international situation we must surely feel that that country would indeed be endowed with an extraordinary amount of what I might call self-sufficiency which took on itself to say that it would accept, without question, without reservation, the doctrine that all foreign alliances were to be avoided as embarrassing and objectionable. Therefore I would entreat your lordships to look at this matter strictly on its merits, and not to allow your judgments to be swayed by any old formula or old-fashioned superstitions as to the desirability of pursuing a policy of isolation for this country.

The Question of Alliances.

When once we have discarded the bagman's policy of isolation, and approach the question of alliances, we have to consider, as Lord Lansdowne pointed out, "whether the ally is a desirable ally, and in the next place whether the objects of the alliance are commendable, and last, but not least, whether the price you pay for alliance is greater than you ought to pay." If such questions can be satisfactorily answered, "then, I say, the alliance is not embarrassing and bad for the country, but, on the contrary, is a good thing, for the country which has the good fortune to possess allies is more to be envied than the country without allies." This is the true answer to criticisms that have been passed upon the new Treaty by British writers who apparently expect to combine the freedom of isolation with the security of an alliance. In this category may be placed the astonishing demand of the *Westminster Gazette*—which, we fear, will be regarded abroad as another example of that British self-complacency which the *Westminster Gazette* is constantly rebuking—that Great Britain, as the predominant partner, shall establish a control over Japanese foreign policy! It would be interesting to know how this suggestion strikes the Japanese,

particularly Japanese readers of the *Westminster Gazette*, who have seen the British Government—the proposed directors of Japanese foreign policy—denounced day by day for the last seven years for their ineptitude in managing British policy. Lord Lansdowne declined to waste the time of the House of Lords in demonstrating that Japan is a desirable ally; it was all the less necessary to do so as Lord Spencer had constantly spoken in the warmest terms of that country, and had dwelt on its great and growing political influence. Then the objects of the Alliance are clearly stated on the face of the Agreement, viz., in the first place the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Far East; secondly, the maintenance of the commercial policy known by the name of the open door, and thirdly, the maintenance of peace in that part of the world. These were objects to which all the great Powers with which we had dealt during the last few years had at one time or another announced their adhesion, and there is nothing in the Agreement which does violence to the policy of any one of them. The Alliance was simply a measure of security. "I venture to say that if it is indeed our policy to support Japan, to protect Japan against the danger of a coalition of other Powers, I do not think we can avow it too frankly or too distinctly," as "there is a much greater danger in leaving great questions of international policy of that kind to vague and hazy understandings than there is in embodying them explicitly in Agreements, the purport of which cannot possibly be misunderstood by those concerned." We have not the space to follow the House of Lords discussion any further (or to epitomise the simultaneous debate which took place in the House of Commons, in the course of which Mr. Balfour made an excellent speech, explicitly declaring that the Alliance with Japan was not directed against Russia—a Power we had every desire to come to terms with). Lord Rosebery "at the outset" and "without prejudice" congratulated the Government on the Agreement.

An American Protest.

Another noteworthy document relating to the Far Eastern question is the vehement remonstrance against the proposed Russo-Chinese Convention (granting to the Russo-Chinese Bank an effective monopoly of the material resources of Manchuria) addressed by the Washington Government to the Russian and Chinese Governments. Although published on February 19, this Note, which begins thus, was dated February 1, *i.e.*, only two days after Lord Lansdowne and Baron Hayashi signed the Anglo-Japanese Agreement: "The agreement whereby China gives

to any corporation or company the exclusive right or privilege of opening mines, establishing railroads, or in any other way industrially developing the province of Manchuria, can but be viewed with the gravest concern by the Government of the United States," for any monopoly which might be thus constituted "is a distinct breach of the stipulations of the Treaties concluded between China and the foreign Powers, and thereby seriously affects the rights of American citizens" by restricting "their rightful trade, exposing it to be discriminated against, interfered with, or otherwise jeopardised, and strongly tends towards permanently impairing China's sovereign rights in this part of her Empire, whilst it also seriously interferes with her ability to meet her international obligations." Any such concessions on the part of China "would be undoubtedly followed by demands from other Powers for similar or equal extensive advantages elsewhere in the Chinese Empire, and the inevitable result must be the complete wreck of the policy of absolute equality of treatment for all nations respecting trade, navigation and commerce within the confines of the Empire." The Washington Note severely adds that "the attainment by one Power of such exclusive privileges" as were contemplated in the proposed Russo-Chinese Convention, "conflicts with the assurances, repeatedly conveyed to this Government by the Imperial Russian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, of the Imperial Government's intention to follow the policy of the open door in China, as described by the Government of the United States, and accepted by all the Treaty Powers having commercial interests in that Empire." Finally, Mr. Hay expresses his confidence that Russia and China "will relieve the just and natural anxiety of the United States." We learn from Peking that Germany declined to associate herself with the protest of the United States against the attempted absorption of Manchuria for the very good reason that the German Government is seeking to establish a somewhat similar monopoly in Shantung. We trust that Mr. Hay will invite the British and Japanese Governments to join him in entering an equally trenchant protest against an exclusive policy in Shantung, which is in direct defiance of categorical promises given to other Powers and a clear violation of their Treaty rights. What is sauce for the Russian goose is surely sauce for the German gander?

A Naval Essay.

The work of inflaming Germany against Great Britain is being systematically carried on under the maximum of official patronage which it is believed easy-going Englishmen will tolerate. In other words, while the Government are anxious that the fiction of a friendly

Germany should be entertained in this country, until their naval programme is somewhat more advanced, they lose few opportunities of furthering "the good cause" of Anglophobia which unites as one man "all honest Germans." Some time ago an officer of the German General Staff was authorised to publish a study upon the "Invasion of England," showing how easy it would be, with a reasonable amount of luck, for Germany to land an irresistible force on our shores. We now have the sequel to this military essay in the shape of an article on "The German North Sea Fleet and British Sea Power," which appeared in the February number of the *Deutsche Revue* * from the pen of Vice-Admiral Livonius. Why, we may ask, are the *published* literary efforts of the German army and navy exclusively directed against the British Empire? If such essays are entirely devoid of political significance, why do not our Teutonic cousins occasionally produce from their pigeon-holes some of their numerous schemes for marching upon Paris, St. Petersburg, or Vienna? Because, in the first place, German brains are nowadays busy planning the downfall of the British Empire and, in the second, it is desirable to confine German hostility to the English Channel; then again other Powers resent the publication of offensive schemes. What, we may ask, would be the impression made in Germany if officers attached to our Intelligence Department were perpetually launching missiles of this character? Admiral Livonius opens with a conventional expression of retrospective regard for the brilliant chapters in our naval annals at the beginning of last century, but even these compliments are turned against us to-day. He points out that British naval superiority was established in spite of inferior numbers, for in this latter respect "the French and Spanish were more than the equals of Great Britain. In the battle of Cape St. Vincent the Spanish had thirty-two line of battleships, the British only fifteen; at Trafalgar the British had twenty-seven battleships, while the combined fleets of France and Spain made thirty-three." From this the inevitable inference is drawn that "the superiority in the number of ships, on the existence of which the Great Britain of to-day relies for her safety and superiority, is *eo ipso* not the decisive factor." Our glorious victories were due to the genius of such admirals and captains as Nelson, Jervis, Troubridge, and Collingwood, and to the magnificent training of our men. But, according to the writer, these factors, are no longer present in the British navy, and as a proof of the decline of our admirals, he actually adduces the loss of the *Victoria*, when "the masterful display of resolution and independence characteristic

* See translation in *Morning Post* of February 3.

of Nelson" was no longer exhibited in an admiral "in whom the greatest hopes were reposed." Having thus dismissed our officers, Admiral Livonius disposes of our sailors, whose training is not to be compared to that of German blue-jackets. After carefully examining our methods, the writer finally pronounces that "a superiority on the part of Great Britain in regard to the tactical and other training of the crews, such as existed in Nelson's time, cannot any longer be discovered; on the contrary we may boldly accord this superiority to ourselves."

German Superiority.

Then, again, Germany would gain greatly in a war with this country from the desertion of German engineers and stokers now employed in the British Mercantile Marine, *who would be at once available for the German Navy* (our italics). We trust that "this intelligent anticipation," may be brought to the notice of Sir Edward Grey's Manning Committee, and it is not unreasonable to invite patriotic shipowners to consider the subject. From the outbreak of war "the record-making" auxiliary cruisers of the North German-Lloyd, and Hamburg-America Companies, would be able to inflict immense damage on British ships, "and show a clean pair of heels to all British men-of-war." They would, moreover, be of the utmost value when the "invasion" stage of the struggle was reached:

> If it should be necessary to effect a landing in England, and for this purpose to take troops and war material on board with a view to setting them on shore at a previously agreed point on the British coast, then the extraordinary size and speed of these newest ships would be of inestimable value, and as a successful landing depends on secret preparations it must be regarded as a great advantage to us that the Baltic and North Sea Canal provides us with a double point of sortie. The possibility of effecting a landing on the English coast has, owing to the application of steam power, greatly increased in recent years. In view of the certainty with which ships can now find their way through night and fogs, of the rapidity with which they are able to reach their destination, and of the possibility of steaming without lights, the advantages accruing to great Britain from her insular position are much less than they were formerly.

The German reader of this article would certainly carry away the impression, which was doubtless intended by the writer, that a comparison of German and British sea power in the twentieth century does not differ greatly from a comparison between British and Spanish sea power in the days of the Armada. On the one hand is an outnumbered, but perfectly equipped and up-to-date fleet, manned by thoroughly trained crews, and commanded by skilful and daring officers who are complete masters of their profession; on the other hand is a

great naval host living on a past of which it is not worthy, insufficiently manned by untrained men, and commanded by officers who have lost their nerve or who do not know their business, and whose one idea is to avoid putting to sea and to lie up in snug harbours. Admiral Livonius concludes by exhorting his countrymen to carry through their naval programme with all possible speed, as Germany has nothing to fear from Great Britain.

The German Navy League.

The naval propaganda in Germany does not depend entirely for its progress upon the isolated efforts of essayists detailed from the German General Staff or the Admiralty, or even upon the spasmodic eloquence of Government professors who are expected to devote their leisure evenings to preaching the Gospel of Anglophobia to the German proletariat. The whole movement is run by one of the most powerful political organisations in Europe, viz., the German Navy League, which has attained truly marvellous dimensions * in a very short existence. It was founded on April 30, 1898, *i.e.*, during the excitement of the Spanish-American War, and it seeks "to waken, to foster, and to strengthen the intelligence and interest of the German people in the importance of the fleet, and of the duties it performs." It is under the highest official patronage, being apparently allowed to supplement any deficiencies of the Admiralty, for, according to its statutes, the German Navy League "has the further purpose of providing for the comfort of officers and crews in places where the legislation and Government of the Empire cannot itself exercise a complete supervision." The Supreme Committee of the foreign branches, which sits in Berlin, consists of about a hundred members, among others, the Duke Adolf Friedrich of Mecklenburg, the Chief Director of the Hamburg-America Line, the Director of the Colonial Department of the Foreign Office, the Director of the East Africa Company, the Chief of the Emperor's private Cabinet for Naval Affairs, the Director of the North German Lloyd, and many other prominent personages in the military, naval and official worlds. Statute 5 of the Supreme Committee gives some idea of its importance : "The subscriptions sent to the Supreme Committee are put at the disposal of his Majesty the Emperor for naval purposes. Details are agreed upon between representatives of the Supreme Committee and the Minister of Marine." Instead of belittling and reviling the Navy League, as is the habit of certain great newspapers elsewhere, the German Press does

* See *Navy League Journal* for December 1901.

everything to promote the movement. Two years after it was founded the German Navy League had already acquired a membership of over 600,000, and to-day it disposes of an annual income of £25,000. The proper reply to the German Navy League is for Englishmen to join their own Navy League.

A Bismarckian Admiralty.

While the British Admiralty habitually reassures Parliament and the public as to the strength of our Navy, the German Admiralty, on the other hand, is positively Bismarckian in its devices for inducing the Reichstag to accept gigantic naval programmes. At the end of January, the *Vorwärts*, the chief organ of the Socialist party in Berlin, caused a passing sensation by reproducing in its columns a confidential memorandum which had been abstracted from the Naval Department, the authenticity of which Vice-Admiral von Tirpitz, the German "First Lord," was unable to challenge. This suggestive document shows that the Government contemplate a substantial extension of the Navy Bill of 1900, viz., an increase in the number of new vessels intended for foreign service, and a revision of the existing arrangements for putting new vessels in commission. Under the present programme (the law of 1900) two battleships, one large cruiser and three small cruisers are commenced every year ; the confidential memorandum contains the following passage :

> A systematic increase of the number of ships in commission, running parallel to the rate of construction . . . was of necessity temporarily omitted from the calculations, since an increase of the number of ships in commission in the years 1905–1910, which should correspond to the increase of the number of ships in existence during the same period, would have necessitated such an addition to the recurrent expenditure that the navy scheme could not have been carried out without new taxes, and would consequently have been most seriously imperilled.

In other words, the Reichstag was allowed to know the cost of constructing the ships, but it was not allowed to know the further cost of sending them to sea, the reason being, as the Socialist organ pointed out, that the Kaiser's naval ambitions involve heavier taxation than the people have yet been educated to bear. What is no less remarkable than the attitude of the Admiralty in 1900 is the attitude of the German public to-day. Admiral Tirpitz offered a very "thin" explanation of the discrepancy between the estimated cost and the inevitable cost of the Imperial scheme, but the conversion of the country has been so complete, and enthusiasm for sea power runs so high that the Reichstag seemed positively grateful for the deception of two years ago. The *Times* Berlin correspondent reminds

us of the main features of the law of 1900, which are as follows : The fleet is to consist of two battle squadrons, composed respectively of sixteen battleships, eight large and twenty-four small cruisers for service in home waters—*i.e.*, the North Sea. Besides this there are to be eight large and fifteen small cruisers for service in foreign waters, and a reserve of fourteen battleships, four large and six small cruisers ; the whole to be effective by the year 1920. We are unable to discover any indication either in Lord Selborne's Memorandum, which otherwise contains excellent features, or in the official speeches in Parliament, that the British Admiralty have ever heard of the portentous naval development in Germany. *We* are hardly doing more than wiping off arrears.

An Attempted Intervention.

As the war in South Africa draws towards its inexorable conclusion, which would have been reached long ago if the Government had ever condescended to look six months ahead, it is only natural that efforts should be made by the foreign friends of the enemy, acting, according to Lord Salisbury, on the inspiration of their British friends, to save the Boers from the consequences of their challenge in 1899. Rumours that something was on foot were current when we last went to press, and it subsequently transpired that, on January 25, Baron Gericke, the Dutch Minister in London, handed an *aide-mémoire* to Lord Lansdowne, calling attention to the "exceptional circumstances in which one of the belligerent parties in South Africa is placed, and which prevent it from communicating directly with the other belligerent" for the Boer authorities are "divided into two sections which are deprived of all means of deliberating together," so "the Boer delegates in Europe can do nothing because they do not know the state of affairs in Africa," while "the Boers in the field are obliged to abstain from taking any steps because they are not cognisant of the state of affairs in Europe." Therefore there would appear to be scope for an offer of good offices by a neutral Power.

If his Britannic Majesty's Government should agree in this view, the Government of her Majesty the Queen would have to inquire of the Boer Delegates whether they would be willing to proceed to Africa to deliberate with the Boer leaders on the spot, returning to Europe after a stay of a fixed length (say a fortnight), armed with adequate full powers, providing for all eventualities, and authorising them to conclude a Treaty of Peace which should bind absolutely both the Boers in Europe and the Boers in Africa.

In the event of an affirmative reply the British Government would hand to the Netherlands Government "three safe-conducts permitting the Boer delegates to proceed freely to Africa, to

remain there freely for the time agreed upon, and to return freely to Europe" and "it would further be necessary for the British Government to allow the use of a telegraph code with a view to appointing a place where the said delegates could meet the Boer leaders." In return for this complaisance on our part the unauthorised Netherlands Government could only undertake to "place them (the Boers) in communication with the plenipotentiaries appointed for the purpose by His Britannic Majesty's Government." This would mark the conclusion of the Queen of Holland's task.

The British Reply.

Lord Lansdowne had little difficulty in meeting this naïve suggestion. He might have replied to the Dutch Note by a reciprocal offer of British "good offices" to facilitate the termination of the Acheen war which has raged in one of the principal Dutch colonies since 1873 and may last for another generation. In his reply to Baron Gericke, dated January 29, the British Minister infers that the communication "which I have received from you was made on the responsibility of the Netherlands Government alone, and without authority from the Boer delegates or leaders." Then followed this unequivocal declaration of policy, which cannot be repeated too often:

> His Majesty's Government have given it their best consideration, and, whilst they entirely appreciate the motives of humanity which have led the Netherlands Government to make this proposal, they feel that they must adhere to the decision, adopted and publicly announced by them some months after the commencement of hostilities by the Boers, that it is not their intention to accept the intervention of any foreign Power in the South African War.

Our Note might well have ended here, as it seemed superfluous and almost trivial to point out that it is open to the Boer delegates themselves to apply for a safe-conduct to his Majesty's Government, and that there is no reason why they should not do so, though the latter "are obviously not in a position to express an opinion on any such application until they have received it and are aware of its precise nature and the grounds on which the request is made." Lord Lansdowne doubted, however, whether the Boer delegates in Europe "retain any influence over the Boers in South Africa," or "have any voice in their councils," all the more so as "they are stated by the Netherlands Government to have no letters of credence or instructions later in date than March 1900." All governing powers are understood to have been vested "in Mr. Steyn for the Boers of the Orange River Colony, and in Mr. Schalk Burger for those of the Transvaal," who are the proper persons

to initiate negotiations, which must be conducted in South Africa through the Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's forces, "who has already been instructed to forward immediately any offers he may receive for the consideration of his Majesty's Government." Had our Cabinet entertained the proposals of the Netherlands Government, and despatched a Krugerite expedition to South Africa, the war would probably have been indefinitely prolonged, as the episode would have been represented and regarded as an open door for further foreign intervention. We should have been deluged with a shower of other "friendly" suggestions.

The Premier's Declaration.

A few days after the publication of the Dutch and British Notes, Lord Salisbury made an important speech at the Junior Constitutional Club, in which he put the whole question on a proper footing. He professed to be at a loss to understand the meaning of this *démarche:*

> I suppose that every important step which is taken by important people on subjects of great moment is dictated by some motive or other; but I have been utterly unable to imagine what the precise object of the Dutch Government, to whose friendly feelings I desire to pay every homage—I have been entirely unable to imagine the precise object which they hoped to gain by the step they have taken.

The Premier pertinently added, "It is obvious that they had no kind of authority from those of our enemies who are resident on the Continent, and, in fact, the moment that their suggestion became public, all those enemies vied with each other in declaring that it was perfectly absurd." He could only credit it to the exertions of British Pro-Boers. We had reached that stage in the South African conflict which "in critical periods of this character always occur, when there will be many persons attempting to bring a great many people of different views together, and there will be many suggestions of which it will be neither easy nor desirable to take any account." He impressively warned his hearers against many current "patent remedies" for putting a stop to the war. "Persons must think more of the suggestions of their intellect, and less of the suggestions of their emotions," and we must beware "of a great many amiable and excellent people, who declare that you should sacrifice all that you have done and all you have given up for the purpose of cobbling up a peace which will not last." The pith of the speech was contained in this passage:

> What is the aim we have in view in persisting in an enterprise, and persisting resolutely, as this people are doing in the enterprise which they have undertaken? I remember that at one time in the revolutionary war Mr. Sheridan

asked Mr. Pitt, "Will you give me, in a sentence or a paragraph, an account of the reasons for the policy you are pursuing?" Mr. Pitt answered, "I will not ask for a paragraph or a sentence. I will give it you in one word. What we have to seek is security." And security is what we are seeking now. Any restoration of peace which can recognise the full rights of our gracious Sovereign and give us security for the Empire we should accept not only with willingness but with delight. There is nothing that we so desire as a peace which will carry with it the fulfilment of all our duties and the attainment of the high aims which it is our business to pursue. We must have security. It is no use to tell us that we are so to behave that we shall leave a pleasant recollection in the minds of those with whom we are fighting. I know it is an imposture, and it is an imposture which is not worth performing. We have to carry out our business without reference to the impression which it will leave on those who, as we think, most unwisely and most unjustly have placed themselves in our path.

The Premier ended his reference to the war by a tribute to the loyalists of South Africa, and he fully recognised the necessity that the future settlement should satisfy, not merely the people of this island, but also our kinsmen over the sea, who have borne such a splendid and strenuous part in the great struggle.

The Disposal of the Premiership.

From time to time positive and precise, though conflicting, rumours are circulated as to the date at which Lord Salisbury has resolved to relinquish the Premiership and to lay down the heavy load of responsibility which he has borne for nearly seven years. At one moment we are told his retirement is to take place after the Coronation, while other professional prophets postpone it until the close of the War. Persons who deal in such predictions must ultimately be able to say, "I told you so"—as Lord Salisbury will certainly not remain Premier indefinitely—just as those who systematically foresee the impending close of the War will some day be able to say, "I always said the War would come to an end," as the struggle cannot go on for ever. There is no evidence, however, that the Premier proposes to leave his post at any fixed date, and we may be sure that, when he decides that he can safely quit the helm, he will retire as unostentatiously as possible, and will certainly not encourage the discussion of the subject for months beforehand in the newspapers. All these rumours may therefore be discredited, but they have their use, as they tend to interest the country in the future of the Premiership. There is every reason to believe that, whenever Lord Salisbury retires, his place as Premier is to be taken by Mr. Balfour. We have no desire to enter upon a delicate discussion as to the relative claims and merits of eminent public men, but this decision, which is

regarded as inevitable in places where Whips and wirepullers congregate, contains food for serious reflection. After all, this country is not in theory under an oligarchy, and public opinion should have some weight in the choice of Premier, and there can hardly be a shadow of doubt that, if a poll were taken of the political supporters of the Government throughout the country, there would be an overwhelming majority in favour of Mr. Chamberlain, whose prestige is now higher than ever. It is meanly suggested that the promotion of the Colonial Secretary to the Premiership would "hurt the susceptibilities of foreign nations," to use a contemptible phrase in vogue among Mandarins and superior persons, to which we reply that, if the appointment of the Premier is to be in the hands of foreigners, we had better choose Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who would be more popular abroad than Mr. Balfour. We maintain, however, that the British Premiership is a purely British institution, just as the German Chancellorship is a purely German institution in the appointment to which our "susceptibilities" are not considered, and that statesman should be chosen who is likely to prove the most vigilant custodian of British interests. If the question is put in this way, we do not see how there can be any two opinions as to the best appointment. Again, it is said that Mr. Chamberlain himself, with characteristic loyalty, recognises "the superior claims" of Mr. Balfour, and is prepared to efface himself. But that is no answer to those who feel that all personal questions should be subordinated to the public needs. It is the Colonial Secretary's duty to efface his effacement.

Mr. Chamberlain in the City.

The principal political function of the past month was Mr. Chamberlain's triumphal progress through the City to the Guildhall on February 13, where, amid a scene of the utmost enthusiasm, the first of living Englishmen was received in state by the Corporation of the greatest city in the world. After the address had been presented, the Lord Mayor rose, and thu eloquently interpreted the action of the City of London :

> To-day we meet to do honour to a great English statesman, who will assuredly go down to posterity, not as the divider of a nation over a party measure, nor as identified with the destruction of some ancient and cherished institution, but as the defender of Britain's rights, and the rallier under one flag of a vast Empire to which he has helped to reveal its own latent powers, strength, and interests. We live in times when our country requires men and statesmen to govern us, and thankful should we be that in Mr. Chamberlain we have one who has a policy and adheres to it. He is revered by his country because he loves his country.

In a dignified and impressive reply Mr. Chamberlain expressed his deep gratitude to his fellow-citizens. In discussing the

South African war, which had two great national objects in view, viz., "to maintain and to establish beyond question British authority," and, secondly, "to maintain the unity of the Empire," he declared that it was unnecessary to meet the ignoble imputations of an insignificant minority, as the war had been supported by the conscience of the nation as a whole, and more than that, it has "a more impartial authority in the approval of our sister nations across the sea." Nothing less than broad issues and vital interests "is capable of stirring to the depths the feelings of our own country or of producing such an outburst of imperial enthusiasm." Then came an admirable retrospect of the causes of the war, followed by a stirring tribute to the army and the nation, "the splendid resolution and the unequalled humanity of the former" being compared to "the old tenacity which has made us what we are," which had again been shown by the people. But an even greater factor had been revealed in the struggle, and this was the keynote of the speech :

> We know now that the honour and the interests of the Empire are recognised as not the care of this country alone. Shoulder to shoulder, all for each and each for all, we stand united before the world, and our children have shown that they are not unwilling to share with us the obligations as well as the privileges of Empire.
>
> We watch these new nations rising like stars above the horizon, and we hope and believe that they will run their orbit in harmony with our own. Do we realise this great conception? Do we see that it involves us in greater responsibilities? Can we project our imagination into the future and think what it may mean to our descendants?

The support of the Colonies during the war necessarily means the consideration of Colonial wishes in making peace :

> I do not envy the place in history of any statesman who at the present time, when the war is coming inevitably to its appointed end, would be willing to ignore the opinion of these allies of our blood, would be ready to compromise the issues for which they as well as we have fought, and would be prepared to patch up some sort of a peace, and to throw away in negotiation what we have gained in arms.

The Colonial Secretary concluded by reciting the elementary principles which must inevitably govern the settlement to follow the war, and struck a similar note to Lord Salisbury : "We have to take care lest our sensibility should run away with our sense." We bear no malice to our enemies, and if they surrender to-day, they will be welcomed to-morrow as friends ; but while just to the enemy who has fought against us, "we have to show, in common justice to those who have stood by us, that disloyalty does not always pay." It was a speech in every way worthy of the occasion, and all that was

wanting to complete the ceremony was the presence of one of its chief promoters—Count von Bülow.

The Settlement.

Now that both the Prime Minister and the Colonial Secretary have explicitly recognised that the opinion of our Colonial allies is an important factor in the South African settlement, it becomes no less important to hear their views. At a great meeting held on February 17 in Melbourne, the present Federal capital of Australia, the Mayor, Sir Samuel Gillott, being in the chair. Mr. Barton, the Federal Premier, moved—"That this meeting expresses full appreciation of the policy laid down by the Imperial Government in regard to the war in South Africa." He reviewed the events preceding the war, and stated that after all the resources of diplomacy had been exhausted the Boers themselves declared war. Imperial loyalty was not a party question, but he would say with emphasis "that Australia expected that no idle talk of a general amnesty or the lavish restocking of Boer farms at the expense of the loyal citizens of the Empire would be listened to." The Federal Premier thus foreshadowed the future administration of the new territories, which he divided into three stages—first, a transition stage between military and civil rule; secondly, a stage of Crown Colony government; and, finally, autonomy. Mr. Peacock, the Premier of Victoria, seconded the motion, and in the course of his speech he said: "While we share the glorious privileges of the British race, we also share its responsibilities. The Empire now has the strongest of all alliances in its own flesh and blood." This memorable meeting was also addressed by Mr. Reid, the Leader of the Opposition in the Federal Parliament, who moved—"That this meeting declares its confidence in the methods adopted by the Imperial Government to carry out its policy with regard to the war, and, in expressing that opinion, wishes to convey also its confidence in the humanity and valour of the people and soldiers of the Empire." British policy, he said, was one of steadfast manliness. If ever war was righteous, this was, and no power on earth could have prevented it; but he hoped that it would be so settled that there would never be another. Mr. Irving, the Leader of the Opposition in the Victorian State Parliament, seconded the motion. Both these resolutions, according to Reuter, were unanimously and fervently carried, and the proceedings closed with the National Anthem. Similar gatherings have been held in other Australian colonies, and New Zealand has, of course, been to the fore in expressing that unflinching common sense

which on the other side of the world is not found incompatible with advanced Radicalism. A great feature of all these demonstrations has been the extraordinary enthusiasm evoked by Mr. Chamberlain's name. At different periods of his career the Colonial Secretary has owed a good deal to the attacks of his political enemies, but we doubt whether any man ever rendered him such a real service as Count von Bülow, the German Chancellor.

The Remount Scandal.

The Remount Scandal bears a curious analogy to the Hospital Scandal, which obtained publicity owing to the energy and courage of a private Member of Parliament, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, who in a series of letters to the *Times*, which were never answered, established the total inadequacy of our medical arrangements for the war, and the ghastly sufferings thereby inflicted on our troops. The official defence to the indictment was "as per usual": the war had proved to be far larger than any one could have foreseen, and if the organisation had broken down under the strain, everybody implicated "had done his best," &c. Consequently no one was to blame. A Committee was appoined to embody this view in a Report, which it duly did, though its procedure in South Africa failed to inspire the confidence of those most interested in the subject, as there was a want of thoroughness in its methods and no excessive eagerness to hear people who knew the facts. The question of the Remounts has similarly been brought to the front owing to the untiring industry and vigour of Sir Blundell Maple, who deserves the gratitude of the country in proportion as he has incurred the obloquy of the Front Bench and the satellites of the Front Bench. In the course of a speech on June 6, 1901, he inquired whether the Government was still buying horses abroad, as "a great deal of rubbish had been bought from Austria-Hungary," and he urged the prosecution of the promised inquiry "with regard to the swindles which had taken place in South Africa in connection with horses purchased in Buda-Pesth and Vienna." The difference between the purchase price of those horses and the sale price to the Government left a margin of from £10 to £20 to be divided among the purchasers. The reason he pressed for an inquiry was because "*it was insinuated that certain officers in his Majesty's service were mixed up in the scandal*," which is a very different thing from accusing officers of swindling. The Government subsequently appointed a Committee of Inquiry composed of four persons, of whom the Chairman was Sir Charles Welby,

who is described in *Who's Who* as Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the War Office, another member of the Committee is said to be related to the War Minister, whose Department is on its defence, while a third member is a particularly docile Conservative Member of Parliament, leaving Mr. Charles E. Hobhouse, the Liberal Member for Bristol, as the only independent inquirer. We do not think that those who read the evidence as well as the Report of this Committee will consider the epithet "a white-washing Committee" to be unduly severe. The subject has already given rise to several debates in both Houses of Parliament, in which the Government, while offering the lamest of defences, have so far declined to hold a serious investigation into the working of the Remount Department of the War Office. The subject can hardly rest where it is, as even the Report of the White-washers indicates that the robbery of the tax-payer has been on a truly colossal scale. Millions have literally been thrown away without any attempt to secure mobility.

In the House of Commons.

The proceedings of the House of Commons have been intensely interesting to its members during the past month, but they have not attracted much attention from the public, apart from the debate on Remounts and the Division on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, in which Lord Hugh Cecil and other opponents of that measure were accused of walking so slowly through the lobbies that the main question could not be put before the mystic hour of 5.30, after which the mysterious rules of the House forbade the Bill being committed to the Standing Committee on Law. We are unable to pronounce an opinion on this matter with regard to which the Lord Hugh Cecil has been severely scolded by many excellent people—but he has never pretended to be an athlete. The principal Ministerial measures introduced so far have been Mr. Long's Water Bill, under which a Water Board is to be formed, containing sixty-seven members nominated by the sanitary authorities of the area of "Water London," which will take over the property of the Water Companies. Mr. Long's proposal has been well received except by the fanatical partisans of the London County Council, who wish that body to undertake the work, but already it has as much on hand as it can manage, and, moreover, it is only drawn from a small part of the area embraced by the Water Board. Then Mr. Ritchie has introduced a small Licensing Bill—possibly as a substitute for the abandoned Laundry Clauses of last year's Factory Act—to do various things without touching the fringe

of the temperance question. This, however, is not the subject which has stirred Members of Parliament to their depths, but Mr. Balfour's Procedure Reform, of which its author said "Our whole end has been, not to shield the Government from criticism, but to make this House what it ought to be—a place where a man, anxious to serve his country, may do so without those absurd sacrifices which our present rules inflict." There is to be a rearrangement of the hours of the House of Commons, Government business taking precedence of Questions, which are to be postponed until the evening. Then there is to be some shortening of the debates on Bills delegated to Committees, and less waste of time in Divisions; the two features of the new Rules which have excited most controversy are the proposal to suspend disorderly Members twenty days for the first offence, thirty days for the second, and eighty days for the third, the suspension to be followed by a written apology addressed to the Speaker, and the substitution of Friday for Wednesday as the Private Members' day, apparently in order to promote the "week-end" movement. The proposals seem sound as far as they go, but very different measures will have to be meted out to professional wreckers before the House of Commons can hope to become a serious place of business.

Breach in the Opposition.

At the close of February the long threatened split in the ranks of the Opposition appears to be taking definite shape. There can be very little doubt but that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman viewed the reappearance of Lord Rosebery in the political arena last year with no little apprehension, as the popularity of the ex-Premier would necessarily involve the effacement, or at any rate the subordination, of the present Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. We cannot discuss the struggle between these two men in any detail, as it has extended over the last three months, but the reader will recollect that in a great speech at Chesterfield in the middle of December Lord Rosebery advised the Liberal party to "clean its slate" and to emancipate itself from the Irish yoke, while he repudiated the attacks of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman upon the British army in South Africa. This speech evoked extraordinary enthusiasm, and at first it looked as though Lord Rosebery would sweep everything before him. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman wisely lay low, pretending to acquiesce, but as soon as the storm of enthusiasm had spent itself he went out of his way to reaffirm his adherence to the Home Rule cause in the course

of the Debate on the Address. Lord Rosebery replied to this challenge at Liverpool on February 14, when he declared that "No sane person, least of all of the sane community of persons which is known as the predominant partner, would ever consent to hand over the destinies of Ireland, at the very heart of the Empire, to a Parliament which should be guided and controlled and composed of those who have expressed their earnest wish that we might be overthrown on this southern field of battle." Four days later Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman attended the National Liberal Federation at Leicester, reiterated his faith of Home Rule, roundly refused "to clean his slate," and addressed this plain question to Lord Rosebery :

> We Liberals have been receiving a good deal of advice lately from one to whom, for my part, I shall always be disposed to listen with respectful and friendly attention. I do not know down to this moment of my speaking to you whether Lord Rosebery speaks to us from the interior of our political tabernacle or from some vantage-ground outside. I practically put that question publicly to him a month ago, but he does not answer it, and I frankly say I do not think it is quite fair to me not to do so.

Lord Rosebery responded to this challenge in a short and incisive letter to the *Times*, of which the following was the operative passage :

> Speaking pontifically within his "tabernacle" last night, he (Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman) anathematised my declarations on the "clean slate" and Home Rule. It is obvious that our views on the war and its methods are not less discordant. I remain, therefore, outside his tabernacle, but not, I think, in solitude.
>
> Let me add one word more at this moment of definite separation. No one appreciates more heartily than I do the honest and well-intentioned devotion of Sir Henry to the Liberal party, and what he conceives to be its interest. I only wish I could have shared his labours and supported his policy.

As we go to press the air is thick with rumours as to the extent of the breach in the Opposition, but there has been no definite development. It is said that the rank and file will throw in their lot with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, but he has hardly a single supporter who commands any confidence in the country. He could only lead a Rump. From a purely Party point of view we ought to rejoice if the Liberal party decided to wander in the wilderness for an indefinite number of years in the company of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, but those who are something besides Party men realise that one of our greatest national needs is an effective Opposition, applying the pressure which can only come from an alternative Government. They would one and all deplore such a suicidal decision on the part of what was once a great Party and might become so again.

THE MILITARY RULE OF OBEDIENCE

THE military duty of obedience may be regarded either as a rule or a principle, for it is both. The rule derives from the principle. It is the principle defined in precise and mandatory terms, as a law is the expression of the general will of the community, formulated by the Legislature for the governance and control of individuals. The difficulty of such formulation, however, as that of definition generally is well known, and has found proverbial recognition in phrases indicating that statutes, even when framed with great care by experienced hands, are very liable to offer loopholes through which the observance of them may be escaped. It is no less difficult to define the military rule of obedience, without on the one hand constituting fetters, which would neutralise intelligence and palsy individuality in a sphere and at instants where both are pre-eminently needed, or, on the other hand, permitting a licence which in practice would degenerate into anarchy. It is not a sufficient solution to so knotty and dangerous a question to damn obedience to orders, as a rugged veteran will occasionally be heard to suggest; while, on the other extreme, the saying of that eminent disciplinarian, Lord St. Vincent, "The whole of discipline is contained in the word 'obedience,'" though safer in practice, is perhaps too absolute in its assertion.

The matter at stake is too intricate for such Gordian solutions. It is also too important at once to the individual officer and to the nation, the conduct of whose armed forces may at critical moments depend upon a correct understanding. In many instances, perhaps in the large majority, the propriety of literal obedience is plainly evident; in a few the inexpediency, folly, or impossibility of such compliance is for obvious reasons equally clear; but there nevertheless remain a number of cases, not merely possible, but copiously exemplified by history, which present serious difficulty. In these an officer finds himself confronted

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with conditions that make a large demand upon his moral courage as well as upon his judgment. His judgment then can be safely guided, and his resolution supported, only by a mastery of principles. No mere rule will here suffice. Military obedience when in subordinate post, and military initiative when in independent command, untrammelled by orders and free to follow the guidance of one's own judgment, are both governed by principles, the appreciation of which is the only sure light to one's footsteps. To them recurrence must be had in doubtful positions, where precise precedent and formal definition are wanting; in short, when rules, however good in general use, fail to apply. It does not hence follow that rules, terse and positive embodiments of principles, such as that of obedience, are mostly useless because essentially narrow and unelastic. That all rules have exceptions is proverbial; and military rules are probably more liable to exceptions than most others, because of the emergency that characterises war and the vast variety of situations to which a rule has to be adapted. No one proposes on these accounts to disregard rules utterly. It is evident, however, that an officer who undertakes to violate the fundamental rule of obedience, upon the strict observance of which depends in general the success of combined operations, and who substitutes his own initiative for the directions of his superior, assumes a risk which urgently imposes a comprehension of the principles upon which respectively rest both the rule of obedience and the rules of war.

It may be asserted, as perhaps the most tenable general definition of the principle upon which the rule of obedience rests, that the spirit of obedience, as distinguished from its letter, consists in faithfully forwarding the general object to which the officer's particular command is contributing. This finds expression in the well-known directive maxim, "March to the sound of the guns." In doubtful cases, however—and by doubtful I mean cases where action other than that prescribed in the orders seems expedient—liberty of judgment is conditioned by the officer's acquaintance with the plans of his superior. If his knowledge is imperfect, or altogether lacking, the doing that which at the moment seems wise to himself may be to defeat a much more important object, or to dissolve the bonds of a combined movement to which his co-operation is essential. If, under such circumstances of ignorance, resting only upon his own sagacity or surmises, he errs either in his reading of his commander's general purpose, or in his decision as to his own action, and through such error disobeys, he cannot complain if he receive censure or punishment. He has violated a recognised rule without adequate reason. The recti-

tude of his intentions may clear him of moral blame, though not necessarily even so; for the duty of obedience is not merely military, but moral. It is not an arbitrary rule, but one essential and fundamental; the expression of a principle without which military organisation would go to pieces, and military success be impossible. Consequently, even where the individual purpose may be demonstrably honest, not wilful, blame adheres and punishment may follow, according to the measure of the delinquency, though that be due to nothing worse than personal incompetency. Does this seem hard measure? It may be replied, In what pursuit is this not so? What is the profession, physician, lawyer, or Wall Street, in which a transgression of instructions by an inferior, or a departure from recognised methods, when not justified by the conditions, escapes punishment, either at the hand of events or of his employer? Is "I thought so," or "I did my best," accepted there as an excuse for disobedience?

In the question of military obedience there is therefore involved both a rule and a principle. In dealing with the matter I shall have to consider both, but I have advisedly chosen the rule for the heading of this article; for, as I have said before, the rule has the force of a law, a law positive in existing enactment, and a law traditional in the settled practice of the military professions, as well as in numerous precedents established by competent authorities. To go behind a law to the principle underlying it, to recognise a higher law than the law explicit, is a very delicate matter for a man in any position; and it is therefore the rule of obedience, rather than the general principle upon which it rests, that most closely touches an officer in military responsibility. Under what conditions is it permissible to disregard orders, or, even more positively, to act contrary to them? What is the real test of propriety, which differentiates one act of disobedience from another of the same apparent character? Is one's own sense of right, one's own good intention, the justifying factor? What judge, however, in such a case is competent to penetrate through the faulty act, if such it be, to the hidden good purpose of the heart? What claim have military men to exemption from the general rule of law, that intention, which cannot be seen, must be inferred from attendant circumstances, which can? If conduct, upon an impartial review of the conditions at the moment of action, is shown to be palpably wrong, by what right can alleged intention, "error of judgment" as it is styled, be invoked to justify an offender? Is there no such thing as malpractice, professionally guilty, though possibly morally innocent? Is professional incompetence, translated into action and injurious to

others, never worse than an error of judgment? Mistakes, doubtless, all men are liable to; the fact is proverbial; but the justification of a decision proved by the event to be mistaken rests not upon the intention of the person making it, but upon a judicial review of the circumstances surrounding the decision, which shall prove that, under the conditions known at the moment, it was correct, or at least the most favoured by probabilities. If this be true, as I hold it is, in the case even of a man in independent command, much more is the responsibility weighty when action, intrinsically faulty, is taken in disobedience of orders.

The mere enunciation of the queries in the last paragraph will suggest to most that we have here before us no simple question of yea and nay. In fact, no clear-cut absolute reply, no *vade mecum* for pocket use, can be furnished defining just when and how, in all cases, a man is justified in disobedience, nor even when he is justified by blind obedience; although the balance of professional judgment must always incline in favour of the latter alternative. When a doubt arises, as it frequently does, between strict compliance with an order and the disregard of it, in whole or in part, the officer is called upon to decide a question of professional conduct. Personal judgment necessarily enters as a factor, but only one of many; and, to be trusted, it needs to be judgment illuminated by professional knowledge and fortified by reflection. Short of that, it is not a safe counsellor, and has no claim to consideration if cited before a court of final appeal. The officer at the moment should consider himself, as he in fact is, a judge deciding upon a case liable to be called up to a superior court, before which his conclusion has no claim to respect because it is his personal opinion, but only so far as it is supported by the evidence before him. There is, of course, the necessary reservation that the final judgment upon himself, for his professional conduct as involved in his decision, will be rendered upon the facts accessible to him, and not upon those not then to be known, though afterwards apparent.

Unless qualified by these grave considerations, the phrase "error of judgment," so facilely used, is misleading to popular understanding. Not only so; it is pregnant of serious consequences to the issues of war and to individuals influenced by it. It is necessary to realise that some errors of judgment are inexcusable because inconsistent with recognised standards; and that disobedience of orders is on its face a fault, a disregard of a settled standard, of an established rule, of such general application that upon the person who commits it rests the burden of proving that the circumstances commanded his action. The presumption,

in the case of disobedience, is not innocence, but guilt. Mere rule though it be, in its narrow construction and rigid framework, the rule of implicit and entire obedience rests upon reasons so sound that its infringement in action can rarely be condoned when not thoroughly approved. Nothing can be more disastrous than to trifle with the corner stone upon which rests the structure of coherent, unified action. The admission into the military mind of anything approaching irreverence for the spirit of military obedience, or levity as regards the letter of the rule in which it is embodied, is the begetter of confusion, and that, in turn, is the forerunner of defeat. To sit loose to this obligation weakens the sense of responsibility, upon the due realisation of which rests not merely literal obedience, but intelligent and deserving disobedience in the occasional circumstances which call for that. The recognition of responsibility by the individual, the consciousness that serious regard to it is governing his determinations, is the best moral equipment that a man can have to enable him to sustain the burden of violating instructions, deliberately undertaken upon his own judgment. It is the *mens conscia recti* in a serious problem of action.

The mental equipment is another matter, but it, as well as the moral, are necessary to full professional competency for such occasions. Upon the hypothesis now before us, the rule, absolute in general, seems not to apply. To meet the difficulty with sound discretion, on which to base the defence of his action whatever its issue may prove, the officer will need an adequate realisation of all the conditions before him, and a power of appreciating the military situation as thus constituted. This power depends in part upon native aptitude ; but it requires also a knowledge of the practice of war, a broad and ripened acquaintance with the principles and precedents controlling the conduct of military operations, which is by no means so widely diffused as may, perhaps, be thought. Without this, disobedience is a hazardous undertaking ; but, when so equipped, an officer may with considerable confidence permit himself to depart from the letter of his instructions in order to fulfil their spirit. Confidence, I say deliberately ; for in the majority of such instances he will receive intelligent and generous consideration.

In such instances it is not just that the propriety of the act should be judged by the event ; and it is not true that it will be, as a cheap sneer would have it. Success undoubtedly often covers mistakes ; for human nature is on the whole generous, or at least good-tempered. It is willing to forgive faults which it can afford to forget ; but failure does not with any equal cer-

tainty entail condemnation, for again mankind is generous, and nowhere more so than in dealing with military men. Even though mishap ensue, where an officer can show preponderant military reasons for departure from orders, he can anticipate from his superiors intelligent comprehension and acquittal, which the public will confirm on their finding; but, while this is so, let none be rash enough to anticipate immunity on the score of error of judgment, when it can be demonstrated that with the data before him a man who knew his business would have decided otherwise.

Actions that fly in the face of ascertainable fact, or of well-settled military principles, are not to be excused as merely errors of judgment. They are something more, and worse. A man is just as much responsible for an error of judgment which results from his own neglect to inform himself, or his lack of professional knowledge, as he is for any other misdoing. What is amiss here is not judgment, but conduct. Such errors when they take shape in action, whether of commission or omission, are misconduct. They have a standing, as acts, external to and independent of the person committing them, just as murder has a standing as a crime quite independent of its association with the individual criminal. As killing is not always murder, but depends for its character upon the attendant circumstances, so a particular unfortunate military movement is not always misconduct. Circumstances may be proved to justify it. In neither case, however, is it the judgment of the person concerned that determines conduct to have been good or bad. It is the circumstances, passed upon by judges other than himself, and referred to recognised standards. Personal defects may be considered in extenuation, or they may not; their title to indulgence is small where they are due to personal fault or neglect, present or in the past, or to professional incompetency.

If so much as is here claimed be allowed to the military duty of obedience, it is desirable to pass in review the considerations from which such weighty obligations are supposed to derive. Tradition and acceptance, in most men irreflective, have built up an imposing fabric of power, cemented by the habit of rigid, and in the last resort of even blind, submission to superior authority, which, in exhibition and exercise, is directly and immediately personal, though legal in derivation. It will be useful to test the foundations upon which this structure rests, and the necessity, in order to maintain it, of a moral code so foreign to the customary personal independence of the general citizen. Or, if a more vital simile be desired, for an organisation so instinct with life and

regulated movement as a well-constituted military body, let us seek the root, the energising power of which has evolved, developed, and continues to quicken, military efficiency in all its ramifications, whether in administrative methods or in the principles governing the conduct of war in open campaign. What we here possess we have through tradition. Can it give an account of itself ?

The value of tradition to the social body is immense. The veneration for practices, or for authority, consecrated by long acceptance, has a reserve of strength which cannot be speedily obtained by any novel device. Respect for the old customs is planted deep in the hearts, as well as in the inteiligence, of all inheritors of English-speaking polity. From the very reason of this profound influence over men, traditions need from time to time to be brought to the touchstone, by reference to principle, in order to know whether they are still accordant with the ideas in which their origin is found ; or whether, the ideas themselves being already outgrown, the tradition no longer represents a living present, but only a dead past. Is the duty of military obedience in either of these cases ? Does the tradition, set forth by the rule, still embody the essential spirit of the principle once involved ? Is the principle itself still alive and applicable as of old ?

The question is far from needless, for the contest between the letter and the spirit is constant here, as in many spheres of action. I am inclined to believe that on shore, among soldiers, the letter has tended to have the upper hand, and with seamen the spirit, due probably to the more frequent removal of the latter from the presence of an immediate superior, throwing them thus upon their own initiative. Naval biography and history, and military history as far as my limited reading goes, seem to support this opinion. No man wrestled with the question more vigorously than Nelson ; none found greater exasperation than he did in the too often successful opposition of the letter to the demands of his impetuous spirit for co-operation addressed to men over whom he had not immediate control ; none was more generous in his attitude to subordinates who overrode or overpassed his own orders, provided he saw in their acts the intelligent and honest will to forward his purposes. Obedience he certainly required, but he recognised that, given a capable and zealous man, better work would usually be had by permitting a certain elasticity of initiative, provided it was accompanied by accurate knowledge of his general wishes. These he was always most careful to impart ; in nothing was he more precise or particular.

If he allowed large liberty in the letter, he expected close observance of, nay, rather, participation in, the spirit of his ideas. He was not tolerant of incapacity, nor would he for a moment bear wilful disregard of his plans. When considerations of high policy entertained by himself were crossed by Sidney Smith, his language became peremptory. "*As this is in strict opposition to my opinion*, which is *never to suffer any one individual Frenchman to quit Egypt, I strictly charge and command you* never to give any French ship or man leave to quit Egypt." The italics are his own ; and he adds again, as though distrustful still : "You are to put my orders in force, not on any pretence to permit a single Frenchman to leave Egypt." The severity of the tone sufficiently proves his disposition to enforce the strictest rule, where necessary to control individuals ; but a more liberal reliance upon principle, in preference to rule, was his habit. None, it may be added, illustrated more copiously than he, when a junior, the obedience of the spirit and the disobedience of the letter. His practice was in this consistent in all stages of his career. Unfortunately, the example may tempt smaller men to follow where their heads are not steady enough to keep their feet.

Of course, thinking and feeling thus, he gave frequent expression to his views, and these, coming from a man of his military genius, are often very illuminative. There is one such that is singularly applicable to our present purpose, of searching for the underlying principle which governs the duty and observance of obedience, and determines its absolute necessity to all military action. "I find few think as I do, but to obey orders is all perfection. What would my superiors direct, did they know what is passing under my nose ? To serve my King and to destroy the French I consider as the great order of all, from which little ones spring, and if one of these little ones militate against it, I go back to obey the great order."

Carefully analysed, there is much that is instructive in these words. First of all, it will be observed that the obedience commended is that of the spirit, compliant with general known views. Again, justification of local disobedience also rests upon this compliance with the spirit, applied to the attendant circumstances. This tacitly admits, of course, that the circumstances must be adequate in order to justify disobedience. It is, however, deeply significant and monitory that the particular sentences quoted were elicited by censure from the Admiralty for disobedience, in the only instance, among many similar liberties of action, in which Nelson failed to establish that circumstances did warrant, or rather did require, him to traverse his instructions. Even he,

in the very height of his glory, with reputation, capacity, and zeal, all established beyond question, could not trifle with literal obedience, on the strength of his own judgment, where, upon a calm review of all the facts, the circumstances failed to justify him. He himself, in the exasperation of self-vindication, fell into the facile perversion of thought, concerning error of judgment. "I am so confident of *the uprightness of my intention*, that, with all respect, I submit myself to the judgment of my superiors." "Although a military tribunal may think me criminal, the world will approve my conduct."

What Nelson here meant by "the world" may be doubtful; but it is impossible that the verdict of history to-day will not affirm the propriety of the Admiralty's rebuke a century ago. The facts, briefly stated, were these. The Commander-in-Chief of the whole Mediterranean had sent orders to Nelson, his subordinate, to detach a certain part of his force from Naples to Minorca, which he considered endangered. Nelson, anticipating the case, had argued, to quote his own words, "Should such an order come, it would be a cause for some consideration whether Minorca is to be risked, or the two kingdoms of Naples and Sicily. I rather think my decision would be to risk the former;" and he deliberately disobeyed, resting on this opinion of his own. His error, however induced, is clear enough. The Commander-in-Chief was charged with the safety of the whole field, Naples as well as Minorca, with many other cases needless to specify. It was his business, and his responsibility, to co-ordinate all in a general plan of offence and defence; in order to carry out which he had need to count upon the certain movement of all parts of his command in obedience to his directions. Refusal in any one part might throw all out of gear. Nelson's particular district, was, simply and broadly, Naples and the Eastern Mediterranean. Within these limits he had full discretion, subject to the general orders of his superior, and his information as to his policy; but when he undertook to act upon his own estimate of the relative value of Minorca and Naples, he went outside the trust and the powers committed to him, and invaded the province which belonged to the Commander-in-Chief alone. His erroneous judgment, or as he styles it, "The uprightness of his intentions," being translated into overt act, became misconduct, and as such was censured by the Admiralty. "Their Lordships do not see sufficient reason to justify your having disobeyed the orders you had received from your commanding officer, or having left Minorca exposed to the risk of being attacked without having any naval force to protect it."

It is perhaps expedient to observe, as tending to confirm a general truth which cannot be too seriously insisted upon, that this unwarrantable action was something more than a breach of necessary discipline, by a man of too assured position and importance to be summarily treated, and who therefore should have been doubly careful of the strict propriety of his course. It was also most unfair to the Commander-in-Chief, in its possible consequences. In case of mishap, the public, less clear sighted ordinarily than the administration, because more easily moved by appearances, would have sought the first victim of its displeasure in the superior, who had not the same support of past brilliant achievement to fall back on that Nelson had. Nor can it, I think, upon a more detailed examination of the circumstances than is here expedient, be doubted that very serious national disaster was possible, though actually no harm resulted from this breach of discipline.

A previous instance of disobedience on the part of a junior admiral, less than three years before, met with very different measure. Lord St. Vincent, then Sir John Jervis, commanded the British fleet in the Mediterranean in 1796. Scarcity of provisions compelled him to order one of his lieutenants, Rear-Admiral Mann, to take half a dozen ships of the line to Gibraltar, there to fill up, and to rejoin him in Corsica as soon as possible. On his way down, about October 1, Mann met and was chased by a Spanish fleet of nineteen sail, on their way to Toulon to join the French navy there, Spain having very lately declared war. He escaped and reached Gibraltar ; but on arrival there called a council of war, and upon its advice determined not to carry out his orders to rejoin Jervis. Instead, dominated by the fear of possible consequences, which governed his judgment, he took his division to England. An error of judgment ? Yes, according to the common phrase, which the present writer accepted from unchallenged tradition, until forced by reflection to recognise that "error of judgment" was being invoked to cover many acts, very different in their military character.

Mark the result. Because the junction of the Spanish navy to the French gravely imperilled Jervis with fifteen ships in Corsica, Mann judged expedient to leave him in the lurch, instead of obeying his orders and taking back the seven he had with him. Jervis, in perplexed uncertainty, hung on to the last moment, diminishing the rations of his men to one-third of the daily allowance, doubting and wondering, unwilling to depart lest he should expose Mann's seven, as Mann was exposing his fifteen. He was, besides, confident that, if the junction were effected in

Corsica, twenty-two ships, such as he would then have, would make "their way" through the outnumbering Spaniards "in every direction"; that is, "would cut them to pieces." So much for the opportunity lost, as Jervis judged it; in which agreed the opinion of Nelson, who was with him. We have also the sober measured judgment of Collingwood on the same occasion. "We waited with the utmost impatience for Admiral Mann, whose junction at one time seemed absolutely necessary to our safety." As for Mann, the Admiralty showed their appreciation of his judgment by steps which proved that they considered his conduct at fault. A cutting rebuke was administered. "Their lordships feel the greatest regret that you should have been induced to return to England with the squadron under your orders, under the circumstances in which you were placed." "The circumstances" which governed his judgment did not justify his conduct. He was deprived at once of his command, and appears never to have been employed afloat again.

Occurring in so high quarters, and being on so large a scale, these instances show more forcibly than usual what the necessity is, what the root, whence spring the principle, the rule, and the duty—all three—of military obedience. Where many wills have to act to one end, unity of effort, effective co-operation, needs not only to exist, but to be guaranteed by the strongest possible sanctions. The many wills need to become one will; the many persons, in many quarters, simply the representatives, in the best sense, of the one person, in whom the united action of the whole finds source and energy. Lord St. Vincent's maxim, "The whole of discipline is contained in the one word 'obedience'" may be correctly paraphrased, "The whole of military action is contained in the one word unity." Obedience and unity are only different manifestations of the same principle. The one is the principle in will, the other in act. The one characterises the conduct of persons, the other the conduct of operations. Obedience ensures that the members of the military body, often far apart, will obey the one commander with the accuracy and vigour with which the muscles of an athlete obey his will.

In the conduct of war, what is concentration, the necessity of which is universally granted, but essential unity? When, for purposes of the war, concentration yields momentarily to expansion, then all the movements and dispositions of the forces must be governed by reference to easy concentration, to unity of action. The moment this consideration is violated, unity is sacrificed, and conduct has become misconduct; nor does it matter, in justification of a plain violation of principle, that the

misconduct is due to an error of judgment. If circumstances knowable at the time justify, judgment has not been at fault; if they do not, the man should have known better. This necessity to keep unity in view is expressed by one of Napoleon's pithy phrases: "The art of war consists in proper distributions, to disseminate in order to exist, and to concentrate in order to fight." Again he says, "War is a business of positions," and he illustrates the maxim by an example of positions of dissemination, so taken that the scattered bodies can with certainty and in the briefest period unite at a common centre, in case of threatened attack, or for an intended movement of offence.

There is much in all this, of course, that finds close analogies in civil life, and no doubt much light might be thrown on the rule of military obedience by a comparative examination of other callings. But the peculiarity of war, for which alone the military professions exist, to meet or to avert it, is that men are in the constant presence of power actively and malevolently intent upon injuring them, by any means of surprise or superiority of force that can be contrived. Therefore the need to have every moment in hand, and upon occasion to exert, all the means at one's command, to counteract the enemy, to overthrow his designs, to crush himself, to do so with the utmost speed and certainty, weighs heavier in war than in more tranquil pursuits. War is face to face continually, not with misfortune only, but with catastrophe, and that not of gradual approach or partial, but sudden and irremediable.

For these weighty reasons, all available resources to forestall such result, and to destroy the enemy upon whom it depends, need to be utilised and put forth in the most effective and promptest manner. This means that exertions in all parts must be instant upon the word of command and in unison, united in movement and united in weight. Velocity and weight are the factors of momentum in armed collision as in any other, and both the rapidity and the force of an intended blow depend upon unity of impulse and simultaneous impact, in bodies of men as well as in projectiles. What else is the conceded value of movement in mass than concentrated movement, the weight of several bodies effectively joined into one? To frame the plan, to initiate and control the movement, to give to it direction, combination, and impulse, to sustain its energy, is the duty of one man, upon whom in the last analysis depends the unity of thought and act which inspires and vivifies the whole; but the transmission of the impulse and energy throughout the mass, so that the oneness of the head is realised in the unity of the whole, is ensured by the

military rule of obedience, and by that only. Obedience is the cement of the structure; or, more worthily understood in the spirit, apart from which a word is but dead, it is the life-blood of the organism. In short, the rule of obedience is simply the expression of that one among the military virtues upon which all the others depend, in order that the exertion of their powers may not breed confusion, which is the precursor of disaster, but may accomplish decisive results, approaching perfection in proportion as co-operation has been exact.

A. T. Mahan.

A TRIBUTE TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN

In all times and in all generations the cry of mankind has been for great leaders. "Men are but sheep, they follow the bell-wether," said Napoleon, and without the bell-wether they feel themselves well-nigh helpless. There must be some one at their head in whom they believe, who represents their aspirations, and who has the power of crystallising in words and interpreting in action their unexpressed longings. And yet so unreflective are the mass of men that often, even where they are conscious of being led, and ably led, they do not recognise at once the greatness of the leader. They wait till death has revealed to them the immensity of their loss before according to their councillor and guide the final consecration of ranking him with the immortals of history and legend.

In his brilliant study of the French Revolution, M. Aulard has protested against this habit of declaring "there were giants in those days," and belittling the men of contemporary history. He has shown that the heroes of the Revolution, excepting only that one colossal figure of the great Napoleon, in no way surpassed the leaders of modern France. To us in the England of the Boer War his words come home with remarkable force. For is it not the habit of many to sigh, "Oh! for one hour of Pitt or Chatham or Cromwell," forgetful that one who can bear comparison with these, one whom posterity will assuredly rank among the foremost English statesmen of all time, is here on earth, walking with us in the flesh.

If we seek to discover our greatest man, we have only to look to the Press and Parliaments of the nations most hostile to Britain. We have only to look to the vituperation of that section which, to her shame, is found within the gates of England, which is professedly and openly anti-national, and which prides itself on its attacks upon the things most dear to the vast majority of Englishmen, and to ascertain against what individual this vituperation is directed. If the enemies of our country concur

in their attacks, there will be no room for doubt. The man whom they equally hate and fear will be the typical Englishman—the representative of his people's aspirations and desires. It was so with Cromwell; it was so with Chatham; it was so with Pitt; it was so with Palmerston. The abuse of the moment is the guide to the indication of the canonisation which posterity bestows.

Upon the head of Mr. Chamberlain all this torrent of abuse descends. Pitt was an ogre, a monster, a bloodthirsty destroyer of liberty to the foes of England in his own day. In the same way no accusation, no abuse, is too vile to be directed against Mr. Chamberlain by the Anglophobes of to-day. Pan-Germanism has for him the most savage attacks. The journals of the Continent reserve for him the obscenest caricatures; side by side with the great Queen whose servant he was, he has been mocked and derided. Not Lord Salisbury, not the Duke of Devonshire, not Mr. Balfour, is marked out for such treatment as this. The eye of foes is often quicker than the eye of friends, and the foes of England know perfectly well who is her greatest and most representative personality.

In his own country Mr. Chamberlain's reputation has steadily grown. Even in the trials of those disastrous weeks when it might truly be said that the fate of our Empire trembled in the balance, it suffered no eclipse. A contemporary authority, the *Annual Register*, which is of the more value in that it is written from a mildly pro-Boer standpoint, declares in its account of events in 1900 that "he was looked upon rightly or wrongly as the only member of the Cabinet capable of reorganising the naval and military administration of the country." In the darkest moment of the war, York voted confidence in him, for such was the inner significance of the by-election of February 1900. He had not to bear the load of blame which attaches to Mr. Balfour, the Duke of Devonshire, and the other members of the Defence Committee of the Cabinet. He had been dexterously excluded from this irresponsible council of war, which brought upon England her defeats, which selected a general who failed signally in the field, and which accepted a plan of strategy based on the ideas of the eighteenth century, and not upon the conceptions of Napoleon, Clausewitz, and Moltke. His hands at least had not shared in the fatuity which disregarded the warnings of the Intelligence Department and waved the Colonies on one side, when they eagerly tendered the help for which we had to ask some weeks later, instructed by events. That he was a member of the Cabinet, which in the last resort and by the amenities of our Constitution is responsible for all these things, did not, in the eyes of men,

involve his fame. It was known that he attended to the business of his own department—the only sound rule in such a muddled arrangement of public business as ours—that he had been able to choose the right man for civil work in South Africa, and to stand firmly by him when chosen.

Nor did it less enhance his reputation that his voice was not heard in the miserable orgy of recriminations and excuses when Parliament met to consider how victory should be recalled to the flag which it had deserted. He is often credited with want of tact, but on this occasion he had the tact to be silent. Not in his mouth were to be found such speeches as alienated, perhaps for ever, the nation from Mr. Balfour, who to that day had been esteemed one of its ablest chiefs. To doubt philosophically may be wise before a war, but when armies are fighting in the field a people will demand another temper in its leaders. Yet it may truly be said of Mr. Chamberlain that in this period he missed a great opportunity. We know how in moments of sorrow and defeat nations yearn for the word which uplifts as well as comforts. We know how in like case Pericles raised the temper of the Athenians to exaltation. We know how Lincoln stirred his countrymen by the solemn note of his appeals in the dark days of the Civil War. But Mr. Chamberlain said nothing. It may be that the display of emotion was alien to his nature, as in normal times it is alien to the nature of his countrymen. A certain coldness is an outward characteristic of his personality, as it was in the case of Pitt whom he so strangely resembles. But those who know him personally are aware that he is a man of generous emotions, and one of his colleagues has declared: "Chamberlain is represented by his enemies as a rancorous politician. It would be far more accurate to say 'he is governed by his affections.'"

For what qualities and what acts does Mr. Chamberlain most deserve the gratitude of his country? We will leave for the moment the immense service he has rendered in creating and strengthening the Imperial sentiment in the Empire—a service which cannot be overlooked, and which in the eye of posterity will redeem many faults and failings. We will take his policy in South Africa. The legend that he brought about the war is due to that perverse misreading of history and of tendencies which Mr. Morley crystallises in his *Life of Cobden*, where he says that "wars constantly arise, not from the irreconcilable clashing of great interests, but from mismanaged trifles." It is this assumption which lies at the root of all hostile British criticism of Mr. Chamberlain's policy in South Africa. Yet as an Oxford man,

Mr. Morley has read his Aristotle, and assuredly he knows that profound saying of the Stagirite, that wars arise from petty incidents, but the issues at the bottom for which men fight are not petty.

Years of peace had produced in England a type of statesmanship which declared that war was to be avoided at any price. A humanitarianism had grown up which believed that the first law was that under no circumstances should right be defended by might, and which exalted the sacredness of human life above all considerations of right and wrong. The reaction against this feeling may be said to have begun with the reconquest of the Soudan, and to have developed when the firm stand was made against French claims over the Fashoda affair. But English statesmen had to reckon with it none the less, and it hampered Mr. Chamberlain at every turn in his dealings with the Transvaal. Yet he had seized the vital fact that the South African Republic was preparing, not merely to repudiate its treaty obligations, but also to attack the supremacy of Britain in South Africa, and he was determined at all costs to uphold the rights which his country and his countrymen possessed. He kept steadily and unflinchingly the end in view, which was to test the intentions of Mr. Kruger by endeavouring to procure for the Outlanders the alleviation of their grievances, at the same time declining to accept treacherous promises and paper assurances.

His management of the diplomacy which led up to the war was not indeed faultless, considered in the abstract. It requires an archangel or a pro-Boer never to commit a mistake. There was an apparent failure to grasp the fact that war became inevitable from the date of the break-up of the Bloemfontein Conference, a conclusion which has since been confirmed by the discovery in the conquered territories of documents proving beyond a peradventure that the Boers were simply delaying to give time for the arrival of ammunition and rifles, and for the grass to grow on the veldt. All the talk in England which suggests that some chance words of Mr. Chamberlain's goaded Mr. Kruger into war is ridiculous. But there was a certain want of skill shown in not placing the British cause before the world, in such a manner that its justice would be understood. Something, though far from all the Boeritis of the Continent, may be ascribed to this.

No doubt Mr. Chamberlain's management of the matter was complicated by the existence of cross-currents in the Cabinet itself. Traces of such cross-currents can be observed on looking back, and it was a favourite device of the pro-Boers to pretend that Lord Salisbury was all for peace and surrender, while Mr.

Chamberlain was for firm insistence upon our rights. At one point in the negotiations Mr. Chamberlain was apparently tricked by his Boer antagonist. This was over the offer of July 18, 1899, when he seems to have thought the crisis at an end, and to have imagined that Mr. Kruger had made in essence the required concessions. This, however, is scarcely a point in favour of those who are always telling us that Mr. Chamberlain was throughout for war. On the contrary, it shows him ready to concede on any head but the vital issues.

In a democracy the statesman cannot employ the diplomacy of a Bismarck. He has at every turn to wait upon public opinion, and perhaps at times to create and educate public opinion. It is to be noted that Mr. Chamberlain's policy of caution and delay—of permitting his hands to be forced by the enemy—was precisely the policy of Lincoln on the eve of the Civil War. "Knowing the temper of his people and the great political advantage which would accrue to him were the first blow struck by the South," says an English commentator upon Lincoln's management, "he waited with inexhaustible patience, out-waiting President Davis of the Southern Confederacy, till the time when the Southern fire-eaters should get out of hand." It was at the bottom wise, in an "inevitable conflict," to take care that with Mr. Kruger rested the blame for the breach of peace. Aggression coming from him would unite the Empire, would unite the country. If the war was to be long and terrible, and on that head the despatches of Sir A. Milner left little or no doubt, this union within was of overpowering importance. That it was secured no one can doubt who notes the utter impotence of the pro-Boers, the virtual annihilation of their press, and their inability to obtain a hearing on any platform without the aid of police and hired foreigners. The nation is against them, the Colonies are against them, the army is against them, and this after thirty months of battle, after terrible losses, after inconceivable blunders. But though this fact is a vindication of the course pursued by the Colonial Secretary, it does seem that during the period of suspense there should have been better preparation for eventualities. Many things could have been done quietly, which were not done. But here again in criticising, the factious conduct of the Opposition, or of the Little England wing of it, and the weakness of an important section of the Cabinet, have to be remembered. Whatever steps were taken would have been proclaimed to the world and denounced as shameless acts of provocation to the "little, weak, harmless people of peasants," who were meanwhile accumulating

millions of cartridges and tens of thousands of rifles, and putting the finishing touches to their plan of taking the British Empire by surprise.

The danger run by this attitude of patience and non-preparation was appalling. Had the enemy displayed only moderate strategy, masked Ladysmith by simply moving down to the littoral of Natal, and pressed forward in Cape Colony, the whole of South Africa would have been lost for a time, if not for ever, and the general rising in Cape Colony might have been accompanied by that foreign intervention which is known to have been promised the Boers by a certain Power. But by lucky chance the Boers were badly led by the inactive and age-worn General Joubert.

When the war began it was Mr. Chamberlain's task to hold British policy firmly to the lines of "Never again." Von der Goltz has noted in his study of war that the struggles of to-day can only end by the complete annihilation of one or other of the combatants, or the exhaustion of both. To reduce such a race as the Dutch of the Boer Republics to submission was necessarily a desperately difficult task, demanding time and perseverance. There were times when this country appeared inclined after all to compromise. The Middelburg conference in February of last year suggested a settlement upon a basis which would unquestionably have been dangerous to the future peace of South Africa.

Yet here it was not Mr. Chamberlain who was at fault, but Lord Kitchener. Lord Kitchener was apparently prepared to give the enemy an amnesty which would have included the colonial rebels, and which would not have clearly excluded those who had violated the laws of war by such acts as the murder of peace envoys and Kaffirs. He did not stipulate that the Boers were to lay down their arms before the prisoners were brought back, or state that the foreigners who had fought on the enemy's side could not be allowed to return to South Africa. He was ready to promise the Boers the gift of a million sterling to pay for the goods commandeered by the Boer commandants from Boers, overlooking the Outlanders, whose losses in this manner had been immense, and to give the burghers assurances that England would rebuild their farms for them and set them up again in business. On all these points important modifications were introduced by Mr. Chamberlain. Even so there can be no disputing the fact that the terms offered were the most generous which have ever been accorded after a successful war to a beaten foe. The risk was not of their being refused, but of their being

accepted. In that case the danger to British interests would have been immense.

From that date onwards Mr. Chamberlain has held firm. In spite of the silly outcry for a "settlement by assent"—a phrase which has no meaning in the present situation—he has set his face steadily towards a settlement by defeat in the field, the only lasting and permanent basis of pacification. There can be no more bargaining with the enemy. The period of compromise in South Africa is over. With a sort of stupefaction the Boer envoys in Holland have recognised the determined attitude of the British Government. "If we had ever thought the British Government could be as strong and decided as this we should never have made the war," said one of them to a friend of the writer's. They are aghast at the strength of the will with which they find themselves in conflict—they who had built so much upon the fancied dissensions and divisions of parties and politicians in England. All through the subterranean negotiations and intrigues of the past few weeks the position of Mr. Chamberlain has been perfectly clear and resolute. He will treat with no one who cannot produce satisfactory credentials from the enemy in the field, and even then he will not grant the terms so foolishly refused at Middelburg. When asked if there was any chance of that "lost soul," Lord Milner, being jettisoned by the Government, after the fashion in which Sir Bartle Frere was betrayed and abandoned by one still in the present ministry, he declared that Lord Milner was as sure of his position as he, Mr. Chamberlain, of *his*.

But Mr. Chamberlain is not only to be thanked for his South African policy by the nation. In an era of apathy and indifference, when others of Cabinet rank have been busy golfing, shooting, and racing, he has managed to attend to his duties. Work not sport is with him the foremost interest of life, and he is singular among Ministers for the small amount of exercise which he takes and requires. He is not one of those who believe that the first requisite in the governing man is ignorance of his work. The office over which he presides is almost the only one which in these days has never been impeached for inefficiency or neglect of its business. The fact that he has worked when others have played has not been lost to sight by the public. The nation wants no *hommes d'état fainéants* in its present critical pass, and the excellent persons who have been composing imaginary Ministries in the *personnel* of which Mr. Chamberlain is carefully excluded from the position of Premier, have forgotten the nation. No intrigue can banish from power the man who in the judgment of his country

is of all worthiest to lead it. It is to Mr. Chamberlain that the Empire looks, as in the last thirty years of his life Germany looked to Bismarck.

On no head has the Colonial Secretary been so much criticised as upon his attitude to foreign Powers. To him is ascribed by our naïve anti-national press the fact that England is so hated abroad. No point is so often urged as this, that Mr. Chamberlain has embittered our foreign relations. His own defence is dignified and rational. He has said that the first object of an English statesman should be to serve his own country and not to curry a dubious popularity abroad. The men whose names would raise cheers in Germany, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. W. T. Stead, are not for that reason good Englishmen. But it can with the most perfect ease be shown that the unpopularity of England is not of modern making. So far back as the forties we read in the Countess Cesaresco's *Cavour:*

> Cavour noticed and deplored the unpopularity of England on the Continent. Extreme parties, opposed in everything else, were agreed in a violent hatred of that country. The moderate party liked it in theory, but in reality they had no natural sympathy with it. . . . The masses were almost everywhere hostile to it. . . . The enemies of progress and the partisans of political subversion looked upon England as their worst adversary.

All this might be said with equal truth to-day. Not Mr. Chamberlain has made us hated, but our record and position in the world. Said M. de Circourt to Senior in the 'sixties: "You are the objects of general envy, and therefore of general dislike and general calumny. It you will only allow us to make MacMahon king of Ireland, Prince Napoleon king of Scotland, and restore the Heptarchy in England, we shall be your affectionate friends." We know that those who assail Mr. Chamberlain for real or imaginary indiscretions have done their best to restore the Heptarchy. But they cannot be surprised if England prefers a man who thinks first of her and not of what her enemies will say. There is no such thing as disinterested friendship among the Powers. There is rather what Bismarck called *schadenfreude,* or malicious joy over the misfortunes of others.

It could easily be shown that foreign Powers detested Lord Palmerston as much as, or even more than, they detest Mr. Chamberlain, yet his countrymen never imputed that as evil to Lord Palmerston. Nor in the sphere of foreign policy has Mr. Chamberlain been quite the failure that his enemies represent. The "long spoon" speech was not a reflection upon the Tsar as it has been represented, but upon the treacherous and tricky Muraviev, whose perfidy had been colossal. The indignant remonstrance

to France when our Queen was being so slandered in the comic press of Paris may have been untimely—and it was suggested by treacherous German advice—but it was an honourable attempt to tell the French that such abominations were bitterly resented in England. The famous speech comparing the humanity of the British and various foreign armies, the German included, was no reflection upon the honour of any Continental soldier, nor was it so treated except in Germany where the fierce popular outcry expressed rabid hatred of England rather than indignation at what even the Reichstag had to admit was no wrong. The insolent and gratuitous attack upon Mr. Chamberlain made by Count Bülow was the outcome of the dangerous belief that it was safe to trick and bully England and English Ministers to any extent. Had Mr. Chamberlain followed the insidious advice given him by some even of his own colleagues, we should have had more of these lectures from the Teutons. The pro-Boer press was already calling for the blood of the Colonial Secretary, and in its factious way suggesting that he and he alone was at fault. But to the indescribable gratification of the Empire, he declined to throw himself at the feet of the German Chancellor; he even had the courage to tell this gentleman to mind his own business. The effect in Germany was electrical. Already the Anglophobe agitation has abated, and the position of the Chancellor has been shaken. In England the incident has immeasurably increased the reputation and prestige of Mr. Chamberlain.

The Bülow affair has been followed by two events which have further added to that reputation. The first was the brilliant speech on the Opposition amendment to the address, by which, with the most masterly skill, the deep-lying differences between the two wings of the Opposition were exposed. These were partisan tactics, it may be; but when a man is fighting such an Opposition as that led by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, partisan tactics may have to be employed. Even the famous message, altered, as we know, in the transmission, "a vote given to the Liberals is a vote sold to the Boers," finds its justification in this: that until Liberal Imperialism had finally and openly separated from the anti-national wing, it could not be free from suspicion in the nation's eyes. And now it has so separated there is no discoverable difference between the party of Lord Rosebery and that of Mr. Chamberlain.

The second incident was the concession to Italy over the Maltese language question. It is no secret that ever since the Currie-Norfolk affair the feeling of Italy to England has verged upon the bitter. Even before that she had many plaints against

us. "Not one word of sympathy, not one word of affection, came to us amidst the cruel reproaches of the French after Adowa," said a prominent Italian to the writer. The cession of the hinterland of Tripoli to France by Lord Salisbury in the Fashoda negotiations was another sore spot. What wonder if, when event after event seemed to proclaim a cold indifference on our part to the most susceptible of peoples—a people too for whom Englishmen throughout the country, without distinction of party, entertain a deep and real affection—that Italians should fail to understand, and Englishmen should wonder at the tactlessness of their Foreign Office. When Mr. Chamberlain went back upon his own schemes and plans, facing the charge of inconsistency and weakness, and did so on the ground that England was willing to make sacrifices for the goodwill of Italy, his words provoked a demonstration of affection which must have startled many who were unaware of the undercurrents of Italian policy. They effaced in a moment the consequences of years of coldness and neglect. "Mr. Chamberlain's speech has gone straight to the core of Italian feeling, and is earning for him heartier approval in Italy than anything he ever said or did," says a leading correspondent at Rome. Thus on two occasions he has scored, and scored heavily, in affairs which belong to the domain of foreign policy.

It is, however, because he is the most progressive and youthful minded of our statesmen that he is worthiest to lead the nation. Though advancing in years he is not like many of his colleagues, tied to the traditions and shibboleths of the remote past.* He is emphatically open-minded, and opportunist in the best sense, which means that he does not start with *a priori* rules, but is ready to adapt the rules to the occasion. In the sphere of economics he has been daring enough to indicate that he would look without any displeasure upon an Imperial *zollverein*, a thing which is anathema maranatha to the votaries of Cobden and of the free trade fetich. He is no advocate of the indolent and mildewed theory of *laissez faire* in an age when Governments have to aid trade by their organisation. His efforts to assist the West Indies were not at all according to the orthodox economy, and provoked the attacks of the fast perishing school of those who would let the Empire collapse rather than abandon their exploded theories.

Above all things he is alive to the importance of the Imperial movement, and to the trend of Colonial sentiment. He has under-

* The childish attacks on him for not standing in 1902, where he stood in 1879 or 1880, are the best evidence of this.

stood more clearly than the older type of Liberals that in thes days, when the doctrines of statesmen on the Continent are based upon the ideas of Hegel and Nietzsche, England can no longer, without running the risk of national annihilation, cling to her old sentimental aims. In a world where force is once more tending to become the arbiter, she must have force on her side and be not unprepared to use it. Isolated in Europe and without allies there whom she can trust, she must consolidate the bonds of sentiment which hold together the diverse units of her Empire. To be supported to the bitter end by her great autonomous Colonies, she must show them that she, too, in the hour of need will stand by them and make sacrifices for them. It is largely to Mr. Chamberlain that we owe the magnificent enthusiasm with which Australia, Canada, and New Zealand have come to the aid of the motherland, and it is a striking example of his popularity with the British communities over the sea that Count Bülow's attack upon him provoked an immediate and fierce rejoinder in Australasia. It is impossible to say what the cost to the Empire might have been had the Colonial Secretary in the past six years been a statesman after the pattern of Sir M. Hicks Beach or Lord Derby.

How great our debt has been to Mr. Chamberlain in the events which have made the history of this period cannot, of course, become fully known till the inner story of this epoch has been published, which is not likely to happen in the lives of any of us. His influence can plainly be seen in the alliance with Japan. Even now his work has by no means ended ; indeed, it might truly be said to have only just begun. In the future the nation will look to Mr. Chamberlain for that efficiency in administration and organisation which the war has proved to be so essential. Only a man of great strength and prestige can hope to reform the Army, and secure for the Empire the Navy which it needs. Mr. Chamberlain cannot be insensible to the disgust and widespread indignation caused by the revelations of Mr. Burdett Coutts as to the hospitals in South Africa, and by the "whitewashing" report of the Horse Purchase Committee. He cannot be blind to the proofs which are daily accumulating of the disastrous incompetence of the War Office. He cannot suppose that the country will accept as final Mr. Brodrick's scheme of Army Reform, which has so far remained a mere paper measure. Nor can he believe that the state of the Navy is regarded without misgivings, when ships are never completed to date, and the organisation is that of the eighteenth century. In all these directions it remains for him to use his powerful influence. He is afraid of no one, as his past career has shown, and this fact is a good equipment for a struggle which,

even for a man of his will and position, will be a terrible one. "I hope," he said in May 1900, speaking of the defects which the war had revealed in our military system, "we shall have the courage and wisdom to correct them." If he will not put his shoulder to the wheel, it is certain that no one else will, and he can only put his shoulder to the wheel as Premier.

All these duties, and the growing difficulty of our national position, call for a Premier who will exercise the closest supervision over the departments. The present Premier, whatever the debt of England to him for other things, has conspicuously failed in this direction. He has been able to secure neither foresight nor sound administration in the War Office, while the Foreign Office, which he controlled for many years, is a by-word for its faults and failings. The nation needs a leader of progressive tendencies, awake to the problems of the times and *toujours en vedette*, not always half-asleep. It is no exaggeration to assert that but for the belief of the country in Mr. Chamberlain, it might have gone badly with the Salisbury Government at the last election; while the remount scandals would suffice to disgust any one who cares for his country, and who is not a blind servant of party. In the new era we must be led by men who work, and work hard, and who do not indolently make holiday at critical moments in our history. New traditions have to be created if we would hold our own. Sport must be postponed to business; the British administration must be Germanised. Above all, the vital defects in the Constitution which forbid the organisation of our Army and Navy by experts must be changed, before disaster awakens our Gallios of the front bench.

Thus England has to make in this hour a choice as fateful as the choice of Er in that last dazzling passage of Plato's *Republic*. She has to choose between a man on the one hand, whom family influence puts forward, but whom the nation knows in its heart to be unfit for that position of stress and effort which must be the lot of the statesman controlling its high destinies in the era of conflict before it, and one who has shown that earnest strenuousness, that devotion to a great purpose, that tenacity, and yet withal that adaptability to the new, which are the very characteristics required. She sees and knows who is the better man. Will she allow her instinct and her judgment to be overruled by machine intrigues, and deliberately accept the inferior man? If so, let her prepare for misfortune, and, when misfortune comes, remember that she can blame only herself for the retribution which, history shows, waits closely upon weakness of will, and inability, knowing the right, to do it.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

FOREIGN TRADE AND HOME MARKETS

In a previous number of this *Review*, I endeavoured to show what principal changes had taken place in the conditions under which British trade found itself in the earlier times of Free Trade, and the more recent. In the present paper an attempt will be made to consider what effect those changes have had, and what remedy, generally, might be pursued to counteract it. If the general course of the total volume of British trade (not including re-exports), be observed for the last twenty years it will be found that, while the exports fluctuated below the level reached in 1872–74 until 1896–98, the imports on the whole, increased rapidly.

Imports and Exports (in Millions of Pounds), including Bullion and Specie, but excluding Re-exports.

Average of three years.	Imports.	Exports.	Total imports and exports.	Excess of Imports.	
				Amount.	Percentage of total volume of trade.
1872–74	339.3	277.6	616.9	61.7	10.0
1875–77	361.0	239.9	600.9	121.1	20.1
1878–80	344.2	227.2	571.4	117.0	20.5
1881–83	366.9	258.4	625.3	108.5	17.3
1884–86	332.1	241.2	573.3	90.9	15.8
1887–89	351.5	256.6	608.1	94.9	15.6
1890–92	398.2	276.4	674.6	121.8	18.0
1893–95	391.7	251.0	642.7	140.7	21.9
1896–98	444.2	284.9	729.1	159.3	21.8
1899–1901	483.7	300.8*	784.5	182.9	23.3
1899	465.2	290.7*	755.9	174.5	23.1
1900	499.4	314.5*	813.9	184.9	22.7
1901	486.6	297.3*	783.9	189.3	24.1

* Not including shipping previously unrecorded. For the year 1899 the value of shipping exported was £9,117,000; for 1900, £8,587,000; and for 1901, £9,160,000.

In regard to the figures here exhibited, two points call for special attention. First, the excess of imports over exports; secondly, what may have been the variations in kind both of exports and imports.

It is not my intention to attempt to say anything new about the excess of imports. Far more time and research than it has been possible for me to devote to the subject would be necessary, to save me from saying what might not be true. For an exhaustive, and, as far as it goes, a conclusive examination of the subject, reference should be made to the able paper read by Sir R. Giffen before the Royal Statistical Society on January 17, 1899, and to the discussion which followed it. Therein the author, with much detail, estimated the "invisible exports," which balance our external trade accounts as follows: Earnings by ocean freights from £70,000,000 to £80,000,000 (in 1898); insurance and commission business £18,000,000; profits on capital invested abroad, and pensions and salaries due by a country like India, £90,000,000. The national trade accounts of other great trading countries are also discussed in much detail. The soundness of the principles laid down by Sir R. Giffen cannot be contested. Nevertheless, the figures given by him are, to some extent, conjectural, and it would be unwise to indulge in a complete feeling of security which may not be warranted; the subject is one which should be continually scrutinised and examined by every competent economist.

In order to present a comprehensive and comparative picture of the variation in kind of our foreign trade, and of that of three other leading commercial countries, during the ten years 1890–99, the tables on pages 54 and 55 have been prepared.

The classification is, necessarily, rather arbitrary, and somewhat different results might be arrived at by those who work them out for themselves. The main difference in that here adopted for the respective countries is that in the case of the United States, on the import side, woollen, cotton, linen, &c., yarns are lumped together with "Raw Materials," whereas in the case of Great Britain, France, and Germany, these yarns are classed in the returns as "Manufactured Articles." Yarns, however, are an unimportant item in the imports of the United States, and as the other classifications agree pretty well, the tables given may, I think, be taken as a fair basis of comparison. The figures for 1900 and 1901 are added in the case of the United Kingdom, as a matter of interest; there are no returns available for the other countries for those two years. Without entering upon a detailed analysis of these tables, which

would be impossible without extending the length of this paper beyond the limits which can be assigned to it, attention may be briefly called to the salient points which they exhibit. On the import side "Articles of Food" increased largely for the United Kingdom, and in a less degree for Germany (a sign that Germany is approximating to our conditions), while they decreased in spite of a rapidly increasing population, for the United States, as that country became more "self-contained," and for France, by reason, among others, of her stationary population. As to "Raw Materials," there is an absolute increase, but a decrease, relatively to the whole volume of imports, for the United Kingdom; a slight absolute increase, relatively strong, owing to the decline in the whole volume of exports for the United States; and a strong increase both absolute and relative for France and Germany. In manufactured articles the United Kingdom shows a large increase up to 1899 (continued, in absolute figures, in the two succeeding years), and France a considerable increase also, while for the United States there is a decrease both absolute and relative, and for Germany an absolute increase, but, owing to her largely augmented imports of the other two classes, a relative decrease.

The export figures I propose to examine in rather more detail. In "Articles of Food and Live Animals" the United Kingdom, the United States, and Germany, all show an increase, most marked, so far as absolute figures are concerned, in the case of the United States, which, however, show a relative decrease owing to the great expansion of the whole volume of their export trade. Germany and the United Kingdom show only a moderate absolute increase—the former a relative decrease arising, likewise, from the general expansion of her exports, and the latter a relative increase owing to the stationary condition of the other two classes in her case. In raw materials the variations, in the case of Great Britain, may be almost entirely accounted for by the movement of the coal trade.* The United States, Germany, and France, all show an increase, comparatively slight in the case of the first, which relatively, indeed, remained absolutely stationary, but very marked, both relatively and absolutely in the case of Germany, and in 1899 of France. The United States exported more cotton-seed oil, crude mineral oil, oil-cake, tobacco, wood, fertilisers, &c.; Germany more coal, dyes, and iron; and France, more hides, silk, and wool. Considering, lastly, manufactures—the most interesting class of all—we see that the exports of the United Kingdom remained almost stationary, on the average, through-

* In 1900 and 1901, as well as in 1899.

IMPORTS.

Class and Years.	United Kingdom.		United States of America.		Germany.		France.	
	Average Yearly Value in thousands of £.	Percentage of Total Value.	Average Yearly Value in thousands of £.	Percentage of Total Value.	Average Yearly Value in thousands of £.	Percentage of Total Value.	Average Yearly Value in thousands of £.	Percentage of Total Value.
Articles of Food and Live Animals.								
1890–4	181,822	43.4	57,657	35.6	71,680	35.4	54,050	31.9
1895–9	195,366	43.1	45,342	30.5	80,340	34.0	44,218	27.0
1899	210,157	43.4	43,222	30.3	86,400	31.5	38,040	21.1
1900	220,000	42.0	—	—	—	—	—	—
1901	224,000	42.9	—	—	—	—	—	—
Raw Material.								
1890–4	162,050	38.8	56,330	34.2	85,860	42.5	90,138	53.6
1895–9	173,522	38.3	56,455	38.4	106,450	44.9	94,252	57.5
1899	183,568	37.8	57,953	40.6	130,350	47.6	113,584	62.8
1900	210,000	40.1	—	—	—	—	—	—
1901	204,000	39.1	—	—	—	—	—	—
Manufactured Articles.								
1890–4	74,809	17.8	49,466	30.2	44,770	22.1	24,586	14.5
1895–9	84,100	18.6	46,231	31.1	49,940	21.1	25,252	15.5
1899	91,311	18.8	41,625	29.1	57,400	20.9	29,108	16.1
1900	93,000	17.9	—	—	—	—	—	—
1901	94,000	18.0	—	—	—	—	—	—
Total Imports.								
1890–4	418,681	—	163,453	—	202,310	—	168,774	—
1895–9	452,988	—	148,028	—	236,730	—	163,722	—
1899	485,036	—	142,800	—	274,150	—	180,732	—
1900	523,000	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
1901	522,000	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

EXPORTS.

Class and Years.		United Kingdom.		United States of America.		Germany.		France.	
		Average Yearly Value in thousands of £.	Percentage of Total Value.	Average Yearly Value in thousands of £.	Percentage of Total Value.	Average Yearly Value in thousands of £.	Percentage of Total Value.	Average Yearly Value in thousands of £.	Percentage of Total Value.
Articles of Food and Live Animals.	1890–4	11,448	4.9	139,355	75.3	21,200	13.7	30,402	22.2
	1895-9	12,904	5.4	144,796	68.1	23,660	12.9	26,413	18.4
	1899	13,568	5.2	164,743	65.7	23,950	11.4	27,012	16.3
	1900	14,500	5.1	—	—	—	—	—	—
	1901	15,600	5.6	—	—	—	—	—	—
Raw Materials.	1890–4	19,808	8.5	11,195	6.1	33,680	21.7	32,760	24.0
	1895–9	20,753	8.6	12,832	6.1	41,830	22.6	38,370	24.0
	1899	26,570	10.0	15,327	6.1	50,800	24.1	48,412	29.3
	1900	41,900	14.4	—	—	—	—	—	—
	1901	33,400	11.9	—	—	—	—	—	—
Manufactured Articles.	1890–4	203,096	86.6	34,180	18.6	100,220	64.6	73,624	53.8
	1895–9	205,964	86.0	54,989	25.8	118,930	64.5	79,506	55.1
	1899	224,354	84.8	70,748	28.2	135,600	64.5	90,680	54.6
	1900	234,800	80.5	—	—	—	—	—	—
	1901	231,400	82.5	—	—	—	—	—	—
Total Exports.	1890–4	234,352	—	184,730	—	155,100	—	136,786	—
	1895–9	239,621	—	212,617	—	184,420	—	144,289	—
	1899	264,492	—	250,818	—	210,350	—	166,104	—
	1900	290,700	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	1901	280,400	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

out the whole ten years. Some compensation may be found for this in the increase in her food exports, which are at least partial manufactures; but even this would not nearly (I am speaking of the averages) redress the balance in comparison either to Germany or to the United States. There was a fine leap up in 1899* for all these three countries as well as for France, but not so great even when taking manufactured articles of food into account for the United Kingdom, as for the United States and Germany, if that year be compared with the first half of the period under observation. The principal articles which contributed to this rise in the case of the United Kingdom were textiles, both in quantity and value, and metals, almost entirely in prices. In the case of the United States, the exports of manufactures had a continual and rapid rise, both relatively and absolutely, in the second five years compared to the first, and nearly all her manufactures contributed to it; among the chief may be cited agricultural implements, chemicals, cotton manufactures, cotton-seed oil, and iron and steel manufactures, including machinery and tools. In relation to the whole volume of her exports, the figures for the manufactures exported by Germany remained stationary, but, absolutely, they recorded a fine average increase (very nearly equal to that enjoyed by the United States). The articles which showed the most marked upward movement were "books, maps, and engravings," cotton manufactures, refined sugar, iron and steel manufactures, and machinery. Her woollen manufactures increased in quantity but decreased in value. French manufactures also, except in the last year of the ten, progressed at a more rapid rate than British, the chief contributions to the advance, both in quantity and value, being apparel (in 1899), chemical products, copper wire, cotton manufactures, earthen- and glass-ware, machinery, and millinery.

Turning now to the figures given opposite, showing the populations of the various countries, and the imports and exports per head in the first and last of the ten years discussed, and combining them with the trade-figures which have been considered, the following deductions may, I think be drawn.

First, generally, that while we are forced to rely more and more upon foreign countries—far more in comparison with them—for

* Well maintained for the United Kingdom in 1900 and 1901. The most marked upward movement in 1900 as compared with 1899 was in textiles and "metals and machinery." Both classes lost considerably in quantities, but much more than made good that loss by the rise in prices. In 1901 "metals, &c.," lost more than all they had gained in the previous year, but textiles improved in quantity, while slightly losing in price.

IMPORTS PER HEAD OF POPULATION.

Class.	Year.	United Kingdom.	United States of America.	Germany.	France.
		£	£	£	£
Articles of Food and Live Animals.	1890	4.73	0.83	1.41	1.50
	1899	5.18	0.58	1.55	0.99
Raw Materials.	1890	4.42	0.87	1.80	2.44
	1899	4.52	0.78	2.34	2.95
Manufactured Articles.	1890	2.07	0.87	1.00	0.68
	1899	2.25	0.56	1.03	0.75
Total Imports.	1890	11.22	2.57	4.21	4.62
	1899	11.95	1.92	4.92	4.69

EXPORTS PER HEAD OF POPULATION.

Class.	Year.	United Kingdom.	United States of America.	Germany.	France.
		£	£	£	£
Articles of Food and Live Animals.	1890	0.32	2.12	0.47	0.89
	1899	0.33	2.22	0.43	0.70
Raw Materials.	1890	0.57	0.19	0.72	0.94
	1899	0.65	0.20	0.91	1.26
Manufactured Articles.	1890	6.14	0.50	2.17	2.08
	1899	5.53	0.95	2.43	2.35
Total Exports.	1890	7.03	2.81	3.36	3.91
	1899	6.51	3.37	3.77	4.31

POPULATION.

Year.	United Kingdom.	United States.	Germany.	France.
1890	37,485,000	62,622,000	49,428,000	38,343,000
1899	40,555,000	74,321,000	55,654,000	38,500,000

our supplies of food and raw material, and while our imports of manufactures increase also, our export trade, while it has increased absolutely, has decreased both in proportion to the whole volume of trade and per head of our population. Next, that the absolute increase which has taken place in our export trade cannot, in kind, be regarded with unmixed satisfaction, since a large part of it consists of raw material (coal) which is capital and cannot be renewed. Indeed, the whole relative decrease has taken place only in manufactured articles, whether articles of food be considered or not—which is not, I conceive, the ideal condition on which we desire our foreign trade to be carried on. Lastly, that the increasing competition of other trading countries, whether we consider our home-market, as evidenced by our imports from abroad, or foreign markets as evidenced by a comparison, in quantity or in kind, of our trade figures with theirs, runs through these figures. In those lines of manufactures in which we once, rightly, considered ourselves without rivals, namely, in the textile and steel and iron trades, that competition is particularly marked. This point seems to me to be so important and to be so little realised, that I will venture to go into it, as briefly as possible, in more detail. The tables on pages 60 and 61 show the movements of the textile trades in five-yearly averages for the years 1870–74, 1886–90, and 1895–99.*

As the quantities of the textiles imported are not given in all cases, but only the values, I have added a few average import prices (see page 62) in order that some idea may be retained how the quantities have varied in relation to the values. On the other hand, I have been obliged to separate out the quantities in more detail than is desirable on account of some entries being effected in weights, some in lengths, and some in numbers, a fact which, I fear, may give the textile table a somewhat formidable appearance. But I venture to hope that this may not deter the reader from bestowing on that table the careful attention which it will repay. In each great class of the textile trade it will be seen that while the imports increased, both in absolute figures and per head of population, in the two last quinquennial periods cited, the exports followed an exactly contrary movement and decreased, in values, with still greater rapidity. There were increases in quantities exported as regards woollen yarns throughout; linen

* I have selected these periods because the first covers the culminating period of our export trade before 1899, and the other two the closing five years of the last two decades, 1899 being chosen as the concluding year for reasons previously given.

and jute yarns throughout, and manufactures for 1886–90; silk manufactures and thrown silk throughout; and cotton yarns and manufactures, practically throughout, except "stockings and socks" in 1895–99. The values, however, show a uniform decrease as do, generally, the quantities per head of population for the five years 1895–99 as compared with 1886–90. Woollen manufactures decrease the most rapidly, in all ways, while woollen yarns show a constant increase—a fact previously commented upon.*

Almost the same characteristics attended the iron and steel trades.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF IRON AND STEEL AND MANUFACTURES OF IRON AND STEEL (including Machinery in values but not in quantities).

Average for Five Years.	Imports.				Exports.			
	Quantity.	Value.	Per Head of Population,		Quantity.	Value.	Per Head of Population.	
			Quantity.	Value.			Quantity.	Value.
	Tons.	£	Tons.	s. d.	Tons.	£	Tons.	£ s. d.
1870–74	724,247	2,615,303	.024	1 7½	2,964,578	38,870,233	.093	1 4 5
1886–90	4,122,350	6,947,930	.083	3 9½	3,937,139	39,964,140	.106	1 1 8
1895–99	6,199,629	11,370,269	.155	5 9½	3,406,715	41,063,784	.085	1 0 7
1899	7,699,510	14,909,824	.19	7 2½	3,717,180	47,754,165	.092	1 3 6

The imports increased uniformly whether in absolute quantities and values, or in quantities and values per head of population. The exports increased on the whole in absolute quantities, and far more (owing to the rise in prices in the more recent period), in values, but decreased on the whole, per head of population, both in values and quantities, with the exception of 1899, which showed a marked recovery in all respects.† It is far from my wish to play the part of a Cassandra. It would be gross exaggeration to call out that our foreign trade has left us, and that commercial ruin stares us in the face. But it is not exaggeration—it is a mere statement of fact—to say that, compared with the growth of our population, it is, on the whole, rather worse than stationary. If instead of considering the growth of population of these islands

* *National Review*, February 1902, p. 894.

† See note (*) on page 56.

TEXTILES.

Years.	Description.	Imports. Quantity. (000's omitted.)	Imports. Value. (000's £.)	Imports. Per Head of Population. Quantity.	Imports. Per Head of Population. Value.	Exports. Quantity. (000's omitted.)	Exports. Value. (000's £.)	Exports. Per Head of Population. Quantity.	Exports. Per Head of Population. Value.
Worsted and Woollen Yarns and Manufactures.									
Average, 1870–74	Yarn Manufactures	12,343 lbs. (not given)	5,179	0.39 lbs. —	£0.16	37,745 lbs. 349,135 yds.	31,508	1.18 lbs. 10.97 yds.	£0.99
Average, 1886–90	Yarn *Manufactures	18,337 lbs. 67,571 yds.	10,944	0.49 lbs. 1.83 yds.	£0.29	42,975 lbs. 275,472 yds.	24,586	1.16 lbs. 7.46 yds.	£0.66
Average, 1895–99	Yarn *Manufactures	19,337 lbs. 85,370 yds.	12,458	0.48 lbs. 2.14 yds.	£0.31	60,578 lbs. 203,422 yds.	21,578	1.52 lbs. 5.10 yds.	£0.54
1899	Yarn *Manufactures	20,653 lbs. 76,485 yds.	12,064	0.51 lbs. 1.88 yds.	£0.30	63,700 lbs. 174,748 yds.	19,665	1.57 lbs. 4.31 yds.	£0.48
Linen and Jute Yarns and Manufactures, including Cordage and Twine.									
Average, 1870–74	Yarn, thread for sewing, cordage, and twine Manufactures	(not given)	3,437	—	£0.11	62,590 lbs. 300,439 yds.	11,449	1.96 lbs. 9.44 yds.	£0.36
Average, 1886–90	Yarn, thread for sewing, cordage, and twine Manufactures	(not given)	5,742	—	£0.15	69,185 lbs. 419,945 yds.	9,459	1.87 lbs. 11.38 yds.	£0.25
Average, 1895–99	Yarn, thread for sewing, cordage, and twine Manufactures	(not given)	6,865	—	£0.17	88,150 lbs. 406,918 yds.	8,792	2.21 lbs. 10.22 yds.	£0.21
1899	Yarn, thread for sewing, cordage, and twine Manufactures	(not given)	7,495	—	£0.18	89,979 lbs. 387,543 yds.	8,833	2.22 lbs. 9.56 yds.	£0.22

Silk Yarns and Manufactures.									
Average, 1870–74	†Manufactures (broad piece goods only) Thrown silk	(not given) 144 lbs.	11,023	— 0.004 lbs.	£0.34	4,088 yds. (not given)	3,339	0.13 yds. —	£0.10
Average, 1886–90	†Manufactures (broad piece goods only) Thrown silk	(not given) 492 lbs.	11,360	— 0.01 lbs.	£0.30	8,266 yds. 655 lbs.	2,842	0.22 yds. 0.02 lbs.	£0.07
Average, 1895–99	†Manufactures (broad piece goods only) Thrown silk	(not given) 449 lbs.	16,657	— 0.01 lbs.	£0.42	8,131 yds. 946 lbs.	1,771	0.20 yds. 0.02 lbs.	£0.04
1899	†Manufactures (broad piece goods only) Thrown silk	(not given) 378 lbs.	16,395	— 0.01 lbs.	£0.40	9,737 yds. 1,441 lbs.	1,980	0.24 yds. 0.03 lbs.	£0.05
Cotton Yarns and Manufactures.									
Average, 1870–74	Yarn and thread for sewing Manufactures other than stockings and socks Stockings and socks	(not given)	1,430	—	£0.04	213,544 lbs. 3,462,553 yds. 1,018 doz. prs.	75,200	6.71 lbs. 108.81 yds. 0.03 doz. prs.	£2.36
Average, 1886–90	Yarn and thread for sewing Manufactures other than stockings and socks Stockings and socks	8,331 lbs. 39,308 yds. —	2,700	0.23 lbs. 1.06 yds. —	£0.07	273,345 lbs. 4,983,747 yds. 1,586 doz. prs.	71,347	7.41 lbs. 135.09 yds. 0.04 doz. prs.	£1.93
Average, 1895–99	Yarn and thread for sewing Manufactures other than stockings and socks Stockings and socks	5,360 lbs. 49,728 yds. —	4,184	0.13 lbs. 1.25 yds. —	£0.11	268,933 lbs. 5,139,615 yds. 712 doz. prs.	65,905	6.75 lbs. 129.04 yds. 0.02 doz. prs.	£1.65
1899	Yarn and thread for sewing Manufactures other than stockings and socks Stockings and socks	4,694 lbs. 42,735 yds. —	4,944	0.12 lbs. 1.05 yds. —	£0.12	243,830 lbs. 5,438,944 yds. 596 doz. prs.	67,548	6.01 lbs. 134.11 yds. 0.02 doz. prs.	£1.66

* Blankets taken at five yards per pair. † "Other kinds" of silk manufactures are not given by quantity, but are included in the values.

	Average Import Prices.			
	1870–74.	1886–90.	1895–99.	1899.
Woollen yarn per lb.	28.59*d.*	27.85*d.*	23.80*d.*	24.68*d.*
Linen yarn per lb.	(not given)	9.56*d.*	9.33*d.*	9.50*d.*
Jute . . per cwt.	18.61*s.*	12.49*s.*	11.66*s.*	12.75*s.*
Thrown silk per lb.	£1.60	£0.89	£0.76	£0.76
Cotton yarn per lb.	(not given)	1.10*s.*	1.03*s.*	1.05*s.*

only, we were to take account of that of the whole world, and therefore of the increased demand of the world generally, this condition of our foreign trade becomes still more evident. My attention has been drawn, as I write this, to an article—admirably conceived and compiled—on "British Commerce" by Mr. J. Holt Schooling, in the *Monthly Review* for January of this year. In the course of his discussion he shows that there was an annual average shortage in "expected" British exports of 25 millions a year during the ten years 1891–1900, and that, while all foreign countries increased their purchases from all sources by 11 per cent. during 1890–99, and all British possessions by 17 per cent., our exports to them during 1891–1900 increased by 4 per cent., and decreased by 1 per cent., respectively.

To conclude, as did Sir Robert Giffen in the paper cited at the commencement of this article, that, because some articles of export show expansion, there is therefore "no little vigour" in certain departments of our export trade, although our textile branches—which, by the way, are, with iron and steel, at the head of our manufactured exports—show a tendency to languish, is small consolation. It is shown in Mr. Schooling's essay that in 1891–1900 there was a total rise in all our "special" exports—that is, exports of home produce—of 55.23 millions of £ as compared with 1881–1900, but that, if coal were left aside, there would have been a fall of £30,000,000. Looking at these figures in the light of those given in the course of this paper, it is impossible to conclude otherwise than that our trade abroad is being gradually taken from us—and it would be unwise to bask in the hope that, in face of increasing and continually keener competition, ground lost will be, to any considerable extent, recovered. The theory that, if displaced from one trade we shall still always be able to recoup ourselves by turning the displaced energy to the manufacture of "something else," will no longer, I

fear, hold water. The articles of necessity or luxury required by the human race do not form an infinite series, and those who believe British greatness to depend upon her foreign trade, and who rely on the theory of "something else" to maintain it, are surely leaning on a broken reed. Is it not, however, a mistake to allow the word "trade" to become, as in most discussions of the subject that I have ever seen it has become, synonymous with "foreign trade"? It is, perhaps, natural that that should be so, for so furious was the battle waged over free trade—and free trade implies trade with foreign countries, or at any rate external trade—so persistently was, and is, that battle waged round the point whether that policy is advantageous or the reverse to our foreign trade, with but scant reference to what may be happening within our own borders, that the perspective has become falsified. We are too close, perhaps, to the giant to see him; our eyes are always fixed on the dwarf. Mulhall calculated our internal trade to be 85 per cent. and our foreign trade to be 15 per cent. of the whole. Sir Robert Giffen, in the paper before alluded to, mentions a very similar estimate of his own, namely, that only from about a sixth to an eighth "of the whole income of the people" is derived from foreign exports. It would be the direct reverse of my meaning to deprecate the value to us of our foreign trade. It is, as Mr. Henry Birch-enough points out,* a most valuable stimulant to the manufacturing industry of the country: it "takes us abroad, and brings out those qualities which make us a great empire-building people . . . . If from a decline in our manufactures [exported] we cease to be able to provide loans partly in cash and partly in goods, he felt sure that our loan business would seriously decrease, and thus the invisible exports would tend to shrink with the visible ones."

The somewhat extreme picture, again, drawn by Mr. Leonard Courtney, of the English becoming a people of *rentiers* living sluggishly upon imports sent in payment of their investments abroad is unpleasant to contemplate—the result of such a possible state of affairs still more so. Moreover, I do not forget that, as at present constituted, we are so dependent upon foreign countries that we are bound to continue to export largely in order to pay for our supplies; while, if our export trade is stationary and our imports grow, we must ultimately come to the point at which we shall be paying for them out of capital unless our home trade be so prosperous that the process will be one of transference of investment, not of loss of

* *Journal of the Royal Statistical Society*, vol. lxii., part i., p. 77.

capital. We cannot rely upon the continuance of our position as chief ocean-carriers to the world, as upon an eternal certainty, to compensate us for possible diminution in our visible exports. There are signs that other nations, by means in accordance with sound economic principles or not, are determined to compete with us on that ground also. Our tonnage has increased enormously, but lower freights prevent that branch of invisible exports from expanding at anything like the same rate. Our total tonnage, sailing and steam, was 6.6 millions of tons in 1880, 8 millions in 1890, and 9.3 millions in 1900. Adopting Sir R. Giffen's formula for the comparison of efficiency—(1 steam ton = 4 sail tons)—the comparative sail tonnage in the same three years was 14 millions, 23 millions, and 31 millions respectively. At the same time freights, between 1880–81 and 1898, fell largely,* although subsequently, until, and including 1900, they appear to have been better. Messrs. Angier Bros.' circular on steamship freights in 1901 is not, however, encouraging reading. "The comparison of the last four cycles (ten year periods)," we learn from the circular, "brings out a marked similarity in the salient features of each component year and the course of prices ; and a still further retrospect shows that in the successive decades the periods of inflation gradually shrink, whilst the periods of depression correspondingly stretch out." The whole of the vastly increased tonnage was employed in 1901, but freights suffered a severe decline, starting at 20 to 30 per cent., and reaching 50 per cent. before the close of the year. Clearly the invisible export from this source must have suffered a large reduction in the past year, although the excess of imports showed a considerable increase. On the other hand, Great Britain is pre-eminently mistress of the seas in her mercantile fleet, her steam tonnage being not far from equal to the whole of the tonnage of the other "principal maritime countries" put together.† We appear to be, for the present, beyond danger of any really serious foreign competition in this respect. But so, also, we seemed to be, not so very many years ago, in the textile and steel and iron trades : the fact that we have an advantage once, is no reason why we should keep it for ever. It should, further,

* Sir R. Giffen, *Excess of Imports*, p. 10. Allowing for increased carrying capacity, &c., the gross earnings are estimated at £4 per ton in 1898 against £5 in 1882 for sailing vessels, £12 against £15 for steamers; and the total earnings of the mercantile fleet, allowing for outlays on ships abroad, at between £70,000,000 and £80,000,000 against about £60,000,000.

† Not including those registered in the United States for the home and river trades.

be remembered that if we lost our ocean-carrying supremacy our position as the banking centre of the world, which so largely depends on it, must also go. These observations are made with no alarmist intent; I wish merely to insist that self-complacency and satisfaction with the present afford no safeguard for the future, and that care for our home markets is at least as important as care for our foreign trade.

It will be interesting, then, to consider as briefly and as simply as possible how our home markets have been faring. Iron, coal, wool, meat, and milk and its derivatives, may, I think, be taken as representative articles of home production. Other agricultural products apart from wool, meat, and milk, will be dealt with under some observations on agriculture, which I hope to present at another time, and in order to avoid repetition, I do not mention them here.

Commencing, then, with iron, it will be found that the production of iron ore rose from an annual average of 17.4 millions of tons, or a little over half a ton per head of population, in 1876–78 * to 20.5 millions in 1898–1900, or almost exactly half a ton per head: the production of pig-iron from an average of 6.51 millions of tons, or just under one fifth of a ton per head in 1876-78, to 8.94 millions, or a little over one fifth of a ton per head in 1897–99† : and the domestic consumption of pig-iron from 3.15 millions of tons, or a little under one tenth of a ton per head, to 4.02 millions, or exactly one tenth of a ton per head for the same two periods.‡ At the same time the average value of pig-iron rose from £2 9*s.* 6*d.* per ton in 1876-78 to £2 17*s.* per ton in 1897–99. Thus, while the absolute quantities increased, the relative quantities remained almost stationary; but the price having increased also by about fifteen per cent., the power of absorption of the home market had certainly improved. The average annual production of coal rose from 133.2 millions of tons in 1876–78, or about 4 tons per head of population, to 218 millions in 1898–1900, or $5\frac{2}{5}$ tons per head. In the same two periods the average annual consumption rose from 117.8 tons,

* Tables having been already got out, for a different purpose, for wool, meat, and milk, commencing with this triennial period, I have adopted it as a starting-point for all the articles of produce mentioned.

† I have no returns in regard to the consumption of pig-iron for 1900, and I therefore adopt that period for production also.

‡ The figures for domestic consumption are approximate. In deducting the exports I have allowed 15 per cent. for wastage in the conversion of pig-iron into the grosser forms of manufacture, but I have been obliged to leave machinery out of account altogether as no quantities are given in the returns. Moreover, I have no means of converting machinery into terms of pig-iron.

or a little over $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons per head, to 173.9 tons, or rather over $4\frac{1}{4}$ tons per head, while the average value rose from 7*s.* per ton to 8*s.* 2*d.* per ton. In respect of coal, then, our home market has done decidedly well. The average annual production of wool fell from 144.5 millions of lbs. in 1876–78 to 120 millions in 1898–1900, or from a little under $4\frac{1}{3}$ lbs. per head of population to a little under 3 lbs. per head; and the annual average supply available for home consumption (which is taken to be the net imported supply added to the home supply), rose from about 354 millions of lbs., or slightly over $10\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. per head, to 499 millions, or rather under $12\frac{1}{3}$ lbs. per head, an increase of about $17\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. per head. At the same time the average prices of raw wool fell from just under 1*s.* $6\frac{3}{4}$*d.* * per lb. to just under 8*d.*, or about 57 per cent. It is not possible to take out an approximate average price for the aggregate of all the various kinds of woollen manufactures. An examination of the prices, however, shows that they scarcely fell at all. The fair inference is that in woollen textiles, also, the home trade has done well, although the home-produce market has suffered a good deal. The home production of meat † rose in quantity from an annual average of 1.3 million tons in 1876–78 to 1.4 million tons in 1898–1900, which, however, means a fall from rather less than $3\frac{1}{5}$ quarters to rather less than 3 quarters per head of population in the two periods under observation. In the same periods the total supply (net imports added to home produce) for the United Kingdom rose from 1.7 million tons, or a little under 4 quarters per head, to 2.4 million tons, or $4\frac{4}{5}$ quarters per head, a rise, per head, of 20 per cent. Prices ‡ varied as follows:

Beef, per st.	of 8lbs.,	fell from	6*s.*		in 1876–78 to	4*s.*	7*d.*	in 1898–1901,	or 24 °/₀
Mutton	„	„	„	6*s.* 11*d.*	„	5*s.*	9*d.*	„	„ 17 „
Pork, per cwt.,		„	„	52*s.* 7*d.*	„	42*s.*	3*d.*	„	„ 20 „
Bacon,	„	„	„	46*s.* 8*d.*	„	37*s.*	11*d.*	„	„ 20 „
Hams,	„	„	„	53*s.* 11*d.*	„	42*s.*	7*d.*	„	„ 21 „

Although, then, the home supply rose in absolute figures relatively it fell, and the whole absorption, proportionately to the increase of population and the fall of prices, remained stationary. Lastly, the average annual home production of milk (less 15 per cent. for calf-rearing), rose from 1209 million gallons in 1876–78 to 1321 million gallons in 1898–1900, which means, on the other hand, a fall from 36.14 gallons per head to 32.56 gallons, equal to

* Export prices. † Beef and veal, mutton and lamb, pork, bacon, and hams.
‡ London Central Market for beef and mutton; import prices for pork, bacon, and hams.

9 per cent. The average annual total supply * of milk rose from 1908 millions of gallons to 2880 millions, or from an average of 57 gallons to an average of 71 gallons per head—equal, per head, to a rise of 24.6 per cent. I have been unable to obtain any exact data for the prices of dairy produce. It is stated in the final report of the Royal Commission on Agricultural Depression (1898. C – 8540. p. 51) that Sir Robert Giffen calculated the fall in the prices, between 1874 and 1891, of milk, butter, and cheese, as a whole, to have been 33 per cent.: other witnesses estimated it at between 25 and 33 per cent., and undoubtedly the prices have fallen since that time. To be on the safe side it would be better to take the lower figure. The home supply then increased absolutely but fell relatively: the total supply increased absolutely, and relatively; but the relative rise, taking the most favourable view of the fall in prices, was compensated by the decreased value, and does not indicate any increase of profitable business in the home markets.

Before closing this section of the discussion it would be well to consider what has happened, also, in regard to the consumption of some staple articles none of which are produced in the United Kingdom, such as cotton, tea, sugar, and tobacco. The net average annual imports of raw cotton into the United Kingdom in 1875–79 † amounted to 11 million cwts., and in 1896–1900 to 14 million cwts., an increase of 27 per cent.: per head of population the net average imports for the two periods respectively were $36\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. and $39\frac{1}{5}$ lbs., a rise of 6.7 per cent. The average annual price per cwt. fell from £3 in 1875–79 to £2 2*s.* 9½*d.* in 1896–1900, or 28.7 per cent. The consumption of raw cotton, therefore, rose both absolutely and relatively, but the price fell so much that, if the fall in the prices of cotton manufactures be also taken into account, the increased consumption is far more than counterbalanced by the decreased price. In order to save space I append a summary table in regard to tea, sugar (raw and refined), and tobacco, showing the average annual consumption per head, and the average prices, in the same two five-yearly periods as those above taken.

* The net imports of butter, margarine, and cheese, have been converted into terms of milk. For the present I have no means of converting condensed milk into terms of fresh milk, and am, therefore, obliged to omit it. The net imports of condensed milk in 1900 were about 778,000 cwts. There are no means of comparison further back than 1888.

† There being no home production, the comparison with the commodities previously dealt with does not oblige adherence to three-yearly averages, and I have extended the average, at about the same periods, to five years.

Five Years.	Tea.		Sugar.				Tobacco.	
			Raw.		Refined.			
	Average Annual Consum'tion per head.	Average Price per lb.‡	Average Annual Consum'tion per head.	Average Price per lb.‡	Average Annual Consum'tion per head.	Average Price per lb. ‡	Average Annual Consum'tion per head.	Average Price per lb.‡ (unmanufactured).
	lbs.	*d.*	lbs,	*d.*	lbs.	*d.*	lbs.	*d.*
1875–1879	4·55	15·82	52·5*†	2·34§	9·61*	3·22‖	1·45	7·79
1896–1900	5·90	9·9	38·35*†	1·17§	46·33*	1·47‖	1·83	7·12
Increase or Decrease of Last Period upon First.	+1·35	−5·92	−14·15	−1·17	+36·72	−1·75	+0·38	−0·67
Increase or Decrease per cent.	+29·6	−37·4	−27·0	−50·0	+382·1	−54·3	+26·2	−8·60

* Being free of duty, the imports, less the re-exports, have been taken as the quantities for home consumption.

† Since May 1874, when sugar was admitted duty free, the amount consumed per head of population includes the proportionate amount of raw sugar refined and re-exported.

‡ Import prices.

§ Cane and beet sugar were classed together in 1875–79. In order to be on the safe side, I have taken the average price of cane sugar in 1896–1900.

‖ Refined sugar and sugar-candy were classed together in 1875–79. In order to be on the safe side, I have taken the average price of "lumps and loaves" in 1896–1900.

In the matter of tea, it will be observed, while the average annual consumption per head rose, the average price fell in still larger proportion, so that the actual cost of the increased consumption was less. Sugar is more difficult to follow, on account of raw sugar refined and re-exported being included, in the returns, in the consumption of raw sugar per head. In 1896–99 the average annual exports of refined sugar amounted to 771 thousand cwts., against 1044 thousand cwts. in 1875–79, a decrease of 273 thousand cwts. This fact, if alone, would indicate that there was a still greater increase in the true consumption per head than that shown. But, on the other hand, the exports of biscuits and bread, of confectionery, jams, and preserved fruits, and of condensed milk, have very largely increased of late years, owing to the action of the continental kartels and bounties, and must count now for a good deal more than they did in the first of the two periods. This would go far to counterbalance the decrease of exports of pure refined sugar, and I think, therefore, that although the figures of consumption per head shown in the table are certainly a good deal over the truth, they may be taken as an approximate representation of the increase of consumption of the later period over the earlier. Allowing this to be so, and observing the movement of the sugar trade as a whole, it will be found that, whereas the total average annual consumption per head rose 36 per cent., the total fall in prices was from 50 to 54 per cent., the fall in price, thus, being more than an off-set to the rise in quantity. Lastly, the consumption of tobacco shows an average annual increase of consumption of .38 lbs., or 26.2 per cent., while the price fell from 7.79*d.* to 7.12*d.*, or 8.6 per cent., the country thus buying more, and, in the aggregate, paying more for the increase.

It is now possible to pass in general review the course of home trade in the nine staple articles which have been discussed. There has been an absolute rise in the production of iron ore and pig-iron, of coal (large), of meat (slight), and of milk, but a considerable fall in that of wool. Proportionately to the increase of population there has been a relative rise in the production of coal (large), a fall in that of meat and milk, and a heavy fall in that of wool, while that of iron ore and pig-iron has remained almost stationary. As to consumption, there has been a marked absolute rise in all cases without exception. Relatively, the rise has also been considerable in all cases except raw cotton and pig-iron, which latter remained almost stationary. The country paid more, in the aggregate, for its increased consumption of pig-iron, coal, tobacco, and, apparently, woollen textiles, although the only absolute rise in values occurred in the cases of pig-iron and of coal.

In every case, except the two last, there was a fall in prices—so heavy, indeed, in the case of raw wool, meat, milk, raw cotton, tea, and sugar, that the general increase of consumption must have been more than set off by the simultaneous general increase of cheapness. Taking it as a whole, then, the production of the country—and if other agricultural produce were taken into account, the truth of this observation would be much enhanced—has not kept pace with the increase of population. Home markets, on the other hand, of home and foreign produce taken together, have largely increased their business, there having been a good relative rise in consumption all round. This, on the other hand, does not of itself prove that the aggregate wealth of the country is greater, since the fall in prices has been such that the rise in consumption has by no means proved an increase of purchasing power. But the fact that the average deposits per head in the Post Office and Trustee savings banks rose from £2 3*s.* 4*d.* in 1875-79 to £4 5*s.* 7*d.* in 1896-1900, does certainly, taken in conjunction with the above facts, prove conclusively, to my mind, that the wealth of the lower classes has increased. Home trade, therefore, must have been good enough, on the whole, to supply high wages. Upon this point it is necessary to inquire whether fallen prices, high wages, and foreign competition, taken together, have run down the margins of profit to a dangerously low level. I have no information worth offering in regard to this at present, although in the case of, at any rate, woollen textiles it is not, apparently, the case. But one fact is, I think, patent : our home trade, grown as it has to meet increasing home demand, tells a very different tale to that told in the first part of this article in regard to our foreign trade. The latter is, as I have acknowledged, valuable indeed to us ; but the former incomparably more so. Our object then should be by all possible means to strengthen and extend our home markets.

In comparing our trade conditions with those of other countries, the opinion is often enunciated that the United States enjoys a position so unique, and so completely different to our own, that it is futile to compare the two at all. They have within the ring-fence of their own borders all kinds of climate, all kinds of produce, all sources of wealth. They are a complete world of themselves. They could, if they pleased, live well and grow wealthy by means of their own internal trade : their home markets would be sufficient for them. No one, I think, would contest that that is so. If the same proposition were advanced in regard to ourselves, there are very few who would not contest it. Yet, if we could shake off our insularity, and bring ourselves to realise

that our borders do not lie in the seas around these islands; that in fact they surround half the world; and that within them we also can find nearly everything, if not everything, necessary for the wants of man, or to minister to his luxuries, that proposition would be seen to be true. In extent of territory, variety of produce and of climate, and in potentiality of wealth within itself, the British Empire is fully the equal of the United States. The great difference between them lies in their internal means of communication—sea-ways in our case taking the place of railways in theirs. But the fact that the Briton must move on the sea instead of on land like the American, places him at no disadvantage so long as the complete command of the seas is his. The paramount necessity of our retaining that command has become of late years, for various reasons, so indisputable, and the determination of the people of these islands to retain it so rooted, that I venture, for the sake of this argument, to assume that it will not be lost. The contrary hypothesis is not worth discussing, for with others in command of its sea-ways the British Empire could no more continue to exist, either in its present form or in that to which I earnestly hope it may come, than could any land-empire which had not control of its own roads and railways. The point which I wish to make here is this: that if—and I believe that by unbiased observers this cannot be contested—our foreign trade is gradually slipping away from us, we shall find much more than compensation by developing the advantages which, if we can refrain from regarding what have become doctrinaire principles as gospel truths, lie ready for us within our own Imperial confines. Let us, in other words, apply the word "home," as it ought to be applied, to every part of the Empire, and so direct our constant energies and purpose that we may turn the change of spirit described in a previous article to the best account; that the component parts of the Empire may cease to treat each other as foreign, or at any rate as semi-foreign, countries; and that "home markets" may no longer be caged within the relatively narrow limits now understood—in our case two small islands in the northern seas—but may flourish in the world-wide atmosphere of that Empire "upon which the sun never sets." It may be considered exaggerated optimism to state that colonial trade could at all compensate us for diminishing foreign markets, but even as matters stand at present that is so, as I believe the figures in the tables on page 73 will prove. We must avoid, too, the common error of regarding the rapidly growing trade of the colonies as a constant quantity; it is a swiftly increasing one.

Unfortunately the details for the year 1900 are not yet published, and only the total volume of trade for that year can be shown. It will be interesting to see whether inter-imperial trade has taken a better turn since 1899. In that year, and the three preceding it, it showed, relatively, rather a weak tendency so far as the United Kingdom was concerned ; intercolonial trade, relatively, presented a moderately firm appearance, and the trade with foreign countries firmer still. In all cases there was a rise of absolute figures, the increase of the total volume of trade * from £416,000,000 to £530,000,000 within the space of five years being highly gratifying. Less pleasing is the fact that colonial imports from the United Kingdom fell, between 1896 and 1899, from 48 to 44 per cent. of the total import trade, and that intercolonial imports rose only 1 per cent., while imports from foreign countries rose 3 per cent. Still the fact that inter-imperial trade—I mean the interchange with the United Kingdom and among the colonies themselves, as a whole—amounted, even under existing conditions, to two thirds of the total volume of trade, is satisfactory as far as it goes. That third, amounting in volume, in 1899, to about £163,000,000, is a good margin to commence on as compensation for possible loss of trade elsewhere. The fact that, in spite of all competition, it is still only a third is a strong indication that but a slight push in the right direction would place the greater part, if not the whole, of it in British hands—the word British implying, as it always ought to imply, not only Great Britain, but all the "Britains beyond the seas." The "slight push" must clearly take the form of inter-imperial preferential customs-duties,† the effect of which would be to guide the trade within the Empire into its natural channels, connecting the mother country with all the colonies, and each colony with every other and with the mother country. The ultimate goal towards which our "constant energies and purpose" should be directed must be far beyond this. That goal must be free trade within the Empire, accompanied by such a customs tariff upon goods imported into it from other countries as may be necessary to maintain, together with local internal taxation, revenue sufficient for the defence,

* For other figures in regard to Imperial and Colonial trade see *National Review* for February 1902, pp. 883–887. It should be remembered that the figures given in the present article relate to the principal Colonies and not to all British Possessions.

† The subjects of inter-Imperial preferential duties, and of an Imperial customs-union, have been ably discussed by Mr. J. G. Colmer, C.M.G., and by Mr. R. S. Ashton, respectively, in their prize essays in the competition inaugurated by *The Statist* in 1896.

maintenance, and good administration of all its component parts. Far from having a protectionist tendency, such a measure would largely increase the area over which true free trade would extend.

Summary of Analysis of Imports (including Bullion and Specie) into Principal Colonies (in Thousands of Pounds Sterling).

Year.	Total Imports.	Imports from the United Kingdom.		Total Imports exclusive of Imports from United Kingdom.		Intercolonial Imports.		Imports from Foreign Countries.	
		Amount.	Percentage of Total.	Amount.	Percentage of Total.	Amount.	Percentage of Total.	Amount.	Percentage of Total.
1896	204,375	97,075	48	107,300	52	50,589	25	56,711	27
1897	212,466	101,065	47	111,401	53	51,873	25	59,528	28
1898	220,778	98,804	45	121,974	55	58,802	27	63,172	28
1899	242,851	107,170	44	135,681	56	62,262	26	73,419	30
1900	267,245	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

Summary of Analysis of Exports (including Bullion and Specie) from Principal Colonies (in Thousands of Pounds Sterling).

Year.	Total Exports.	Exports to the United Kingdom.		Total Exports exclusive of Exports to the United Kingdom.		Inter-Colonial Exports.		Exports to Foreign Countries.	
		Amount.	Percentage of Total.	Amount.	Percentage of Total.	Amount.	Percentage of Total.	Amount.	Percentage of Total.
1896	212,102	91,188	43	120,914	57	50,298	24	70,616	33
1897	226,271	102,286	45	123,985	55	52,720	23	71.265	32
1898	257,570	112,586	43	144,984	57	59,159	23	85,285	34
1899	268,593	114,923	43	153,670	57	64,378	24	89,292	33
1900	262,998	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

I am aware that this idea is not in the least original.* It has been put forward several times—once by no less a person than the present Colonial Secretary. It is generally spoken of as the "Zoll-verein" idea, though why we should not use the equally appropriate and intelligible word "customs-union" I am sure I do

* See foot-note (†) on previous page.

not know. On such occasions the artillery of so-called free trade has been hastily brought to bear upon it, and it has been as hastily dropped. A common reproach cast at it is that it is the "dream of a visionary," and there is nothing in the world that the practical Englishman dislikes so much as being supposed to be a visionary. Hard words, however, break no bones, and anything may be styled visionary which is difficult of realisation if we prefer to abandon it on account of the difficulty—a want of courage and determination which we would not easily admit to form a leading element in our national character. Germany has already solved a somewhat similar problem on her own account. It was, too, long ago solved by the United States. We still have weighing upon us the tradition of that former sentiment described in a previous article—namely, that the United Kingdom must be regarded as one entity, each colony as another. It is distorted perspective. When we can shake the picture in our minds straight, and realise that it is the whole British Empire which is one entity, and each foreign country another, we shall perceive that not only is a British customs-union not visionary, but that not to have it is unnatural. I confess that my intelligence is too dull to perceive why free trade among London, Edinburgh, and Dublin or, say, Texas, Oregon, and New York, should be less visionary than among, say, England, Australasia, and Canada, mutually. A similar argument has always been used by the professors of free trade in regard to the United Kingdom and foreign countries. The earlier free traders had hopes on which to build their argument, and when those hopes were not realised, they had results—the effect of causes, then unobserved,* as well as of free trade. Since their time, too, we have seen the institution of bounties, kartels, and "mammoth-trusts"—all constituting fresh means of fighting free trade which, if it were universal, would be admirable. But the rosy views of humanity taken by the early free traders have proved to be as visionary as any views could well be, and exchange between nations including (owing to the action of others) our own, becomes only more and more artificial. Seeing this, the most advanced modern apostles of free trade have shifted their ground, and are trying to teach us that the aim and object of free trade are cheapness to the consumer.† Any one wishing to

* What these causes were, and how vast are some of the changes of modern conditions from those obtaining in earlier free-trade times, I attempted to show in the last number of this *Review*.

† See Mr. Harold Cox's oddly protectionist letter to the *Times*, January 27, 1902. For the views of a classical free trader in opposition to this see, also, Monsieur Yves Guyot's letter to the same paper of February 8.

observe for himself how violent a departure this is from true free-trade principles, need only consult Lord Farrer's *Free Trade* versus *Fair Trade* (Third Edition p. 130). In that same able and valuable work we learn what free trade means and what is its moral. "It is," we read (p. 147), "merely the unshackling of powers which have an independent existence. . . . All it can do, and that all is not much, is to leave the powers of Nature and of man to produce whatever it is in them to produce, unchecked by human restrictions." The real moral of free trade is (p. 180), "that the free development of natural advantages, and the free exchange of natural products, are the true sources of commercial prosperity." Since foreign countries, besides resolutely denying us these conditions, have now succeeded, by means of their bounties and kartels, in causing us to protect them against ourselves, it is surely neither visionary nor unreasonable that we should proceed to establish the principles of commercial prosperity within our own Empire. Not to mention the sugar refineries in Great Britain, why, for instance should we, for the sake of adherence to false free trade, incline to a system which has been destructive of the prosperity of the West Indies, and which stifles what might be a fine industry in Australia? I am quite ready to admit that it would be unpractical to attempt to establish a customs-union in the British Empire immediately and in one step. The effect of long-standing errors cannot be instantaneously undone by the wave of a magician's wand: if that were possible life might be too easy. But that is no reason why we should not turn from the wrong road to travel along the right one, and, by degrees, reach the goal where we should be. To do nothing because all cannot be done at once is mere foolishness: *le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.* A first, good, and practical step would be gained by leaving all products from the colonies to enter the United Kingdom free of duty,* while obtaining from them those preferential advantages for our products to the expressed desires to grant which we have, so far, turned a deaf ear; and by levying on such foreign products as may be considered advisable entering the United Kingdom, customs duties fixed according to a carefully prepared schedule, and sufficient to raise the revenue of which we stand in great need in order to effect a most necessary financial reform. They, on their part, might, as Canada has done already, place

* Possibly a slight duty on some products might be found necessary for revenue purposes. In that case a higher duty should be levied on similar products from foreign countries.

British goods upon a more favourable footing than foreign. As I have some hopes of finding hospitality in the pages of this *Review* for another article in which to discuss what lines our financial reform might follow, and what the effects of the scheme suggested might be, I will not pursue that discussion here. But before leaving the subject altogether I must for one moment advert to the principal political objection usually brought against inter-imperial preferential duties. This objection is stated as well, I imagine, and as temperately as it could be—and no less could be expected in the case of an orator of such wide learning and attainments—by Lord Rosebery, in a speech delivered before the Manchester Chamber of Commerce on November 1, 1897. Leaving aside other highly debatable points raised in that speech we come, on pages 16 to 19,* to this objection to an "Imperial commercial league"—that we are already regarded with envy and suspicion by foreign nations, that "a world-wide Empire, surrounded by a Customs rampart [would be] a challenge to every nation, a distinct defiance to the world," and that it would excite the world's permanent hostility. With the greatest and most sincere respect to the eminent statesman who gave voice to that objection, I venture to say that none could well be weaker; indeed it may be doubted whether it is based on any admissible grounds at all. In the first place, with the exception of the United Kingdom, the British Empire is already, in all parts, "surrounded by a customs rampart," often very considerable. Soon even, as I hope to show at another time, we shall be bound to erect, in some degree, "a customs rampart" round the United Kingdom also, whether preferential or not, unless we are to leave our Imperial finance on a permanently unsound and unscientific basis. In the next place it would be a fatal error to allow the internal policy of this Empire to be directed by the feeling of foreign nations. If that principle were to be admitted, what might be the result of the South African war? We are already well hated by many foreign nations: it may almost be doubted whether we could be hated more. That is a very regrettable fact; still it is a fact, and we have to face it. But if we are not to arrange our national finances as we please because they might dislike us the more, then it is surely no exaggerated pessimism to believe that we are not destined to live long. No great nation can exist on the sufferance of others. We might, in this

* In the edition (pamphlet) printed for the Cobden Club, 1898.

respect, read a lesson from recent utterances of the present German Imperial Chancellor : *

> The unfavourable criticism of foreign journals will not make the Federated Governments depart by one hair's-breadth from the path prescribed by their rights and their interests. . . . They are masters in their own house, and will do what they consider necessary and advantageous in the interest of the economic development of Germany. . . . We desire to live on the best terms, political and commercial, with all foreign Powers, but we are not going to be intimidated by foreign censure, by foreign attacks, and by foreign menaces.

The proposed German Tariff is naturally viewed with disfavour by the other nations principally interested ; but I have nowhere seen that it, or the present tariffs of other nations, are regarded as " a challenge to every nation, a distinct defiance to the world." It may be safely surmised that if we arrange our own internal affairs without regard to others, we may possibly not lessen their dislike, but we shall certainly increase their respect.

I hope, then, that we may proceed to solve our national financial problems without gratuitously handicapping ourselves by unnecessary self-consciousness, or anxieties as to what effect our solutions may have upon the sentiments of foreign nations towards us. Preferential duties are, I venture in conclusion to recall, the first step towards a customs-union. A customs-union would be the establishment over a large portion of the world of that true free trade, in which there are few of us who do not believe, in the original conditions conceived for it. The danger of the intermediate steps to be passed before we can attain it exists, as I hope to be able to show soon, chiefly in our imagination.

VINCENT CAILLARD.

* Speech on the Tariff Bill reported in the *Times* of December 4, 1901.

THE SILENT NAVY

I

Is Great Britain ceasing to be a maritime nation? If a maritime people may be defined as one that loves the sea, as governed by jealous watchfulness over its seafaring population and its mercantile marine, as interested in the details of sea power, as generous to the men serving in the Royal Navy, and as visibly grateful to sea heroes who are dead—then England's claim to be a maritime nation is open to question. Sea power interests the multitude less than army gossip. Successive Governments have neglected the Navy. The Mercantile Marine is now largely manned by aliens. Bluejackets of the Royal Navy are stinted in food by the State. One statue to a fighting admiral is the only naval memorial that exists in London. Drake and Howard, no less than Blake, Rodney, Dundonald, Duncan, Howe, Collingwood, and the rest of the men who made the Empire—are forgotten by the masses. There is much excuse for the preoccupation both of Governments and of people. "Out of sight out of mind" is as true of the Navy as of less important matters. The Russian Government is not credited with being sentimental, but over the statue of the Emperor Nicholas in St. Petersburg, bearded veterans of the Crimean army daily mount guard. A bluejacket guard over the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square would help to remind Londoners of the existence of the Navy. More than this, however, is wanted.

For the Navy, like the moon, is visible only on one side. Fleet life is hidden from the multitude. The apathy of the people on naval matters is reflected in the composition of the House of Commons. No member of that assembly is in touch with our modern Navy. No spokesman for the Navy on or off the Treasury Bench is fully qualified either to criticise with authority or to advocate redress for naval grievances. Even the question of our supremacy at sea has lately been shirked by a

landsman's Parliament which contains one hundred and twenty-seven lawyers.

For many years the betterment of the Navy has been the result of impulses from outside, not of pressure or insistence from Parliament. Since my last contributions * to the *National Review* Lord Selborne and the Board of Admiralty have admittedly done more for the British Navy than they could reasonably have been expected to. Many, if not all, of the changes suggested in the "Message from the Mediterranean" have been carried into effect. Without inquiring into the exact origin of the changes which have thus increased the fighting efficiency of the British fleets it must be fairly admitted that it was the gale of public opinion—no matter in what cave of Æolus it was generated—not Parliamentary breezes, which wafted Lord Selborne and his colleagues towards the goal they wished to reach.

There is, therefore, still a naval matter of first-rate importance requiring vigilant attention from the public. It affects the efficiency of the Navy no less than the interests of the taxpayer. I refer to the chasm that separates the nation from the Navy. Of the six hundred and seventy members of the House of Commons there is probably not one, except the Irish Nationalists (whose title to sit in a British Parliament responsible for the Navy is neither greater nor less than that of Colonel Lynch), who would not say, if asked, that he was concerned with the well-being of the Navy and was imbued with a full sense of his responsibility. Not even members of Parliament, however, can foster the interests of an institution of which they are ignorant. The true relations of the Navy to the nation are not shown in the composition of the House of Commons. Our representative system and our modern Navy, like charity and gratitude, are not on speaking terms. On the Treasury Bench the Navy is represented by two landsmen. One is an ex-captain of artillery, the other, it is true, the ablest naval critic of the day, but still a landsman. Both Captain Pretyman and Mr. Arnold-Forster are deeply interested in the Royal Navy, but neither Mr. Arnold-Forster nor Captain Pretyman is qualified to represent in the House of Commons the unexpressed ideals and feelings of the fleets. This can only be done by a sailor-man. The Sea Lords are silent and invisible. They belong to that side of the Navy which does not show its face to the nation. Nevertheless, public opinion seems actually hostile to naval representation. When a

* "Message from the Mediterranean," *National Review*, July and August 1901.

vacancy happened to occur in the constituency for which I have a vote an endeavour on the part of the Navy League to attract attention to the absence of naval representation in Parliament was greeted, so far as the present writer was concerned, with language that would have been equally appropriate if he had been caught, *flagrante delicto*, in the commission of a nameless crime.

Of the 668 Members who remain there is but one, Mr. Archdale, the Member for Fermanagh, who reached the rank of lieutenant on the active list. Twenty-one years ago he served in the gunboat *Dwarf*. The Earl of Dalkeith, M.P. for Roxburgh, some years ago served as a sub-lieutenant, but he soon left the Navy and became a captain in the First Mounted Roxburgh Rifle Volunteers. It can scarcely be alleged that the terrestrial origin of Mr. Arnold-Forster and of Captain Pretyman, R.A., is compensated by the maritime prestige of Lieutenant Archdale, M.P., late R.N., or of Sub-lieutenant the Earl of Dalkeith, late R.N. Of the remaining 666 Members there are many who are interested in the Navy. They are equipped with Blue-Book knowledge of the subject, which sometimes tends with advancing years to crystallise in archaic preconceptions. None of them are in touch with the fleets. No M.P. in the House of Commons understands the waves of feeling that vibrate through the soul of our silent Navy. Of the 670 constituencies of the United Kingdom, not one sends a naval man to Parliament.

Captain Sir John Colomb, who left the Royal Marine Artillery thirty-three years ago, is a vigorous, straightforward, and manly representative of the old school. Still Sir John Colomb is not a seaman. Sir Charles Dilke, who probably knows more about the working of the British Empire in all its departments than any living man, is a high authority on statesmanship and strategy, but the right honourable gentleman is no more qualified than Sir John Colomb to express the views either of the seamen, whose discontent at the delay in improving their rations is both general and profound, of the engineers whose claims to recognition have not yet been dealt with, or of the Admirals who bicker on half-pay and bewilder the public with their dissensions. Mr. Allan, M.P., who has done good service in connection with the Belleville boiler, is another Member of the House of Commons whose contributions to naval discussion are always listened to with attention and respect. But he represents no naval interest. The great dockyard constituencies, although notoriously fickle in their electoral affections, have returned Mr. H. E. Kearley, who has sat for Devonport since 1892. Mr. Kearley has rendered to the country

great service by his mastery of the difficult question of canteens, and the persistent manner in which he has advocated the legitimate interests of the lower deck, and has attempted to procure the redress of well-founded grievances. To Mr. Reginald Lucas, the Member for Portsmouth, it is unnecessary to refer. Mr. Lucas obtained a monument in the Temple of Fame by the success of his efforts on July 1, 1901, to prevent a discussion in the House of Commons on the question of our supremacy at sea. Mr. Lucas's connection with the Navy will be remembered after he has ceased to sit in Parliament.

II

With an ex-lieutenant of a gunboat, who left the service upwards of twenty years ago, and an ex-sub-lieutenant as the sole representatives of the Royal Navy in the House of Commons, it is not surprising that naval questions do not excite the interest evoked by procedure, the language question at Malta, Welsh disestablishment, or the dilatory gait of Lord Hugh Cecil. If the attitude of the House of Commons towards the Royal Navy is really representative of the feeling of the nation, the outlook is gloomy. For if it be so we have really ceased to be a maritime nation in Captain Mahan's sense. It may be that this is not the case. No one would believe, however, judging from the composition and discussions of the present House of Commons, that it was the popular Chamber in the Legislature of a maritime nation. No visitor from Mars would credit, judging from the naval monuments and associations of our great cities, that we were a maritime nation. Let us look at the facts.

During the first fortnight of the present Session the principal subjects debated were eleven in number. The first was an amendment relating to the policy of make-believe in reference to the war. The second was a project for setting up the pro-Boer tenantry in Ireland as landowners at the cost of the British taxpayer. The third subject was the question of the Housing of the Working Classes, which was not seriously raised. Malta and the grievances of eighteen Italian lawyers of Valetta was the fourth subject. Telephones, Persia, Home Rule for Wales, the Anomalies of Representation, the Royal Patriotic Commission, Alien Immigration, and Food Supplies in Time of War were the remaining subjects that were toyed with rather than discussed. Of the torrents of talk between January 16 and the present time much was eloquent, some was witty, learned, and interesting, but in the whole range of the debates, with the possible exception of the discussion on Alien Immigration, there were but four lines of

real importance to the nation. Mr. G. Balfour, the President of the Board of Trade, in replying to the gentlemen who desired to endow British rats and mice with Old Age Pensions in the shape of State granaries, said : "It was sufficient for the country if it had a Navy adequate for its needs, and if we had not such a Navy it was not an inquiry that was needed, but rather the impeachment of a Government which had neglected an obvious and essential duty."

Who is there in the House of Commons who knows whether we have a Navy adequate for its needs ? Each individual member of the House of Commons to-day without one exception compulsorily and necessarily forms his opinion second-hand. What is the logical and inevitable consequence ? Naval matters of the highest importance are regarded by the House of Commons either as so trivial that they may be neglected, or so technical that they must be left to the experts. And this is the Parliament of a maritime nation. The army is said to be represented in the House of Commons by fifty-six gentlemen who belong or have belonged to the land forces of the Crown. If the House of Commons had contained fifty-six or even two naval officers, does anybody imagine that the bluejackets' rations as served out by the State to-day would be little or no better than they were sixty years ago, while the army rations, the police rations, the paupers' food, and the general standard of life on shore have greatly improved ? When a private of marines leaves his ship to go into barracks on shore he immediately enjoys better food, and when he returns to his place on the lower deck he points out to his bluejacket messmate the moral of the different fare served out by Parliament to the men serving in the army and the men serving in the fleets.

According to the Admiralty Regulation No. 682, no officer or bluejacket may write to the newspapers : "All persons belonging to the fleet are forbidden to write for any newspaper on subjects connected with the Naval Service ; or to publish, or cause to be published, directly or indirectly, in a newspaper or other periodical, any matter or thing relating to the public service." Since the 122,500 officers and men in the fleet are not represented in Parliament, and the King's Regulation forbids them to write to the newspapers, is it not clear *primâ facie* that there is at least a danger of the nation neglecting the opinion of the fleet ? I feel the greatest diffidence in speaking out on this delicate point—but neither Parliament nor the nation has any conception of the depth and force of the feeling on the lower deck on the subject of rations. The Admiralty is not to blame. Admiral

Rice's Committee expeditiously solved the problem by recommendations which gave general satisfaction throughout the fleet. The men's grievances, therefore, have been admitted, and their claims have been sanctioned by their superiors in the service. Thus the question can never again resume its former position as a mere growl from the lower deck. Students of naval history know how many of the mutinies of the eighteenth century arose from the neglect of food questions. That nation, however, is Pecksniffian rather than maritime which displays interest in the rations of Boer prisoners, including Irish renegades and French adventurers, while the men of the Royal Navy, which alone enables us to carry on war at a distance, meet with cold negligence at the hands of Parliament. The nation is innocent because it is ignorant. It does not know the facts. If the naval men were either represented in the House of Commons or might write to the newspapers the nation would be no longer under any illusion as to their feelings on the subject. The intention, revealed in the First Lord's Statement on the Navy Estimates, of postponing redress of this grievance until 1903, is deplorable because it is unnecessary.

The reluctance of the Government to allow competent naval critics to enter the House of Commons is not unnatural. Waste and want of foresight on the part of the civilians of the Admiralty are unsuspected by the House of Commons, and yet the civilians of the Admiralty are the same flesh and blood, belong to the same social stratum, have been educated in the same schools and Universities, enjoy the same freehold in their appointments, and nourish the same prejudices as the civilian element in the War Office. Is it not obvious that the Government is saved a considerable amount of trouble by the absence of authoritative and instructed criticism at first hand on the part of a naval officer abreast of the times? How many members of the House of Commons know what the Royal Yacht cost, or why an arbitration has been held between Messrs. Waring, the furniture dealers, and the Admiralty on the subject of a sum of £20,000 spent without authority for decorating and furnishing the cabins of the *Victoria and Albert?* The fault, if any, here is not with naval officers or with the Sea Lords of the Admiralty, but with civilians who are subjected to no real check. The House of Commons, in abandoning the control of expenditure and in minimising its interest in the Navy, has ceased to fulfil its primary functions. Why did the *Condor* go down? Can the Civil Lord or the Financial Secretary tell the nation why? Why is the North American Squadron maintained? Probably

Mr. Arnold-Forster's views on the subject would be accepted by the nation if it were known that they were supported by naval authority, but it is no longer the distinction of the House of Commons to contain first-hand authority on naval subjects. On naval matters of the highest importance there is no first-hand knowledge in the Mother of Parliaments. Nevertheless, I venture to predict that neither Lord Charles Beresford nor any other naval officer will take his seat in the House of Commons in time to discuss the Navy Estimates. Governments are human.

III

Five subjects at the present time agitate the Navy. Not one of them has received due attention in the House of Commons. The first is the food question. Sufficient has been said on that subject. The bluejacket is inarticulate.

The second is the question of revising the disposition of the fleets of Great Britain, with the view of concentrating strength where it is needed, of removing from the active list obsolete vessels costly to maintain, and of providing new methods to meet new conditions. The sinister activity of Germany in the creation of a fleet, and her desire to wrest from Britain the command of the sea, points to the necessity of counter preparations on the part of Great Britain. An arsenal and a port on the east coast have now become a patent necessity, not only in view of German manœuvres for a place in the sun, but also of the Russian Baltic fleet. The essence of naval war is suddenness. The necessity, consequently, is to be ready at an instant's notice. Nothing can be improvised. These are bed-rock principles. The revision of our strategical arrangements made necessary by the hostility of Germany and by the policy of Russia, involves changes which must be explained to the public and sanctioned by them before they can be realised. The exclusion of up-to-date seamen from Parliament is accordingly injurious, not merely to the Navy, but to the nation. The creation of a port on the north-east coast, somewhere between Hull and Peterhead, is a matter that would concern local interests; it is, besides, an Imperial matter of the highest importance, being the outward and visible sign to Germany that we are preparing. The silence of the new Estimates is significant.

Surely this is a matter that can only be adequately discussed in Parliament in the presence of naval officers still on the active list, who are in close touch with the service. The manner in which responsible naval opinion is pent up until its expres-

sion is regarded as a crime is dangerous and absurd. When Sir Harry Rawson spoke at Glasgow on May 11, 1900, on the subject of the insufficiency of the Navy, and when Rear-Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford wrote his letter of June 10, 1901, on the subject of the weakness of the Mediterranean Fleet, each of these gallant officers was performing a great national service. There was no other means by which the country could be supplied with the facts. If Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson had robbed a blind man, and Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford had shot a fox, they could not have been more strenuously attacked by the official partisan press of the country, which is patriotic only when party is not in danger.

The third point upon which the Navy feels strongly is the question of the standard of strength. It should not be forgotten that for years past there has been no Parliamentary discussion on the question of British supremacy at sea. Even last year when public attention was drawn to the Mediterranean Squadron a debate on the general question of British Sea Power was prevented by subtle influences of which nothing need be said. The question, however, whether a Two Power Standard is sufficient for the maintenance of our Imperial interests is one that is eagerly debated from the Admiral's cabin to the crowded fore peak of the destroyers, where, in defiance of the overcrowding Acts, fifty-seven men are huddled together under conditions of inconceivable discomfort and hardship for the benefit of this maritime nation. How is it possible for Parliament intelligently to discuss the question of British Sea Power, the two and a half Power standard, or the need of the Japanese Alliance, unless they have first-hand knowledge as to the present condition of the British Fleets ? We know that in recent years a Chancellor of the Exchequer came down to the House of Commons and made a statement which he was forced to withdraw within twenty-four hours under the threat of the resignation of the Sea Lords. Sir William Harcourt's experience on that occasion has planted in the public mind judicious incredulity as to official assurances on questions requiring the views of naval men. What is required in the House of Commons is not a report or message by an ex-captain of artillery as to what the naval view really is, but the free expression of the naval view by living and breathing British seamen. On a matter of such stupendous importance as the national standard of strength at sea, Parliament is not Parliament without naval representatives.

The fourth point on which naval opinion on the lower deck as well as in the wardroom is bestirring itself is the question of

straight shooting. What part has the House of Commons taken in this matter? A private in the army has numerous opportunities, notwithstanding War Office ineptitude, of reaping the benefit of proficiency in marksmanship. The seaman-gunner, however, has but little incentive to devote himself to the mastery of the difficult art of gunnery at sea. An accurate seaman-gunner, however, is worth not merely his weight in gold but in diamonds. H.M.S. *Terrible* enjoys the distinction of being one of the straightest shooting ships in the fleet. Only three men in the *Terrible* made under 60 per cent. of hits. See how Parliament treats the *Terrible*. I have before me her list of canteen prices, and every one knows by now what is the nature of the food served out to the *Terrible's* crew by our maritime nation. The contrast is absurd. If it is the duty of the fleet to keep watch and ward over the constituencies it is the duty of the nation, and of the Parliament that represents that nation, to insist on the Treasury providing adequate funds to foster proficiency in marksmen, and to reward adequately exceptional ability in that respect. It is a mere academic exercise for Lord Selborne to rise in his place in the House of Lords and talk about "Gunnery, Gunnery, Gunnery," unless this excellent doctrine is expressed in terms of cash and food. The love of distant wife and child is gratified by cash, and the healthy appetite of hungry seamen is gratified by better food. This is the common sense of the situation, and until it is accepted by the nation and by Parliament all generalities about Sea Power are but leather and prunella.

The fifth point which is exercising the naval service is the question of the age of the admirals. It is a common remark in discussing the Boer war with men who have "been there," that if all the generals over fifty could have been sent home and all the commands entrusted to younger men capable of mental and physical exertion the war would have been over long ago. What is true of young generals is truer of young admirals. The age of our modern admirals is a serious danger, and promotion by seniority above a certain rank will spell disaster in the next war. There is no sufficient force in the Admiralty Department to abolish the principle of promotion by seniority—"Buggins' turn," as it is called in the Navy—unless the gales of public opinion waft the First Lord in the direction he wishes to travel. How is public opinion to be formed except by Parliament, where opposite views can be thrashed out and the grain sifted from the chaff? This question of the old admirals will be life and death in the next naval war. Hitherto England has always gone into war with old admirals. Victories of a sort have been won, but

they have not been followed up and it was not until the younger admirals were appointed that the great historic victories were achieved. It is possible that Nelson's lonely supremacy is due as much to his youth as to his genius. Testy old admirals in spectacles or afflicted with the gout are better adapted for a bath-chair at Bournemouth or a sunny seat on the hillside at Torquay than for the bridge of a modern battleship in a modern fleet. The opposition to any change in the present seniority system comes mainly, and not unnaturally, from the old admirals, perhaps from old Sea Lords. England is in the grip of old men. The irreparable harm that Mr. Gladstone wrought was done as an old man. The last years of the rule of aged Premiers is invariably characterised by vacillation in purpose and by drift in policy. With the money and the men that the British Empire can command the evils of senile and drifting statesmanship may be repaired by the outlay of a few hundred millions sterling and by the loss of a few score thousand lives, but in the next naval war the results of senile incapacity at sea will be irreparable. Therefore, it is argued, abolish the seniority system for admirals on the active list. For all these things it is not well that the Navy is unrepresented in Parliament.

ARNOLD WHITE.

ON RELIGIOUS NOVELS

A NEW cure for old griefs : the physician who has this to offer will never want for patients.

The readers of religious novels—like those persons who will not try well-known remedies yet are glad to experiment with every newly advertised drug—these readers are ever on the watch for fresh faiths. Oppressed with a thousand sorrows as old as Time, they still crowd forward, with strange optimism, to try the new recipes for joy. I think that here we have the real reason for the extraordinary popularity of "religious" fiction ; it is one more cure for the ills of a world which has "ailed from the first." Not an abstract love of truth, not even a deep interest in theology, is at the root of this demand for religious fiction—but the intensely personal question, "Will these books help me to be happier ?"

There can be no doubt that the majority of mankind like to be led by some guide or other. Independent judgment on any matter is an exceedingly rare thing to meet with in any one ; and this is especially the case in matters of religion. We either do not wish to be troubled to decide for ourselves, or, perhaps, we feel an incapacity to do so satisfactorily. Be that as it may, the fact remains that most of us have accepted the views of other people about religion and named them our beliefs. The whole machinery of churches, clergy, priests, is a standing proof of this fact. We want guides, men better qualified than ourselves to deal with the mysteries of religion, who are to decide for us what to believe. There is something pathetic in this universal confession of weakness : we cannot even make our own way straight to our gods : some one must be there to point out the road to us. When once it is recognised that the great majority of people are led, and that only a small minority think for themselves, the question of who the guides are becomes one of great importance. Looking back over "the past's tremendous disarray," we can only wonder and sorrow over the curious credulity of man, who

has followed blind guides unquestioningly all the ages through, and is following them still, though not quite so unquestioningly. The tremendous ascendency of the clergy which prevailed in other days is now a thing of the past: they influence still, but they dominate no longer. We may believe their teachings if we wish to, but it is not now a choice between orthodoxy and the stake.

There is, however, a danger of another sort ahead; for as the influence of the clergy has decreased the influence of the Press has increased, so that the dominion has only been transferred to fresh hands, instead of being done away with. Thousands—tens of thousands—of people, who in former days would have been staunch Churchmen, repeating their creed like parrots, entirely unquestioning of its truth or falsity, have now as blindly taken their creeds from books of various kinds, from newspapers and popular magazines. Such persons will tell you that they "have ceased to believe in the Church"; but in nine cases out of ten they have taken up their attitude quite unthinkingly and from stupidity rather than from deep intellectual causes. They have simply read and read again all manner of attacks and criticisms on Churches and clergymen, until they came to accept these criticisms as truth without examining their claims with any seriousness. Thinking, clever men attack the creeds and dogmas and unthinking, stupid men at once find their whole faith undermined and profess to have lost it. How often we hear it said that "thinking men have stopped going to church"- the fact being that fully more unthinking men have done so, and with far more dangerous results. For the one is in no danger from throwing over what we may call "the church habit"—he will continue to think about God and eternity whether he goes to church or stays out of it; but the other, in renouncing the church habit, very often renounces along with it all but the most fleeting thoughts of holiness, unless he is supplied with some new spiritual influence.

It is here that the true province of the religious novel is found. Strange as it seems, there are many thousands of men and women ready and willing to have revised creeds supplied to them ready-made, complete in red boards, for 6*s.*! For such persons the religious novel supplies a long-felt want and has the most distinct uses. Better any creed than none at all; and as the man who is content to accept his creed at the hand of the first author he reads is manifestly unfit to reason things out for himself, it is very easy to see what a responsibility rests with the new creed-makers. For creed-makers they all wish to be after they have done with being creed-breakers.

The thorough-going religious novel—and by this term I mean to describe only those books which deal plainly with religious problems, not those of a religious tendency—must always conform to one stereotyped form. It must, that is to say, be divided into two parts, the destructive and the constructive. For before the hero, or heroine, attains to a new faith, he or she must have passed through a period of unrest and scepticism; this must be described in the first part of the book, while the second must go on to the construction of the new faith on the ruins of the old, and this must form the other half of the story. Plot and character are apt to be falsified by a stereotyped method of this sort which cannot be avoided; the characters are bound to act up to what is expected of them, and this brings an exasperating improbability into the plot in most cases. This limitation of method is the reason why the majority of religious novels have to be relegated to the second rank of literature. When "purpose" comes in too boldly at the door, art is apt to fly out of the window; but, after all, if authors wish to be teachers they probably are not ambitious to be artists, the one province being entirely apart from the other.

But to return to our subject. We have seen that a large class of the community is turning for help just now to religious novels: also that this class is not by any means the most intelligent among us. But there are other readers for this sort of fiction whose intelligence cannot be called in question—I mean very young people, and the half-educated class.

The ladder of doubt, which generally leads up to some higher ground than that which it rests upon—has to be painfully climbed by most intelligent young creatures between the ages of fifteen and twenty. Let no one speak lightly of these struggles, as of some childish complaint we have all to pass through; for this growth of the soul is a critical process of far-reaching importance. There is no light acceptance here of the first creed that comes to hand: in a very agony of scepticism the straining young intellect will reject every argument or theory of the Universe which is offered to it by the orthodox, well-known guides. For it is a characteristic of youth that it must always be in a state of revolt from authority when in its period of growth; a necessity seems to be laid upon it to reject every dogma it has been brought up to believe, and to turn to new guides.

The influence of religious novels on such readers is often very profound, and very helpful for a time. Later on they may outgrow these teachers, but in the "present distress" they afford comfort and guidance. They see all their doubts and despairs

reflected here, and take courage. Others have passed the lions. The House Beautiful may yet be ahead, and the Delectable Mountains may be gained at last. But the benefit of religious fiction to half-educated readers is much more questionable. The book which may comfort the doubter may easily torment the man who has never begun to doubt. He is presented in an easy readable form with a sort of digest of modern thought, more or less convincingly put. These ideas are hopelessly at variance with the creeds of his childhood, yet time and opportunity both fail him to examine into their truth or falsehood. Such are the inevitable and melancholy results of cheap education and cheap culture—one more illustration of the truth that "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

Now to meet this hunger for help and truth and guidance, which is such a real want just now, only a few really good religious novels have ever been written. You might count them on your fingers. The number of indifferently good ones is countless, while of sorry trash there is no end at all. But in making this assertion I would wish you again to remember that I do not write of books of a religious tendency, but of those which deal with some definite dogmatic problem. Let us see what the best of these books have to teach—the others do not concern us.

The doubts of the children are seldom those that perplexed their fathers. It is true that they have each the same scheme of things to puzzle over; but each generation stumbles over some new stone on the old path. The fathers perhaps find their difficulty in predestination. The sons will find theirs in miracles, and the grandsons theirs in the inspiration of scripture—it is an endless chain. But I think if you examine the principal religious novels, you will find that they have followed, to a great extent, what is the general course of doubt as it rises, grows, and takes possession of the human mind. That is to say, the phases of doubt which succeed each other more or less quickly in the individual, have been slowly worked out during a period of many years by a succession of authors. Let me illustrate my meaning by examples.

What may be termed the first innocent difficulties of most young thinkers about religion rise from an inability to reconcile the justice and omnipotence of God with the origin of evil, or the conception of a loving God with the theory of an after-state of punishment. Now this earliest stage of doubt has its spokesman in George McDonald, one of the pioneers of religious fiction.

The writer (who is not yet grey-headed) can still remember the

time when *Robert Falconer* was considered a book of almost atheistic tendency. Yet the doctrines which *Robert Falconer* was written to destroy, are only those of eternal punishment and predestination—old woes of the soul on its heavenward journey, which one seldom hears mentioned nowadays except as a subject of (exceedingly unsuitable) jest. But at the time when *Robert Falconer* was written these doctrines were so universally held that a clever writer like George McDonald thought it worth his while to devote his talents to the task of combating them. He found in these questions an inspiration which he never found again in any of his later work. "Is God indeed Love?" is the question of questions with George McDonald, and his hero Robert is puzzling over this from the first page to the last. His cry of "I dinna care for God to love me, gin He doesna love ilka body," has been the cry of most generous young hearts at one time in their experience. Robert, of course, under the care of his stern old Calvinistic grandmother has to pass through the period of revolt—the destructive part of the book has to be set down; but this is so artistically done that the artificiality of the method never appears: we do not think about machinery—we are only interested in the very human difficulties of poor Robert. The second—constructive—half of the book is less convincing, because by this time we begin to perceive the method, and have become aware that it is clearly necessary for Robert, at this point, to begin reconstructing his scheme of things. Still, the probability of the story and of the characterisation does not flag—to the last Robert is a real human being to us, not a puppet created to give expression to certain views. And this shows the more admirable skill, because the book is cram full of views—arguments they scarcely deserved to be called. George McDonald takes up the unanswerable ground that religious truths must be felt, and are beyond the reach of proof, and beyond the influence of argument. This position is one too seldom taken up by the polemical novelist of to-day, yet it is, I think, the reason why *Robert Falconer* stands the test of time as it does; "arguments," "proofs," "demonstrations of science," and so forth, are terribly apt to become out of date, or to be overturned by some newer proof or discovery; but the emotional proof is little likely to be superseded. Job's argument is still the best:—"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

There is a passage in *Robert Falconer* which exhibits pretty clearly the point that public thought had arrived at at the time the book was written. It is this:—"Robert's mother had taught him to look up—that there was a God. He would put it to the test. Not that he doubted yet; but he doubted whether there was a

hearing God. But was not that worse? It was, I think. *For it is of far more consequence what kind of a God, than whether a God at all.*" I doubt if this sentence could have been penned in the Twentieth Century. Since the days of *Robert Falconer* doubt has become far more widely diffused and far more despairing. Thousands in these present evil days would reverse George McDonald's sentence, saying: "It is of far more consequence whether there be a God at all, than of what kind He is;" but this view of things was yet a great way off on the literary horizon.

The remarkable productions of "Mark Rutherford" seem to me to follow the writings of George McDonald by natural sequence. For they are the evangel of agnosticism, that constant refuge of questioners.

The nightmare quality of *Mark Rutherford* and *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance*, together with the beautiful style in which they are written, single out these books from all other religious novels. They are, in truth, more autobiographies than novels, though they conform strictly to the limitations of the received method for religious fiction; the two books tell, that is to say, of the destruction of Mark Rutherford's faith and of the building up again of something—one can scarcely call it by the cheerful name of faith—by which he lived and died. I have said that these books have a nightmare quality, and the expression is no exaggeration. To use Mark Rutherford's own words, the books tell of "blind wanderings in a world of black fog haunted by apparitions." A sordid, weary world, too—a world of petty tradesmen, who are degraded by their trades and live disgusting, ignoble lives. Rutherford has that fatal type of mind which can never be happy, because he sickens at his own appointed world. He cannot adopt the sensible view that in every class there are fine men who lead honourable lives; he sees nothing but the seamy side of everything. The narrowness of the men he is brought in contact with, instead of amusing him, nearly maddens him, and things go from bad to worse. All this, and Rutherford's decline from orthodox Christianity, are recorded in the *Autobiography;* the *Deliverance* is the sequel to the *Autobiography*. Rutherford has come to the most conclusive of conclusions by this time:

"No theory of the world is possible. The storm, the rain slowly rotting the harvests, children sickening in cellars, are obvious; but equally obvious are an evening in June, the delight of men and women in each other, in music, and in the exercise of thought. There can surely be no question that the sum of satisfaction is increasing . . . as the earth from which we sprang is being worked out of the race, and a higher type is being developed. I may observe,

too, that though it is usually supposed, it is erroneously supposed, that it is pure doubt that disturbs or depresses us. Simple suspense is, in fact, very rare, for there are few persons so constituted as to be able to remain in it. It is dogmatism under the cloak of doubt which pulls us down. It is the dogmatism of death, for instance, which we have to avoid. The open grave is dogmatic, and we say, 'That man is gone'—but it is as much a transgression of the limits of certitude as if we were to say, 'He is an angel in bliss.' The proper attitude, the attitude enjoined by the severest exercise of reason, is, '*I do not know*'; and in this there is an element of hope, now rising, now falling, but always sufficient to prevent that feeling of blank despair which we must feel if we consider it as settled that when we lie down under the grass there is an absolute end."

I have mentioned the "Mark Rutherford" series because it forms a link in the chain of religious novels, beginning with George McDonald; also because by their great literary excellence they stand alone among their kind. But these books will never be devoured by the "average reader," and for this reason "Mark Rutherford" cannot be spoken of as one of the popular guides. He is, indeed, *caviare* to the general: the "average reader" finds himself quickly out of his depth here; the young reader, thank God, knows little of the direful experiences recorded in these sombre pages. The rootless intellectual difficulties of youth are almost entirely theoretical, and cannot be named in the same breath with the heart-sickening doubts of later life. The man who, through the extremity of his own suffering, has caught a glimpse of the suffering of the whole world, does not doubt for himself alone. He sees his own grief reflected in a million other lives, and the chances are that he doubts in consequence of that insight—doubts of the reported loving God, the merciful Father, the sharer of man's griefs—doubts of His power who does not stem this frightful torrent of human misery—doubts, finally, if any Eye watches over man's pitiful journey.

In the case of the individual, reaction often follows after agnosticism. And following this rule, "Mark Rutherford's" books were followed by those of a reactionist—Mrs. Humphry Ward. She is not content with "the attitude enjoined by the severest exercise of reason"—she is quite convinced that we know enough to guide ourselves, whatever our theoretical difficulties may be. That terribly talked-about book, *Robert Elsmere*, is the outcome of this belief. As all the world knows, *Robert Elsmere* deals with the question of the divinity of Christ. Robert reaches the crisis of his soul's experience when he confesses: "Every human soul in which the voice of God makes itself felt enjoys equally with Jesus of Nazareth the divine Sonship—and miracles do not happen."

Theologians and thinkers had been arguing over this question of the miracle of miracles for a very long time ; but at the publication of *Robert Elsmere* all the world began to argue about it. I do not believe that one half the people who professed to find here an expression of their own difficulties had hitherto given the matter an hour's honest thought. The story was arrestingly told, and a new creed has attractions, and off went the proverbial sheep after each other to form a Robert Elsmere brotherhood on the spot—so much for such readers.

But among young readers, who are generally untrained thinkers, the influence of *Robert Elsmere* was much deeper. They found here, not only an expression of their doubts, but a satisfactory and well-reasoned solution of how, the miraculous element being excluded from the Gospels, they might yet remain the rule for holy living. Mrs. Ward writes strictly within rules : thus far her doubter goes, and no farther ; the difficulty she tries to meet is this of the miraculous element in the Gospel, and this alone—thus indicating one other phase of doubt, a step more advanced than that of George McDonald.

As I said before, very few people care about abstract truth, but they all care about their individual happiness. In *Robert Elsmere* a great many people found a recipe for happiness, and this was one of the secrets of the book's popularity. It was no new gospel in one way, indeed—just the well-known, little regarded truism that we must live for others ; but it was presented in a new light —life for others was to be our religion, instead of being the outcome of our religion. No doubt this view of things brought comfort to many a heart : there is no comfort at all to be compared with that which comes from practical work after one has been worrying over theoretical difficulties for a long time. "If you cannot accept the miraculous element in the Gospel story," Robert Elsmere taught, "accept its practical teaching, and you will see greater works done in yourself—the miracle of a readjusted life brought into line for the purposes of God for all mankind." There is something about the solemn, thoroughgoing manner of *Robert Elsmere* which convinces the reader that the author is entirely sincere in her conviction that here lies the road to righteousness.

Whatever the book may or may not be, it is a very thorough bit of work on its own lines, and the question it discusses has been systematically thought out. It is therefore worthy of the attention it received. But it is the painful duty of one who chronicles the rise of religious fiction to notice the extraordinary popularity of the works of Edna Lyall : this lady rushes in where

angels fear to tread. She grapples with the question of the existence of law before that of primordial cells : of where, in the evolutionary chain, the soul came in : she attempts, in short, to solve the insoluble, to answer the unanswerable, to know the unknowable. And the result ? Well, the result is exactly what might be expected. That such manifest ineptitude should have met with so much admiration is a sign of the times to be carefully noted. Solomon himself could not have answered these questions—the British public, in tens of thousands, accepts the dictum of Miss Edna Lyall upon them and seems quite satisfied of its validity. It is a pity for a nation to be priest-ridden, to accept its beliefs too childishly from the hands of even a learned class of men ; but it is a much greater pity for a nation to give itself over into the hands of novelists for religious instruction. That the works of Edna Lyall are well intentioned, and that their influence is meant to be elevating and wholesome, cannot be questioned ; it is the inadequacy of means to the end which annoys one in reading these books and a host of others, their followers, which shall be nameless. The mysteries of God, the unspeakable riddles of life and being—how can these be dealt with in the happy-go-lucky three-volume style, so fatally fluent, so pathetically self-confident ? "To plough with a light harrow," as the old saying goes, in the dark fields of our awful, inexplicable world is surely a grave blunder. And any author who seriously proposes to settle the riddles of the universe by a work of fiction—or, for that matter, by a work not of fiction—has most evidently scratched only the surface of his subject. This class of religious novel all comes under the reactionist heading : written in the determination that a way is to be found out of the doubts which modern inquiry has raised, they purport to reconcile science and religion. Products merely of a phase in the progress of thought, their nature is necessarily ephemeral. But in their weakness lies their strength. Just because these books attempt the impossible they are eagerly read on all hands, and their readers fondly imagine that they have here a real solution of their difficulties –an argued solution they will tell you—not the emotional appeal of George McDonald, not this the practical refuge of Mrs. Humphry Ward, not the melancholy incertitude of "Mark Rutherford," but a distinctly argued case, in scientific terms, which neatly and accurately meets every difficulty and overcomes it. I have said before, this is what most people want.

For those who desire to go into the question of Churches—Protestant *versus* Catholic—there is a veritable literature of fiction.

But as only the novel of dogmatic tendency comes within the scope of this article, these cannot be noticed, though there are many excellent novels with this purpose.

There remains, however, a further, an ultimate stage of doubt, which, occurring as it does in the individual, is bound to be reproduced in literature, which is the synthetic reflection of thousands of individuals. *The Increasing Purpose*, by John Lane Allen, gives a picture of doubt which has reached the point of entire scepticism :

"Do you not believe in God?" asked the Professor. "Ah—that question! which shuts the gates of consciousness upon us when we enter sleep, and sits close outside of our eyelids as we waken; which was framed in us ere we were born, which comes fullest to life in us as life itself ebbs fastest. That question which exacts of the Finite to affirm whether it apprehends the Infinite—that prodding of the evening midge for its opinion of the Polar Star!"

The story of this doubter's doubts is told in such beautiful language that the book deserves to live, quite apart from the conclusions arrived at in the second, the constructive, half of it. For these conclusions can hardly be called satisfactory :

"Science, science! There is the fresh path for the faith of the race. For the race henceforth must get its idea of God, and build its religion to Him, from its knowledge of the laws of His universe. A million million years from now! Where will our dark theological dogmas be in that radiant time? The Creator of life in all life must be studied, and in the study of science least wrangling, least tyranny, least bigotry, no persecution. Our religion will more and more be what our science is, and some day they will be the same."

The reign of law—and beautifully, eloquently expressed. But the one tremendous defect lurks here : the wayfaring man, if a fool, would err therein. More than that, the miserable man will not be comforted thus. There is in *Mark Rutherford* a very ridiculous example of what I mean. A description is given there of the way in which Rutherford tried to reconcile a miserable man to life. The man was a waiter in a cheap restaurant, and was underfed, underpaid, and overworked. He had a drunken wife who made his home wretched. To soothe these tragically sordid miseries Rutherford tells the man of the reign of law, the ultimate triumph of science : "we tried to soothe him in every way," Rutherford adds naively, when recounting this attempt at comfort. To "soothe" a hungry man, who has a drunken wife, by descriptions of the ultimate triumph of law and order is manifestly absurd. This incongruity must appear to any one who seriously tries to salve the ills and woes of life by any such considerations. These lofty counsels might (perhaps) afford some comfort to a

Socrates under the trial of a Xantippe—the average man is more likely to be provoked than soothed by them.

When you consider that each one of the authors whose books I have considered, is only the leader of his or her own especial band of imitators, some idea may be obtained of the ramifications of religious fiction. Not a doubt but has its special pleader : not a new faith but has its prophet. And the newer the faith, the poorer the book that is produced by it. One has some patience with the old classic doubter, with his genuine scruples ; but the newcomers who quickly renounce their childhood's faith, and with the utmost agility replace it by means of electricity or vegetarianism, theosophy or Christian science, cannot hold our sympathies. It is illiberal and perhaps unfair to say that the new is never true ; but for the purposes of serious fiction it is a safe rule to keep to the old paths. No brand-new ideas can be the right material for building a book of. The sifting, testing processes of time are needed to make ideas into usable book-stuff, just as wood needs seasoning before it can make a seaworthy craft. The shrinkage of ideas has to be allowed for :—what seems to fill the public mind and dominate knowledge one year, may have shrunk into insignificance before twelve more months have run. This view of things, if practically adhered to, leaves rather a small field for the religious novelist of the future. "The stories have all been told"—an eminent authority tells us ; certainly the doubts have all been expressed. Perhaps a truce may be called now—it is time—but the War of Opinions will still go on.

JANE H. FINDLATER.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, *February* 11, 1902.

AFFAIRS relating to American colonies and dependencies and foreign affairs have largely monopolised attention in America during the past month, and they emphasise anew the important place that the United States now holds in international politics, and show that the United States of the twentieth century is no longer the United States of the nineteenth century, that prided itself on its isolation and its political hermitage. The United States is a factor in *weltpolitik*, to be reckoned with in the future whenever the great political forces of the world are brought into motion. The coming visit of Prince Henry of Prussia, the sending of a Special Embassy to represent the United States at the coronation of King Edward VII., the debate in the Senate over the Philippines, the plans in contemplation to give Cuba the benefit of the American market, the cession of the Danish West Indies, and the impudent and clumsy efforts of Russia, France, and Germany to claim credit for having prevented a European coalition against the United States prior to the declaration of war against Spain, show how wide are American interests in this new century, and how close the United States is brought in touch with all the rest of the world. Which is a good thing, Little Americans and pro-Filipinos to the contrary notwithstanding. These well-meaning persons will doubtless see in this innocent remark another evidence of that Machiavelian duplicity for which English statesmen are famous. To involve the United States in international politics is to play England's game in the belief of these persons. But sensible, far-seeing men recognise that for the United States to take a part in world politics is a good thing for all the rest of the world no less than it is for the United States itself. It broadens the scope of vision, it makes men more tolerant, it enables them to take a more correct and more just view of the motives and actions of other nations.

It is so long since the United States entertained a prince of

the Blood Royal, who comes to visit the United States as the official representative of a reigning sovereign, that it naturally has been the topic uppermost in the public mind, and been as variously interpreted as the fancy of ignorance or imagination might dictate. When the Kaiser so graciously suggested to the American Government that he should like to have his brother present at the launching of his yacht (for the suggestion came from Berlin and not from Washington), some of the American newspapers and some American statesmen saw in it a deep laid design on the part of the Kaiser to execute, under the cover of a launching, the most brilliant *coup* of our day. The Anglo-American alliance (which is a pact duly signed, sealed, and witnessed in the perverted minds of some persons who prefer to be dishonest when it is equally as convenient to be honest) was to be shattered by a German-American alliance, that among other trifles would make it easy for the Reichstag to pass a tariff bill bearing heavily on American products, that America with its usual amiability would accept without protest or retaliation; for if there is one trait more pronounced than another in the American character, it is generously to offer its market to all the rest of the world and make no complaint when any other nation conserves the sanctity of the "home market" and puts up the bars against American goods. Then there were the pundits, who saw in this visit an opportunity for the Kaiser to obtain at first hand a precise definition of the Monroe Doctrine, and in return for his brother's princely presence he was to be permitted to take home with him the title-deeds to a few South American coaling-stations, duly approved by the United States.

But the first wave of enthusiasm having passed the American people—as a rule, a very sober and well-balanced people despite occasional lapses into emotional enthusiasm that make them do fantastic things while the frenzy lasts—take the correct view of the visit and estimate it at its true value. The London correspondent of the New York *Sun* says, the sending of Prince Henry to the United States is another convincing proof of the Kaiser's political genius. He seeks to win the good opinion of the country which will be the chief sufferer in trade by his proposed tariff revision. He is contemplating drastic measures against an offending South American republic—measures which, unless justified in American eyes, might easily provoke a serious crisis in German-American relations, and knowing "how susceptible the Americans are to royal notice and to royal flattery," made use of the weakness for his own purpose.

Senator Depew has his interpretation of the visit. The Kaiser wants, he says, "a more concrete definition of our

Monroe Doctrine than has yet been vouchsafed to the world in view of the little Venezuelan affair that he has on his hands." But as I have had occasion to point out before in this correspondence, "a more concrete definition of the Monroe Doctrine" is the one thing that no American statesman regards it wise to give. The Monroe Doctrine is purposely to remain nebulous, flexible, and indeterminate, so that it may be made to fit each particular emergency as it arises. If Prince Henry can obtain a "concrete definition" he should resign from the navy and go into the diplomatic service, for no matter how able a naval officer he may be, he will have proved himself a diplomatist of such transcendental genius that he can be of far greater use to his royal brother as an ambassador than as an admiral. Senator Depew adds, that if Prince Henry should insist upon talking international politics he doubtless will be told very plainly that "we do not propose to become entangled in European affairs, though he undoubtedly also will learn that if England should be attacked singly or collectively by any Continental power, the United States would not give aid and comfort to the enemies of Britain in any part of the world. In other words, the German prince may learn while here that, although we have no alliance with England, there is a distinct understanding between the people of the two nations that one can depend upon the other in the hour of trouble. This does not mean that we would take up England's quarrel. However, it does mean that blood is stronger than water."

Here and there in this symphonic chant of joy a note of discord is heard. Baltimore will not officially invite the prince to visit that city because a member of the city council objected. "I do not care one cent. for Prince Henry, whether he comes here or not. I was brought up to despise princes. It was bred in my bones," is the excuse offered by this cultivated councilman for publicly disgracing his city, and which causes the *Star* of this city to rebuke him, and others like him, in these words:

> Civility, independence, and boorishness are abstract nouns, upon the significance of which some Americans are confused. The approach of Prince Henry, and the impending coronation of King Edward, have caused men to writhe, who ought to know that civility is not incompatible with independence, and that boorishness is not essential to that condition. It is the belief of sound Americans that American institutions will survive the rude shock of a visit from a prince and the despatch of an embassy to the crowning of a king.

Baltimore was not to be permitted to claim a monopoly of bad manners. One Thomas Hitchcock, whose only claim to fame is that he is the owner of an opera box, declined to surrender it to the prince for the gala performance, and, like his

brother boor in Baltimore, indulged in language much affected by certain Americans, who pride themselves on not being effete aristocrats, and then wonder why the American is not popular in Europe.

The appointment of a Special Embassy to attend the coronation of the king has given the Anglophobes, and the men who were "brought up to despise princes," a glorious opportunity to air their eloquence. One would be disappointed if the New York *Journal* did not lead the chorus. It says:

> The kings of Europe and the ruling classes who thrive by monarchy have no liking for democratic America. They know that the success of our system is a constant incitement to the common people to ask why they should be taxed to keep up the state of royalty and to support in luxury hordes of loafing nobles.
>
> This republic in its essence is a challenge to the right of monarchs and aristocracies to exist, and we are false to the duty we owe the world when we so far forget republican consistency as to despatch an embassy to London to take part in a show that, if it means anything, is an assertion of the divine right of kings to rule. Real friendship for the caste-cursed English people would justify Congress in refusing to vote a cent to aid in making Edward's anachronistic mediæval circus parade a success.

A few other papers voice the same sentiment, but, happily, they are in the minority.

When the public announcement was made that Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the Special Ambassador, had invited Miss Roosevelt to be Mrs. Reid's guest in London, those newspapers that see no indecency in striking at a political opponent over the head of a young girl, attempted to influence public opinion by declaring that the President was too fond of England because he had permitted his daughter to accept Mr. Reid's invitation, and some of the President's timid advisers suggested that the trip might cost him votes two years hence. The President, however, took this advice for what it was worth, and considered it worth so little that he paid no attention to it, and the great majority of newspapers, irrespective of politics, have taken the sensible view that, because a girl is the daughter of the President, she is not debarred from accepting social invitations or attending the Coronation as the guest of the wife of the ambassador. That Congress is heartily in sympathy with the proposal to have the United States adequately represented on this occasion is shown from the fact that a special appropriation to pay the expenses of the embassy will shortly be made. In fact, the general feeling of goodwill is gracefully voiced by a leading newspaper in these words: "The United States at present enjoys closer relations with Great Britain than have at any previous time existed.

Moreover, every true friend of the English-speaking people hopes to see these relations continue. King Edward has personally contributed to a state of feeling which not only promises well for the two countries, but for the peace and progress of the world."

The Senate has spent nearly all its time since the reassembling of Congress in discussing the Bill levying a tariff on imports from the Philippines, that legislation being necessary under the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States declaring the Philippines to be the property of the United States and subject to such laws as Congress might see fit to exact. The Bill, which ought to have been passed in a couple of days, has dragged along slowly because the Democrats are fighting it for party advantage, and think they see in it an "issue" for the next campaign. If there was any leadership in the Democratic party at the present time, it would know that a question that had been twice repudiated by the people is too dead to have the breath of life once more breathed into it, but seemingly the Democrats have not yet been able to grasp that obvious fact. They verily believe that "Imperialism" is a sentient thing instead of being merely an articulated skeleton, and when a gust of their oratory makes the bones rattle they clap their hands and pronounce it a miracle.

The fact is, the country at large is neither worried nor enthusiastic over the "war" in the Philippines, and pays as much attention to it as the average Englishman did a few years ago when England was engaged in one of her little wars in India or Africa. One can very well understand why. No one would know that there was a war in progress unless he were told. The expenses of military operations are being met from current ordinary revenues, which so largely exceed expenditures that the great problem of the Secretary of the Treasury is not to devise means for raising revenue, but to find a method to prevent money from being withdrawn from active circulation and accumulating in the Treasury. The surplus is so large that the inland revenue taxes imposed at the time of the war with Spain to provide means to meet the extraordinary expenses of the war have been repealed, and still the surplus causes annoyance. In the circumstances, therefore, it will be seen that the war does not touch any one's pocket, and no one is feeling the added burden of taxation. Nor is the sacrifice of human life great enough to bring sorrow to hearthstones throughout the country. It is true that some men have been killed and some families have been plunged in mourning, but to die facing the

enemy is not the most inglorious of deaths, and many of the men who have fallen under Filipino bullets probably would have been crushed to death in coal mines, or lost their lives in some hazardous industrial occupation, while following the pursuits of peace. I mention these things to show that there must be a great change for the country to be aroused and demand a change of policy; but the Democrats cling to the idea that there is enough material still left in "Imperialism" on which to make still another campaign. I do not believe it.

Like their brethren the pro-Boers in England, the American pro-Filipinos are doing valiant service in preaching "stop the war" sermons, but the unsoundness of their doctrine is only exceeded by the inaccuracy of their text. Much has been said of the brutality of the concentration policy in the Philippines, just as in the same way Lord Kitchener has been so savagely abused for the establishment of concentration camps in South Africa; but when the facts are sifted the charges cannot be sustained, and to compare the British or American methods with those of Weyler in Cuba is either dishonesty or ignorance. Stephen Bonsal, the well-known correspondent and author, who has recently returned from a long tour of observation in the islands, shatters this abuse of the concentration system. Major Frederick Smith, who was in command of the island of Marinduque, found, what British commanding officers have found in South Africa, that his enemy would run but not fight, that he could not be caught with the small number of American troops available, and "that every village and every ranch in the island was a commissary store and supply station for the furtive insurgent bands." Of course, the natives protested their loyalty, and claimed that their supplies were levied on by force. Major Smith concentrated the inhabitants and supported them and then took the field, destroying growing crops and even digging up nutritious roots. In ten weeks the desired result was achieved, all the insurgents threw up the sponge and surrendered, and the concentration camps were dissolved. "The plan was a triumph of common sense and of humanity," says Mr. Bonsal. "To compare such a policy as this to that of Weyler is an absurdity. It is just as absurd to call Major Smith the American Weyler as to compare any judge who may send a prisoner to a model jail with Nana Sahib, who put his prisoners in the black hole of Calcutta."

It was a cynical statesman who remarked that the effect of a protective tariff is to bring out the selfishness inherent in every man, and the struggle now going on in Congress over

the question of Cuban reciprocity proves the truth of the assertion. President Roosevelt's recommendation that the Cubans be granted certain concessions in the American markets, and that a reduction of the tariff be made for their benefit, is bitterly opposed by Members of Congress from the states interested in the production of sugar beet-roots, simply because those Members of Congress fear that the admission of Cuban sugar, at a slightly lower rate of duty than is now levied on sugar from Germany and elsewhere, would cause competition with domestic sugar and lower the price. According to the best information that I have been able to obtain the domestic producer has no cause to fear this competition, but he is clamouring for the retention of the present tariff so as to increase his already handsome profits, and wring from the consumer all that he can be made to stand. It is only another illustration of the utter brutality of a protective tariff. The individual is nothing, and the manufacturer has no concern for any one except himself; his only object is to obtain all that is possible under the protection of the tariff. He is perfectly indifferent as to the injury that may be done so long as his own bank account is increased. It is selfishness, pure and simple, that makes the sugar people at the present time oppose the concessions to Cuba. The indications, however, are that selfishness will not prevail, and that the Cubans will get the relief for which they seek. The President is firm, and the country at large is with him.

This question of the tariff, and its handmaiden reciprocity, would give the Democrats a much better and more vital "issue" than Imperialism if they were only wise enough to catch the trend of sentiment? Reciprocity, as voiced by President McKinley in his last speech, is growing; the demand for tariff revision is growing. The Democrats could cater to this demand and turn it to their own advantage in the next presidential campaign, but they prefer to cling to "Imperialism," which means nothing.

By the cession to the United States by Denmark of her West Indian possessions this country rounds out its holdings in the Caribbean Sea, and is placed in a still stronger position to control and safeguard the Isthmian Canal. The possession of the Danish West Indies is not so important to the United States now as it was before the war with Spain when the Spanish flag flew over Cuba and Porto Rico, but it is still of considerable advantage to the United States on strategic grounds. Commercially the islands are of little value, although because of

their propinquity to the American mainland they can be more successfully exploited by the United States than any other Power. The flags of Great Britain, France, and Holland still fly in the West Indies, but it would not be surprising if the years to come should see those flags displaced (peacefully, of course, by purchase or exchange) by the flag of the United States, which was one of the earliest aspirations of American "Imperialists." "I agree with our early statesmen," President Johnson told Congress, "that the West Indies naturally gravitate to, and may be expected ultimately to be absorbed by, the continental States, including our own. I agree with them also that it is wise to leave the question of such absorption to this process of natural political gravitation."

Perhaps nothing better illustrates the change that has come over American thought and its international view point than the matter-of-fact way in which the announcement of the treaty of cession was received by the press and public. A few years ago it would have furnished the text for unlimited comment, and been regarded as a really momentous event in the history of the Republic. To-day it is a very simple real estate transaction. When Seward made a treaty for these islands the Senate refused to ratify it because public opinion could see no justification for their purchase, and public opinion opposed the acquisition by the United States of foreign territory separated by the ocean, which had no commercial value, and whose strategical importance could not be grasped. The point of view has not only changed but it has broadened with the years. The treaty has not yet been ratified by the Senate, but I feel safe in venturing the prediction that it will be accepted by the Senate with practically no dissenting votes, which will mark the difference between the time of Seward and the time of Hay.

The asservations, denials, innuendoes, and falsehoods that have occupied space in the press of the entire world since the impudent statement was made by M. Hanotaux that it was Russia, and not England, that prevented a European coalition against the United States prior to the outbreak of the Spanish War have been cast into outer shadow by the latest revelation of the *Kreuz Zeitung*, promptly supported by the *New York Herald*, that far from England having been friendly to the United States it was Lord Pauncefote who played the leading *rôle* in trying to bring about intervention, and who showed his unfriendliness for the United States by his excessive zeal for Spain. After the cartoons and statements published in leading German newspapers nothing that appears in a German

newspaper ought to excite surprise, but that an American newspaper, claiming to have some regard for its reputation and exactness, can lend itself to such a scheme either argues malignant inveracity or ignorance so dense that it is equally disgraceful. What Lord Pauncefote did is so well known to members of the administration, as well as to other public men, that it would seem scarcely necessary again to refer to it, especially as it has so often been told in print on both sides of the Atlantic, in the *New York Herald* among other papers. Parenthetically it may be added, that when a year or so ago there was considerable agitation in this country to have the Government interfere in the Boer War, the *Herald* had a cartoon showing England the only friend of the United States and preventing the other great Powers from interfering, and the significant line under this cartoon was "LestWe Forget." Has the *Herald* forgotten, or has it found it necessary to revise its cartoon?

What Lord Pauncefote did in Washington, acting under instructions from the British Government, of course, was to refuse to take part in any joint action that even in the slightest degree might be considered minatory ; and not only that, but before he agreed, as *doyen* of the corps, to present to President McKinley the written expression of the diplomatic corps that hostilities might be averted, he ascertained from the President that it would not be embarrassing or distasteful to him to receive this expression. In fact, the President told Lord Pauncefote that he should welcome this action, as it would enable him to make a reply that would be notice to all the world that the United States would brook no interference, and would regard any act of any other Power in the interest of Spain as an act distinctly unfriendly toward the United States. Consequently, when Lord Pauncefote went to the White House, accompanied by the other members of the diplomatic corps, President McKinley had his answer prepared and read it to the diplomatists. And it was that action of Lord Pauncefote, representing in his official capacity the British Government, that prevented any further attempts on the part of the diplomatic body in Washington to coerce the United States.

The fact is, as the *Daily Chronicle* printed in a Washington despatch a few weeks or so ago, Great Britain was not only a passive ally of the United States, but was prepared to take a much more active part in affairs had the emergency arisen. President McKinley knew this. President Roosevelt also knows it. It was the attitude of Great Britain that influenced the attitude of Russia, but Russia only *acted* after the position of Great Britain was known.

As confirming this positive statement, it is rather remarkable that a writer, equally well known on both sides of the Atlantic —Mr. Julian Ralph — should adduce corroborative proof. In an article contributed to the *Boston Transcript* Mr. Ralph says :

> At the doors of all the Continental Courts it was Russia that appeared as the principal champion of the movement which was to combine against us and force us to abandon the war with Spain. . . . The Powers that were active were France—which is the shadow of Russia—and Austria, which being a Catholic Power felt a genuine sympathy and desire to protect Spain. . . . England's reply to the overtures of the Continental Powers was that the collective note proposed by Austria would be "an unwarrantable interference" in our affairs. What the Austrian Ambassador reported was more to the point. He is declared to have expressed the belief that England's attitude was such that were a threatening combination formed *the Powers would find England on the side of the United States* [the italics are mine.] Nothing more came of the effort, but to the sudden close of our difficulty with Spain the diplomatic agents of the great Powers which led this movement, always with the moral backing of France, continued to urge that some combined action be taken to curb our growing impudence. . . . "Failing at the front doors," said one of our Ministers abroad, "those two nations which have always professed the greatest friendship for us at once ran around to the back doors of all the courts, and did not desist from trying to crush us until the scheme was seen to be absolutely hopeless."

But why pile up further proof? The evidence is so clear that the honest unprejudiced man cannot be in doubt that England was the only real friend of the United States at that time, and that every other European Power was not only unfriendly, but trying by every means in its power to form a combination against this country ; to the dishonest and prejudiced man confirmation strong as holy writ would not be accepted as proof.

There died near Boston a few days ago a naval officer whose memory all Englishmen ought to hold in peculiar affection. When, in 1889, the harbour of Apia was visited by that awful hurricane, and three American vessels, *Trenton*, the *Vandalia*, and the *Nipsic*, were being dashed to pieces on the rocks, H.M.S. *Calliope*, owing to superior engine-power, managed to creep out of that witches' cauldron and ride out the storm at sea. As the *Calliope* inch by inch passed the *Trenton*, Admiral Kimberly, commanding the squadron, lined up his band and directed the musicians to play "God save the Queen," which was answered by a ringing cheer from men and officers on the *Calliope*, who were powerless to save the lives of their gallant brothers in arms. Men and officers in both services remember with emotion this "Ave! Imperator, morituri te salutant," from

men who were looking death in the face to those who were grappling with death. Rear-Admiral Kimberly served under Farragut, and had a long and glorious record as a gallant officer.

Nothing more interesting has been issued for a long time than the report of the United States Steel Corporation, popularly known as the "Billion Dollar Steel Trust," but which, as a matter of fact, has a capitalisation of nearly a billion and a half, or, roughly speaking, £300,000,000, if the ordinary mortal can grasp the stupendous figures. The balance-sheet of the company reads more like the budget of an Empire than the statement of a commercial corporation, and, of course, nothing like it before has ever been known. This Cyclops among companies carries a cash balance of more than £11,000,000; it has bills and accounts receivable of nearly £10,000,000; it has accounts payable, such as pay-rolls and bills, of some £10,000,000; and it shows a surplus of £35,000,000!

Not less interesting is the frank statement of the profits of the syndicate that formed this giant corporation, which explains how it is possible for American millionaires, who are in big deals, to buy works of art and travel all over Europe in special trains, and to do other extraordinary things, and not count the cost. When the company was formed, an underwriting syndicate agreed to furnish £40,000,000 in cash to finance the deal; but, as a matter of fact, the syndicate was only called upon to provide a working cash capital of £5,000,000. The expense of the syndicate is supposed to have been about £600,000. In payment the syndicate was given 649,987 of preferred stock and 649,988 shares of common, which, if sold at the average price, netted the syndicate, after returning the £5,000,000 in cash subscribed and deducting the item of £600,000 for expenses, about £12,000,000, or more than 200 per cent. on the original investment. Not a bad return, all things considered, especially when one remembers that from beginning to end the transaction lasted scarcely nine months.

The managers and promoters claim that the justification of the trust is to be found in the economies which follow from concentrated management as opposed to competitive management in many hands, the stability of the market, and the reduction of prices to the consumer, thereby resulting in the double advantage of higher wages to the producer and lower cost to the consumer. The report says that, although higher prices could easily have been obtained, the management has refused to advance prices, believing that the existing prices are

sufficient to yield a fair return on capital and maintain the properties in satisfactory physical condition. Regarding the outlook for future business the report is very optimistic. Orders already have been booked amounting to more than half the total combined annual capacity of all the companies. In the more highly finished products the consumption in each case is greater now than at the corresponding period in 1901, which was an abnormally heavy year. The expectation, therefore, is for a demand even larger than that of 1901 and up to the limit of production. If the iron and steel business is, as commonly accepted, a barometer of the general state of trade, it is evident that the American barometer is "set fair" for the remainder of this year at least.

In my last letter, referring to the Schley Court of Inquiry, I pointed out that Commodore Schley had not commanded the American squadron at the battle of Santiago. Traversing the brief filed by Admiral Schley's counsel appealing to the President to reverse the findings of the court, the Judge Advocate-General of the Navy says :

> The weight of the testimony is to the effect that the commodore controlled the movements of his flagship, the *Brooklyn*, well, with the exception of the loop. But it also shows, not negatively, but affirmatively and beyond question, that he did not control the operation of the fleet in general that day.
>
> All this is established, not by theoretical deduction or expert or inexpert testimony, but by direct, positive, unimpeached, and unimpeachable testimony, given under oath by the admiral's "brothers in arms."
>
> The plain truth of the matter, therefore, developed for the first time under the searchlight of the inquiry, although quite incidentally, is that so far as the *Gloucester*, the *Iowa*, the *Indiana*, the *Texas*, and the *Oregon* are concerned, not the stroke of a propeller blade, not the touch of a helm, not the firing of a shot, was done under the direction or by the orders of Admiral Schley during the memorable battle.

A. Maurice Low.

HOME-TRUTHS ABOUT HOUSING

It is time that the question of urban and rural housing should be looked at as a matter of government and statesmanship, and not of sentimentality and philanthropy. We have become too much accustomed to consider it as meaning a certain form of benevolence and charity to the poorer classes; and as most people are not philanthropists they get tired of hearing the troubles of any class but their own treated as if they were of real importance to themselves. Moreover, they put that question which is always so awkward for philanthropists: How do you know that the people you are wanting to benefit care for the thing you are offering them? The Archbishop of Canterbury asked the question the other day of this very subject. Whatever the philanthropist may reply, the real question is that, no matter what the poorer classes may think about them, housing problems go to the foundations of national life and therefore concern us all.

In the first place such problems raise the question of national health and physique, and with them the question of national character. The home and home life depend on the kind of houses in which parents live and bring up their families. Statistics without end have been given to show the actual facts of overcrowding; such, for instance, as that in London three hundred thousand people are living in families composed of four or five or six people in one-roomed tenements. And it is by no means only the people of the poorest class who are overcrowded. There are artisans belonging to skilled trades, or labourers earning fair wages, and the reason they are overcrowded is simply that they cannot get house-room without living at great distances from their work, and thus paying in travelling expenses what they would save in rent in distant suburbs, not to speak of the impossibility or great inconvenience of living in outside areas. Nor is it artisans alone who pay a large percentage of their income for poor accommodation. Clerks and the lower middle and trading classes, driven further and further away, have to bear a heavy burden owing to the overcrowding of the inner circles of

our great towns. It is in this way that improved transit by the extension of travelling facilities by trains, trams, and tubes becomes so important in the housing question.

But to prove that overcrowding exists on a terrible scale is unnecessary: the facts are quite patent to everybody. What is not so well recognised is that the conditions under which so many people are living are manifestly stunting their physique; the people exposed to them are degenerating physically and nervously. That is apparent to the observer in the districts where home life has been broken down through the want of decent houses. The habits of English men and women living in these districts are changing. Their lives are spent in the streets; domestic cookery and home meals are being superseded by the makeshift slices of tinned meats, a sort of meal in which the subsequent libations at the public-house play an ever-increasing part. The women are losing their pride of home; with less and less inclination for domestic duties, they spend their time more constantly at the public-house. Drunkenness is increasing at an alarming rate amongst married women, and of this the chief cause is the wretched character of the houses they dwell in, which drives them more and more into nomadic habits. All this implies, as a matter of course, the slackening of the sense of parental duty. Children are not looked after by their parents, and cannot be, because they are driven into the streets whenever they are not at school or at work. Their homes are only sleeping-places, where they herd together at night. At other times both parents and children are glad to escape from a place where bedroom and living-room and kitchen are all contained in one, and where they have no space to move; where father and mother and boys and girls of all ages are tumbling over each other. A recent report on prisons mentioned the fact that young prisoners from homes of this sort were not at all sorry to be in prison, because they found it so much better in every respect than the wretched houses in which they were accustomed to live. While people are born and bred under such conditions there is small cause for wondering at the increase of crime amongst juveniles, or at the fact that so many of them go back again and again to prison, becoming at last members of the professional criminal classes. Money spent on national education is as good as thrown away, and the charities of church and chapel are only so many other means of demoralisation where all sense of decency and self-respect have been destroyed by the surroundings of home life during the very years when character is formed.

Housing also raises the question of the efficiency of such Government departments as the Home Office and the Local Government Board, and the relations of these to the municipalities and other local authorities. The Local Government Board administers the Housing Acts, and its method of work illustrates abundantly the old maxim about Acts of Parliament, that legislation is what the officials who carry it out make of it. If the public were really greatly interested in the policy of these Acts, one of the first things it would demand would be the reconstitution of the Local Government Board. There are few things indeed of greater importance to the country than the general efficiency of the Board, because it not only has charge of all matters affecting the health of the community, but of numberless others which are allotted to it when they cannot be placed anywhere else. The Local Government Board is, in fact, the lumber-room of administration.

There is, again, the question of railways, the influence of the railway gang on legislation and administration. Clearances for the purposes of their works have been fruitful in lessening house accommodation, and deficiency in house room is a nuisance far more difficult to deal with than deficiency in sanitation. Through railway officers' legal quibbles and their greater knowledge of the Acts they work than that possessed by officials of the Local Government Board, as also by a determination to have the way that best suits them, more dogged than that of the officials to thwart them, the housing clauses in these Acts have in numberless instances been evaded and made a dead letter. It must be remembered that for once the law as to housing is put into force under public Acts it is applied ten times under private legislation. Local Authorities during ten years have put forward and actively proceeded with, under the Public Health Act, 1890, only some 150 proposals as to housing, whilst in the session of 1900 alone, out of a total of more than 200 private Acts receiving the royal assent, at least 100 contained a section providing for the re-housing of displaced persons of the working classes. Now, the point as to these private Acts is that the schemes they contain are left to be worked out without the Local Authorities having any control over them. The Local Authority has no power to insist upon the execution of the law in carrying out the intentions of Parliament; it is relegated to the Local Government Board in the provinces, and to the Home Office in London, neither of which can be fully acquainted with local needs and circumstances. In some recent Bills, such as the London County Council's Thames Tunnel and the Rotherhithe and Ratcliffe Bill, the promoters have been

required to forward to the Local Authority notice and details of the proposed schemes. But this is a provision to which railway companies always strenuously object. When they are free to deal with the Central Authority alone they can circumvent the intentions of Parliament and carry out the housing section in the way that best suits their own convenience, without regard to supplying the defective accommodation which their devastations have made in the neighbourhood. There are cases again in which railway companies, by private arrangements with owners of property, get the sites they intend to acquire handed over to them cleared of the houses, so that they may not be bound by the rehousing clauses that would be introduced into their Bills. The purchase of model dwellings adjoining Broad Street Station enabled the London and North Western Railway to undertake the dispersion of nearly 600 people who could be driven away without any provision being made for them. How the companies manipulate the compulsory clauses may be seen from the action for penalties, amounting to £16,000, recently brought by the Home Secretary against the London and North Western Railway Company. All this is a consequence of the fact that Local Authorities, who are the sanitary authorities and have to deal with overcrowding, are shouldered out of the way by these private Acts, and have no voice in the matter nor real opportunity of controlling the compaines. The law on this point needs alteration. Even a public body like the London School Board has played the same game ; thus showing that the pursuit of particular and selfish interests always over-rides the larger view of the interest of the general community, unless there is an efficient central authority —a stimulant, efficient in every respect, both in knowledge and competency of machinery—to watch over all. This is what is conspicuously lacking at present in regard to the great subject of housing in town and country. Towns and urban and rural districts run into each other with the growth and transference of population as it crosses over the technical boundaries, within which each authority acts, or tries to act, independently as if it were the sole authority in existence. Areas which for social purposes are therefore practically homogeneous are treated haphazard and piecemeal without any general plan. Not only is each section of the area considered merely as if it had no relation to any other, but what shall be done or left undone depends on the varying quantity and quality of the local patriotism which may happen to exist in each Local Authority.

These areas exist north, south, east, and west of a town like London, and to what extent any of them can be made use of for

the purpose of building schemes to make up the deficiency of house accommodation in the centre, a deficiency extending automatically day by day, is largely a question of conveniences of transit. It is by no means wholly that; for as the centre is being encroached on constantly by factories and business premises, by public buildings, by railways and tramways and other transit works, at the same time there is continually growing a population attendant on these who cannot live outside the centre, however good the means of transit may be. There is no need to specify the numerous classes who are in this position; it is a fact which may be taken for granted. But, allowing for all this, it still remains true that the selection of outside districts suitable for housing the population spreading from the town is the most important part of the problem, and that the question of transit is an element of the utmost importance in connection with it. Above all things, therefore, it is necessary that the Government department which controls the administration of the Housing Acts should have a strong control over the housing projects of the various Local Authorities, so as to direct their operations into a well-engineered channel, and that the same department should exercise an unusually powerful control over the railway and other transit companies. The Local Government Board does nothing of the kind, and Local Authorities are a sprawling mass of disconnected limbs without an efficient nervous centre or directing head. The London County Council is unable to cope with the London situation, for the problem is every day extending beyond its administrative borders. If it takes steps, for instance to encourage and assist emigration from a crowded East London district to, say, Enfield, it wants to see that overcrowding does not result the other end, and that the houses put up are properly built. But it has no power to do anything of the kind. The Local Government Board has power, but it lacks courage. The Board will gladly bully a Local Authority over vexatious details in a scheme locally originated, but never moves to compel a lazy Authority to originate action in accordance with the spirit of the Acts. Thus it hampers an active Authority and abets a supine one.

What is wanted is a separate commission, such as the Prisons Commission, Charity Commission, or the Railway Commission, whose sole duty shall be to direct and control the administration of the Acts, to supply information to Local Authorities, to stimulate the energies of those that neglect their functions, and to encourage those that are alive to their responsibilities but have to contend with difficulties they cannot surmount

without the help from a central well-organised body which is not now forthcoming. At present the administration of the Housing Acts is mixed up indiscriminately with all the other multifarious operations of Local Government work, such as the Poor-law, Vaccination, or the speed of motor-cars. These are thrown to the Board as if it were the lumber-room of Government. One thing after another connected with the public health has been thrust upon it with the growth of legislation until it is bewildered with its duties, and there has been no corresponding growth and improvement in the machinery of the Board. More labours have not resulted in more effective division of labour, and it is little good making Acts of Parliament if the executive does not keep pace with them. In the state of things that exists at the Local Government Board the object of the officials is not to push the operations of the Housing Acts as far as their legal powers can go, but to lay down all the limitations that red tape and official routine can devise to restrict them. Before a letter from a Local Authority can be answered it has to go a round of officials that often occupies several months. It is a common saying in the localities that nothing but the threat of a deputation will drag an answer out of the Local Government Board. This is not the fault of the younger men in the department. There are plenty of young men who have the knowledge and the will to cope with modern requirements, but they are thwarted by seniors who know nothing of either and care little more. There is no elasticity about the Board's arrangements. Instead of accommodating their regulations to the special needs and circumstances of each locality as it comes before them, with applications for aid in carrying out the Acts, there is practically one cast-iron system to which all must conform.

Take the financial and building regulations as an instance. The Board is working in legislative chains as it is, but it makes them heavier by its own rules. The Housing Acts only allow the Board to sanction loans to Local Authorities for a period of sixty years at the most, and this in practice averages about forty-five years. So that extortionate rents have to be paid by the tenants, who, in the form of rent, have to pay for the whole value of their houses, and then hand over the property they have paid for which in many cases will last a hundred years beyond the sixty as free assets to the ratepayer. How can the poor be housed while this system prevails? In Shoreditch only one out of 553 persons displaced became a tenant. In the Boundary Street scheme, only eleven out of some 5000 tenants. If the land charge, that is to say the cost of the sinking fund for the purchase of the

land, were taken off the rent and the charge for buildings reduced to one-half by extending the period to 100 years, a two-roomed house could be let for 4*s.* 11*d.* instead of 6*s.*, and a three-roomed house for 6*s.* 10½*d.* instead of 8*s.* 6*d.* These are figures based on actual experience in Inner London, and apply proportionately to the circumstances of any housing scheme. Similar regulations, under the Small Holdings Act, 1892, have been declared illegal by the law officers of the Crown, who gave an opinion that it would be sufficient that the rents should cover, with a fair margin for eventualities, the interest on all expenditure, including purchase-money, and that the rent should not provide for the repayment of the money expended in purchasing the land. In fact, the Local Authority was put in the position of the private individual who raises a mortgage on the land he buys.

The Housing Acts for the towns and country are vastly more important than Acts which relate to gardens—a comparative luxury, not a necessity. The ratepayer is acting abominably selfishly in this matter. He wants to clear out insanitary areas, to improve his town, to secure himself from diseases, but he wants the tenants to pay for all these benefits besides what they pay in rates along with himself. In fact, he acts like a landlord who will not improve his estate unless he can make his tenants pay the entire cost of the improvements. If they cannot, the landlord will not spend his money ; and in the same way the ratepayer shows he is indifferent to the housing question and all it involves though he hypocritically pretends to be anxious about it. One other instance, amongst many, of the absurdity of the Building Regulations. Under Parts I. and II. of the Housing Acts a building scheme may provide for the building of shops, obviously a means of reducing the rent of the dwelling part of the building, besides being convenient to the inhabitants and neighbourhood. Under Part III. this is not allowed, so that though the higher rents from the shops would allow of reduction of rents for the houses, no shops could be built. The experience which the Board gains, or might have gained, from housing schemes in one quarter are not utilised by it to help an Authority in another. It ignores such experience ; the officials may have it in their minds, but it finds no expression in official practice, because it is much easier to make general regulations than to modify them to meet the circumstances of each particular case. If a Local Authority thinks the needs of its district and economy will be best served by building a certain class of houses and shops it will probably find itself snubbed, because it does not happen to want that type of building which the Board thinks is alone proper for advances of

public money. In the same way the Board will disregard the wish even of a careful Local Authority that loans should be made to the full extent of the already too short period of sixty years, and will insist on repayment in a less number of years. This is just the way to discourage Local Authorities, and put them off doing what is necessary. After one experience of the Board's procedure, town clerks and other officials are choked off from beginning any other scheme if they can possibly help it. However zealous they may be, the vexations and delay take all the enthusiasm out of them. They have plenty of trouble with their ratepayers over housing schemes without having all sorts of hindrances thrown in their way by the Board. As long as this condition of things continues, it is hopeless to expect that there will be any inclination to set about the first essential thing to be done, that is, a thorough inquiry to be made by all Local Authorities as to their lack of housing accommodation, and the number and classes of houses they require to meet the wants of their particular populations. That should be started in a regular systematic fashion by a thoroughly efficient and earnest central administrative body, and would constitute an antidote to vested interests which too often are a powerful influence on local bodies.

It is, however, in its impotency in regard to the railways that the inadequacy of the Local Government Board's efforts to deal with the Acts is most apparent. The Board has no control over the railways, and yet the question of a speedy and cheap system of railway communication between London and the suburban districts suitable for "colonising" is vital. If the railway companies do not on their own initiative lay down lines to run through and develop districts which would be suitable quarters for a new population, there is no power in the Local Government Board to exercise any control over them, and while the power is lacking no hope can be held out of a practical solution of the question. Railway companies concoct their schemes with absolute indifference to suburbs with working-class populations. In this, like many other keen grasping people, they are often short-sighted as to their own interests. In some cases, as in that of the Great Eastern Railway, the directors and their advisers have seen their interest in helping to develop working-class suburbs.

Private building schemes would be carried out in districts where the houses could be built at cheap rents, and where workmen could get easily to and from their work with decent train service. But generally, directors and their companies have not the foresight and enterprise to project even simple plans. They

follow the ordinary effete commercial traditions, and their greed runs in the narrowest channels. They move heaven and earth, and another locality, to oust a rival from some new coalfield or manufacturing town ; but they and their slim officials use all their elaborate machinery of legal quibbles and stratagems and devices to evade the law which imposes conditions on the de-housing of a neighbourhood by their works, or to defeat the insertion of provisions in their Bills for giving facilities of travel to any but their first- or second-class passengers. The social condition of the poorer classes is, in fact, depressed by the railway companies as British mercantile interests are sacrificed to foreign countries. Manufacturers, farmers and traders are constantly complaining that they are exposed to unfair competition from abroad because the railways and the steamship companies so arrange freights that it is cheaper to send goods into England from Continental countries and America, than to send similar goods from one part of England to another. In Parliament the directors of railway companies work together, so that whatever seems to them not in accordance with their interests is defeated, for the railway clique is almost supreme. The shareholders in truth are really more passive than active. If they acted independently, they would see that the narrow policy of the directors is against their interests ; but they do not, and it becomes almost impossible to break down the impenetrable barrier the railway interest has established in Parliament. The Local Government Board has no power to compel the co-operation of the railway companies in carrying out schemes of housing, even if there was at the Board sufficient knowledge to plan, and an organisation specially allotted to the work of carrying out the Acts on broad lines. What control there is is exercised by the Board of Trade, which will not move a finger in connection with housing.

Besides, the Board of Trade is beaten on its own ground by the money, the skill and the combination of the directors. The executive departments of government are overmastered by the railway power in the same way as the legislative department in Parliament and the Committee rooms is outwitted by it. The future of England, it is now well understood, depends on her success in holding her own against foreign competition in trade, and in rearing a race of fine men and women, highly developed in body and mind because their social conditions are healthy. People at this time of day have heard so much about these two aspects of the same truth that they do not need convincing of our social failure. But they are are not so well awake as they should be to the fact that there is no greater hindrance to all the efforts

that have been made, or that may be made, to bring about improvements in both respects than the tyrannous power of the railway interest, practically controlling as it does all the means of intercommunication by water and land in the kingdom. If these two objects are matters of national and imperial concern, as they are, some means will have to be devised to make it subservient and not antagonistic to the nation's well-being. Neither the Board of Trade nor the Local Government Board controls this gigantic monopoly, which exists primarily for dividend making. Even this is done badly because the companies are too short-sighted even as to their own ultimate pecuniary advantage. Matters of such national and imperial concern, should no longer be the plaything of a badly managed private monopoly. The system of internal transit for trade and the creation of healthy and beautiful towns for health purposes, need the close co-operation of the central government, and of the municipalities and Local Authorities and the shareholders, who personally are public spirited.

But they cannot accomplish what is expected of them so long as they have their hands tied behind them by the railway companies. Shareholders should understand what their directors are doing. They are encouraging cries for the *nationalising of railways* both from the trading classes and the working classes. Shareholders are defeating their own interests if they do not wake up their directors to recognise the importance of developing new sources of passenger traffic in connection with the modern necessity for re-housing the working people and many sections of the lower middle classes, of which clerks form an important proportion. The railway companies are getting frightened, and well they may, at the growth of electric traction. With decreasing revenues they will have to make alterations in their systems, and all in a hurry at huge expense. They cannot afford to go on as they have been doing by neglecting the development of working-class passenger traffic. Cheap houses simply have to be built miles out of town, and if the railways do not afford facilities for getting to and fro, tubes and trams will. The memorandum recently sent round by a prominent railway financier to the stockholders of the London and North Western Railway Company suggests a dolorous forecast of what is about to happen from the competition of electric railways, but does not suggest that the management is alive to the possibilities of meeting the necessities of a population which has to be re-housed at great distances from towns, and therefore has to be provided with transit facilities. This memorandum is evidence of the alarm

of the leading stockholders at the bungling of the directors. There is a suggestion of a conference to discuss the revision of traffic rates established by the Railway Rates Act of 1891 ; but this would be unnecessary if directors had avoided concentration of traffic at expensive termini. They are thinking of higher charges for goods, iron, and coal to meet their losses. What they do not understand is a broad and wise policy adopted on their own initiative to help at the same time themselves and the public. Yet when they are driven by necessity railway managers can discover ways of earning money which they have for a long time pooh-poohed and shied at, as they have done in matter of improved methods of haulage and organisation which they are beginning to learn from America, whereby their goods and passenger train earnings per mile should be considerably increased. The interest of the shareholders is that their directors should depart from narrow traditions generally. Railways will never be intelligently administered until the shareholders realise that in the long run their interests and that of the public—not only the "travelling" public but the whole country—are the same. Shareholders will then see that their directors in regarding themselves as the superiors instead of as the servants of the public have been betraying the interests of their trust. When that has been realised the shareholders will take the law into their own hands and insist on new lines and broader views being adopted ; and then attention to housing obligations will find its due and proper place in railway policy.

CLAUDE G. HAY.

WITH LORD CURZON IN BURMA

TWICE a year, in April and October, the Viceroy of India visits the outlying parts of his dominions. There is not much circumstance in his going. In October he rattles down the Simla hill behind a pair of tonga ponies, his only distinction the gilt paper which immemorial custom permits the native drivers to paste over the harness. In March he steams out of the Calcutta railway station very much like any other traveller. It is different in the places he visits. Here preparations are made for months beforehand. Decorations and illuminations, sometimes very original decorations and very expensive illuminations, are made ready. Swords are burnished—those civil swords that adorn the broadcloth of the Commissioner and the Political Officer ; cocked hats are brought from their dusty retirement ; tables of precedence are consulted ; orderlies gallop to and fro. Addresses are enshrined in embossed silver caskets ; the local battery is warned for the salute. The programme of the day's doings is a work of anxious deliberation, for the visit of the Viceroy is an event of far-reaching consequence to a province. It is the occasion for the settling of outstanding questions of all kinds, and for important pronouncements of policy.

A more or less stereotyped series of routes has been laid down, so that the principal sections of the Indian Empire may be inspected in turn. Burma comes late on the list, and it has thus happened that each of the two Viceroys who immediately preceded Lord Curzon travelled to this province on the eve of his departure. Belated visits like these are of very little use, at least so far as concerns what can be done by the head of the Government of India, and we have been taught of late how much this is. A Viceroy who is upon the point of retiring is embarrassed in making promises, or in using his great official influence to initiate reforms, by the fear of committing his successor. The first-hand knowledge he gains by personal inspection is largely lost in amiable congratulation, instead of being preserved, as it should be, to aid in arriving at right decisions when questions involving the interests of the province subsequently come up. Notes may be

put on record, but are pretty certain to be forgotten in the competition of other claims when their writer is no longer present to give them the corollary of action.

It is characteristic of Lord Curzon that he has got through the more usual of the Indian tours so quickly as to be able to visit Burma with two full years of office still before him. The announcement, made early last autumn, of his intention not only to devote his winter tour to Burma, but to march there by the difficult way of the jungles of Assam and Manipur, was warmly received in Rangoon, which is the centre of public opinion in the province. The programme was held to indicate a determination to take Burma seriously and to look efficiently into its problems, the route chosen adding to the impression, since, with all its remoteness, it included a considerable portion of the proposed alignment of an influentially supported railway advertising no less an ambition than to connect India with Burma.

The feeling of cordiality was subsequently increased when it was found that the Viceroy adhered to his plans, in spite of the death of the Amir of Afghanistan, in spite, too, of an illness which cast doubt upon the advisability of so arduous an undertaking. Lord Curzon took with him the Foreign Secretary, and arranged his march so as to keep in touch with the telegraph line which crosses, *viâ* Manipur, from India to Burma. Should untoward events have happened in Afghanistan he would have been, therefore, in a position to issue the necessary orders. Special arrangements were made throughout the subsequent portion of the tour to the same end, telegraph operators accompanying the party, even on the voyage down the Irrawaddy, to tap the wires and keep up communication with the outside world whenever opportunity offered. The march was carried out in its entirety, the Viceroy not only riding across the difficult series of parallel gorges which separate Burma from Assam, but arriving in Mandalay looking in distinctly better health than when he set out, and able to spend long hours on foot in the wearying duty of personal inspection.

At Mandalay the party stepped into the fairyland of the Burmans. Real ex-princesses, in pink silk *tameins*, smoked enormous cheroots at the railway station where the municipality presented its address. The principal durbar was held in Supyalat's lily throne-room, where the alleged blood of a murdered maid-of-honour still stains a gilded door, and where the lacquered roof and immense red teak pillars stand as they stood when they witnessed Thebaw's massacres. The durbarees included Shan kinglings making obeisance in close succession to their hereditary

Kachin foes, whose recent pastime it was to raid them with choppers. The barge that conveyed the Viceroy to the boat-races on the palace moat was a floating dragon with a gilded kiosk on its back. Well-born Burmese maidens, in cardboard-tailed court-dresses, swayed and languished to discordant music and wonderful songs of welcome. Everywhere gay Burmese crowds laughed, and bunting and arches of welcome glittered in the sunshine. At Rangoon, at Moulmein, at Lashio, at thousand-year-old Pagan and modern Yenangkyat very much the same fantastic display took place. Behind it lay the grievances and problems of the country, nor was there any lack of memorials and addresses to bring them to attention.

Burma's central complaint is that she has been neglected, that she has been treated in past years like a backward child, when, as a matter of fact, in spite of her laziness and her lightheartedness, she has reached responsible adolescence and is entering upon a career which promises extraordinary prosperity. So rich is the country that, from being a burden upon the exchequer of the Government of India, it now has an annually growing surplus, large enough to be the subject of a dispute, of which the Viceroy was destined to hear a good deal in the course of his travels. On all sides development is apparent. Rangoon, as Lord Curzon pointed out in one of his speeches, was fifty years ago a fishing village. It is now the third port of the Indian Empire, and begins to compete, in commercial activity, even with Calcutta and Bombay. Inland lie fertile rice-fields, lacking only railways to transport their yield to the already groaning wharves of the capital. The petroleum industry has reached dimensions which invite comparison with Batoum. The output of the Yenangkyat-Yenangyoung oil-field is already a hundred thousand gallons daily. Yet this is little to what seems in store, since new wells are being sunk over an area sixty miles in length, a large proportion striking oil in paying amount. So bright is the prospect for this industry that Lord Curzon was told in Rangoon additional machinery, to the value of a quarter of a million sterling, is on its way out from Europe, and a pipe-line, a couple of hundred miles in length, is shortly to be constructed, to convey the produce to the seaboard from the wells and supersede the river-steamer flats at present in use. His Excellency heard of fertile wheat-producing territory in the Shan States, which is but beginning to be exploited, of promising coal and jade pits, of ruby mines and gold washings; nor could he fail to see for himself the prosperity of the British merchant of Rangoon, and the opportunities there waiting for the profitable investment of

capital. All this is of mushroom growth. Fourteen years ago the trade was almost insignificant, and the losses made over the struggling industries so great that it had become the fashion to aver that nothing could be profitably worked in Burma.

There is another side to the picture that was presented to the Viceroy. It is that of a great invading army of natives of India, labourers from Chota-Nagpur, artisans from Dacca, money-lenders from Madras, streaming across the Bay of Bengal, to do the work the Burman is too indolent to undertake for himself, to lend him money, and reap his crops. Day by day the Indian population of Burma is growing in numbers and wealth. Day by day its hold upon the industries and the land of the province is increasing, so that those who know the country best are loudest in their lament that its ancient people are being supplanted and must eventually succumb to the competition of more pushing and grasping races.

This combination of the old and the new, this contact of the placid Buddhistic *laissez faire* with the hurrying vigour of the prosperous British merchant and of the pushing Indian artisan, is the essential feature of the Burma of to-day. It was pictured vividly at the Yenangkyat wells, where a great stone image of Buddha looked down in meditation on the Viceregal party rowed ashore by Indian Lascars, keen-faced British and American engineers in charge of modern machinery waiting on the shore, and the happy Burman dancing on a tinsel-decked barge in honour of the occasion.

Lord Curzon's vigorous personality has nowhere come out more strongly than on tour in this wonderful country. The problems he was confronted with were different from those which have been called his food and drink in India. But the uncompromising pertinacity and indefatigable push and industry which have served him in such stead in India were ready for their fresh opportunity and were applied with courage and directness. If Lord Curzon expressed his views freely, however, if he demolished cherished proposals that he believed to be unreasonable, with cut and thrust that sometimes drew blood, he went so patiently, in the first place, into the question at issue, and showed himself so industriously anxious to arrive at the facts, that even those who found their carefully prepared recommendations flung back at them, with reason heaped rhetorically upon reason for their rejection, have been disposed to accept the decision as fair, whether or not they may themselves have been convinced. They have blamed, not the judgment pronounced, but the way the case has been presented. They have complained of contortion of the

image caused by the imperfection of the mirror into which a stranger must look for his impressions, but noticeably not of bias or incompleteness in his vision.

The Burma tour presents a number of incidents which can be quoted in illustration of Lord Curzon's methods. The country indeed, offers an unusual opportunity for the genius of energetic reform, for its enormously rapid development has enabled many anomalies to grow up, its officials having been too busy conducting the ordinary administration in an enervating climate to find much leisure for initiating changes, while the Government of India has, hitherto, been too remote to interfere with effect.

Primarily the Viceroy went into the question of the railways, journeying to the terminus of the Mandalay-Kunlon line, in the far distant wilds of the Northern Shan States, to see one of the biggest for himself. The Kunlon railway was commenced a good many years ago with the idea of tapping the trade of the rich districts of Western China, by way of Yunnan. Millions after millions sterling have been lavished upon it. The highest viaduct in the world, that of the Gokteik gorge, has been built, only to discover further range beyond range of mountains and gorges, and the prospect of ever more millions to be spent in surmounting them. At the same time the hope of reaching China by this route has gradually become extinct, and the preposterous insignificance of the trade of the regions that can be won by it has come into prominence. The magic of the idea of building a railway through British territory to China, nevertheless, prevailed, until Lord Curzon went to the spot, and finally stopped the undertaking. The speech in which he dealt with the question, in his reply to a memorial of the local Chamber of Commerce in Rangoon, will bear some quoting. Summing up the case he said :

My belief is that there has been a greater lack both of exact knowledge and of perspective in the treatment of this matter, and a looser rein given to the imagination, than in almost any subject of contemporaneous politics. Were a bonfire to be made to-morrow of the prolific literature to which it has given birth, I do not think that any one in the world would be the loser. The parts of Yunnan to which access could be gained by rail from the Northern Shan States are not those which it would be of any advantage to us to tap; the building of a railway through them to the upper waters of the Yangtse in Szechuan is, if not a physical impossibility, at any rate so speculative and so enormously costly an undertaking, that neither the Home Government, nor the Indian Government, nor any company or syndicate could conceivably undertake it; the idea that if it were built the wealth of Szechuan would stream down a single metre-gauge line, many miles of which would have to scale the mountains by a rack, to Rangoon, while great arterial rivers flow through the heart of the province of Szechuan itself, which are quite competent to convey its trade to and from the sea—is one, as it seems to me in the present stage of

Central Asia evolution, almost of midsummer madness. Why we should even carry on our present railway at the extra cost of considerably over half a million sterling to the Kunlong Ferry, across which the entire Chino-Burmese trade is successfully transported in two dug-outs, and amounts to less than one hundred tons a year, is beyond my comprehension. For my own part, therefore, I cannot advise that in the pursuit of fanciful political ambitions we should use Indian money to spreadeagle our railways over foreign countries and remote continents, while all the time there is lying the most splendid and lucrative field of investment at our doors. There is a good deal to be done within range of our own perch, before we begin to flap our wings in distant firmaments. I do not say that there are no political reasons which could justify such a venture. But such reasons, to be decisive, must be overwhelmingly strong; while their strength would be manifestly enhanced could they be reinforced by financial arguments, which in the present case are conspicuously lacking. For my own part, therefore, I would sooner see this flourishing country overspread with a network of lines bringing waste lands under cultivation, increasing population, developing security, and expanding trade, than I would throw out tentacles into the unknown. . . . There are abundant projects in this country which would return a certain 10 per cent. if not more. Let us take some of them in hand, and link up the various parts of Burma itself, before we jump out into space without any clear idea of where we are going to land.

It is difficult to estimate what this one decision, thus crisply expressed, means to Burma. Sober business men in Rangoon say with confidence that it will lead to the opening of hitherto untapped areas of extraordinary richness in the very heart of British territory, the adding of millions to the revenue, and the increase of the traffic of the main lines of railway—good enough reasons all for stopping the frittering away of capital on such a scheme as the Kunlon railway.

Scarcely less important for Burma is the change in its internal administration that is to date from Lord Curzon's visit. Hitherto the head of the local government has been divorced from his capital and his offices for considerably more than half the year, the Lieutenant-Governor residing in the hill station of Maymyo, while the offices have remained in Rangoon. This will now cease. The province will be relieved of the keeping up of an unnecessary Government House at decadent Mandalay, and the system long adopted in all other Indian provinces will be insisted upon in Burma, whereby the move of the government to health resorts, away from the real centre of business, is restricted to four months out of the twelve. This is of more consequence than may at first appear, for, under the Indian system of administration, the Lieutenant-Governor is all powerful in his province, and all necessary to it. The local government is a euphemism. A Council exists, but it is only for legislative purposes, all questions relating to the ordinary administration of the province being decided by the

Lieutenant-Governor, and by him alone. It is thus specially desirable that this official should remain in the closest contact possible with the interests he serves.

The initiation of measures to save the ancient archæological remains which enshrine so much of the past history of the country from defacement and destruction is another definite benefit which will accrue to Burma from Lord Curzon's visit. Only those who accompanied the Viceroy in his personal inspection of decaying pagodas and palaces at places like Pagan and Mandalay, can appreciate the amount of labour he devoted to this object. In a number of cases orders were passed upon the spot for the preservation of particular structures. In others the preparation of schemes was commenced in conjunction with the public works officials, and arrangements were made for the provision of funds for repairs and for the inspection, by competent agency, of archæological remains elsewhere. Local officials are to be kept informed of the relative interest of the various ancient buildings in their districts, and of the nature of the measures necessary to prevent spoliation and destruction. They will also be provided with money to effect what is needful, and such scandals as the looting of the Ananda pagoda in the name of archæology, and the waste of public money employed in renewing gilding of King Thebaw's palace, while rooms of royal state were relegated to the purposes of commissariat offices and billiard rooms, are not likely to be repeated.

I have already spoken of the question of railway communication between Burma and India. This has been narrowed down by Lord Curzon to a single scheme for a line *viâ* Chittagong, which is to be further surveyed, the probabilities of more misdirected energy upon these tempting projects being thus reduced to a minimum. Another important matter which has been decided relates to the status of Rangoon. This city is now to be admitted to the position its size and wealth entitle it to, by being placed on the same footing, in the matter of loans, as Presidency towns in India. The arrangement is intended to enable much needed but hitherto financially impossible improvements to be effected, by permitting a reasonable proportion of the expense to be transferred to the shoulders of the next generation, which will also participate in the benefits conferred. The dredging of a channel through the bar which is silting up the mouth of the Moulmain harbour is another definite measure put upon its feet during the Viceroy's visit. For years this important port has demanded some such work, for years experts have disputed, while trade has fallen off and the port has been threatened with ruin.

It has remained for Lord Curzon to put the matter in train to be actually done.

In some ways more striking than any of these material accomplishments has been the touch established by the Viceroy with the religious leaders of the country. One of the most picturesque incidents of the tour was his interview, in the grounds of the "Nine Hundred and Ninety-Nine Pagodas" below Mandalay Hill, with the twenty-three Sayadaws (abbots) of the principal Buddhist monasteries and some thousand influential monks of the yellow robe. The object was to discuss, face to face, numerous questions which concern the priesthood and its institutions, through certain of which every male Burman in the country passes at one time or another of his life. These questions included that of the appointment of the Thathanabaing (Buddhist archbishop), an individual who carries untold influence with eight millions of the people of Burma. It would be perhaps more unwise in this connection than anywhere to claim infallibility for the orders that will be passed, but the fact that the conference has taken place, and that the heads of the dominant religion of the country have been given sympathetic personal hearing and have verbally discussed their grievances and aspirations with the Viceroy of India, is something entirely new to them. These priests occupy a position which Englishmen find difficulty in realising. Each is the head of a school, their united pupils equalling, sooner or later, the male population of the country. Hitherto they have too often received the perfunctory official direction, "Put your request in writing and it shall be considered." Time and again they have obeyed it to find that nothing has resulted. Lord Curzon's method has been different. It has been to hear them out, to grant them on the spot what he has ascertained, beforehand, may be conceded, and to explain to them by word of mouth why other of their requests may have to be refused. They will talk about this to their pupils in the far away *kyaungs* in all parts of the country. The pupils will tell their parents, and the message of sympathy will thus become known as no other means can make it. It is not easy to gauge the result, but officials and others who have good means of ascertaining begin to say already that a very real impression has been produced. The advice given by the Viceroy in his Mandalay durbar speech—in which he bade his hearers not to forget their ancient teaching of reverence, but to preserve what is priceless in the old as well as to add what is valuable in the new—is receiving attention which, but for the interview with the monks, would not have been accorded.

In regard to the industries of Burma, and especially that rising one of petroleum, the desirability of the touch Lord Curzon has established needs little demonstration. The Burma petroleum-wells stand almost alone, as an independent British undertaking of the kind, outside the great American combine. Legislation has hitherto pressed heavily upon them and will have to be modified, especially as regards the prohibition now existing of the transport of that valuable by-product, light naphtha, yielded in large quantities by the Burma wells, and suited for such purposes as the driving of motor-cars. The question of maintaining the independence of the industry, and of meeting the endeavour that will sooner or later be made to coerce it into subordination to the American combine, has also to be settled. All this can now be taken up by the head of the Government of India with knowledge that has been lacking to his predecessors. The question of the land tenure of Upper Burma and of the extent to which it is possible and desirable to reduce the power of the usurer, by the limitation of the right to transfer land, is yet another matter that bears with it enormous consequences for good and evil to millions of the King's subjects in this province. It is one upon which legislation has lately been commenced experimentally, upon a very large scale, in the Punjab and the Central Provinces. Like the questions of the establishment of agricultural banks and of police reform, which are also pending, it will be the more intelligently dealt with for what has happened during the past two months.

Reference may here be made to the vexed question of the provincial settlement. Every five years the Government of India renews the charter of the various local governments. This signifies that from time to time a new financial arrangement is made, whereby the province is allowed to retain the proceeds of certain taxes to pay for its own administration, while the Government of India takes possession of the remainder. The surplus revenue having been growing in Burma, there has been a continually increasing amount for Simla and Calcutta to absorb, and a vigorous expression of opinion is heard to the effect that money has been thus diverted which should fairly have been spent on the building of railways and roads in the province itself. A murmur has even arisen in the market-place hinting at severance from India under the wing of the Colonial Office. This proposal has now been sensibly dropped, and the uncompromising reminders of the Viceroy may well have gone in the direction of confirming loyal recognition of the justice of Burma's contributing, to the full extent of its means, towards the upkeep of the

central administration to which it owes its very existence as a British possession, as well as its administration, and such important, though lesser, advantages as communication with the outside world by means of the Indian postal and telegraph services. Lord Curzon discussed the matter at some length in his reply to the address presented to him on his arrival in Rangoon, when he showed that the money raised of late years upon Government of India security, for the construction of railways and works of public utility in Burma, has been more than the total contribution made by the province towards the general Imperial account. The subject of the disposal of the surplus is nevertheless a sore one, and the moment critical, as the readjustment of balances will almost immediately engage the attention of the parties concerned.

This article must not close without some reference to two important memorials which Lord Curzon thought well to repulse with an emphatic negative during his stay in Burma. These are the petition of the educational syndicate for the formation of a university for Burma, and the representation of the Rangoon Chamber of Commerce for the appointment of a barrister to the chief judgeship of the Rangoon Chief Court. As regards the first, Lord Curzon's decision has been very generally acquiesced in, the leading newspaper in Burma cordially endorsing the destructive criticism he let loose upon the scheme. In the matter of the second, official and non-official opinion are in antagonism. The former strongly supports the Viceroy ; the latter as strongly opposes the view he has adopted, which is that to which the local government and the Secretary of State were already committed. The question will now be carried to the House of Commons. The commercial community claim that, as Rangoon has been placed on an equality with the presidency towns in other matters, it should also resemble them in having a barrister as chief judge, the idea being that such an officer would not only be better fitted than a civilian to deal with commercial cases, but would be free from the traditions and limitations of government service, and would, in fact, stand as a more independent authority between the commerce of the country and the executive government than could any man, however able and honest, whose views had been bound for years in the red tape of officialdom. The opinion of the Burma Government, which Lord Curzon has so vigorously supported, is that the intimate experience of the people which the civilian's training affords is more necessary to the administration of justice in Burma than is the technical knowledge of the law in which the barrister excels. The rejoinder that "if in Burma

why not also in Bengal and Bombay, where the senior judge of the High Court is invariably a barrister, and no one has ventured to suggest the desirability of change," has not yet been answered. The controversy continues, and it is characteristic of Lord Curzon that he should have stepped down into the arena to strike a blow in it. It is noticeable as almost the solitary instance of any magnitude, during the tour, in which local opinion has stood out stubbornly against his reasoning. In almost every other case he has succeeded, more or less completely, in putting himself in accord with public opinion. That he has given an efficient onward push to a number of measures of far-reaching benefit to the province, few will be found to dispute.

E. C. COTES.

AS AN AMERICAN SEES IT

Now to return to my subject (the New World). I find that there is nothing barbarous and savage in this nation by anything that I can gather, excepting that every one gives the title of barbarism to everything that is not in use in his own country, as indeed we have no other level of truth and reason than the example and idea and opinions and customs of the place wherein we live. There is always the perfect religion, there the perfect government, there the perfect everything.—Montaigne, *Essays* (period 1572–1580).

But Lord! to see the absurd nature of Englishmen that cannot forbear laughing and jeering at everything that looks strange.—Pepys' *Diary*, November 27, 1662.

He was little pleased with America, and where he was not pleased he expressed himself with much severity. As a philosopher he might be expected to see with less surprise and dissatisfaction the imperfections of a new state so remote from the improvements and influences of Europe; and as a guest of America he might be expected to repay her hospitality with more urbanity and indulgence.—Thomas Twining, 1796.

For our own part, if we may be frank, we did not like America at all. We liked Americans very much indeed, but we did not like their country. We have never visited a country where we would less like to live. America, in one word, struck us as simply an inferior England, a deteriorated England, an England soiled with a good deal of nastiness imported from the Continent of Europe, and narrowed by a good deal of indigenous provincialism. Whatsoever was admirable in America was English, whatsoever was not English was not admirable.—Review in *London Chronicle*, November 19, 1899.

The real feeling of the great mass of the British public, and, we believe, of British statesmen, on the whole subject is perfectly simple, and can be easily expressed. This country understands America far better than it used, and with understanding has come appreciation.—London *Spectator*, December 9, 1899.

I discovered immediately how impossible it is for a man to form any correct impression of America until he has visited it. I found a clear, intellectua atmosphere, a broad tolerance, and a universal hospitality which delighted me. . . . I visited many cities, but nowhere did I see one sign or hear one hint of animosity toward England.—Frederic Harrison, 1901.

THE charity which the level-headed Sieur de Montaigne was willing even in his day to extend to the New World (he was talking of Brazil in the paragraph quoted), was not by any means emulated by his fellows; neither had it been the custom, nor was it the habit of his time or of succeeding times, to show consideration in these issues. On the contrary, the complacency, the self-satisfaction, the superciliousness, the certain condescension, the pre-judgment and snap judgment, all so neatly summed up by Montaigne in his statement of the canons of criticism that in his day controlled the European view of America, have for centuries been the New World's lot to be accepted meekly or under protest, as the case might be.

So far as our trans-Atlantic British cousins go, however, it is becoming increasingly evident that a new current has set in since 1898. There is, it is true, not complete unanimity as to how America and Americans should be treated; some of the old revilers still keep at it, the old keynote is still sounded by the irreconcilables, and the London *Chronicle's* review of November 1899 still does duty for thousands of Englishmen as a succinct and frank expression of their view of "civilisation in the United States," but that a new era is being entered upon few can doubt. In the first place, a series of events, beginning with the war between Spain and the United States and closing with the death of President McKinley, have brought the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon people nearer together than ever before. Whatever friendliness may have been engendered by the attitude of Great Britain during the Hispano-American War, was as nothing to the sympathetic confraternity which found expression in the condolences over the death of Queen Victoria, and then, in more marked degree, in the overwhelming sympathy and true feeling displayed by the Government and people of Great Britain when the President of the United States fell stricken by the assassin. It is a question, which at present one would be compelled to answer in the affirmative, whether this latest expression of the "British attitude" has not more than atoned for all the misunderstandings and mistakes of the past. Certainly the effect on the current of thought of the British people, of such a pomp and circumstance of affectionate interest, one might say, as marked the news and editorial comment on President McKinley's assassination, to say nothing of the public and private tributes of respect in cathedral and chapel to the memory of the dead, can hardly be over-estimated. It will do more than a hundred Atlantic Unions to promote those mutual understandings that men like the late Sir Walter Besant saw must subsist between the

two countries in the future if they are to fulfil their world's mission. For the only way to secure this understanding is to have done, once and for all, with the once current misrepresentions of the civilisation of the United States, and to have some let upon the once familiar application of the dogma that differences in polity, manners, customs, and habits mean but one thing, deficiencies ; and that departures from British forms are defects, to be contemned and anathematised by all those who flatter themselves on their "high standards." When one recalls that this spirit has been the correct thing in Great Britain from the early period up almost to the immediate present, continually consistent and perversely persistent, is it astonishing therefore that in this year of grace 1902 the two great English-speaking peoples are just beginning to respect one another's point of view and to appreciate one another at somewhat like the real worth inherent in both nations ?

Moreover, despite the present admirable state of things, unless the Briton who is sincerely anxious to let the dead past bury the dead has a care, he may make for continued differences by his ignorance as to what has really kept the two countries so long separated in sympathies. At present, feeling he has done all an honourable man can do to show his true self to his neighbour and blood relative, the average Briton is disposed to forget all past delinquencies on his part and has started in to wonder at and moralise over what he calls "American dislike." Naturally he endeavours to shift the responsibility for the misunderstandings of the past on to American shoulders ; but, as the American sees it, the injurious influences—now, it is to be hoped, for evermore mere memories—have been not the American school histories, though so many Englishmen so think, and, though Plimsoll crossed the ocean in his old age to scotch the anti-British snakes in them, not the alien, hyphenated citizenship, especially the Irish citizenship, with its effect on politics and politicians, as so many other believe. No ; the determining influence has been the Briton himself—the travelling Briton who infests the United States and the home-keeping Briton whose habitat is his own tight little isle. By the very consequence of the dogma stated by Montaigne, the persistent tendency of Britons at home and abroad to view the civilisation of the United States as on a lower level has worked for bad blood. But even this might have been taken for granted and allowed for, had it not been that British travellers, acting on this premise, behaved (and some still behave) as if they were visiting Bechuanaland, and so gave (and give) such universal offence that the irritation, reacting in all

directions, has kept old prejudices confirmed and developed new ones to the confusion of the real merits of the best and highest civilisation in each country concerned. We can stand being expected to take kindly to the suggestion that the greatest compliment that can be paid to us, as Americans, is to praise us for our close approximation to British types, and we can also stand on the part of the visitor a hearty self-satisfaction with British ways; but when it is expected of us meekly to accept bad manners as if we are without standards and can know no better, every fibre in us rebels, and if out of politeness at times we dissemble our feelings, the offensive acts none the less rankle, the resentment is none the less keen.

Taking this view-point, one must see that American opinion, within the present generation for instance, has been as an inevitable consequence more powerfully affected by what Englishmen think and do and say of America and Americans of to-day than by what the fathers thought of John Bull and John Bull thought of Jonathan in 1776. No one but an American has any idea of the volume, extent, and potential character of the anecdotes current in American society that depict the Briton in an unfavourable light, in so far as his attitude toward the United States is concerned. There are few Americans who have not had sore experience with British superciliousness and aggressive rudeness and indifference to the susceptibilities of others, and when all the experiences are blended they have a cumulative effect and make a composite that is far more to be feared than the worst school history. The stories that are mere variations on the theme that in a country of no social standards anything is permissible, are implicitly accepted in the United States, and have taken their place as one of the things American humour can safely turn upon and be sure of its laugh. The English solecisms are known from Dan to Beersheba and the solecists have their misdeeds quoted everywhere. One incident is related but to be matched with another, and whenever on summer porch, at dinner during the winter season, or at the late hour chats in clubs, the issue be raised, the result is a flood of anecdote that leaves the offending Briton little save his title, if he have one. In consequence, the common belief as to the intentional bad manners of Englishmen has so affected the American imagination that unquestionably many offences are suspected where none are intended and an innocent failure to meet local customs is viewed as a direct insult. One cannot get rid of these stories by pooh-poohing them. Many are gross exaggerations doubtless; others belong to the familiar class of the *si non e vero e ben trovato* type, but the

larger part by far are based on actual occurrences. And it must be remembered that these stories of bad manners, of offensive indifference to American ways, of contemptuous ignorance of American conditions, are not related of what in England would be called the lower or the middle-class people, but of those who belong to the upper and intellectual classes.

Now, it must be obvious, such ideas as these cannot be common property in the United States without affecting the national imagination, and so determining, along with other causes, the national attitude. Hell may have no fury like a woman scorned, it certainly has no dislike so bitter as that superinduced by supercilious treatment from those who endeavour to force a great people of varied characteristics into the category of inferiority. If the Briton in America is his own undoing, the American in Great Britain (the period since May 1898 excepted) has not altogether found his prejudices removed. His experiences but confirm, too often, his early impressions. And his *spolia opima* of travel run the whole gamut of British misapprehension and British misinformation of things American. The American who prides himself on his surface knowledge at least of the geographical and governmental facts of Europe wearies of correcting, otherwise intelligent Englishmen on the simplest facts of American geography, history, art and literature, while it would seem that Professor Bryce had indeed lived in vain—save for American college students—when one takes the woeful lack of knowledge of American polity and politics met with abroad into consideration.

These things may all seem slight to those who do not understand what a great part the emotions and the imagination play in a people's development and in the creation of a national spirit and national friendships and national antipathies. As a mere physical and political fact the early necessitated colonial differentiation, followed by the historic separation through social and political cleavage would not have kept the two peoples at daggers' points had it not been that the pen-picture of the United States continually presented in Great Britain until within a few years, was that of a nation and a people whose gods were of clay, whose civilisation lacked the refining interests of art and literature, whose spirituality was of the camp-meeting type, the vulgar level of dissident and discordant rival chapels, whose politics were unspeakable, whose manners were amusing and personalities offensive. This may sound like a harsh and unjust indictment in view of the about-face that began in 1898 and culminated last year in the recognition of the common loss in the death of an

American President, but if both nations are to keep each other's respect, the rival pitfalls of the past must be clearly understood, so as to be avoided in the future, for even families that have been as "heavenly twins" under a common sorrow have been known to fight bitterly over the will.

Above all, while both nations to-day are wiping out all the old scores, and doing it manfully, it should not be forgotten that there is still one unreconciled factor that has to be reckoned with. This factor, to which is due a certain bitterness of feeling out of all proportion to the alleged differences, is, if anything, more aggressively active than ever before, and is the more insistent since it sees in the amity and comity that mark the relations of the United States and Great Britain the doom of its own dog-in-the-manger policy. In other words, Canada is now, as she has always been, the fly in the Anglo-Saxon ointment. If at any time British opinion has taken a kindly turn, if Britons found we were "not half bad," Canada has been ever ready with shrill assertiveness to assure the British at home and the tourist "in her midst" that we are all that Tory fancy has painted us. Much of the bitterness of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Ontario where it is not the *odium figulinum*, is due to the traditions of the loyalists, who, losing all in the revolution, fleeing to Canada, began life anew under such unfavourable conditions that the iron, indeed, entered their souls, and they and their descendants have repaid the revolutionists or rebels—we are still that to them—in persistent hate. These traditions have powerfully coloured Canadian politics and policy, and, indeed, reacted on British thought, since with so important a colony ever ready to rally to any abuse of the United States that appeared in British prints, the opponents of the United States have been kept in countenance. On the other hand, we Americans have underrated the Canadian abuse. Treating Canada as a primitive state, as a summer playground, where we fish and hunt and seek reinvigoration on wild reaches of coast, on island retreats, or in the lake-strewn wilderness, we, with the good-natured indifferenee of those who know what a source of profit they are to the neighbourhood, have treated the sullenness, the implacability of Canada as a factor negligible. That a Halifax newspaper should see fit at the height of the summer tourist season to print a column of carefully collected criminal incidents and label it "Life in Yankeeland," does not annoy but amuses the American who knows that the present and the future of the Maritime Provinces depends on American capital; nor when he visits Upper Canada is he surprised at French disdain in Quebec—which greedily

takes the tourist gold—or loyalist high Tory hostility in Ontario, or the mining jealousies of British Columbia. On the contrary, he expects it. It is to him part of that lack of development, that narrow outlook, that eighteenth-century atmosphere that makes touring in Canada so interesting. Still the American recognises the unfairness of it all, and cannot but help noting in the Canadian attitude, whatever be its historical, racial and political excuse, a factor that must be taken into consideration if any real and basic understanding with imperial Britain be secured, for he sees that whenever the imperial Briton comes strongly under the influence of the provincial spirit his tone takes on a peculiarly petty shade of bitterness. This may seem an extreme American view, but look at Kipling's Quebec quatrain !

> From thy gray scarp I view with scornful eyes
> Ignoble broils of freedom most unfree.
> Fear nothing, mother, where the carrion lies
> That unclean bird must be !

The Kipling who wrote this was not the Kipling of the *Lest We Forget*. In 1897, like a perfectly attuned lute, he vibrated in sympathy with the great heart-throb of a great people. He caught up the dominant and tonic of the Empire's jubilation and the more solemn undertone, and his poem is wholly in harmony with the higher national conscience ; but at Quebec, equally sensitive to impressions, only the lower range of provincial jealousies were in the air, the obsession of the petty was complete ; and so Americans, when they read the quatrain, see in it not the verse of Kipling, the Poet Laureate of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, but the lampooning jingle of Kipling, the Canadian loyalist versifier. Canada never so triumphed over the broader, mightier spirit of the Empire than when the banks of the St. Lawrence, under her domination, inspired the genius of Kipling to slang and slur a great nation, that proved later in his case its ability to rise above the meaner things and heap coals of fire unwittingly—the publisher who suppressed the Quebec quatrain in the American edition of *The Seven Seas* having seen to that—on his devoted head. The victory for Canada, through Kipling, is the kind of triumph that is its own undoing. We forgive Kipling, but not the source of his offensive inspiration ; and it will take more than the skill of as able a politician as Laurier to explain away Canada's hostility.

It is time, however, that not only Canada, but all the other implacables should take a hint. If the peace-maker fares ill when the opponents "kiss and make-up," how much more strained is the position of the fomenters of discord ? Listened to greedily

for many years, for the past three years their raucous tones have jarred; and whether as tourists writing letters to the home papers, objecting because Oshkosh is not Oxford, or as colonial premiers barking in the provinces, their method is clearly an anachronism. Mr. J. F. Muirhead, the writer whose roseate views of the United States aroused the *Chronicle's* reviewer to such an unwonted outburst for a newspaper usually fair, if not friendly; the late Mr. G. W. Steevens and Mr. William Archer, in their well-known book; and travellers like the late Sir Walter Besant and Frederic Harrison, have struck the newer and (to American ears) the more reasonable keynote; and yet Thomas Twining, a full-blooded Brition, fresh from India, on his way home to England, *viâ* the New World, in 1796, in his *Notes and Impressions*, anticipated something of the Archer *bonhommie*, which proves that then, as now, it was possible for the Briton to be fair. And that is all the two nations can ask of each other in the future; fair dealing, no innuendos, no condescension, mutual respect, and a recognition, after Montaigne, that differences are not necessarily deficiencies.

HARVEY MAITLAND WATTS.

SMALL-POX

To a casual observer of our social history during the last few years, it may not unreasonably appear that the Vaccination Question, like the poor, is destined to be always with us. There were some sanguine persons, including the late President of the Local Government Board, who professed to entertain the belief, at the time of the parliamentary debates on the Vaccination Bill of 1898, that glycerinated calf lymph and domiciliary vaccination would rapidly dissipate all reasonable objections to vaccination, even on the part of mothers; whilst there were others who cherished the hope that the concession made to the obstinate recalcitrants who have come to be known as "conscientious objectors," would, at any rate, allay the active hostility against vaccination which these persons had so persistently displayed. But these benevolent enthusiasts had reckoned without their host. They evidently knew little or nothing of the history of the agitation against vaccination, and of the part which has been played in it by the body that has for some years been known as the "Anti-vaccination League," but which had previously for many years borne the name of the "Anti-compulsory Vaccination Society."

The history of the origin and growth of the agitation which that Association has so assiduously fostered is a very instructive one, if only as an illustration of how difficult it is to legislate in advance of actual scientific knowledge as well as of public opinion. It also adds something to our experience of what money, opportunely provided by a few wealthy fanatics and judiciously expended, will do to keep such an agitation alive in the face of the most overwhelming evidence of its folly. And there is yet a third piece of instruction which it offers, and that is the curious psychological phenomenon of men of the highest intellectual culture, and of, in other respects, apparently sane minds, being unable or unwilling to appreciate evidence which appears to the rest of the world to be incontrovertible. For it is a gross error to assume that all anti-vaccinists are ignorant

fools, as the pro-vaccinist enthusiast is too much inclined to do. If there were no other name of weight in the intellectual world than that of Alfred Russell Wallace identified with the most flagrant fallacies of the anti-vaccination controversialist, we should be bound to confess, that though ignorance is the fertile soil in which these fallacies mostly flourish, it is not an essential condition of their growth.

It will be seen, therefore, that the problem, why the expectations entertained by many as to the solvent effects of the Vaccination Act of 1898 on the anti-vaccination agitation have not been at any rate fully realised, is a many-sided one. That the Act has been so far successful as to reduce in a considerable degree the number of cranks, who are always ready to pose as martyrs, in vaccination as well as in other matters, cannot be denied; and if the provisions which entitle the determined objector to obtain exemption from the requirements of the Vaccination Acts had only been enforced in all places as efficiently as they have been in Liverpool, where it has been recently stated that, as a set off against 15,000 primary vaccinations, there have been only twenty-six exemption certificates granted, the "conscientious objector" would be reduced to a negligible quantity. Indeed, that is the position which he actually occupies at the present time over a very large portion of the country, especially in the rural districts. It is only when we come to the towns, and particularly into those in which, for purely local reasons, the agitation against vaccination has been carried on with much activity, that we find him, or rather her, much in evidence. For reports show, that by far the largest number of exemptions have been granted to mothers, fathers being generally unwilling to apply for them. In places like Leicester and Keighley, where the magistrates have reduced the requirements of the law to a vanishing-point, whole batches of "conscientious mothers" have been not infrequently polished off with a rapidity which is only limited by the time required for the accommodating magistrates to sign the certificates of exemption. That this process is altogether illegal, and that the male parents of children thus nominally exempted could be summoned for default, it seems scarcely possible that any one can doubt who will take the trouble to read the section of the Act which deals with this matter. The parent who is authorised to apply for exemption, on conscientious grounds, is the one "in whose custody the child is"; and, where the father is alive, and living with the mother, he is, both in the eye of the law and in that of common sense, the custodian of his children.

How is it then, it may be reasonably asked, that such a flagrant illegality as this can be so extensively perpetrated as it is, and with the connivance of clerks of petty sessions, who are in all cases solicitors? There appear to be two explanations of this irregularity. In some cases the determination of the magistrates to make things easy for the dissentient parents has probably overborne the legal scruples of their clerks, whilst in others the clerks have discovered a justification for the irregularity in the fact that a section of the Vaccination Act, 1867, provides that "the word parent shall include the father and mother of a legitimate child and the mother of an illegitimate child." But this provision is obviously intended to meet the case where the father is non-resident or non-discoverable, and not to give co-ordinate rights to both father and mother in a matter in which the law has otherwise provided that the father is primarily the custodian of his children. Moreover, the meaning of the word "parent" was still further extended by Section 4 of the Vaccination Act, 1871, to "any person having the custody of the child," so that the whole point in any particular case turns on the question who is legally the custodian of the child? The objectionable practice will, however, probably continue until some vaccination officer has the courage to summon the father of a child, to whose mother an exemption certificate has been granted, before the local magistrates for default, and, in the event of their dismissing the summons, to call upon them to state a case for the decision of the High Court.

The importance of this matter can scarcely be exaggerated. It was the essence of the argument * of the Vaccination Commissioners, when making their recommendation of a concession to "honest" objectors, that vaccination should not be left entirely free even to the parent who "abstains from procuring the vaccination of his child because he believes it will be detrimental to its interests." "If no penalty were attached," they say, "to the failure to vaccinate, it is, we think, certain that a large number of children would remain unvaccinated from mere neglect on the part of their parents, or indisposition to incur the trouble involved, and not because they thought it better in the interests of their children." "A parent," they add, "can have no inherent right under the circumstances to which we have alluded to prevent or neglect its vaccination." The general idea involved in

* This argument will be found stated in secs. 523–527 of the *Final Report of the Commissioners* and will well repay perusal by many critics of the "conscience clause" who have evidently never considered the matter in all its bearings.

the recommendation of the Commissioners, clearly, is that a sufficient penalty shall be imposed on the dissentient parent to make him unwilling to incur the trouble to obtain an exemption unless he "honestly" believes that vaccination would be dangerous to the health of the child. In fact, that it should be distinctly more troublesome to him to obtain an exemption than to have his child vaccinated.

There are several ways in which such a deterrent penalty might have been imposed. The device adopted in the Act of 1898, is to require the dissentient parent to make a statutory declaration before a bench of magistrates, whom he must satisfy that his objection is a "conscientious" one. If he refuses or neglects to do this there is a higher penalty in reserve ; he may be summoned by the vaccination officer before the magistrates and fined in a sum not exceeding 20*s*. And there his liability to penalty ends ; he cannot be fined again. It may, therefore, be logically assumed that in order to carry out the recommendation of the Commissioners, the trouble involved in obtaining an exemption should be not much if at all less costly than a fine of 20*s*.

Looked at from this point of view, it can scarcely be claimed that a practice which allows a father to shirk the responsibility the law imposes upon him by allowing his wife to go through the perfunctory process before described, is properly carrying out the recommendations of the Royal Commissioners ; and it is an interesting illustration of the slipshod way in which so much of our legislation is hurried through Parliament, and of its mischievous consequences, that it is only possible to bring under review the action of magistrates who thus so clearly misread the intentions both of the Royal Commissioners and of the Legislature, by the inconvenient process, first of requiring a subordinate local official to call upon the magistrates, who have granted this irregular form of exemption, to stultify themselves by fining a father to whose wife they have granted an exemption, and then, if they refuse to fine him, by requiring the officer to institute a costly suit in order to compel the magistrates to carry out the law properly. But, until this is done, as it should be done, by the Local Government Board itself, the practice will go on, and many thousands of children, who would be vaccinated if the law were properly carried out, will be excluded from the protection which vaccination would give them, simply because their mothers dislike to incur the slight trouble of a fractious infant for a few days, or because, from some ignorant prejudice, they or their husbands "don't hold with vaccination."

There would be less reason for being concerned about this

magisterial eccentricity if, as is the case in Germany and some other countries, the child who has escaped vaccination in infancy were again brought under the purview of the law when it arrives at the school age. There would then be the chance either of finding the objecting parent dead, or that, for one reason or another, his scruples had ceased to exist. One of the blunders made by the Government in connection with the Vaccination Act of 1898 was, not in accepting the so-called "conscience" clause, but when they did so, as they ought frankly to have done when they drafted their Bill, in not fencing it round with such safeguards as would have made its drawbacks considerably less even than they are at present. One of these should have been that the concession should not have been made in the form of a permanent exemption, as it is at present, but only of a temporary suspension of the requirements of the law; leaving them to be revived when the child entered the door of the school. If the parent then still remained obdurate, a final *locus pœnitentiæ* should have been left for him when the child was about to leave school. Had this treble process of filtration been adopted very few children would have failed to be caught in the meshes of the nets through which they would have had to pass, and in that case our adolescent population would be better protected than it can be under the present arrangement.

But, after all, the number of children throughout the country, as a whole, who escape vaccination as a result of exemptions granted under the conscience clause is very small in comparison with those who fail to come under the hands of the public vaccinator through the neglect of Boards of Guardians and vaccination officers to do their duty in summoning defaulters. For some years prior to 1898 there had been a steadily increasing decline in the annual returns of infant vaccination in most parts of the country; partly due to the increased activity of the propaganda carried on by the Anti-vaccination League, but mainly to the unwillingness of many Boards of Guardians, especially in towns of a certain size, to enforce infant vaccination. For this dereliction these Boards generally urged as an excuse that they were waiting for the report of the Royal Commission. When the report appeared, as it did in 1896, these waiters on Providence obtained two more years reprieve from doing their duty by alleging that they wanted to see, before they took any action, what the Government were going to do in the way of legislation. In 1898 the new Act was passed, and every excuse for procrastination was removed. But then a fresh phase of the policy of dilatoriness was

developed, and, curiously enough, through the action of the Local Government Board itself.

Up to 1898 the Local Government Board had not only acted in all its relations with Boards of Guardians, as vaccination authorities, on the assumption that it was the Guardians, and not their servant the vaccination officer, with whom rested the responsibility of putting the coercive powers of the law in regard to vaccination defaulters into force, but it had explicitly advised Boards of Guardians, as to the conditions under which they should exercise this power, in the well-known "Evesham letter," and on other occasions. To the general surprise of the local authorities, and to the no small indignation, real or affected, of many of them, the Whitehall authority suddenly performed a complete *volte face*, in a circular letter issued soon after the passing of the Vaccination Act in 1898. In this letter, and in subsequent communications, the Board informed the local authorities that, as the result of a recent decision in the High Court, the vaccination officer was entirely independent of the instructions of his employers, the Board of Guardians, in the matter of enforcing the coercive provisions of the Vaccination Acts; that it was his duty to undertake the prosecution of vaccination defaulters whether his Board instructed him to do so or not; and that if he were instructed not to do so it was his duty to disregard such interference. When, in addition to this somewhat bewildering information, Boards of Guardians learned, as they soon did, that the vaccination officer, their servant, could not only prosecute vaccination defaulters in defiance of their instructions to the contrary, but that he could instruct solicitors or brief counsel and send the bill of costs into them, and that they were bound to pay it, one can easily understand, and to some extent sympathise with, the outraged feelings with which the Guardians contemplated this official *bouleversement*. Mr. Bumble himself was scarcely more indignant when he was asked by Oliver Twist for "more."

It must, of course, be conceded that in face of the judicial decision to which the Local Government Board referred in the letter in question, there was no alternative to their issuing these instructions, however inconsistent they were with the policy on which the Board had acted for so many years; but one may, nevertheless, be permitted to wonder at the want of legal introspection that had prevented a great Government department, which is so largely occupied in the consideration of difficult legal problems, from recognising at an earlier date than it did that the interpretation of the law, which was ultimately laid down by

Justices Wright and Bruce, in the well-known case of Bramble *v.* Love, might possibly be the correct one and of ordering its policy accordingly. But whatever view may be taken on this point, the fact is not affected that the letter in question completely changed what may be called the *venue* of obstruction on the part of the Anti-vaccination League, some of the astute wire-pullers of which were not slow to take advantage of this new opening for carrying on their guerrilla warfare and to arrange their tactics accordingly.

Their cue was now to subordinate their opposition to vaccination itself to an effort to excite Boards of Guardians to rebel against what was represented as a grossly unconstitutional attempt to over-ride the rights of local self-governing authorities. Conferences were held, nominally to effect a concerted demonstration against this alleged attempt to coerce the representatives of the ratepayers, but really to strengthen the hands of the anti-vaccinating elements on the Boards in continuing the Fabian policy which they had been pursuing with so much success for so many years, to embroil the Boards, if possible, with the central authority at Whitehall, and to intimidate the vaccination officers from doing their duty.

It is not to be wondered at that under the influence of this ingenious manœuvre, these latter officials never, as a body, too enthusiastic in the discharge of what are at the best troublesome, unpopular, and ill-remunerated duties, should have availed themselves of this further excuse for not prosecuting defaulters. Had things continued much longer in this *impasse* the whole machinery for promoting vaccination would soon have come to a standstill, for even those vaccination officers who had been carrying out their duties with efficiency would have gradually become discouraged when they saw that so many of their colleagues were able to flout the law with impunity.

At this juncture the Local Government Board again appeared upon the scene, in the *rôle* of a sort of *Deus ex machinâ*, for the purpose of cutting the knot into which the whole administration of vaccination was getting tied up. The medical inspectors of the Board were instructed to visit localities in which the vaccination officers had persistently neglected their duty, and to inform them that unless they proceeded to carry out the law against defaulters the Board would call upon them to resign. The result of this interposition has been that some vaccination officers who were unwilling to "face the music" of prosecuting large numbers of parents who had been allowed to get, in some cases, into years of default, resigned, whilst others have intimated to their Boards,

with the best grace they could, their intention to carry out their obligations, and, as a consequence, the prosecution of vaccination defaulters has of late been going on in most parts of the country with an activity that has not been shown for many years past. As a further consequence of this activity, in many places where infant vaccination had been for a long time practically at its lowest possible ebb, the tide is beginning to flow freely again, for directly the great bulk of the defaulting parents, who belong to the two categories designated by the Royal Commissioners as the "indolent" and the "indifferent," recognised that the vaccination officers meant business, they exhibited the discretion of the American colonel's 'coon and proceeded rapidly to climb down. It was the old nursery tag in a new version : the stick had begun to beat the dog, the dog began to bite the cat, and so on through the well-known *catena* of events, and there seems every probability that the old lady who is enthroned at Whitehall as the *bona dea* of vaccination will arrive at her destination at last.

From this unavoidably lengthy summary of facts, which are not generally known, but which must be understood to appreciate the true inwardness of this complicated question, it will be seen that what has been chiefly wanted to make the vaccination mills grind is motor power. That power can only come from two sources : the central or the local authorities. Had the Local Government Board addressed the vaccination officers of the kingdom immediately after the passing of the Act of 1898, at the same time that it despatched its circular letter to Boards of Guardians, and intimated to them generally, as distinctly as it has lately done, that they must be prepared to prosecute vaccination defaulters or resign, the returns of successful vaccinations during the last four years would have been much more satisfactory than they have been.

The Board would probably urge in justification of its delayed action in this matter that it was expedient to give the local authorities and their officers the opportunity of showing that they were prepared to carry out their duties, as many of them have loyally done. But the experience has been useful as proving that although the local administration of vaccination must, for reasons which it is impossible to discuss here, be entrusted to local authorities, it cannot with safety be left to them indiscriminately without a strong central authority as the governing wheel of the whole machinery, by which it can be set and kept in motion in spite of local apathy or resistance.

Want of motor-power, however, is not the only defect with which the administration of vaccination has had to contend. The

machinery by which vaccination has been administered is equally defective. When it was first designed, more than half a century ago, it was not only good for its purpose, as is shown by the excellent work it did for some years, until the agitation against vaccination came to be definitely organised, but it was the only machinery at that time available. It is now entirely obsolete, and wants thorough re-casting. Since the date when Boards of Guardians and their officers were entrusted with the administration of vaccination the whole machinery of sanitary administration has come into existence, and it cannot be contended that there is the least justification for any longer divorcing vaccination from the other modes of preventing and arresting the spread of infectious disease which the law has placed in the hands of sanitary authorities.

An objection has been raised to the proposed transfer of the administration of vaccination to these authorities, that even where they are not practically the same bodies, as they largely are in rural districts, they are elected under similar conditions and would be amenable to the same paralysing influences. To some extent this is true ; but, as those who have had experience in this matter are well aware, even a Board of Guardians, when it sits as a District Council and has to deal with sanitary matters, though it may not be able entirely to dissociate itself from the traditions and influences which determine its action as a pauper authority, is much more alive to its responsibilities as the custodian of the public health than it can be expected to be in its other capacity. And one reason for this is the fact that in one case it has at its elbow the Medical Officer of Health whilst in the other it has not.

Where, as in urban districts, the District Council is elected mainly to deal with sanitary matters, and especially where it works, as it does in all but the smallest urban districts, through a sanitary committee, what may be called its sanitary instincts are strong enough to make it independent of the influences which can be brought to bear on Boards of Guardians. And if the Local Government Board were to retain the control over the vaccination officer, which it at present possesses, there would be ample provision to meet such contingencies as might possibly occur in towns in which, like Leicester and Keighley, the *genius loci* has for years been inimical to vaccination.

But it may be said, if the administration of vaccination is to be made so much more effective than it has been of late years, by enforcing the requirements of the law indiscriminately in all parts of the country, what will be the effect on the "conscientious objector ?" Will it not drive many parents who have hitherto,

through the neglect of duty by the vaccination officer, escaped the prosecution to which they have rendered themselves liable into the ranks of the objectors, and so increase greatly the number of children who, by being unvaccinated, constitute a serious peril in our midst? There are several replies to this question. In the first place, actual experience does not seem to justify the expectation. The case of Liverpool has already been quoted, in which, whilst 15,000 children have been vaccinated, only twenty-six certificates of exemption have been granted. Birmingham is also another case in point. Notwithstanding the radical proclivities of the inhabitants of the midland metropolis, and the fact that the president of the Anti-vaccination League makes his headquarters there, and constantly reminds the public of the fact by inditing from there the full-flavoured anti-vaccination manifestoes with which he favours the press, it has been recently officially stated that as against 17,472 children who were born in 1900, only seventy-seven exemption certificates were granted.

If we take the statistics of the whole of England and Wales for the year 1898, the latest available, it appears that out of 923,050 children who were born in the year, and were alive at the date of the return, only 20,341, or 2.23 per cent., were exempted on the ground of conscientious objection; whilst 181,830 or 21.5 per cent., were "unaccounted for," *i.e.*, were defaulters who had not been dealt with by the vaccination officer.

From these figures it is evident that, even under the present comparatively lax *régime*, the percentage of children who escape vaccination, through the alleged conscientious objection of their parents to vaccination, is by no means relatively large; and if we take into consideration that a considerable proportion of these exemptions were illegally granted to mothers in places like Leicester, Gloucester, Keighley, &c., where the anti-vaccination agitation is still very active, we should probably find the number reduced by at least 50 per cent. under an efficient system of vaccination administration.

Let us see what such a system would represent.

1. It should embody the constitution of the District Council (or the County Council in County Boroughs) as the vaccination authority in the place of the Board of Guardians, and, with this, the necessary recognition of the Medical Officer of Health as the superintendent of vaccination in its medical aspects.

2. As opportunity offers, vacancies in the ranks of vaccination officers should be filled up by the appointment, unless there were special reasons against so doing, of sanitary inspectors or of school-attendance officers to the post.

3. The duty of prosecuting defaulters should remain, as at present, in the hands of the vaccination officer, subject to the instructions either of the clerk to the Council, or of the Superintendent Registrar (either of whom is generally a solicitor), and under the direct control of the Local Government Board.

4. A parent who claimed exemption for his infant child from vaccination, on the ground of conscientious objection, should be notified, when the child first entered school and was found to be unvaccinated, that it would be vaccinated by the public vaccinator unless he obtained a further suspension of its vaccination under the same conditions as at first.

5. Before a child became exempt from school attendance, the parent should be again notified, if it was still unvaccinated, that a further and final exemption (so far as the parents' liability was concerned) was required, and that, if the child had been already vaccinated at a greater interval than eight years, it would be re-vaccinated unless he obtained a formal exemption, such as is required in infancy.

Under this system of steady pressure, exerted on parents from the birth of their children up to thirteen or fourteen years of age. by officials who have a direct sanitary interest in promoting vaccination, because it diminishes the trouble and anxiety to which they are exposed by outbreaks of small-pox, and under the supervision of the County Council and the ultimate control of the Local Government Board, it is certain, in the first place, that infant vaccination would be greatly increased. It is highly probable, in the second place, that the conscientious objector would be reduced.to a more insignificant position than that which he already occupies. And, lastly, the wise policy recommended by the Royal Commissioners, and adopted by the Government in the Vaccination Act of 1898, of preventing the determined and, as we must believe, the "honest" objector to vaccination from posing as a martyr, and thus attaching to himself a sympathy and a following which have done infinite harm to the cause of vaccination, would be consummated. No one who is familiar with the history of the agitation against vaccination can doubt that the steady and presistent prosecution of this policy would in time cut the ground from under the feet of the Anti-vaccination League.

But we must not forget that, as the judicious and farseeing president of the late Royal Commission remarked to the present writer shortly before his lamented death, "we are paying the penalty of years of neglect and mismanagement of this question; and we must be very patient in our attempts to remedy the

mischief that has been done. We want to educate rather than to coerce." Our motto should be : "There is no compulsion, only you ought."

It is only necessary to add that what has been thus written deals only with a limited aspect of vaccination administration, and that there are various other matters which call urgently for alteration or improvement before this highly complicated and debatable subject can be said to be put upon a footing commensurate with its importance and with the best interests of society.

FRANCIS T. BOND, M.D. Lond.

The Administration of Vaccination.—At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Jenner Society it was resolved, that in view of the provisional character of the Vaccination Act of 1898, and of the unanimous recommendation by the Royal Commissioners on Vaccination, that the existing State machinery for administering vaccination should be maintained on lines which, up to a certain point, were followed in that Act, it is desirable, as a preliminary to the further legislation which must be adopted next year, in fulfilment of the promise made by the Government in regard to re-vaccination, and in consequence of the termination of the experimental period for which the Act was passed, that a comprehensive and careful inquiry should be made into the working of the administrative machinery by which vaccination is promoted, as well as into the results of the Act itself.

THE ALLIANCE WITH JAPAN

ONE day in the year 1859 Monsieur Drouyn de Lhuys, at a very critical moment in the diplomatic controversy which preceded the outbreak of the Franco-Austrian War, was discussing the international situation with Lord Clarendon. The second administration of Lord Derby was then in office, Lord Malmesbury being Foreign Secretary. "I sigh," said the French statesman, "for one hour of Lord Palmerston." He went on to say that he had often suffered much from that great Englishmen, but he added: "His merits, his sagacity, his courage, his trustworthiness, are invaluable." As long as Lord Palmerston lived and retained his full vigour, the Foreign Policy of England was consistent and intelligible. The more that policy is investigated and challenged, the more clearly will it appear to be sound and true. The instinct of the nation has always felt this. At various times of crisis since his death, whenever intelligent Englishmen have talked together about public affairs, one has often heard in the course of conversation some one exclaim, "Oh! for one hour of Lord Palmerston." Nearly forty years have elapsed since that tempestuous October day in 1865, when he was laid near Chatham in the northern transept of Westminster Abbey. From that time to this it is hardly too much to say that the Foreign Policy of England has been as remarkable for weakness, irresolution and nescience, as it was for strength, courage and intelligence in the days when he directed it. The inevitable consequence of the absence of method in our dealings with neighbouring nations, and of our insular reluctance to face the responsibility entailed by formal and binding compacts, which seemed the height of wisdom to the pundits of the Manchester school, has been to place Great Britain in a position of dangerous isolation. Every serious political thinker at home and abroad possessing any knowledge of Europe has for years perceived that such continued isolation must ultimately result in a coalition against this country.

A welcome change seems to have come at last, not over the

wishes or spirit of those who, like the present writers, have long been in revolt against the dead weight of obsolete traditions which appeared to dominate our councils as completely as the maxims of the Mandarins paralyse the power of China, but in the minds of some, at any rate, of the statesmen responsible for British Foreign Policy. This is indicated by the announcement in the middle of February that on January 30 an Agreement had been signed by Lord Lansdowne, the British Foreign Secretary, on behalf of this country, and Baron Hayashi, the Japanese Minister in London, on behalf of Japan, hardly less important than, and scarcely to be distinguished from, the Austro-German Agreement or the Franco-Russian Alliance. It is in effect an offensive and defensive alliance, of the approved European type, between the British Empire and Japan. It is one of the most momentous events of this generation, if only because it necessarily marks the close of our policy of drift. That Lord Lansdowne, who has grasped occasion by the hand, is conscious that he has opened a new chapter in British diplomacy, is clear from the pregnant and prescient speech in which he expounded the Agreement in the House of Lords. We make no apology for reproducing the text of this important pronouncement, which should be weighed in Continental Chanceries with no less care than the Agreement itself :

I think it is true that in recent years international agreements involving assistance on the part of this country to other Powers have been generally regarded with considerable suspicion and misgiving; but I say frankly we are not going to be deterred by these considerations, or to admit for a moment that because this agreement does involve a new departure it is therefore open to adverse criticism. I do not think that any one can have watched the recent course of events in different parts of the world without realising that many arguments of undoubted weight generations ago have ceased to be entitled to the same consideration now. What do we see on all sides? We observe a tendency on the part of the Great Powers to form groups. We observe a tendency to ever-increasing naval and military armaments that involve ever-increasing burdens upon the people of those countries where these armaments are accumulated. There is also this—that in these days war breaks out very suddenly, which was not the case in former days, when nations were not, as they are now, armed to the teeth and ready to enter on hostilities at any moment. When we consider these features of the international situation we must surely feel that that country would indeed be endowed with an extraordinary amount of what I might call self-sufficiency which took on itself to say that it would accept, without question, without reservation, the doctrine that all foreign alliances were to be avoided as embarrassing and objectionable. Therefore I would entreat your lordships to look at this matter strictly on its merits, and not to allow your judgments to be swayed by any old formula or old-fashioned superstition as to the desirability of pursuing a policy of isolation for this country.

After this it is surely idle for any of Lord Lansdowne's colleagues, of the outer Cabinet, to attempt to attenuate the Understanding with Japan by suggesting that it is merely a natural consequence of our previous policy, or to insult the intelligence of the community by comparing it, *e.g.*, with the Anglo-German agreement.

In an article entitled "British Foreign Policy," which the present writers contributed to the *National Review* last November, we insisted that, "*the key-stone of British policy in the Far East is a friendly understanding and co-operation with Japan*," and we sketched in outline the policy of which this was the cardinal principle. In the December number of the *National Review* we wrote an amplifying article, "Some Consequences of an Anglo-Russian Understanding," pointing out that the relations between France and Russia, as also those between Great Britain and Japan, must be assumed to be of the closest character:

> It is clearly recognised by all who pretend to take a serious interest in international affairs that the Dual Alliance with the *nation amie et alliée* is the very corner-stone of Russian policy, and foolhardy would be those persons who put themselves in the ridiculous position of even seeming to intrigue against it. Nor is it to be contested that, as regards the Far East, this country is not prepared to consider any policy which does not fully and frankly recognise the legitimate rights and aspirations of Japan.

The co-operation between the British and Japanese Empires being taken for granted, it seemed evident to us that this country would be in a position to promote a settlement of the Manchurian and Corean questions, the powder magazines of the Far East, on lines substantially satisfactory to St. Petersburg and Tokio. We still adhere to the view that the policy we put forward is a sound one, and contrary to hasty and prejudiced views expressed at home, and malicious or ignorant opinions entertained abroad, we feel convinced that these two pressing Far Eastern problems can and will be settled without resort to the rifle, the crack of which is already heard in Berlin, and that the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, so far from endangering peace in those parts will become recognised as one of its principal pillars. By Article 4 of the Agreement the high contracting parties "agree that neither of them will, without consulting the other, enter into separate arrangements with another Power to the prejudice of the interests protected by the Treaty." In other words there are to be no treacherous reinsurance agreements with third parties of the Bismarckian type. But this does not affect any policy which commends itself to intelligent Englishmen, as it has never been urged, so far as we know, that Great Britain should enter into any Far Eastern arrangements to which Japan was not a party.

That, at any rate, has consistently been the view upheld by the writers of these articles. Article 4, as regards Manchuria for example, may be interpreted as meaning that Russia would have to deal formally with England and Japan, but in any event she would have had to deal informally with these Powers. Nations doing business with the Franco-Russian alliance have not found that the alliance has tended to make the allies intractable or menacing, nor is there the least likelihood of the present arrangement exercising a pernicious influence on the policy of London or Tokio. Those persons completely misjudge the Japanese who imagine, or pretend to imagine, that they are panting to undertake some wild-cat scheme which shall make them the talk of the world. What Japan has sought, and what we believe she has found in the alliance with England, is not an opportunity for embarking on adventure, but exactly what France sought in concluding her alliance with Russia, and what every Power desires, viz., security for her peaceful development.

We do not pretend to say that it is easy to reconcile the interests of Russia and Japan in Northern China and Corea. The Japanese nation regard the establishment of Russia in Manchuria with considerable resentment, which is partly due to the manner in which they themselves were deprived of the legitimate fruits of their victory over China by being ejected from territory now occupied by Russia on the pretext that Japan's presence on the mainland was a menace to the independence of China and the peace of the Far East. What then is Russia? Then, again, the Japanese have been greatly aggravated in recent years by the unreasonable refusal of the Russian Government frankly to recognise their vital stake, political as well as commercial, in Corea. The notorious efforts of Russian diplomacy to obtain a naval base from the Corean Government almost in sight of the shores of Japan have not unnaturally made the very worst impression on a community already injured in their *amour propre* by the Port Arthur episode. Nevertheless, "the desire to maintain the *status quo* and general peace in the extreme East" declared in the Preamble as being the object of the new agreement, must be taken as signifying the *status quo* under existing treaties, which applies to Manchuria no less than to Corea. That Russia has the right under her conventions with China to maintain armed forces in Manchuria for the protection of her railways is a fact which England and Japan have had before them during the recent negotiations. Those who have convinced themselves that Japan and England are about to serve a notice of eviction on Russia are simply allowing their wishes to run away with their thoughts.

Indeed, we will hazard the prediction that as soon as Russia unreservedly recognises the *fait accompli* in Corea, and abandons all furtive designs upon that kingdom, the *fait accompli* in Manchuria will be frankly recognised by the Allies. It must be remembered that the Cabinet of St. Petersburg has steadily disclaimed any desire to incorporate Manchuria in the Empire of the Tsar. It is therefore surely not beyond the wit of man and the resources of statesmanship to come to some arrangement satisfactory to Russia. In consideration of Russia's abandonment of all pretensions as regards Corea, Japan might be willing, in conjunction with Great Britain, to recognise the claim of Russia to regularise her position in Manchuria.

The Germans, with their usual skill in exploiting opportunities, were quick to pronounce the Anglo-Japanese Alliance as being exclusively directed against Russia, and as inevitably precipitating the conflict for which the statesmen of Berlin have worked and plotted for a generation. But as a matter of fact the new Treaty renders an immense service to Russia by putting an effectual stopper on all schemes for the partitioning of China, a policy to which she has consistently declared her hostility, and we are likely to hear little or nothing more of the idea of the "German India" which was to be carved out of China as a necessary consequence of the "Yangtse Agreement" into which our Government was cleverly inveigled by Count von Bülow. From the British point of view one of the many attractions of this new departure in our foreign policy is that it recognises the unwisdom of our relying upon Germany, a Power which within very recent times was officially described in the House of Commons as our "ally" in the Far East. We have wisely if tardily renounced the policy of paying blackmail to Germany. If Russia is sufficiently wise to follow our example, the "honest broker" of Berlin will find his occupation gone.

It would not be surprising if the negotiations we have foreshadowed as likely to take place between Russia, Japan and Great Britain paved the way for a subsequent agreement of a still more comprehensive character between the Cabinet of St. James' and the Government of the Tsar, embracing questions in which Japan takes no interest. Frantic efforts are being made in many quarters to prove that in consequence of this Alliance with Japan all hope of an understanding between England and Russia must once and for all be abandoned. This, however, is not the opinion of British statesmen, and we observe that Mr. Balfour, in recommending the Anglo-Japanese Agreement to the House of Commons went out of his way to emphasise the importance of an Anglo-

Russian *rapprochement*. Indeed, he has never spoken so strongly on the subject, and he is said to have been recently emancipated from illusions as regards Germany :

> I entirely concur with what fell from the right hon. gentleman when he said that he desired that this country should be on friendly and cordial terms with Russia, and that there should be no lack of confidence dividing the Governments of those two countries. There is no wish dearer to the heart of his Majesty's Government. We are most anxious for that result. The dangers which this treaty guards against are the dangers of an adventurous policy, of which his Majesty's Government are very far from suspecting the Russian Government in the Far East.

In the opinion of careful and dispassionate students of international affairs, who refuse to allow their judgment to be poisoned by the political miasma of Berlin, and who decline to sacrifice British interests and to subordinate British policy to unchristian prejudices against "pagan" Powers, the present Alliance, so far from hindering England from coming to a general settlement with Russia, will, if properly directed, lead to that very end. In the event of such an arrangement in the Far East as we have suggested, Russia would at once be relieved from the fear of interruption in the work of developing her dominions in Asia, where there is certainly room for all Powers who have already acquired serious vested interests, which we may say in passing does not cover the preposterous position assumed by the Germans at Shanghai.

As to other parts of the world, we reiterate what we said three months ago, that it is for Russian statesmen to determine whether in the present condition of their industries, their agriculture and their finance, it would not be worth making an effort to come to such an arrangement with England as might conceivably enable them to obtain an outlet from their Trans-Caucasian-Siberian Railways on the Persian Gulf, and would likewise immensely facilitate the prosecution of their historical mission in the Balkans. Then we have also to consider the gratification of Russian aspirations as regards the Dardanelles. England is now in a stronger position than she was for dealing with these two questions, but in this case strength does not mean unreasonableness, for there has developed latterly in the minds of the British nation a serious and continually growing desire to terminate the troublesome relations which have existed between England and Russia since the Crimean war. This feeling is steadily permeating our statesmanship, and found expression, as we have seen, in Mr. Balfour's speech. Great Britain is prepared to deal with Russian interests

in an impartial and friendly manner, and to take a more reasonable view of Russian ambitions than hitherto. For instance Englishmen recognise and appreciate the veneration with which the great mass of the Russian people regard the holy city on the Bosphorus whence they received the Gospel. We can understand the political and commercial reasons that render Russian statesmen anxious that the key of the passage from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean should be in Russian keeping. All whom it may concern should know that England has no intention whatever of allowing her supremacy in the Mediterranean to be jeopardised, but the view is held in some quarters that Russia's possession of the Dardanelles, while securing for her naval supremacy in the Black Sea, need not necessarily affect our position in the Mediterranean, provided always that we maintain our navy at its proper strength. Why then should we sacrifice the bones of a single bluejacket in order to prevent another Power from obtaining something which we do not want merely because she does want it? Russia's ownership of Constantinople is a matter of comparative indifference to us, though doubtless if she attempted to seize it to-day, Germany would order Austria to declare war against her, and would call upon us to commit a similar folly, and possibly to-morrow German interests in the Near East may have so far developed that the possession of Constantinople may become a Teutonic objective. But that is no affair of ours.

We are often told, both by Russians and Englishmen, that the great statesman to whom reference has been made in the opening sentences of this paper was the incarnation of the idea that English and Russian interests are irreconcilable. We are unable to discover any authority for this view. At all events, as long ago as 1847 Lord Palmerston was distinctly of opinion that England should make up her mind to consider Persia as so dependent on Russia that the latter country could make use of the former as she desired. That was Lord Palmerston's view of the position of things as regards Persia in 1847. He expressed it, among other occasions, in a letter to Lord John Russell, who was then Prime Minister, written on June 9 in that year. We cannot help thinking that, were he now in charge of the Foreign Office, he would rather direct his attention to prepare for the inevitable advance of Russia to the Gulf than assume an attitude which must, if persevered in, lead to the humiliation of England at the hands both of Russia and Germany as in the Gulf of Pechili. This disastrous solution has been brought one stage nearer by the recent convention between Germany

and Turkey providing for the prolongation of the Baghdad Railway.

The alliance with Japan, so far from hindering reasonable relations with Russia, may rather promote and further them. That certainly will be the result if the Foreign Office is guided for any time in the spirit of Palmerston, and if Russian statesmen decline to be deluded by Powers and Personages who are equally inimical to Russia and England.

A, B, C, Etc.

GREATER BRITAIN

SOUTH AFRICA—THE SITUATION AT THE CAPE

A *Times* correspondent, who landed in Cape Town at the close of last year, feeling "puzzled and depressed" by "the darkness which still seemed to overlie the military situation in the Cape Colony," was able after a sojourn of some weeks in the country to send a comparatively favourable report from Johannesburg on January 18, but one which, nevertheless, contains food for serious reflection. "At a distance from the actual scene and with no knowledge to restrain and guide the working of imagination except that it had recently become necessary to proclaim martial law in Cape Town and the other ports, one had conjured up all manner of political dangers to add complication to the perplexing military problem, and it was with feelings of no small relief, then, that I gradually found myself able to come to the conclusion that the situation was altogether much less alarming than it had seemed at a distance." Then follows a careful examination of the military problem. By the middle of January the Midlands of Cape Colony had been cleared of the enemy, with the exception of a few helpless stragglers and the scattered remnants of Kritzinger's commando—nevertheless we have lately heard of the Wessels' inroad into those parts. In the difficult country to the north and east of Dordrecht there were a few commandoes under Myburg, Fouché, and other roving ruffians, aggregating some hundreds, who had successfully defied every effort to extirpate them. Otherwise the enemy had retired to the vast regions lying to the west of the railway running from Cape Town to Mafeking. This line is already block-housed from Beaufort West to Fourteen Streams, and the system is being extended to Mafeking in the north and Worcester in the south, and when completed there will be a portentous range of block-houses nearly eight hundred miles in length, which should have the effect of confining the disturbance to the western country. This region, though sparsely populated, includes "far more than half the total area of the Colony." In this great wilderness there are

said to be between two and three thousand armed men, and the writer is inclined to think, in spite of the usual stories as to the dwindling of the enemy's forces, and the stereotyped assertion that the local rebels have "very little stomach for fighting," that in view of their numbers, "actual and potential," and the size and character of the country, "it is hardly possible to doubt that there are here all the materials for a prolonged, if desultory, resistance, and that it is here in all probability that the last embers of the war will burn itself out." It is even rumoured that the Boers have founded a new Republic in a mountainous region a hundred miles to the west of Kimberley, where "they are settled in considerable numbers, sowing and reaping at their ease; and, owing to the nature of the country, the clearing of this district alone will involve a considerable effort."

At one time the Boers succeeded in penetrating as far south as Darling, *i.e.*, about forty miles due north of Cape Town, but owing to the newly organised system of Colonial defence and the effective occupation of the Malmesbury and Piquetburg districts, they are not expected to reappear beyond the Berg river. The experiment of creating these defence areas, one in the eastern province and the other in the western province, in country "approximately cleared," and handing them over to the Colonial Government "to occupy and defend them at its own expense and with its own forces," had been attended with considerable success. The western of these two "colonial defence" districts comprises a populous area of about 20,000 square miles in the south-west corner of the colony, excluding, of course, Cape Town and the Cape Peninsula, which remain under direct Imperial military control. The *Times* correspondent was afforded an opportunity through the courtesy of Colonel Crewe, who is in charge of this district, and who, having been a distinguished member of the Cape House, had become "even more distinguished as a soldier," of examining this interesting experiment. These areas are to be gradually extended as the Colonial Government is prepared to undertake the responsibility, and Colonel Crewe's policy is "to hold the country behind him, as he advances, by the organisation of local squadrons, who shall police the settled districts and at the same time act as a reserve to his fighting forces." The latter consist of the Cape Police, the Western Provincial Mounted Rifles, the Colonial Light Horse, and the Peninsula Horse, a portion of which are pushed forward to the "frontier" of the district, and "by means of supply depôts in the principal villages, and really mobile columns resting on them,"

the commanding officer hopes to be able to hold the line Clanwilliam, Sutherland and Beaufort West. In the more settled country to the east he will spread out until he joins hands with Colonel Lukin, who commands the eastern "colonial district." The writer speaks highly of this movement. "It is satisfactory to watch such a steady advance, even on a small scale, from a fixed base, and country being gradually wrested from the enemy and kept while wrested, as contrasted with the wearisome policy, so often pursued in the past, of clearing a district and then, when clear, abandoning it to the enemy again." It is suggested that this *modus operandi* might be tried with advantage elsewhere.

In Griqualand West, for instance, with Kimberley as base and the Orange River and the block-house railway line as boundaries; or again, in the country between the Vaal and the Johannesburg-Potchefstroom railways. . . . One cannot help feeling that the system of supply depôts with really mobile columns resting on them—especially if the supply depôts were also remount depôts—might have been a useful complement to, or even in some areas a substitute for, the slow and costly method of enclosure by means of block-houses.

We get a graphic glimpse of one of Colonel Crewe's columns, composed mainly of Cape Police, on the move through the sand veldt.

Without a single wheeled vehicle in the column, without even pack-horses, the men started with a supply of elementary groceries in their saddle-bags, covered with ease nearly forty miles on the first day through a difficult country, requisitioned meat and forage on payment as they went along, and remained out seven days before returning to their supplies. One could not doubt that, with the same mobility and independence everywhere, there would soon be no room for Boers in South Africa.

The same writer points out that the resources of the Colonial Government, both in men and money, are insufficient to make any real impression on the great disturbed area, already described, to the West of the railway. Lord Kitchener apparently proposes to leave this region to work out its own salvation, or in other words to be a little hell apart, until he has completed his present labours in the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal. But one serious resolution has already been taken, viz., to build a line of block-houses over three hundred miles in length, from Victoria West through Calvinia to the sea, for which there may be good reasons, though it is not easy to discover a justification for "the boxing up of men and the expenditure of money it must involve." The enemy will have ample space to the north and south, and a weak line of immense length, unsupported by any railway, can hardly be regarded as a serious barrier. If a light railway were to be an element in this extension, some permanent advantage would be gained, and to this the Colonial

Government would probably be willing to contribute. The *Times* correspondent hazards this opinion: "But one is inclined to suspect that, in our usual English fashion, having got hold of a good idea and found the block-houses useful for certain specific purposes, we may be tempted to ride our hobby-horse to death and apply the idea where the conditions are less suitable." A dispassionate examination of the whole situation in Cape Colony, and Cape Colony, remember, is only one of the three areas of conflict, in each of which tolerably similar conditions prevail, ends with an appeal to people at home "to realise the magnitude of the task which is still before us, and the necessity of making a strenuous effort to complete the task or to reduce it to small proportions" in the South African winter. While maintaining our infantry, now needed for holding the block-houses, to at least its present strength, we should "pour as large a number as possible of fresh and serviceable mounted men into the country." This appeal is enforced by the old familiar argument, which has lost none of its cogency, though it has never yet succeeded in getting official hearing. "If the war is over before the winter begins, well and good—the expenditure will have been justified as a measure of insurance." But on the other hand "if we assume that it will be over and fail to make adequate preparations for its continuance, we may again have to pay dearly for our optimism." The people of Cape Colony apparently regard the prolongation of the conflict with almost as much equanimity as English Cabinet Ministers, but for more intelligible reasons. Largely owing to the war expenditure the Colony, as a whole, is enjoying fair prosperity, particularly the towns in which the bulk of loyalists are concentrated. The administration of martial law in Cape Town is "of the very mildest character," while in the country districts it has recently been transferred to civil magistrates acting under the general supervision of military administrators. But if the pressure of the war upon the loyal population is mitigated by material conditions, the same thing may be said of those who are not loyal. The comfortable assertion that the ravages of the invaders are alienating the sympathies of Colonial Africanders is not unfortunately borne out by the facts, as their operations have only affected comparatively small areas, and they have been more than counterbalanced by the increased price of forage and other produce which has enriched the disloyal farmer, no less than the loyal.

In the face of such trustworthy accounts, of which there is abundant corroboration, we own to being mystified at the attitude

of the War Office. From the front there comes, not only from civilian correspondents, but also unofficially from the military, a steady stream of appeals for more infantry to man the block-houses and for more mounted men to catch the Boers, so that the struggle may be definitely closed during the coming winter. It is obvious that the block-house system, which means more men, and which at this distance we should not take upon ourselves to criticise, is being extended in every direction. But we hear no murmur from Ministers of the preparation of any serious mounted force—*e.g.*, 20,000 men—of the organisation of adequate reliefs for our many "fed-up" battalions, or of any provision for the garrisoning of the many hundred miles of additional block-houses in course of construction. On the contrary, Mr. Brodrick's memorandum explaining the Army Estimates for the current financial year actually anticipates a reduction of £23,000,000 sterling in the expenditure, while the *personnel* of our army in South Africa is to be reduced by no less than 30,000 men, *i.e.*, from 230,000 to 200,000. Whether the block-house policy is sound or not, every extra block-house requires six or seven extra men, and as block-houses are useless if more than a thousand yards apart, the reader can work out for himself the additional strain which the construction of several hundred miles of block-houses imposes on our forces. Let him reconcile, if he can, Mr. Brodrick's forecast with the elementary facts. The Government, however, still refuse to recognise that in war results cannot be produced without preparation. Ministers prefer to believe that the war is to collapse suddenly through some mysterious and unforeseen agency. Curiously enough, this *deus ex machinâ* has been expected to appear, both by the Boer and the British Governments, ever since the first shot was fired, but, though it has steadily receded into the distance, it has never lost its hold over either set of votaries. Among the Boers it is known by the name of "foreign intervention," or "the act of God"; it has no name with us, but is habitually expressed in the sentence which has been heard on every side for two years and a half—"The Boers are about to throw up the sponge." They ought to have surrendered yesterday, they happen not to be surrendering to-day, but they are bound to surrender to-morrow. Therefore no preparations for the future are necessary.

THE MOVEMENT AGAINST DE WET.

The outstanding military event of the past month was the great combined movement against De Wet, carried out under the immediate supervision of Lord Kitchener, in the north-eastern

part of the Orange River Colony. As usual the wily guerilla was able to save his bacon, but the operations may be pronounced a substantial success when one contrasts the heavy loss inflicted on the Boers with the trivial casualties incurred on our side. At the opening of February there were rumours of the impending enterprise against De Wet, but the nature of the movement was successfully concealed, and we had to wait until the publication of Lord Kitchener's lucid despatch of February 9 in order to appreciate the undertaking. After several days' manœuvring in the country east of the Liebenberg Vlei and Wilge River, the whole force moved on the night of the 5th, forming a continuous line of mounted men on the west bank of the Liebenberg Vlei from Frankfurt as far as Fanny's Home, and thence to Kaffir Kop. At dawn on the following day the entire line advanced west, keeping touch, and held the line of country from Holland on the Heilbron-Frankfurt block-house line to Doornkloof on the Kroonstad-Lindley block-house line. The extent of the operations is thus indicated by the Commander-in Chief: "During the night the whole of this line was held by intrenched outposts fifty yards apart, and columns were also working in advance on the block-house lines to prevent crossing. At dawn the line advanced to the Heilbron-Kroonstad road, the left moving up and joining at Amerika Siding on to the Kroonstad-Wolvehoek blockhouse line." During the night of February 7 this line was still held in the same way, and at dawn on the following morning a general advance was made to the railway block-house line, which had been strengthened to prevent crossings. It appeared that on the 6th De Wet had been successfully encircled, and was within the area enclosed by our troops, but in the words of Lord Kitchener: "At once realising his position, he ordered his men that night to disperse and seek safety. He himself with some men and a herd of cattle made for the Kroonstad-Lindley block-house line, and at 1 A.M. on a very dark night, by rushing cattle at the fence, he broke his way through mixed up with the cattle, losing three men killed and twenty-five horses and a considerable number of cattle." While failing to secure De Wet, Lord Kitchener was able to report that 283 Boers had been killed, wounded, or captured at the cost of only 10 British casualties.

The *Times* Pretoria correspondent fills in a few interesting details, and declares that "the whole movement, from the first feint eastwards, which tempted De Wet, according to expectations, to break west, was a brilliant piece of strategy on the part of the Commander-in-Chief, while the manner of its execution left

nothing to desire." As the sides of the triangle Heilbron-Wolvehoek-Kroonstad, into which the Boers were to be driven, are no less than 36, 66, and 55 miles in length respectively, it is certainly not surprising that the Boers, who were all local men, were able to take advantage of the slightest gaps in the British line. We get a graphic account of the great British machine at work :

Owing to Lord Kitchener's close attention to the details of this big move the railway was rendered such a formidable obstacle for ninety-six miles that even the Boers, hard pressed as they were, shrank from attempting a crossing. The Heilbron line on Friday afternoon presented throughout its whole length the appearance of a field-day. Between the blockhouses the infantry, who had been dropped at intervals on the veldt by train earlier in the day, were busy entrenching, while three columns were distributing themselves over thirty miles. At nightfall two armoured trains deposited more men, and then took up their work of patrolling the line. Once or twice the searchlight revealed a Boer, who was evidently anxious to test the strength of the line. The fusillade that greeted his appearance must have settled any doubts in his mind, for no real attempts were made to cross. At Heilbron, however, a determined attack was made on the defences. This was probably in order to cover the passage of a large body of the enemy through the columns. The main line of railway, while not so closely guarded for its whole sixty-six miles as the Heilbron line, proved sufficiently formidable. Four armoured trains plied up and down, while three stationary searchlights supplemented those on the trains. The spectacular effect, as seen from the armoured trains, was striking. By the side of the railway were the dark forms of men lying in the trenches or standing on sentry duty beyond. The gloom of the moonless night was relieved from time to time by the sweep of the indefatigable searchlights. Rifle fire resounded continually, while now and then a Pom-Pom or a heavier gun announced that the columns near Heilbron were engaged.

At daybreak "the last stage of the drive commenced. The columns on the Heilbron-Kroonstad road swept into the main railway, but it was soon apparent that the Boers had escaped our meshes." All the same, to have captured a sixth part of De Wet's force, which could hardly have exceeded 1800 strong, all told, was no mean achievement, and the Commander-in-Chief is to be warmly congratulated on his success. In his report for the week ending February 10, he was able to announce that 69 Boers had been killed, 17 wounded, while 574 prisoners had been taken and 57 surrendered ; this gives a grand total of 717, which we believe is the largest bag but one that Lord Kitchener has recorded since he took over the command.

Hardly less important than the depletion of De Wet's commandoes is the announcement from Pretoria that Lord Kitchener has granted permission to General Vilonel to raise a Burgher Corps of 1500 men to fight the irreconcilables and their dupes still in the field. General Vilonel commanded at Winburg under

the Boer *régime*, and acquitted himself with some distinction when fighting against us. He is a man of high character, and to be absolutely trusted, and his offer represents the very natural disgust of an increasing number of surrendered burghers at the infatuation of their insensate fellow countrymen, whose motto is "Perish South Africa." The General has written to ex-President Steyn informing him of the formation of this new corps, and telling him that it is the outcome of his obstinacy. Nor is this an isolated movement as the National Scouts, *e.g.*, a corps entirely composed of burghers, commanded by imperial officers, already number several hundred men, have long been serving with our forces, and have shown themselves to be thoroughly reliable, in spite of the terrible penalties inflicted on them by the enemy whenever they happen to be caught, which is not often. According to Mr. Brodrick there are altogether 2000 Boers actively engaged on our side, and General Vilonel's corps will raise the number to 3500. Moreover petitions are coming from deported Boers both in Bermuda and St. Helena expressing their desire to co-operate against those whom they now recognise as the enemies of their country. In a petition presented to the military Governor of Bermuda several months ago, a committee of Boer prisoners, who declared that "we are able to guarantee at least 300 men who are willing to take the oath of allegiance," asked to be allowed to return to South Africa "to assist them in bringing the war to a close," on these grounds :

That we are fully aware of the impossibility of the Boers retaining the independence of the late Republics.

That we are averse to those men still in the field continuing hostilities. We do not sympathise with them, for we consider they are the cause of all the misery and suffering to which our families are subjected, and also the cause of our further detention as prisoners of war. They are mostly rebels, or men who have either broken parole or the oath of neutrality, or otherwise incriminated themselves to such an extent that they remain in the field simply with a view of evading punishment or deportation in case they should fall in the hands of the British.

That we are all practically ruined by the war, and we are anxious to adopt measures that will enable us to make provision for the future.

That we feel justified, and consider it our duty to participate in any movement that might tend to bring an early termination to the war.

That we are anxious to be reconciled with the British Government, of whose well-founded constitution, liberality, justice, and leniency towards their subjects we have now sufficient knowledge to take the oath of allegiance without fear of compromising our prospects in the future, and without fear of later repentance.

From St. Helena a prisoner of war writes as follows :

I have taken a part here which should be a hard knock to Paul Kruger and Co. and pro-Boers if it is published in Europe—viz., I have given up the

names of 276 prisoners of war willing to assist in bringing the struggle to an end, 76 for active service and 200 for garrison duty in towns of districts to which they belong or families are at. It has been accepted by the officer commanding here and forwarded to headquarters, where I hope it will be accepted. It is coming home to these people that the time has come when they must offer to do something themselves to try and bring the thing to an end. Their families are dying out, and the strain of being away not able to do anything is simply making them desperate. Also, seeing there is not the least chance of their gaining anything now by continuing the struggle, they give in and are not alone willing to take the oath but are also willing to show their earnest meaning of it to take this course. I have some large landed proprietors on my list. . . . These 276 names are only from the refuge camp. From the large camp I am sure there are fully 1000 who would do the same if they had the opportunity. . . . I have got such names as Wolmarans, Cronjés, Joostés, Van Wyks, and I believe a nephew of Oom Paul, also named Paul Kruger, and Schumann, who was one of the Civil Commissioners at Johannesburg Court.

The Boer is such a slim being that one is naturally somewhat suspicious of his offers of co-operation; but no doubt is expressed of the *bona fides* of recent offers by those most qualified to form an opinion. This movement of Boers towards Great Britain may develop to such proportions that before long the Boers fighting on our side will outnumber those fighting against us.

THE MURDER OF MORGENDAL.

In his great speech at Chesterfield on December 16, Lord Rosebery, after vindicating the British army against home-made and foreign calumny, declared that if he were to speak about atrocities, "I should turn my attention to those exercised by the other side." He would have a word to say:

about the constant cold-blooded massacres of the natives . . . the flogging of those burghers who have taken the oath of neutrality in order to induce them to perjure themselves . . . the murder of our wounded soldiers on the battlefield, *and, last of all, I should have something to say on that most unspeakable crime, stigmatised as unspeakable from the remotest antiquity, the flogging and the murder of an emissary of peace in cold blood last year.*

We find from a recently published Blue Book that Lord Kitchener, who has adopted throughout the war a singularly dispassionate and even considerate attitude towards the enemy, evidently shares Lord Rosebery's feelings with regard to this outrage. Writing from Pretoria on August 25, 1901, to Mr. Steyn, the British Commander-in-Chief says: "I have been asked by General De Wet why some of his letters have remained unanswered. I beg to inform your Honour that until General De Wet is cleared of complicity in the brutal murder of Mr. Morgendal, you will easily understand that I find it difficult to

carry out any correspondence with him." The same volume contains the recital of this foul deed, and we own to being surprised that it has not attracted more attention in the British press. It is no trivial episode, because, unless General De Wet is able to clear himself, and the *prima* case against him is strong, the painful duty will devolve upon Lord Kitchener of trying De Wet by court-martial and shooting him should he be found guilty. On December 29, 1900, a Boer commandant, Captain Keeve, writing to Commandant Steenekamp, states :

Last evening Messrs. Andries Wessels, Raad Member, and J. Morgendal came from Kroonstad under the Geneva Convention with a white flag. They have with them a notice, which I enclose for your information; they will remain at Paardekraal until Monday, and then return to Kroonstad again. Must I let them go or not? Give immediate orders.

On the following day, December 30, 1900, "Acting Chief Commandant" Froneman replies from Styfontein :

I had inspection of a letter from you of December 29. You are hereby ordered to arrest Messrs. Andries Wessels, ex-Raad Member, and J. Morgendal, and remove or cause them to be removed and brought before me on the farm Vischkop, at the house of Mr. J. J. Booisen, Heilbron district, on Monday, 31st instant, if possible, at 3 o'clock P.M. Leave no means unemployed to take them prisoner.

Then we have a letter dated "In the Field, near Lindley, January 10, 1901," from General De Wet to Mr. Steyn, which runs as follows :

Herewith I enclose a letter from Captain Keeve of 29th ultimo, a copy of Proclamation of Lord Kitchener of 20th ultimo, and free pass from De Bertodano, District Commissioner, Kroonstad, also an order from De Bertodano, District Commissioner, to all Commandants of her Majesty's forces and leaders of the Federal commandoes to let Messrs. A. B. Wessels and J. J. Morgendal pass freely to the Boer commandoes.

Minutes of War Council held at Jagersrust on January 5, 1901, with accompanying declarations, also minutes of War Council held at Lipton, District Bethlehem, on January 9, 1901.

I shall be glad to receive your Honour's and the Executive Council's resolution hereon as soon as possible.

Mr. A. B. Wessels, an ex-Member of the Free State Raad, the companion of Mr. Morgendal on his peace mission, who escaped by extraordinary good luck, subsequently swore an affidavit at Pretoria in which he related the following facts. On Friday, December 28, 1900, he was sent out with Mr. Morgendal by General Knox from Kroonstad with a proclamation "which we had instructions to take to the Boer generals and officers. The proclamation was to the effect that all Boers who came in and surrendered to the British authorities would not be sent away,

but that they with their families would be put into camps and protected." Twenty miles from Kroonstad they met two Boer sentries, whom they requested to inform their officers of their desire to see them on the morrow at Mr. Wessels' farm, Paardekraal. On the following morning several Boers arrived at the farm, and Mr. Wessels and Mr. Morgendal had a private conversation with six officers, who told them to return to Kroonstad, "but before we had gone very far we were told that this order had been countermanded, and that we were to proceed back to my farm." Thence they were to go to Head-Commandant De Wet:

> We found him at the farm, Vechtkop, in the Heilbron district, at which place we arrived on December 31, 1900. Here our papers were taken from us, and we were sent as prisoners to Jagersrust, Heilbron, where we arrived on January 6, 1901. There we came before a military court composed of General Froneman, General (or Commandant) Wessels, and Commandant Steenekamp. Commandant Steenekamp was not present all the time, he being called away during the trial on "veld" duty. The evidence of the six officers with whom I had had a consultation on December 29, 1900, as well as that of one of the sentries we had met just after leaving Kroonstad, was taken. The case was then referred to the higher military court. Before leaving the court General Froneman emphatically warned us that, should we move a step from our cart, we should be shot down.

Mr. Wessels and Mr. Morgendal then accompanied the commando to a farm called Mobelsfontein, where they arrived on the night of January 8, 1901. The following morning while "I (*i.e.*, Wessels) was busy having a wash alongside of our cart, and Morgendal was rolling up his blankets," a report arrived that the British were not far off,

> suddenly General Froneman rode up to us and asked us why we stood there like gentlemen, and why we were not inspanning. He swore at, and cursed us dreadfully, and we, terrified at his behaviour, immediately went off to help with the mules. I was about ten yards ahead of Morgendal. General Froneman continued swearing and cursing us in a most cruel manner, and, before we had gone many yards from the cart, he rode up to Morgendal and commenced beating him from his horse with his riding-whip. Morgendal prayed for mercy, but to no purpose. While Froneman was beating Morgendal, I went on towards the mules. I then saw Froneman ride hurriedly off towards General De Wet, and Morgendal came on towards me. Froneman returned almost immediately, and again began to beat Morgendal unmercifully. I saw him beating Morgendal, but just then turned my head to attend to one of the mules. While I was engaged with this mule, I heard a shot near to where I was standing. Looking round, I saw Morgendal in the act of falling. I then turned to Froneman, who was still sitting on his horse a yard or two from Morgendal. He was holding his rifle at the "ready" position, or in such a position that a man generally holds a rifle after he has fired a shot and brought the rifle down from the "present." Morgendal then moved his head, and Froneman called out "shoot him again."

The deponent adds :

I did not actually see Froneman shoot Morgendal, but as he was the only one near us who had a rifle, and from his manner and behaviour all through I have not the slighest doubt but that he shot him. Froneman then began to curse and swear at me, and with an oath ordered us to put the wounded man in my cart. I, however, protested, saying that I could not put a wounded man in the cart, and he was then put into one of the ambulance waggons. After Morgendal had been shot, we waited for nearly half an hour for orders to move off. We then went to the farm, Philipstown, in the Bethlehem district. At this farm the guard out-spanned my cart near the waggon in which Morgendal was, but on Froneman perceiving this he ordered my cart to be removed some distance from the waggon.

On January 10, 1901, Mr. Wessels was brought before the higher military court, composed of about fifteen officers, and presided over by General De Wet. "I was sentenced to death on the charge of high treason. A petition was, however, got up by my friends, praying that my sentence be commuted, and this petition was sent to President Steyn. I was then sent back to Heilbron, where I remained until about the beginning of May. Before I reached Heilbron I heard unofficially that my sentence had been commuted." Mr. Wessels was unable to ascertain to what his own sentence had been commuted, but on January 20 he heard unofficially that Morgendal had died at Phillipstown from his wound. It will require a good deal more than pro-Boer rhetoric to clear General De Wet of complicity in this horrible outrage, and it is by no means certain that he was not the actual murderer. Then, again, what of the case of Meyer de Kock shot by Botha ? In fact, very serious problems confront Lord Kitchener, who, it may be hoped, will not shrink from meting out justice to criminals—be they high or low.

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF A DIPLOMATIST

OUR MISSION TO CHINA IN 1859

THESE extracts from my personal recollections of the Mission I accompanied to China in 1859 require a few introductory remarks.

Under the third article of the Treaty signed at Tien-tsin on June 26 of the preceding year, the Queen had acquired the right to appoint a diplomatic agent to represent her permanently in the Chinese capital. The Minister selected for this purpose was the Hon. Frederick Bruce, brother of Lord Elgin, the successful negotiator of the Treaty. Mr. Bruce had acted as Secretary of Embassy to his brother during the latter's eventful diplomatic campaign, and had brought home the Tien-tsin Treaty for ratification. The Minister having been named—it was at first intended to confer upon him ambassadorial rank—it became necessary to provide him with a staff. At this time—towards the end of 1858—I was employed as second paid Attaché in H.M. Legation at Vienna, well content with my lot in that delightful capital, and anything but desirous of a transfer from thence. I had been in the service but little over nine years, and had only shortly before attained a rank answering to what would now be termed that of a junior second secretary. I therefore little dreamed of promotion, and still less of a removal to what, in those days, seemed the uttermost parts of the earth.

Family business, consequent on the death of a near relative, had taken me to Paris in November, and here I received the first intimation of an entirely new departure in my career.

My old friend John Bidwell, of the Foreign Office, telegraphed that Lord Malmesbury offered me the Secretaryship of the Embassy in China (the rank at first assigned to the Mission was subsequently reduced), with a salary of £800 a year. I could but jump at such unexpected advancement, although very reluctant to leave Europe in the midst of what happened to be a serious

crisis in the family affairs. My new appointment meanwhile made it indispensable that I should go to England and report myself at the Foreign Office.

Most of my time in London was taken up in preparing for the distant expedition before me. So little comparatively was known of Peking at this period that there was considerable excitement and interest on the subject at the Foreign Office. It was clear that everything had to be taken out there; but if I had listened to one tithe of the advice given me as to what I should supply myself with, I must have filled a good sized steamer with my goods alone. Fortunately I was guided in this respect by my chief, Mr. Bruce, who was in London making his own arrangements to start. My outfit allowance was, however, soon expended. One of my purchases perhaps deserves mention—a square piano, namely, by Broadwood, which was subsequently taken off my hands by my chief, and was, as far as I know, the first instrument of the kind introduced into the mysterious Chinese capital.

Mr. Bruce, for whom I afterwards conceived feelings of the most sincere respect and admiration, did not at first impress me so favourably. The fact was that my appointment was not altogether welcome to him, for the very good reason that he expected but little useful co-operation in the arduous mission before him from so confirmed a European *flâneur* as myself. We got on together far better later on than his first reception of me led me to hope, and it so happened that I came to know him best at a time of exceptional trial, borne with singular fortitude, when he cannot have doubted my desire—however small my ability—to assist and serve him. Two things it was impossible to forget in him: his eyes, which were truly "dark-splendid," in Tennyson's phrase, and his deep, tuneful voice. No one that I can remember ever had at his service more wonderful instruments of persuasion and command. In argument—of which he was very fond—he had a peculiar way of fixing and looking through you, as it were, at the same time bringing his fist down on the table with a vigour that was only equalled by the unadorned emphasis of his language. Everything about the man was grand and massive, and, but for a certain leonine indolence of nature, he must, I think, have achieved great things, had he been spared longer to this world and to his country. Certainly no one was better fitted for dealing with, and brushing aside, so to speak, the puny wiles of Chinese negotiators or the pettifogging chicane of Yankee lawyers.* I may be prejudiced by my admira-

* Sir Frederick Bruce was afterwards Minister to the United States, where he died in 1867 at a comparatively early age.

tion of him, but, as far as I can judge, though less well known to the public than his brilliant and distinguished elder brother, he was decidedly the abler, as he was the more genial and prepossessing, of the two. It was agreed between us that we should rendezvous in Paris for our definitive start for the East in the early spring.

I may incidentally mention that it was during this stay of mine in London that the well-known and popular St. James's Club first came into existence. It owed its origin to some friction at the Travellers, in consequence of which most of the Diplomatic Corps withdrew for a period from that club, and it certainly met a great requirement. At this time it was content with a small house in Albemarle Street, was mostly used by foreigners, and ruled by D'Azeglio, the Sardinian Minister, who was really its founder. Here I first met the Marquis de Jaucourt, of the French Embassy, who, of all Frenchmen of my acquaintance, achieved perhaps the greatest success in English society, and—a strange contrast to him—little Count Corti of the Sardinian Legation. These foreign seceders from the Travellers had previously clubbed and messed together for a few months in a couple of rooms in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, where Jaucourt one day played Corti an amusing practical joke. The latter had a certain amount of fussy importance about him—a failing not uncommon in the junior ranks of diplomacy, but somewhat irritating to his colleagues. He happened to be left in charge of the Legation at a dead time of the year, when nothing was stirring in the political world, and yet had an aggravating habit of getting his letters and despatches brought to him at the diplomatic mess-table, where he would open them with a weighty mien. Jaucourt accordingly laid a trap for him in the shape of a telegram, written on a genuine telegraph form, and inclosed in a regulation envelope, which Corti's servant was instructed to bring to the club at the usual dinner-hour. Of course the members of the mess had been previously let into the secret. Corti opened the telegram, read it, laid it down by his plate, took it up again, carefully conned its contents, looked horribly puzzled, and, at last, handing it to his neighbour, said: "*Lisez! qu'est-ce que cela veut dire?*" "*Quoi donc?*" was the reply: "*Il y a: 'ne perdez pas un instant et agissez dans le sens convenu, Cavour.' Eh! bien, il s'agit évidemment d'une démarche à faire. Vous devez savoir ce qui en est.*" "*Mais non!*" blurted out poor little Corti, "*je n'ai aucune affaire à traiter; il ne se passe absolument rien!*" a confession which, as may be supposed, was saluted with peals of laughter. Corti, who was an extremely clever fellow, and afterwards had a highly distinguished

career, finally becoming Italian ambassador in England, took the joke in exceedingly good part. Among his other weaknesses, well known in London society, where he enjoyed great popularity, was an honest conviction that he was irresistible, whereas in reality he was dreadfully disfigured by a broken nose—the result of an accident in childhood—and was, altogether, the ugliest little man it was possible to behold, though at the same time brimful of wit and intelligence.

When I had completed my various arrangements I returned to Paris, and thence to my old post to sell off my things and pack up. I left Vienna and my many friends there with sincere regret, but had no time to linger over the partings.

* * * * *

March soon came round, and, with it, the time appointed for our departure for the East. On the 11th we left Paris by the morning express to Marseilles. Mr. Bruce, Alexander Bower St. Clair (second paid Attaché to the Legation) and Hugh Wyndham * (unpaid Attaché), then still quite a youth, made up our party, and we also had with us "Punch" Vyse, whom Lord Malmesbury had just transformed from a captain in the Blues into a vice-Consul in Japan. Admiral Sir James Hope, who was going out to take command of the China station, also travelled with us from Paris with his Flag Captain, Willes, and the rest of his staff. The superstitious might have noted that our commencing the journey on a Friday was ominous of the ill-success that was to attend our expedition. Early on the 12th we were on board the *Ellora* P. and O. Steamer, and on our way to Alexandria. Lovely weather we had, the dreaded Golfe du Lion treating us exceptionally well for the time of year, and we had hardly shaken down in our berths before we found ourselves off Malta on the evening of the 14th. It was late when we landed here, and Valetta, with its marvellously picturesque bastions and ancient buildings, and its staircase-lanes and streets, looked its best in the broad moonlight. We spent the greater part of the night chaffering at Jew stalls for local rubbish, supping with hospitable officers at one of the Alberghi, and rowing round the line of battle ships that lay slumbering in the Great Harbour, and casting the inky shadows of their giant hulls and all the delicate tracery of their spars and rigging on the rippling silver about them. With daybreak we were once more on our way, three days of roughish weather bringing us to Alexandria on the morning of the 18th.

Of the well-beaten track we were now following, I will only say that it stands out in my memory as a fragment of some

* Sir George Hugh Wyndham, K.C.M.G., C.B., late Minister at Bucharest.

gorgeous dream, so splendid in colouring and so unreal appeared the world into which I was now ushered. Those alone who tread the soil of the east for the first time can form any conception of my impressions. The railway from Alexandria to Cairo and Suez has, of course, deprived the passage through Egypt of most of its Oriental glamour. Yet, even set in the commonplace frame of a railway-carriage window, the changing views of the most mysterious of rivers, the Arab villages nestling in clumps of date-trees, the strings of camels in single file sharply cut out against a background of crudest blue and ochre—blazing sky above and sun-baked sand below—made up a succession of pictures not to be forgotten. Ineffaceable, too, is the recollection of our drive up to the Citadel just about sunset; when the beautiful Mosque of Mehemet Ali was being lighted up with myriads of coloured lamps in honour of some high festival; when the faithful came flocking up in every variety of eastern garb; and, down below, the fairy city and the boundless tawny plain that girdles it were darkening fast as night sped onwards from the land of Goshen and the wilderness of Sinai.

Our party was now completed by De Normann, our first paid Attaché, who had come round by the direct steamer from Southampton, and who, poor fellow! was to meet, a brief eighteen months later, with so tragical a fate. A morning at the Pyramids and an afternoon in the Bazaar completed our experiences of Cairo, and the next day at noon we were struggling units in the strange motley mass of humanity that crowded the decks of the Calcutta bound steamer. The *Simla* was a large vessel of famous speed in those days, and we favoured ones were well berthed on board of her, but from the torments of thirst we underwent in her from Suez to Point de Galle may my worst enemy be preserved! By some gross neglect the supply of ice had not been renewed at Calcutta, on her last trip, so that, all down the suffocating Red Sea, and across the sweltering stretch of the Indian Ocean, every drop of liquid we imbibed was nauseously tepid. We touched at Aden, of course, where I got half a sunstroke, and in the small hours of April 6, anchored in the roadstead of Point de Galle.

I rubbed my eyes—doubtless roused by the clatter of boatmen's tongues—and, looking through the cabin port, experienced a singular sensation. In front of me lay a long, low line of land, clothed and crested with foliage of a luxuriance to which my eye was perfectly unaccustomed. The buildings on the shore were new to me in shape and aspect; so were the trees—most conspicuous amongst them the feathery cocoa-palm; so were the strange outrigger canoes plying to and fro on the glittering water;

so were the semi-nude, dusky, womanish creatures that clustered round the ship in their boats, grinning and chattering; so were the fruits and wares that filled their baskets—mangoes and bananas and mangosteens, trifles made of porcupine quills and plaited straw and ivory and ebony; so was, in short, each feature distinctively tropical in this most tropical of scenes. Yet, as I scanned the prospect and took it all in, it seemed to me familiar even in its details; I felt somehow that I knew it all. Not in the ordinary way in which we recognise objects once seen, and then forgotten; but with that sudden, vivid sense of remembrance with which a new place we come to, or a word said or heard, the accidental grouping of persons, the slightest action, the mere turn of a sentence, flashes upon us as belonging to some former period of existence. Most persons have experienced the strange sensation without perhaps pondering over its mysteries. Of course, in the present case, the explanation was not far to seek. The first four years of my life had been passed in India amidst similar surroundings, and although I had lost all recollection of the scenes on which my infant eyes had gazed unconsciously, no doubt the memories which, for five and twenty years, had slumbered in some corner of my brain were now suddenly evoked by the sight before me.

Ceylon was a place of no ordinary interest to me, for here I owned a few acres of land which I had never as yet visited. Mr. Bruce kindly suggested that I should remain in the island till the departure of the following China steamer a fortnight later, and as St. Clair was still suffering from a sharp attack of dysentery which had developed in the Red Sea, it was further arranged that he too should stay here for the same period to recover; *carte-blanche* being given me to bring him on with me or not as I thought most advisable. At Galle we found H.M.S. *Furious* waiting for us with Lord Elgin on board of her. To one of his staff, Laurence Oliphant, we brought the sad tidings of his father's death. The Envoy brothers passed a day in consultation over the affairs of the Empire which the one had just left and to which the other was bound, and next morning departed on their several ways—Lord Elgin for Suez and home, and Mr. Bruce, with De Normann and Wyndham, for Singapore, where the *Magicienne*, steam frigate, Captain Nicholas Vansittart, was waiting to take the Mission on to Hong-Kong. As for me, I left St. Clair installed, and well looked after, at the Queen's House at Galle, and, accompanied by my faithful Italian valet, Perrini, took coach up country.

Next to Java, Ceylon is reputed the most picturesque and

luxuriant of tropical islands. The old road from Galle to Colombo, and from Colombo to Kandy, certainly abounds in beautiful prospects, the European eye being at first quite dazzled by the richness of colouring and lavish wealth of the vegetation. In those days, too, the journey afforded all the charms of coaching, with a spice of risk to one's bones into the bargain which must have contented the most *blasé* of travellers. So vicious and ill-broken were the horses, that, at every post-station, it took at least five minutes to start them, after which they were almost beyond control for the rest of the stage. One of these wretched, plunging, jibbing brutes—doubtless maddened by a long course of ill-usage at the hands of mongrel Portuguese drivers—jumped clean over the wooden parapet of a bridge we were crossing, and, remaining suspended by his collar, was only saved from strangulation by everything being cut away, and his being allowed to drop into the shallow stream below. Another deliberately ran at a tree by the road-side and upset the coach with all its contents into the ditch below. We were none of us hurt, and fortunately the vehicle was very light—a kind of open break, or *char à banc*, with a roof to it—for we had to raise it ourselves, not one of the lazy Cinghalese who crowded round us vouchsafing to lend a hand. At Colombo I was the guest of Messrs. Wilson and Ritchie, and at Kandy of Mr. Simon Keir, of the house of Keir, Dundas and Co., estate agents, who had the general superintendence of the property I had come to visit. Ceylon is essentially a Scotch colony, and, beneath its glowing skies, the hospitality dispensed by the shrewd, hard-working merchants and planters attains proportions unknown even in the land of cakes.

It is but a few hours drive from Kandy to Pusilava, in which most favoured of coffee-growing districts lay the Melfort Estate in which I was interested. Pusilava lies a few miles above Kandy in a hilly range rising to 1500 or 2000 feet, the lower slopes of which, at the time I speak of, were covered by a succession of coffee plantations, since entirely destroyed by the fatal leaf disease. The effect of great masses of the beautiful shrub, covered just then with blossom of snowy white, and overshadowed by splendid clumps of tropical forest trees, with the white buildings and stores belonging to the different estates dotted about here and there, was quite enchanting, while the trimly kept roads and the various signs of careful husbandry made a most pleasing contrast with the grand, luxuriant scenery in which they were set. A quaint, middle-aged individual, of the name of Martin (a Scotchman, of course), was

then the resident manager of Melfort, and lived there in a tumble-down bungalow which offered so little accommodation that I had to seek quarters in the comfortable house on the adjoining Delta estate belonging to one of my relatives. After spending two or three days at Delta, which I employed in riding over the different adjoining estates, I went up the magnificent Rambodde pass to Nuwera Ellia, where I called on Sir Henry Ward, at that time Governor of the Island. On April 21 I was back again at Galle, the following day being appointed for the departure of the China mail steamer.

I had left my pet bull-terrier, Ben, in the charge of St. Clair, and, on entering the Queen's House, on the morning of my return from Colombo, the first thing I espied was the poor beast tied to the leg of a table, his head enveloped in a canvas bag, with convenient holes for the eyes, and his hind-quarters and delicately tapering tail symmetrically marked by a row of ghastly, and scarcely healed, scars or abrasions. His spirits, for that matter, were as carnavalesque as his masquerading disguise, and his joyful yelpings at sight of me showed him to be in thorough good case. Lost in amazement at his appearance. which I at first supposed must be the result of a severe encounter with some of his own species, I sought an explanation from the Cinghalese servants, but from all their gibberish could only make out the words, "De fiss!" I sallied forth in quest of St. Clair, whom I found engaged at billiards with some of the officers of the Ceylon Rifles. As soon as he saw me, he exclaimed: "Have you seen the dog? I *am* so sorry!" His story, which I give as he related it, was that the valorous Ben had followed him, on the day of my departure, to a shallow creek near the lighthouse, entirely enclosed by rocks, which was accounted the only safe bathing-place at Galle. There the dog had gone into the water after sticks and stones (he had a perfect passion for diving, unusual in dogs of his breed, of which he was later on to give still more signal proof) and, just as he was landing on a ledge of rock, and still half immersed, had given a howl, plunged again beneath the surface, and, after what seemed a sharp tussle, reappeared streaming with blood. As we were talking over the incident, some natives came on the scene with a small shark, some five feet long, which, after patient angling for a fortnight, they had caught on the very spot. It was difficult not to believe that this was the offender. The shark had evidently nipped, or rather scraped, Ben with his teeth just as he was getting out of the water, but not getting a good purchase of him, had been made to relinquish his hold, the biter, in fact, in

this case, having been probably himself severely bitten. Few dogs, I imagine, have gone through such peril, and lived to wag their tails over it.

The *Pekin*, an old paddle-wheel steamer of 1000 tons, commanded by an officer of the name of Burne, took us on to Penang, Singapore, and Hong-Kong. On board of her we found Mr. Ward, the newly appointed United States Envoy to China, and his brother. I struck up a great friendship with these Americans, who were excellent specimens of the Southern gentry. Mr. Ward was a Georgian and had been Mayor of Savannah. He made no secret to me of the view he took of his mission. "I am going to Peking like yourselves to ratify a Treaty," he said, "but well know I shall never get there except under cover of your guns." This accurate forecast of the trouble that awaited us forcibly recurred to me afterwards. When we reached Hong-Kong on May 9, in oppressively hot weather, we found that our chief was away at Canton in the *Magicienne*. I was welcomed on landing by Wade—afterwards Minister at Peking and at that time Chinese Secretary to our Mission—the most eminent perhaps of living Sinologues,* and at the same time a man of the most varied accomplishments—whose friendship and delightful companionship were invaluable to me throughout our cruise.

The first impressions produced by China are, of course, those of unbounded amazement and absolute novelty, but, as far as goes my very limited experience of a country of which I, so to speak, only touched the fringe, these feelings, however keen, were soon blunted, and made room for a sense of unutterable weariness. To my European eyes all Chinamen appeared exactly alike (possibly a Chinaman might think the same of Europeans), and the thought that there existed some three hundred and fifty millions of these intensely conceited beings, all cast in the self-same mould, and that they constituted a full fifth of mankind, acted upon me like a nightmare and induced profound dejection. Nevertheless, the coming into contact with these extraordinary creatures, the first sight of their dwellings and dress, their shops and junks, of their gimcrack ornaments and tawdry art, and the sense of actually living in a willow-plate pattern world, must be reckoned among the most curious experiences that can be derived from travel.

Hong-Kong, too, in itself, presents a most striking and, indeed, imposing appearance. The magnificent harbour, the handsome

* An eminent man, long since gathered to the majority, and beloved by all who knew him.

European buildings rising tier above tier up the almost precipitous sides of the mountain—how those slender, small-boned Coolie chairmen contrive to carry corpulent British majors or brawny corporals up and down them at a dog-trot, with such ease, quite passes one's comprehension—the crowd of shipping and strange-looking native craft ; the painted eaves, pagoda roofs, and fantastic sign-boards of the native town ; the bustle of the quays ; the juxtaposition of Chinese decay, slovenliness, and filth, and English order and trimness ; the very odours of the place—a vile compound of the incense of burnt joss-stick, lacquer varnish, tainted fish, and other nameless abominations—combine to make it the most original as well as the most pestilential spot in that chain of possessions with which England girdles the world. I engaged a room at the very comfortable club-house, pending the return of the *Magicienne*, and fraternised with the 1st Battalion of Royals (Colonel Haythorne), who had made us honorary members of their mess. Altogether we were "in clover" in China. Nothing could exceed the hospitality of the merchant princes of those days ; and to us of the Legation they were lavish in their attentions. Jardine and Co. and Dent and Co. kept house, both at Hong-Kong and at Shanghai, on the grandest scale imaginable, and of Jardine's it was said that they spent £40,000 a year in entertaining alone. It is sad to reflect on the ruin that has since overtaken some of the China houses.

The *Magicienne* presently came back from Canton, and I installed myself on board of her, excellent quarters having been prepared for us on her main-deck. My cabin had a large port, whence the gun had been removed, where I sat courting cool breezes that never came, and whiled away the tediousness of ship-life in reading the wonderful Jesuit accounts of the reigns of the Emperors Tschun-tche and Kang-Hi, and otherwise "getting up" China. We remained three weeks at Hong-Kong, where a great deal of business connected with the superintendency of trade had to be settled before we could take up our residence—even temporarily—in the far North. At the risk of a tedious digression, I must endeavour here to show how great was the change to be created in our dealings with China by this removal, and what momentous consequences it involved.

The right of residence at Peking—or, at any rate, the right of access to that jealously guarded capital—was the cardinal point of the policy which Lord Elgin had the year before brought to a successful issue at Tien-tsin. The other conditions of the Treaty of June 26, 1858, such as the opening up of the Yangtse-Kiang, and even the right of free circulation in the provinces—however

important—could not for a moment compare with this concession, wrung from the Imperial Court in a moment of dire distress and prostration. But the right of residence at Peking of a duly accredited Minister of her Majesty implied yet more unpalatable conditions. That Minister would have to be received in solemn audience by the Emperor, and would there deliver his credentials without any of the degrading formalities hitherto invariably exacted from every person, of whatever degree, admitted to the Imperial presence. The Chinese, as is well known, claim universal dominion for their Sovereign; hence the value attached by them to a ceremonial emblematic of the homage which the whole universe owes to the Son of Heaven. Practically these absurd pretensions had debarred us from direct intercourse with the Emperor and his Government, and had left us to deal with insolent and irresponsible provincial magnates, such as the notorious Yeh—a fruitful source of trouble of which the "Arrow" lorcha case had been the culminating instance. These and similar considerations made the right of residence at the capital the fundamental point of our policy, as I have said; for by its assertion alone could we symbolise, and bring home to every Chinaman from the Emperor downwards, our equality with the Chinese as a nation, and our denial of their ridiculous pretensions to supremacy.

Unfortunately we had too long given them reason to believe that, in the end, we might not insist on the most hateful clauses of the Treaty, and, leaving them a dead letter, might content ourselves with such advantages as we had obtained for our trade. "Throughout many generations of our intercourse with China," wrote Mr. Bruce to Lord Malmesbury at this time, "we postponed considerations of national dignity to our commercial interests, and the statement that 'the barbarians care for nothing but trade,' appears again and again in their official papers as the key to our character and the principle by acting on which we are to be soothed and controlled." Even Lord Elgin himself, vigorous and determined though his policy had been, cannot wholly escape the reproach of keeping alive this belief in the Chinese mind, for, in his last negotiations with the Imperial Commissioners at Shanghai, he had been induced to surrender the point of *permanent* residence at Peking in exchange for their sanction to a voyage which he was desirous to make up the Yangtse-Kiang river. We were soon to learn what use these same Commissioners would make of this deviation from a line of rigid enforcement of the Treaty.

Such being the condition of affairs on the arrival in China of

our Mission, it was not hard to foresee that serious difficulties were in store for it. Mr. Bruce was fortunately authorised in his instructions to take with him, on his journey north, a force sufficient to deter the Imperial Court from actively opposing his progress to Peking. The French and American Ministers were going on the same errand as ourselves—namely, the exchange of ratifications, of Treaties concluded at Tien-tsin the previous year on the model of our own. M. de Bourboulon and his staff were to be conveyed north in the corvette, *Le Duchayla*, Captain Tricault; Mr. Ward going in the *Powhattan*, frigate, which carried the flag of Commodore Tatnall.

By June 2, our arrangements at Hong-Kong were completed, and we weighed anchor for Shanghai in company with the *Duchayla*. Early on the 6th we were off the Saddle Islands at the mouth of the Yangtse, and the turbid waters soon showed that we had entered that giant of rivers. In strange contrast to the intense heat we had suffered from in the south, we found here cloudy skies and drizzling rain. I put on clothing I had not worn since Suez, and felt as though we might be off the Nore instead of in the estuary of "the girdle of China." In the afternoon we passed Woosung, and were steaming slowly up the intricate channel of the river of that name, against a current of four knots, carefully sounding as we went, when of a sudden a cry was raised of "dog overboard!" (Ben of course). I happened to be standing on the bridge at the time, with Bruce and Vansittart, peering through the mist for the first glimpse of Shanghai, and, rushing to the side, saw my friend, already long astern of us a white speck on the yellow tide, but striking out undauntedly. Fortunately we had a few minutes before passed a sailing-vessel (the *Diana* of Greenock), beating up stream with a boat in tow. Ben steered straight for her, and, before the captain's orders to stop and lower a gig could be carried out, we could see the adventurous animal safely taken on board. He had been watching the leadsman on the paddle-box and could not resist the temptation of going in after the lead. Next morning the *Diana* anchored in Shanghai harbour, and Master Ben was fetched away in triumph from her by a boat's crew under the orders of young Anstruther, our captain's nephew. Both this, and his shark adventure, are so remarkable in their way that I would not venture to put them down had I not credible witnesses to the veracity of my statements.

The force that was to escort us to the north had rendezvoused at Shanghai under the orders of Admiral Hope. It consisted of some twenty vessels, two of which were transports carrying a

strong battalion of marines and a couple of companies of engineers. The day after our arrival, Mr. Bruce landed in state, all the boats of the squadron first forming an avenue through which he passed in the Admiral's barge, and then falling into procession after him; while the ships, anchored in half-moon order, manned yards and fired an Envoy's salute of fifteen guns. It was an imposing sight, I thought, and a proud display of the power of England at so great a distance from home. Unfortunately, the Chinese, on whom it was intended to produce a salutary impression, showed themselves provokingly indifferent to it. A few coolies loitered by the landing-place as we stepped out of the boat, but, in passing along the deserted *bund*, we could not help somehow being uncomfortably conscious that to the leery, imperturbable sons of Han, the whole ceremony was mere empty noise and smoke, such as the turbulent barbarians, in their ignorance, delight in.

We took up our quarters at the Consulate, whence the Consul was unceremoniously dislodged, and were soon deep in correspondence with the Imperial Commissioners. These dignitaries were Kweiliang, Hwashana, Ho-Kwei-Tsing, and Twan-Ching-Shih—the two first the leading negotiators of the Tien-tsin Treaty. The very fact of our finding them at Shanghai was of ill-omen, for Mr. Bruce had written to Kweiliang from Hong-Kong on May 16, advising him of his intention to proceed to Peking for the purpose of delivering in person an autograph letter from his Sovereign to the Emperor of China, and exchanging there, as by that treaty provided, the ratifications of the Treaty of Tien-tsin, at which latter city he requested that everything might be in readiness for the fitting reception of himself and his suite, and their transmission to the capital. Three weeks alone divided us from June 26, on which day, at latest, the ratifications had to be exchanged, and yet the very officials, whose business it was to carry out that ceremony and attend to our reception, were still here, hundreds of miles from Peking, and evidently bent on retarding our visit north, if not hoping to make us give it up altogether.

The deliberate manner in which they opened up the correspondence left us no doubt as to their intent. They wrote on May 27 that they had been waiting in the south since the previous autumn, on the strength of a promise from Lord Elgin that he would return to Shanghai from Canton to discuss various important questions with them. They were now ready to discuss those questions with Mr. Bruce, and hoped he would meet them without loss of time, "as the period appointed for the exchange

of the Treaties is very near at hand." On the 28th they wrote two more letters (Mr. Bruce found all three communications waiting for him at Shanghai), in which they began by acknowledging the receipt of the letter addressed to Kweiliang from Hong-Kong, and, entirely changing their tone as to the necessity of ratifying the Treaty within the specified period, dwelt upon the impossibility of their reaching Peking as early as Mr. Bruce proposed; indeed, "having to travel north by land," they could not be there under two months, if so soon. "The exchange of Treaties," they said, "was an affair of too grave importance to be hurried over." They then pointed out that nothing would be ready at Tien-tsin for Mr. Bruce's reception on his arrival there, and they advised that he should defer his departure from Shanghai for a while, rather than "be kept waiting at the other place (Tien-tsin) where after midsummer the heat is excessive." They requested Mr. Bruce, therefore, to name a day for a conference. Finally, in their third letter, after repeating that Lord Elgin's promise to return was the cause of their detention at Shanghai, they sketched out the points which had been disposed of by Lord Elgin before leaving China, and those that remained to be discussed. It had been agreed with Lord Elgin, they said, that the visit to Peking "to exchange courtesies and treaties was exceptional," and there was to be no permanent residence there. The Emperor had been informed of this decision. Further, "Lord Elgin had been up the river to Han-Kow for once, but the navigation of the Yangtse-Kiang was henceforward to be in accordance with former Treaties." Again, as regarded the right of free circulation in the empire, they hinted at a system of passports, to be issued by the local authorities, which would have rendered the concession absolutely nugatory.

These letters caused Mr. Bruce no little anxiety, but did not for a moment make him swerve from the line of conduct he had determined upon. The experience he had derived from the mission of his brother authorised but one conclusion, namely, "that the Chinese Government will not stoop to entertain a proposition except under pressure of fear, that while the pressure endures there is no point which in words it will not concede, and that it will make good its words in exact proportion as the pressure is maintained or diminished." * Other motives combined to convince the British envoy that by firmness and decision

* These words are quoted from an able letter by Mr. (afterwards Sir Thomas) Wade, printed at the time for private circulation. I have made ample use of it in this sketch of our negotiations, as also of the official correspondence of Mr. Bruce.

alone he could carry out the objects of his mission. Trustworthy reports had reached him of warlike preparations in the north, which his proceeding thither with the considerable force at his command was the only means of checking. Nor was it less essential that he should dispel the evil effects of Lord Elgin's waiving the point of permanent residence at Peking and accepting instead the offer of a journey up the Yangtse. That the Commissioners had been encouraged by this unfortunate concession was now proved by their hinting their readiness to settle at once the indemnity due to us under the Treaty for our losses at Canton, provided we would altogether abandon the visit to Peking. This overture showed once more how firmly rooted was their belief that we were always to be bribed by commercial or pecuniary advantages. Moved by all these considerations, Mr. Bruce resolved to cut short the attempts of the Commissioners by declining to discuss with them a treaty which he had come to see executed and not discussed. Accordingly, he wrote to them on June 8 that he could not allow the period fixed for the exchange of the ratifications to be postponed. "His resolution to proceed to Peking without delay was," he told them, "inflexible"; he must therefore positively decline any interview with them at Shanghai; and he further warned them "that he was prepared to insist on a reception befitting the dignity of the nation he represented, and that any failure in this respect would be attended with the most serious consequences to the Imperial Government." Not receiving an immediate reply, he wrote again on the 11th suggesting that the Commissioners, if their presence at Peking was, as they stated, necessary, might still keep their time by employing one of the Chinese steamers lying in Shanghai harbour to take them north; he also gave them notice that Admiral Hope was proceeding with his squadron to the mouth of the Pei-ho to announce the approach of himself and the French Minister.

Thereupon came what was outwardly a complete and abject surrender. Mr. Bruce's letter of June 8, wrote the Commissioners on the 12th, had been forwarded by post and would reach Peking within nine days; so that it might be assumed that, by the time Mr. Bruce and his French and American colleagues arrived at Tien-tsin, some high officer, whom the Commissioners had urged the Emperor to depute, would be there to receive and escort them to the capital, where the exchange of treaties would be effected by the time fixed for that purpose. They (the Commissioners) dared not themselves go north by steamer without orders, but would hasten back post-haste by land "in

obedience to the Emperor's commands." Mr. Bruce need feel no anxiety as to the intention of the Imperial Government to observe and carry out the treaty, but they hoped that on his arrival at the mouth of the Tien-tsin River (the Pei-ho) his vessels might be anchored outside the bar, and that he would proceed to the capital without much luggage and with a moderate retinue. "As he came speaking peace, his treatment by the Government of China could not fail to be in every way most courteous."

Events soon showed that this conciliatory letter was a perfect specimen of Eastern duplicity. When writing it, the Commissioners, of course, well knew that at Peking it had been resolved to dispute our passage to Tien-tsin if necessary by force; yet they allowed no such intention to appear. It is, therefore, not unfair to assume that their instructions were to keep, if possible, the British Envoy negotiating at Shanghai, and, if he obdurately persisted in going north, on no account to warn him of any peril, but to let him run the risk of a collision without preparing him for it; thus reserving to the Imperial Government, if defeated in the attempt to keep us out of the river, the power to cast the blame of such collision on its local representatives. But, however satisfactory the language of the Commissioners might at first sight appear, their letter contained no allusion to the interview with the Emperor and the presentation of the letter of credence to him.

I gather from this omission [wrote Mr. Bruce to Lord Malmesbury on June 14] that the Emperor has not instructed them on this material point, and as the question of ceremonial ought in my opinion to be settled before we leave Tien-tsin for Peking, it is clear that it could not have been discussed here, involving, as it does, the necessity of taking the pleasure of the Emperor upon it, without the risk of losing the season altogether for the visit to Peking. I must observe [he added], that in order to effect the presentation in person of credentials to the Emperor, and to deter the Chinese from their hitherto invariable practice of subjecting foreign envoys to petty slights and insults which lower them and the Governments they represent in the eyes of the people, I must succeed in inspiring the Emperor and his counsellors with a conviction that what I have once demanded I will exact, and with a wholesome dread of my readiness and power to resort to force if my demands are not complied with.

Mr. Bruce, in fact, felt that this audience question was so odious and indeed abhorrent to the Chinese Court that even the minutest details connected with it must lead to a battle-royal, in which nothing but dire necessity would make that Court give way. The history of his brother's negotiations the year before had shown that Tien-tsin was the only point whence that Court could be coerced effectually. For that city, therefore, past experience, Lord Malmesbury's instructions, the paramount

importance of the place as the key, so to speak, of the Imperial presence-chamber—and lastly the assurances of the Commissioners themselves—all combined to make the British Envoy shape his course.

On the morning of June 15, we once more went on board the *Magicienne*, and dropped down the river to Woosung, where we remained at anchor till the following morning, waiting for the Admiral's tender, the *Coromandel*, that was eventually to take us up the Pei-ho to Tien-tsin. We were all glad to leave Shanghai, where we had had a week of wretchedly wet weather, and to be fairly started for the Chinese capital. Early on the 16th we weighed anchor, with the *Coromandel* in tow, and the *Duchayla* in company with us. The *Powhattan*, with the American Minister, had preceded us on its way north a few days before. The weather continued damp and foggy and the sea very rough, till the 19th, when it brightened again with a fresh wind, and a sparkle on the tumbling waves. On the forenoon of the 20th we were abreast of the island of Sha-lui-tien, some thirty miles from the mouth of the Pei-ho, where by agreement we were to meet the squadron that had preceded us. Not a vessel was to be seen far and wide, so, still in company with the Frenchman, we shaped our course direct for the Pei-ho river. At 4 P.M. we steamed into the centre of our ships, which, together with the American frigate, lay at anchor some seven or eight miles from the Taku forts. A boat from the *Chesapeake* flag-ship at once came alongside with a note from Admiral Hope to say that "he had found the forts" (destroyed by us the previous year) "rebuilt, and the river staked, but that he had been promised that the stakes would be removed by that evening." Presently the Admiral himself came on board with a full account of his proceedings. Having left Shanghai on the 11th, he had reached the *rendezvous* at Sha-lui-tien on the 16th, but, in consequence of stress of weather and bad anchorage, had found it necessary to proceed the next day to the Pei-ho. He had with him the *Fury* and two gun-boats, and having anchored outside the bar, he had at once, as agreed with Mr. Bruce, sent an officer on shore, with a competent interpreter, to announce the approach of the English and French envoys and to inquire what measures had been taken for their reception.

These gentlemen found the river mouth barred, and all but closed, by a series of formidable booms and rafts; the works, demolished last year, rebuilt and extended; but, strange to say, no one to communicate with but some rudely armed peasants who maintained that there was no authority, civil or military, nearer than Tien-tsin; also that no authority had anything to say to

the defences of which they were in charge; these were purely the affair of the people, and devised by them for their protection against rebels and pirates.*

Admiral Hope had then sent again to desire that the obstacles might be removed within three days, and had this time received an assurance that a passage would be cleared by that time. The authorities at Tien-tsin, he was likewise told, had been apprised of the arrival of the squadron, the whole of which had joined the flag on the 18th, and had anchored where we found them. The Admiral went on to tell us that he had just returned from the river, whither he had been to see for himself what had been done towards clearing a passage. He had crossed the bar in a gun-boat and had sent on shore a letter to the Tau-tai (Prefect) of Tien-tsin, requesting that "as provisions were needed by the squadron, officers and men might be free to land in such numbers as would not be inconvenient to the inhabitants of Taku." The officer charged with this missive found that the obstacles, instead of being removed, were in course of completion. He was again unable to communicate with any person who would own to an official character or employment, and was at last obliged to leave the Admiral's letter with peasants on the beach, who denied that any promise had been given to clear the passage, declared that it would take a month to do so, and once more affirmed that there were no officials near the spot.

The Admiral's narrative gave rise to much anxious debating in the cabin of the *Magicienne* that evening, and indeed it must be allowed that the condition of affairs it described could not well be more unsatisfactory. The river—our highway to Pekin—was blocked up; contrary to the assurances of Kweiliang there was no one to receive us or to attend to our wants; and the authorities, whose existence we could not doubt, met our attempts to communicate by sedulous concealment, and left us to seek information from fishermen and peasants. On one point there could be no doubt; it would not do to put up with any more Chinese trifling.

The anchorage off the Pei-ho, apart from the mournful recollection I have naturally preserved of it, appeared to me detestable in every way. Shallow waters and the boisterous winds of the Gulf of Pechili made it uncomfortable for even the most seasoned of sailors, while nothing could be more wearisome to the eye than its wide expanse of chopping seas of a dirty, bilious green, unrelieved by the straight, grey line of flat coast that just marked the horizon and was broken at one single point

* Wade's narrative, before mentioned.

by the mean-looking fortifications of Taku, and the masts of the junks that lay behind them in the first bend of the river. The dreary, shabby prospect would have been unendurable, had not our gaze eagerly stretched far beyond it and taken in, as it were, the huge, shadowy metropolis which we then believed to be our certain goal and which—for one of us at least (poor De Normann) reserved martyrdom and an untimely grave. I find it difficult, after such a repulse as that which awaited us, to realise the blind confidence with which we were all imbued at this time. Nevertheless, I believe that if the whole force had been canvassed no one would have been found in it who doubted for a moment our ability to overcome with ease any opposition that might be offered by the faithless Government of Peking. Personally I had some time before had a vague presentiment that serious resistance was intended. Shortly before we left Shanghai, I remember discussing the point with Mr. Bruce, and taking upon myself to suggest that it might be well to make assurance doubly sure by summoning up the Royals from Hong-Kong, and, if necessary, applying to India for further reinforcements. Those, however, who knew most of Chinese warfare—and our squadron was full of such—had but one dread, namely, that no real stand would be made, and they would thus be disappointed of a brush with the insidious foe.

On the 21st it was resolved to wait no longer, and a formal letter was addressed to the Admiral requesting him, in the joint names of the French and British envoys, to clear the passage for their progress up the river. The council of war at which this determination was come to was held under adverse circumstances, the sea running so high as to make communication with the flag-ship and the French corvette a matter of difficulty. Next day all boat communication became impossible, but the following morning (Thursday the 23rd) the weather moderated and our eyes were gladdened by sight of the gun-boats coming out of the mouth of the river, where they had been engaged in preparations for the final move. A reconnaissance—unfortunately, as it proved, too slight a one—had been made, and had shown the obstacles placed in the river to be more formidable than had been supposed. Not only was the channel full of iron stakes, but several heavy booms, chained together and made into a huge raft by intermediate pieces of timber, were laid across from side to side. At the same time the embrasures in the forts were covered with matting, and not a soul could be seen stirring in the works. Indeed, but for the peaceful junks anchored higher up, it might well have been believed that, at sight of the

barbarian vessels, the whole country had risen in terror and fled. Yet behind these silent walls lay the flower of the Tartar army, under the orders of Sangkolinsin, a Mongol prince of the blood, of high renown, who was the hope and mainstay of the war party at Peking.

The Admiral now came on board and told us that all his measures had been taken, and he was ready to force a passage the next day. At this juncture it was that the American Minister, who had hitherto taken no part in our councils, informed Mr. Bruce and M. de Bourboulon that he had resolved to make a demand for passage similar to theirs, and that, if met with a refusal, he would join them in the attack. He begged, therefore, that operations might be delayed another day to enable him to make the attempt. Our chief was too elated at the prospect of seeing the three flags combined not to accede at once to this request, and the attack was therefore postponed to the 25th. Mr. Ward's efforts to communicate with any one in authority failed like all those that had preceded it. He went over the bar with Commodore Tatnall in his tender, the *Toey-wan*, but his interpreter found no one but a militia-man—for such he represented himself to be—who, however, stated that any attempt to remove the booms would at once be the signal of fire from the forts. The *Toey-wan* ran aground in the river and could not be got off, and thus the American Minister was prevented from conveying any intimation of this significant threat to his colleagues, and remained a forced, but by no means indifferent spectator of the action that ensued.*

The die was now cast, and we were surrounded by the din and bustle of warlike preparations. As for us peaceful diplomatists, our excitement rose to fever-heat, and we begged to be allowed to go on board one of the light draught vessels that were to move up the river—a request which, fortunately for us, as it afterwards turned out, the Admiral smilingly but firmly refused to grant. By noon of the 24th our frigate had become a solitude, the whole available force of combatants on board (115 officers and men) having embarked with Vansittart in big launches which the gun-boats took in tow. We had never seen our captain in such high feather before. He had been in weak health for some time from the effects of China fever, but as soon as he sniffed powder in the air, he became another man, and

* It may, I think, be fairly doubted whether such a threat, uttered by a person of no position or authority, would, at this stage of the proceedings, have in any way deterred the British and French Envoys from asserting their right to a passage, if needs be, by force.

trod his deck with the gaiety of a middy told off on his first boating expedition, rather than the gravity of a post-captain inured to battle and renowned throughout the service for his cool daring. His high spirits spread all through the crew, and certainly each man of them, as he went over the ship's side that morning in full fighting trim, seemed flushed with that "innate warlike passion" which Kinglake, with more eloquence than modesty, claims as "the gift of high Heaven" to our "chosen race."

Time hung heavily on our hands the rest of that day. When we had done watching our contingent and those from the other ships being towed by the puffing and snorting gun-boats over the distance of eight or nine miles that divided our larger vessels from the river mouth, we could do nothing but wander restlessly from cabin to cabin, making ineffectual attempts at conversation, and equally ineffectual ones to read or to keep silent, so strung up were our nerves. Mr. Bruce, Wade, and I broke the tedium of the afternoon by a visit to the American Frigate *Powhattan*, where we found officers and crew chafing at neutrality, and eagerly hoping that their flag too might be committed to action. They were of course, like ourselves, entirely unaware of the mishap to the *Toey-wan* which had alone prevented their Minister from throwing in his lot with ours. At half-past ten that night, as we were having our last cigar on deck, we distinctly heard an explosion, which we supposed to be the blowing-up of the booms. It was that operation, unfortunately only imperfectly carried out, as our vessels learnt to their cost the next day.

The morning of the attack now dawned. At an early hour, when I was still in my cabin dressing, Perrini brought me word that two Chinese junks had come alongside with some message, it was said, for the Minister. I hurried on deck and found there a petty Mandarin, escorted by a ragged rabble, who was charged with a letter to Mr. Bruce from Hangfuh, Governor-General of Chi-li, stating that he had been sent by the Emperor "to Peh-tang, a port to the north of Ta-ku," to do the honours. Kweiliang and Hwashana, as the negotiators of last year's treaty, had been summoned to exchange the ratifications; he, Hangfuh, was engaged in disarming Peh-tang, heretofore a fortified place; when the men and guns had been moved to the southward, he would come out in a junk to welcome Mr. Bruce to Peh-tang, *whence he* (*Mr. Bruce*) *might proceed overland to Peking, as soon as Kweiliang and his colleague had arrived.* The underlining is mine, and marks Mr. Bruce's reasons for treating this letter, which reached his hands at the eleventh hour, as unworthy of consideration. In effect, he was now again asked to do what he had

declined to do at Shanghai, namely to wait till the Commissioners had reached Peking, which he knew from themselves they could not do for several weeks. Had he consented to this delay, he would then have been represented to the Chinese Court and people as humbly and patiently waiting at their gate till it was the Imperial pleasure that he should be let in ; and when at last the decree had gone forth for the admission of the supplicant, his progress *by land*—that is, at the mercy of the Chinese officials charged to conduct him—would have been marked by a succession of studied slights and indignities such as shortly afterwards fell to the lot of the American Envoy. On the ground of consistency alone, therefore, he could not possibly entertain the proposal. Further he knew that the Admiral was, at that very moment, moving up the river (10 A.M. was the hour appointed for the advance) and at the distance that divided us from Ta-ku, it was more than doubtful whether a request to suspend operations would reach that officer in time. Mr. Bruce declined, therefore, to receive the letter, on the plea that it was informal in the place assigned to the characters indicating the Queen's name,* and intimated to the bearer that any further communications must be addressed to him at Tien-tsin.

Ten o'clock struck, then eleven, then twelve, and still not a sound reached us from the direction of the river. I had been straining my eyes the whole morning, gazing through spy-glasses at the forts, and was reading in Wade's cabin, when, at twenty minutes past two, St. Clair called to us through the hatchway that the attack had begun. The entry in my diary for the time accurately describes the effect of this announcement : "rushed on deck cheering like mad !" Indeed they were hard at it, and when, a quarter of an hour later, we saw and heard a tremendous explosion (one of the enemy's powder-magazines had been blown up) we gave another ringing cheer, so certain did we feel that John Chinaman was getting the punishment he so richly deserved. Behind the shore-line which, as I have said above, is low and flat, the river takes so sudden a bend that our vessels were entirely concealed from us. We could only see the clouds of smoke, and now and then an angry flash

* The character signifying her Majesty is not on a level with that signifying the Emperor, as by the fixed rules of Chinese official composition it would be, were it employed in speaking of the Emperor himself. This marks a non-appreciation of the complete equality we claim for our Sovereign with all others, the Emperor of China included, and I should recommend that the original be returned for correction. [Minute by Wade endorsed on the translation of Hangfuh's letter.]

tearing those clouds asunder. The firing went on without intermission till about four o'clock, when it perceptibly slackened. "A long stand they have made," thought we; "but now they are sullenly yielding." We sat down to dinner in good spirits, and were halfway through the meal, when the firing redoubled again. "Too long a stand," said Wade; "this is not the usual style of Chinese fighting."

We could bear the suspense no longer. Nearly all the boats, and all the boats' crews, had left the ship the day before, but we knew of a cranky old gig that was still available, and resolved to man her ourselves and make for the *Hesper* troopship, that lay half-way between us and the shore, and would doubtless have some intelligence respecting the action. De Normann, St. Clair, Wyndham and I, with three non-combatant officers of the frigate, made up a scratch crew, and, hoisting a sail, we were soon under way. We had gone more than two miles, or about half the distance, when the wind, which had till then served us, suddenly veered round and set right in our teeth. We took to our oars, the tide flowing fast against us with an ugly, chopping sea. Add to this, feeble and uneven pulling, a boat that leaked so that, sitting by turns in the stern-sheets, we had to bale out the water with an empty sardine-tin, a pitch dark night with only now and then the flash of a gun on the horizon to point out where the land lay, and it will be seen that we were in anything but a cheerful predicament. It was hopeless to continue on our course, and our only chance was to make again for the frigate. How we managed to rearch her I can hardly tell, for the wind and waves rose every minute, and we shipped numerous seas that all but swamped us, but finally found ourselves on board again, much exhausted and drenched to the skin, and as ignorant as before of the details of the fighting. To De Normann I think we owed much that evening, for he pulled best and steadiest of us all, and showed perfect coolness throughout. But he came of a good stock and combined German earnestness and British pluck—qualities which developed into heroic fortitude during the fortnight of fiendish torments he afterwards endured, and have shed a mournful lustre on his name. Tired as I was, I slept but little that night, and, as I lay facing the open port, heard at intervals the sullen boom of a big gun preceded by the burning of blue lights. What could they be firing at in the darkness?

The morning of Sunday the 26th broke with glorious sunshine, calm weather, and perfect silence. The forenoon wore on and it was fully eleven o'clock when the officer of the watch descried vessels coming out of the river, and presently reported the *Coro-*

mandel. As she drew nearer she hoisted a signal: "Send cot for wounded officer." There was nothing alarming in this; so obstinately fought an action had prepared us for casualties. Our assistant-surgeon went off with all needful appliances, and steered for the Admiral's tender which had meanwhile steamed closer and was now within easy distance of us. She now hoisted a second signal: "Admiral wishes to confer with Minister." But before Mr. Bruce could return from the interview we already knew the worst. The surgeon above-mentioned had brought back a full tale of defeat and slaughter. Our intrepid captain was the officer for whom the cot was wanted. He had just undergone amputation of the leg on board the *Coromandel* and wished to be brought back to his own ship.

We soon had more ample proof of the extent of our disaster. The same launches that had taken off our lusty, exulting shipmates now drew alongside with a sadly diminished freight of maimed and shattered humanity, and it was a piteous sight to watch the poor fellows crawl up the accommodation ladder down which we had seen them step so jauntily just two days before. Presently came a boat with Vansittart himself, whom we all lent a hand to hoist up in the cot where he lay with a calm, white face, but with that look of things beyond which so seldom misleads. Altogether it was a miserable business, and being the first and only occasion on which I have witnessed the sterner aspects of war, left on me an indelible impression.

It had indeed been a most disastrous day. The leading gun-boat—the *Opossum*, I think—had been stopped by the imperfectly destroyed booms, and the others crowding in upon her in the narrow and shallow channel, they all got aground in turn, and thus—unable to move either forwards or backwards—had become easy targets to the seventy guns of the forts, carefully trained on this one spot, which now suddenly opened upon them. Our vessels had, in fact, blindly rushed into the trap cunningly set for them, the formidable character of which too superficial a reconnaissance had prevented their realising. After some hours of severe and most unequal fighting, it had been resolved as a desperate resource to land the marines and small arms' companies and try to storm one of the forts, which, if taken, would have, given us the key of the whole position. The landing unfortunately took place at low water and just before dark, and our men, in jumping out of the boats, at once sank over their knees in the ooze and tenacious mud of a beach which was thoroughly raked by the fire of the works in front of them. Under this deadly hail-storm such of them as did not fall at once advanced, dropping in

tens and twenties as they went, or floundered into deep ditches where they lost their scaling ladders and wetted their rifles and ammunition. It was quite dark when a determined band of some sixty men—over one-half of them officers—reached the last ditch at the very foot of the fort, and there lay down for upwards of an hour waiting for reinforcements which never came, for the simple reason that there were none left to send. Some old Crimeans among this undaunted handful swore they had recognised Russian uniforms and had heard Russ spoken in the fort, and their statements led to an idle report of secret Russian co-operation with the Chinese. It is just possible that deserters from the forces on the Amoor may have helped to work the Chinese guns, but I should be equally ready to believe that there were English deserters there too. The scum and refuse of mankind had long made China one of their favourite hunting-grounds.

The action was irretrievably lost. Five of our vessels were sunk (two of these, the *Cormorant* and the *Lee*, remained in Chinese hands), and we had a casualty list of near 500 men out of a total force of probably 1200. The Admiral himself was severely wounded, as were the seconds in command, Captains Vansittart and Shadwell. So was also the gallant French Captain, Tricault, one of the slender party who had lain under cover of the last ditch. Bitter as was the confession, we were obliged to admit that all further operations were impossible with the force left to us. Our sunken vessels, however, must be removed, if possible; so, during the fortnight consumed by this arduous and dangerous operation, we lay listlessly in the offing in our big ships under the blazing sun of July—the northern summer had mockingly set in with all its glory and fierceness—surrounded by the wounded, the dying, and the dead, who were borne out by the treacherous river and came floating past us—a ghastly, sickening sight. One lovely evening, I remember pointing out to an officer on deck an object at some little distance that kept bobbing up and down in the light on the curly water. He put up his glass, gave me a queer look, and then ordered a boat to pull towards it. It was the body of some officer, sewn up in a hammock, from which the shot that was to submerge him had got detached. What we saw was the head of the corpse floating upright, and the body had to be thrust through before it could be made to sink for ever "beneath the wave."

Most trying of all, perhaps, was the boom of the enemy's guns, which began as soon as night had closed in—each shot preceded by a blue light by which the gunners directed their fire at our men working under cover of the darkness to raise their sunken

vessels. Fortunately the Chinamen made very bad practice; but there was something inexpressibly saddening, and at the same time galling, in the sound to which we knew that no reply could be made on our side. The tedium and tension of these days were only relieved by the bright tales of deeds of individual gallantry which cropped up hourly with the details of the action. The Admiral himself had been simply "heroic," as Tricault—no mean judge—expressed it to me. He had shifted his flag at least three times from one sinking vessel to another; and, though wounded at the outset and afterwards disabled, had never given up the command. Conspicuous, too, for their intrepidity were Commerell,* who subsequently reaped further glory in Africa, and Commander Jones of the *Lee*, one of the vessels hopelessly lost. Poor Jones—"Gallows Jones" his friends used to call him—was one of the finest and most promising officers in the service, and unquestionably the most amusing I ever met. I see him now in the cabin of the *Magicienne* trying on the kit of clothes we had scraped together for him, and keeping us in fits of laughter when everything he had in the world—a few hundred pounds' worth—was lying at the bottom of the river. Perhaps the instance of cool daring that struck me as most remarkable was that—related, I think, by Jones—of a boatswain (I unfortunately forget his name) who, in the thickest of the fight, volunteered to be slung over the side of his sinking ship, where he worked below the water line plugging a hole, coming up to breathe under the hottest fire imaginable, and being, in fact, the whole time between asphyxia and round shot. But it is invidious to quote special cases when all had behaved so admirably. This obscure, hopeless, mismanaged affair—now utterly forgotten and merged in the events of the great campaign of the following year of which it was the cause—deserves to the full as brilliant a pen as that which has so minutely and imperishably chronicled the day of Balaclava. Indeed, in the errors committed and the redeeming heroism shown, it much resembles that splendid piece of military folly. Surely the rewards of history are unfairly portioned out. The ride of the "ten beautiful squadrons" is set for ever in the most gorgeous page of our military annals, while the record of the landing of our humbler marines and blue-jackets remains pigeonholed in dust at the Admiralty.

Before leaving the scene of our disaster, I must pay a heartfelt tribute to the bearing of the American Commodore Tatnall. The *Toey-wan*, as I said before, had got aground, and from her deck this type of Southern chivalry had watched the contest

* The late Admiral Sir Edmund Commerell, G.C.B.

with ever-increasing impatience. At last, *n'y tenant plus*, he ordered his gig to be manned and, through a fire so tremendous that his coxswain's head was taken off by a round shot and his boat smashed to pieces alongside the Admiral's vessel, he steered straight for the British flag in danger, and, coolly stepping on deck, inquired how the Admiral was doing. When afterwards asked why he had thus exposed himself, he simply replied that Sir James Hope had called upon him a few days before and that he had had no earlier opportunity of returning his visit. He had to borrow a boat to go back to his own vessel, but the crew of his gig concealed themselves on board the English gun-boat and helped to work her gun throughout the action.* In explanation of this unneutral proceeding, it was that the old man gave vent to his memorable saying : "After all, Sir, blood is thicker than water !" Grand words, that should be carefully treasured up in every habitation of the Anglo-Saxon race. Could but more such instances of American brotherly feeling be quoted.

At last the weary task was accomplished. Of the five sunken vessels three had been raised from their slimy bed and brought safely out of the river—the *Lee* and *Cormorant* remaining to mark the short-lived triumph of the Chinese. How thorough an ambuscade they had prepared for us is shown by the fact that, before the action, our officers were assured that the obstructions in the river were not devised against us but as a protection against pirates, while, after our repulse, the Emperor issued a boastful decree expressly stating that San-ko-lin-sin had been ordered to fortify the passage so as to keep us out. Another circumstance worth recording is that so little was the Imperial commander assured of his success that it was not till several days after the action, when it became evident that we did not contemplate a renewal of the attack, that he ventured to flaunt his Tartar banners from the Taku walls in sign of victory.

The maimed and baffled squadron now once more shaped its course for the south, and at the Saddle Islands (a group off the entrance to the Yangtse) we were transhipped to the *Coromandel* which was to take us back to Shanghai. Here we took a last sad leave of Vansittart, who was fast sinking and breathed his last two days after we left his ship. "Brave as Nelson, gentle as Collingwood," might well be said of him! The navy in him sustained an irreparable loss. The fight with all its heroism, and mortification, and slaughter, was now well behind us, but to our chief remained the bitter task of reporting home a failure,

* Wade states, no doubt on good authority, that the *Toey-wan* helped to tow up our boats carrying the landing-party.

which he rightly foresaw would be mainly laid to his account, however unfairly. Written explanations could hardly be deemed sufficient in such an emergency, so he resolved to send me home for the purpose of furnishing any additional information that might be desired by the Government.

At this period it was that Mr. Bruce displayed the strength of character and nobility of disposition to which I have before paid my tribute. He was, indeed, sustained throughout by the conviction that his policy, although temporarily thwarted, was the only right one, but he none the less keenly felt the disaster that had befallen our arms and the cruel sacrifice of life it had entailed. Yet he did not shrink an instant from taking upon himself the entire responsibility of the operations, although he had, of course, in no way controlled their execution. Almost his last words to me when I took leave of him at Shanghai were: "Remember! I stand or fall with the Admiral!" But I have approached delicate ground, and it is no part of these purely personal recollections to awaken long-laid controversies, or still less to dwell on the treatment which Mr. Bruce received at this time in quarters where it was least to be expected. I cannot, however, pass over entirely the attitude of the Conservative statesman by whom he had been sent out, and who was no longer in power when I brought home the unwelcome news of his repulse. It certainly was a strange and painful circumstance that, during the debate which took place on the subject in the House of Lords, the ex-Foreign Secretary who had drawn up the instructions under which the British Envoy had acted—instructions which clearly contemplated the possibility of a collision, since they enjoined his taking a sufficient force with him to the north, and especially dwelt on the importance of his asserting a right to passage up the river—should have attacked his policy and disclaimed all responsibility for it, while Lord Palmerston (now become Prime Minister), who might fairly have abstained from defending a course of action for which he was in no way answerable, gave the Envoy his warm and uncompromising support.

I left Shanghai on one of the last days in July, and just before starting, had a sharp attack of China fever, accompanied by great nervous prostration, due in great part, I think, to the season of painful excitement and anxiety I had just gone through. In the first week of August I took the homeward bound mail at Hong-Kong. My voyage was devoid of all incident beyond a storm we experienced at the very outset. It had been blowing in fitful gusts in Hong-Kong harbour the morning I went on board, and the

glass had fallen low enough to make things look ominous. Yet, for the first few hours, we found the sea outside rough, but nothing more. Dinner was just over, I remember, and, being still weak from fever, I was seated dozing in an armchair on deck when Bersolle, a French Secretary of Legation who was going home invalided, suddenly roused me, pointing straight before him at the same time over the bulwarks we were facing. On what seemed the extreme verge of the horizon, narrowed by the rapidly closing in night, what looked like a huge green wall was moving towards us with unbroken front, and levelling, as it advanced, the chopping billows round us. A few more seconds and this liquid mound overtopped us, the white crest bent over and broke, and then, simultaneously lifting the keel and striking the ship's side, the enormous wave made her shiver from stem to stern, then bounding on deck, ran hissing along, drenching and driving us below and floating all the loose gear that lay about. Nothing could be more sudden. From that moment we lay in the trough of a terrific sea that came tumbling in in wildest confusion from all sides, while the wind veering every minute, and the glass falling at the rate of 0.3 inch an hour left no doubt that we were within the range of a violent typhoon. We passed two miserable days and nights, with everything battened down ; suffocated by the damp heat which specially characterises these storms ; unable to sit, or lie down, or stand, or eat, or read, or sleep ; surrounded by terrified women and children (most of them Spanish passengers from Manilla) ; without any reckoning (we could obtain none) of our exact position in waters which abound in hidden rocks and shoals ; reduced to wait and watch till the fury of the tempest should pass away from us. All we could do was to keep on our course at the lowest possible speed and trust to our not being drawn nearer to the centre of the cyclone that was crossing our path. Fortunately our ship—the same *Pekin* which three months before had taken me from Galle to Hong-Kong—had the most skilful and resolute of commanders in Burne, a Lancashire gentleman of good family and religious training (a brother, I believe, of that distinguished Indian official Sir Owen Burne), whose cheerful energy and simple trust in Providence gave confidence to all on board. On the third morning a break was visible in the sky—to us it seemed as the first ray of light that shone on chaos—and by the barometrical readings we knew that the centre of the storm was moving rapidly to the westward, and that by keeping steadily on our course, though we made little or no progress, we were certain to be in smooth waters by the morrow. Just before nightfall of that

third day occurred the incident which has so deeply engraved this tempest on my memory. The sea was still running furiously, but we had picked up heart, and, after such dinner as we could swallow, a few of us had ventured on the wave-swept deck to get a breath of fresh air. As we stood there, holding on to life-lines and stanchions, alternately gazing down into fathomless depths of cruel mocking green, or glancing upwards at mountains of foam, the officer of the watch called out: "A boat!" A boat, indeed! what craft of that size could live in such a sea as this? Peering out through the blinding spray we could just discern on the sky-line six silhouettes clearly cut out against the background of raging sea and scudding cloud; half a dozen human frames suspended, they looked, in mid air, and jerked up and down as in some gigantic magic lantern. Then came the clear voice of the captain: "Stop her! Helm hard-a-port!" and, lower in tone, a growling commentary from the chief officer on the risk of attempting such a manœuvre. Our steamer stopped in her course and daringly swung right round, lay tossing and labouring in the trough of the sea, while the floating wreck of what now distinctly showed itself to be a Chinese *sampan* was borne towards her by wind and waves. In a minute or two more this water-logged skeleton of a boat was carried right under our bows, where sturdy fellows were standing out on the bowsprit and in the chains watching for her. A rope was cast down, which one of the occupants contrived to sling under his arms, and in the twinkling of an eye the poor creature was hoisted up and on deck. One saved out of the six. The *sampan* now swept past within some ten yards from where I stood by the paddle-box; more ropes were thrown out, but the wind prevented their reaching, and it was dreadful to look down into those five upturned faces, blanched by terror from their native yellow to a ghastly white, to mark their looks of desperate entreaty, and see them drift hopelessly away. Once more the ship was put about, and the wreck—now under our lee—was cast with such force against our side that it went to pieces, but not till by indescribably rapid and vigorous action, every one of the remaining five had been seized and literally dragged out of the jaws of death.

When next day the poor wretches, thus miraculously preserved, were able to tell their tale, they stated that they were the only survivors from a large junk, bound from some southern port to Singapore, which had foundered two days before with upwards of a hundred souls. They had contrived to scramble into this *sampan*, which, from its excessive lightness, floated like a cork, and had drifted about on the ocean without oars or sails, with no

food or drink, and up to their waists in water. We landed them a week later at Singapore, but not without witnessing a curious exhibition of Chinese character and Chinese logic. On the Sunday, after service, the motley crew of the *Pekin* being mustered as usual on deck, the captain gave out that contributions for the poor shipwrecked Chinamen would be thankfully received from all. From the passengers down to the humblest Lascar or the Somali stokers, every soul on board gave his or her mite ; all but the half-dozen smart Celestials who manned the captain's gig. These fellows stolidly declined to contribute anything, saying in effect that the sea has its chances to which all are alike liable—*heute mir, morgen dir*—and that the fact of these men's lives having been saved gave them no claim on other men's purses.

I have little more to add of my journey home. At Point de Galle I parted with sincere regret from the gallant commander of the *Pekin*, and two days later was on my way to Suez in the *Simla*. By the time we got to Alexandria my attacks of fever had increased, and in the Mediterranean, where we found heavy weather, I was so completely prostrated that at Marseilles (which we reached on September 12, six months to a day from the date of my embarking there for China) I had to be carried from my berth in the steamer to a bed in the hotel, after confiding my despatches to that distinguished officer, Colonel Yule, of the Indian service, who had been our fellow passenger from Ceylon. I was laid up for a week before pursuing my journey to Paris where Lord Cowley, I remember, showed much concern at my sorry appearance. I at once hastened on to London and reported myself at the Foreign Office. Both my immediate chief, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston received me with great kindness, and the former told me that the Queen (who was at Balmoral) wished to hear my account of the events in China, but that, being aware of my ill-health, her Majesty, with her habitual consideration, desired I should not hurry my journey north. So gracious a message could have but one reply. I told Lord John that I was ready to go whenever he directed, and it was agreed that I should leave for Scotland by the "limited mail" the following Tuesday ; horses would be ordered for me at Blairgowrie by the Queen's messenger going up the day before. Accordingly, about noon of the last Wednesday in September, I found myself at Blairgowrie, and on stepping out of the train was asked by a smart post-boy whether I was "the gentleman for Balmoral." I replied affirmatively, and was soon on the road in a chariot and pair. But what a climate, and what a day ! The rain came down unceasingly during the whole six hours it took

us to reach the castle ; not in drops, but in long threads that seemed to reach unbroken from the clouds to the sodden earth. I sat shivering in a corner of the carriage, passing through world-renowned scenery shrouded in the densest mist, and only concerned in protecting myself from the moisture that streamed in ; ruefully speculating the while as to how much of the adipose substance of the wretched Perrini (seated in the rumble) as had not been melted down by China suns, might escape being washed away by these Caledonian cataracts. At last, when darkness had long set in, we drew up at the Royal residence.

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After dinner we all assembled in the drawing-room, where a *cercle* was formed (the company being now increased by the arrival of some neighbours—Lord and Lady Fife, I think, and the Farquharsons of Invercauld), and her Majesty proceeded to go round, addressing a few words to each person in turn. She at last reached the corner where I was standing, and Sir George Cornewall Lewis having named me, I bowed my best and lowest and found myself for the first time face to face with my Sovereign, and at once *sous son charme*. The sound of her voice, the kindly look in her face, the tears in her eyes when I spoke of the gallantry and cruel losses of her soldiers and sailors, a certain tender maternal grace about her—all must have gone straight to any heart, and made an easy conquest of mine, and I could only wish that every survivor of that devoted force had been by to see her and hear her speak. She touched me deeply and was much moved herself. After talking with me for some little time she passsd on, with a gracious and graceful inclination of the head, leaving upon me an impression of singular, all-winning charm which through the long years I have since spent in her service has remained with me as fresh as ever to this day.

HORACE RUMBOLD.

THE

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

The Anglo-Japanese Agreement.

THE well-informed *Times* correspondent in Tokio, writing on February 15, gives an interesting account of the reception of the news of the Anglo-Japanese Agreement by the Japanese. We make no apology for recurring to this subject, as our abandonment of an isolation as impracticable as it was "splendid" is one of the most momentous developments of recent years. The significance of the new departure is fully recognised in the Chancelleries of Europe, however imperfectly it may be realised in this country, where the study of foreign politics is somewhat fitful and fragmentary. Indeed, it would be hardly extravagant to say that even the educated Englishman will only face international problems under protest, while the House of Commons considers them altogether beneath contempt—the proper province of the bounders and bores. The attitude of the Japanese nation should go some way towards allaying the apprehensions of nervous Englishmen who, having apparently convinced themselves, are seeking to convince others, that under the harum-scarum leadership of our Eastern ally we shall find ourselves dragged into the wildest adventures. The House of Peers who were the first recipients of the announcement seem to have behaved like the British House of Lords, who, it will be remembered, showed their approval of the Agreement by breaking into unwonted applause as Lord Lansdowne entered the House on the day of the debate. As with our Peers, so with the Tokio House of Lords: "Demonstrations are entirely foreign to the habit of the Japanese peers; they preserve a staid and sober mien in all circumstances. But they made a novel departure on February 12, in the shape of such an outburst of

cheering and hand-clapping as no one had expected ever to hear within the walls of their Chamber." The House of Representatives were a trifle less demonstrative, or, at any rate, less unanimous, as, under the party system which now prevails in Japan, certain sections of the House regarded the Anglo-Japanese Agreement as "a diplomatic achievement which, unless it were greeted with a certain measure of reserve, might enure to the glorification of their political adversaries." In other words, they adopted at the outset an attitude not dissimilar to that of Lord Rosebery and Lord Spencer, the former of whom expressed his approval "without prejudice," while the latter beset Lord Lansdowne with trivial questions and damned his policy with faint praise. We gather, however, that there was no Harcourt in the popular Chamber of Japan to denounce the Agreement from a "Little Japan" standpoint, nor any disloyal Nationalist faction—from Formosa—to execrate it simply because it was Japanese.

Its Genesis.

The questions now settled by the Agreement have long been acute issues between Japanese political parties, all of whom were equally anxious to secure China and Corea against disintegration, the divergence of opinion arising solely as to the best means to secure the desired end. Some believed in "a stalwart policy on Japan's part," while the more cautious "were unwilling to involve the country in any risks for such a cause." The "stalwart" view had been ardently advocated by a powerful organisation, originally non-political, called the National Unionists, to which many members of the Progressist party had gradually rallied, while the Liberals gravitated towards the opposite opinion. The correspondent tells us :

> An Anglo-Japanese alliance would have been welcomed by both sides with equal acclaim as a means of securing peacefully the integrity and independence of the two neighbouring empires; but since no one deemed such an alliance to be within the field of immediate practical politics, and since no other safe solution could be conceived, the Unionists exposed themselves to the charge of preaching a purely academical propaganda, and on that ground were often attacked by the Liberals.

The achievement of this desirable but unexpected alliance thus created a curious situation. What had been denounced as the "visionary and dangerous theory" of the Unionists had been turned into "a practical and safe programme," and no little credit accrued to those Progressists who had espoused the Unionist cause. It was therefore scarcely surprising that the announcement of the alliance at first sounded to many members of the Lower House as an indirect triumph for their adversaries,

and that their enthusiasm was restrained by anxiety as to its possible electioneering effects. But the common sense and public spirit of the assembly speedily asserted themselves. "This momentary reserve . . . was quickly merged in the delight of the nation at large; delight which found unequivocal expression in every section of society, and for the first time during the Diet's existence won for the Cabinet unstinted applause from men of all shades of opinion." It is believed in well-informed Japanese circles that the idea of the Alliance took definite shape during Sir Claude Macdonald's visit to London last year, and King Edward is stated to have been an important factor in initiating the new policy, for we are told that during an audience in which "Peking incidents and Chinese affairs might have been expected to monopolise the conversation, his Majesty made no attempt to conceal his greater interest in the question of an *entente* with Japan." This interesting information will cause no little satisfaction in this country, as it indicates the intention of the Sovereign to take an active part in international affairs, thus following the example of his illustrious predecessor. Naturally the genesis of one of the greatest events in their history is closely examined by the Japanese nation, while the claims of the various contributories are keenly canvassed. It is common knowledge that the *pourparlers* were carried on in London, their success being promoted, according to the *Times* correspondent, by the "tact" of Baron Hayashi, "but so far as concerned Japan they were controlled from Tokio." Necessarily the "Elder Statesmen"—Marquis Ito, Count Inouye, the Marquis Yamagata, the Marquis Saigo, and Count Matsukata—had full cognisance of what was contemplated, but they were only "assenting parties," and the Treaty is essentially "an achievement of the younger statesmen, notably M. Komura, the present Minister of Foreign Affairs." This statement is deeply interesting, if only because it disposes of the curious myth propagated by Mr. Greenwood and others, that our adhesion to the Agreement was secured by a pistol being put to Lord Lansdowne's head by the Marquis Ito, who threatened that Japan would fall into the arms of Russia unless England consented to fall into the arms of Japan. As a matter of fact the Agreement was virtually concluded before the Marquis Ito's visit to this country, and we are inclined to credit the gifted Japanese Minister in London, Baron—now Viscount—Hayashi with having contributed a good deal more than "tact" to the negotiations. Among other causes of congratulation in Tokio is the praiseworthy discretion displayed by the considerable

number of persons who were privy to the *pourparlers*, which according to the *Times* extended over many months, during which time the Press and general public of Japan remained as completely in the dark as the British nation. It has been one of the few well-kept secrets of our time, and the two Foreign Offices are equally entitled to credit for their performance on this score.

A Guarantee of Peace.

Side by side with the unbounded satisfaction which the new Agreement has evoked in Japan is a feeling of astonishment at England's taking such a strong step. The Japanese appreciated the racial and religious prejudices with which they were regarded by the western world, and when they learnt that the co-operation of their troops in the relief of the Peking Legations seemed to be regarded with resentment in some European countries they felt that they were "very far from realising the ambition which even then had occupied their mind for some years—the ambition of clasping hands with England." And even those Englishmen living in the Far East who recognised the identity of the political interests of Great Britain and Japan regarded "the prospect of a written alliance" as "beyond the range of sober expectation." In addition to the belief that England was wedded to a policy of "splendid isolation," was the fear that, as regards the Far East, she was likely to adopt an attitude of reserve and "even of self-effacement so long as South Africa absorbed her attention." This conviction had already weakened the influence of those Japanese who proclaimed the policy of maintaining the integrity of China, which all acknowledged could only be upheld with England's assistance. To-day, however, England is found "suddenly and unexpectedly resuming her old place at the head of Western nations in the East, and avowing before the world a policy of resolute thoroughness." The dominant feeling among the leading statesmen of Tokio is that the lately disturbed balance of power in the Far East has now been restored. Recent events had taught them that not only was the Dual Alliance to be reckoned with, but that for all practical purposes "Russia, France, and Germany form a *Dreibund* in the Orient, and if Germany's action at Kiao-chau and Russia's in Leao-tong and Manchuria throw a sinister light upon their Chinese policy, the united procedure of these same three Powers in 1895 suggests that they are not likely to consider Japanese interests seriously in any emergency." The Anglo-Japanese Alliance "precludes any combination of an aggressive or peace-disturbing character, and that is the prospect which Japanese

statesmen view with heartiest satisfaction." As was pointed out in this *Review* last month Japan has sought security for her future peaceful development in the new alliance, and it is because she believes she has found it that the Agreement is so popular. There is no more trace of pugnacity in the demonstrations in Japan than in the general manifestations of approval in this country. The only extraordinary thing about the Alliance is that it should have been postponed so long. Both countries would have been spared much bitter humiliation had they put their horses together some years ago. Still, better late than never, and it was certainly a case of now or never. Things could not have drifted indefinitely without disaster.

Mr. Witte's View.

It is becoming slowly recognised that the Anglo-Japanese Agreement will tend to have a steadying effect, not only in the Far East, but upon the international situation generally. In terms the Treaty bears a purely local character, but as the Alliance becomes solidified with the lapse of time—like the Franco-Russian Alliance—each of the high contracting parties will feel its interests more closely bound up with those of its ally so that ultimately any disastrous blow at either will be regarded by the other as aimed at itself. It is premature to emphasise this aspect of the Agreement, which, however, suggests the real answer to those English critics who object on the ground that while it completely safeguards the vital interests of Japan, which are exclusively confined to the Far East, it ignores the world-wide interests of the British Empire. We believe that the mere fact of England and Japan having entered into a definitive treaty of friendship and mutual support, so far from threatening the peace of the world, will be gradually recognised as one of its principal pillars. It renders a disturbance more dangerous. Such, after all, has been the undoubted influence both of the Triple and the Dual Alliances. On the first publication of the Agreement in the middle of February, the German Press, unwittingly assisted by certain English newspapers, declared with one consent that the new combination was exclusively directed against Russia, and that from the German point of view, it possessed the infinite advantage of shutting down the rising movement in favour of an Anglo-Russian understanding. We dissented from that interpretation at the time, and everything which has happened in the interval confirms us in the belief that it need in no way compromise the relations between England and Russia. It is most satisfactory to find that M. Witte, who occupies in the Russian Government a posi-

tion analogous to that of Mr. Chamberlain in the British Government (and has this also in common with the Colonial Secretary, that he regards German policy with profound distrust), has expressed himself in a similar sense in a recent interview with an English Member of Parliament, Mr. Horner, to whom, according to the report in the *Daily Telegraph*, the Russian Finance Minister declared: "There is nothing I desire more than a good understanding with England. The worst of it is that the English Press and people do not understand Russia, and the Russian Press and people do not understand England. The former always imagine that we are preparing to declare war against England, and the latter that England is preparing to declare war on Russia." He added: "Now you can easily understand that if we had really wanted to give you any trouble we could not have had a better opportunity for doing so than that offered us by the South African War. Is it not so? And, yet, have we not, on the contrary, remained perfectly quiet during these two and a half years?" This is perfectly true, and if the Russian Emperor has abstained from all attempts at interference in South Africa, it is certainly not from want of invitation and incitement from other quarters. M. Witte thoroughly approves our new departure: "Take, further, the Anglo-Japanese Treaty. We are not in the least disconcerted by it. By no means. We are exceedingly pleased that it has been concluded. And why so? you will ask. I answer because it makes for peace, which is our great object, and if you were to ask me to do so I think I would even countersign the treaty at once."

The Russian Declaration.

Russia is deliberate in her diplomacy, and it was only on March 20 that the official attitude of the St. Petersburg Government towards the Anglo-Japanese Agreement was publicly disclosed.* On that day the *Official Messenger* and the *Journal de S. Pétersbourg* published an important *communiqué* explaining that the Convention lately concluded between England and Japan had been variously interpreted, owing to the fact that its signatories "seemed to separate themselves from the other Powers, and to place themselves in a special position with regard to the Celestial Empire,"

* It has, however, transpired through the Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, that the Russian Foreign Minister took unusually strenuous measures, directly the Agreement was communicated to him, to prevent the Russian Press from attacking it. This significant action was presumably due to the fact that Count Lamsdorff is fully alive to the unwisdom of playing into the hands of Germany—the only Power which profits by futile friction between Russia and England.

where order had been restored by the joint efforts of all the Powers. The Russian Government, however, "appreciating the friendly communications which had been made to Russia on this subject by the Japanese and the English Governments, had regarded the conclusion of the arrangements with the greatest tranquility." The policy of Russia had not varied and does not vary; in the first place "she insists upon the independence and integrity of China as well as Corea"; secondly, she "desires the maintenance of the *status quo* and the general pacification of the Far East." By the construction of her Siberian Railway, of which a branch ran from Manchuria to an ice free port, Russia had played her part in opening those regions to the commerce and industry of the whole world. Therefore the expressed intention of England and Japan to contribute to the attainment of the ends inflexibly pursued by the Russian Government "cannot but be received with sympathy by Russia," "in spite" as the *communiqué* significantly adds, doubtless with an eye upon Berlin, "of the comments of certain political circles and of numerous foreign newspapers, which have endeavoured to place an entirely different interpretation upon the impassive attitude of the Russian Government with regard to a diplomatic act which, in its opinion, produced no change whatever in the aspect of the political horizon."

The Franco-Russian Note.

The Russian Declaration concludes with the statement that owing to the "persistent agitation" with regard to the Anglo-Japanese Agreement, "the allied and friendly Governments of Russia and France think it necessary in the following identical declaration to express without ambiguity to the Powers, the representatives of which, together with those of France and Russia, signed at Peking the protocol of August 25 (September 7), 1901, their views of this Agreement." We reproduce textually the Franco-Russian Note, which had already been presented to the Governments concerned:

The allied Governments of France and Russia, having received communication of the Anglo-Japanese convention of January 30, 1902, concluded with the object of ensuring the *status quo* and general peace in the Far East, and of maintaining the independence of China and Korea, which are to remain open to the trade and industry of all nations, have been fully satisfied at finding therein an affirmation of the essential principles which they themselves on more than one occasion have declared to constitute, and which remain, the basis of their policy. The two Governments consider that respect for these principles is at the same time a guarantee for their special interests in the Far East. All the same, obliged as they, too, are to consider the case in which either the aggressive action of third Powers or fresh troubles in China,

raising once more the question of the integrity and free development of that Power, might become a menace for their own interests, the two allied Governments reserve the right to consider eventually means of ensuring the defence of their interests.

The Franco-Russian Note appears to us to be a mild and colourless document, certainly the least that could have been expected under the circumstances, which in no way warrants the sensational speculations to which it has given rise. The *Times* describes it as a "look see" or "face-saving" arrangement, published for the benefit of an Oriental community in which, as Count Cassini was wont to declare, "Prestige" is of paramount importance. France and Russia could hardly ignore the Anglo-Japanese Agreement, nor could they be expected simply to say ditto to it. There is certainly nothing objectionable to ourselves in the manner in which they have chosen to affirm afresh the solidarity of the Dual Alliance as regards the Far East nor anything startling in such affirmation. Berlin naturally places a bellicose interpretation upon the Franco-Russian Note, but "that is only pretty Fanny's way," as Count von Bülow might say. It is probably Germany's method of concealing her chagrin at not having been invited to sign the Franco-Russian Note. In not a few well-informed quarters it had been hinted that the Anglo-Japanese Agreement would be followed by the revival of the former Triple Alliance, viz., Russia, France and Germany. If this combination has failed to materialise, we may be sure it is not due to any remissness on the part of Germany, who is prepared to do almost anything to ingratiate herself with her Eastern neighbour. However, she was not wanted, but as a consolation her financiers are to be allowed to float a large Russian loan.

Prince Henry in the United States.

It is impossible to say whether Prince Henry's voyage of discovery to the United States will bear the political fruit expected in Berlin. On the whole we are inclined to back the extraordinary cleverness of the Kaiser against American smartness. He knows exactly what he wants, and it may be convenient for the Washington Government to humour him. In this case we should see that *rapprochement* between the German and the American nations—a latent alliance—which Prince Henry declared to be the object of his tour at a mammoth banquet given in his honour by the leading German paper of New York, the *Stattszeitung*.

His Majesty the Emperor has minutely studied the recent and rapid development of the United States, and his Majesty is well aware of the fact that yours is a fast-moving nation. His sending me to this country may, therefore, be

looked upon as an act of friendship and courtesy, with the one desire of promoting friendlier relations between Germany and the United States. Should you be willing to grasp a proffered hand, you will find such a one on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean.

Prince Henry has played his part admirably, and in a social sense he came and saw and conquered. He has once more displayed the extraordinary adaptability of his family, especially their grace in stooping to conquer. Mr. Gladstone himself in his palmiest electioneering days never cultivated the cheaper popular arts more assiduously than the Kaiser's brother. The largest plum in the pudding was Prince Henry's statement that he had been told by the Kaiser that an American Editor "ranks almost with a General commanding a German Army Corps." Englishmen have enjoyed the entire episode ; but to German journalists living in a land of *lèse majesté* this particular joke seemed somewhat grim. The only speech which this country has any right to resent was the untoward declaration of Mr. Whitelaw Reid that "if God and nature had ever marked three nations for perpetual peace and friendship with each other, these three were Germany, Great Britain and the United States." There is reason to believe that such extravagances, whether perpetrated by American or English statesmen, cause secret satisfaction in Berlin, as they tend to enhance the value of Germany elsewhere. It may conceivably be to the interests of the United States to enter into a compact with Germany. But we have learnt at last that it is diametrically opposed to the interests of the British Empire to be "entangled" in any engagements with "our common cousins," with whom we shall only remain on tolerable terms on condition we cultivate detachment. We should therefore be grateful to our American friends if they would kindly leave us out of their calculations.

Baron von Richthofen's Detente.

Curiously enough the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, of which Count von Bülow originally spoke so coolly, has been followed by a somewhat clumsy public overture from the German Government to Great Britain. So little is the English character understood in Berlin, that it is apparently thought we can be insulted and conciliated at will. The Chancellor permits himself to play the offensive *rôle* in the Imperial Reichstag, while he deputes his deputy, Baron von Richthofen, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to make the *amende* in the Lower House of the Prussian Diet. Baron von Richthofen, who has had better opportunities of understanding Englishmen than Count von Bülow, doubtless meant well on the present occasion,

but his effort was neither timely nor tactful. In conveying the excessively polite reply of the British Government to the request of the German Boer Relief Committee, transmitted by the German Government, to admit articles forwarded to the Concentration Camps free of duty and carriage free, Baron von Richthofen administered a tardy rebuke to the Anglophobes, which would have been far more impressive had it been administered before Germany was "found out" by the British Nation. For the first time the House learnt from the Government Bench that there was positively something to be said for the English, who were not the savages and scoundrels they were represented to be, though there was no official exposure of the most foul and filthy and popular lie of all, viz., that the British fight the Boers from behind living ramparts of Boer women and children. Baron von Richthofen was pleased to recognise that

> the sacrifice which Great Britain has unflinchingly made in blood and treasure, the great loss of human life, the severe drain on her excellent staff of officers, the heavy expenditure involved, and the consequent tightening of the screw of taxation—when all this is taken into consideration you will admit it is only human and natural that the susceptibility of individuals, as well as that of the whole nation, should become more acute. . . . There is need of a somewhat more just mode of criticism. Let us distribute light and shade more equitably than has hitherto been done. Let us not always assume from the very first that everything which happens on the British side is wrong and bad.

Even the prisoners' camps were not the hells that Germans imagine.

> I read descriptions about the prisoners' camps which would make your hair stand on end. A few days ago one of our generals, who was in a position from his own experience to report on the matter, was at my house, and he said to me: "I consider it my duty, and I authorise you to make use of my name in the matter, to declare that I found the prisoners' camps in Ceylon perfect models." This was General Trotha, the former commander of the German Constabulary in East Africa, who had stopped in Ceylon on his return from China. The general added that the kitchens and hygienic arrangements of the camps were absolutely first-class. The ex-German officers who were there had only one single complaint to make to him, and that was that there was not sufficient variety in the food. His answer was: "Well, my children, if you expect that the British are going to serve up to you caviare and oysters from time to time you are asking rather too much."

After referring to Lord Methuen, a former military *attaché* in Berlin, whose reverse and wound had caused ghoulish glee throughout Germany, as having "enjoyed the particular esteem of our two first Emperors, and left behind him friendly recollections in wide circles in this Capital with both military men and civilians," Baron von Richthofen declared that "it is urgently necessary that the British should finally gain the con-

viction that we are, in spite of all, their kinsmen, and we are dependent on mutual friendly relations." There was a time when such a declaration would have caused the liveliest satisfaction in England, but we have ceased to be quite such fools as we look. We attribute Baron von Richthofen's speech to the reports of the new German Ambassador in London (Count Metternich) who by this time must be in a position to inform the Berlin Government that our official and political classes have had their eyes open to the value of German "friendship" and that British Foreign policy is emancipating itself from the German yoke.

The Growing Distrust in Germany.

Some of the more prudent Germans are beginning to warn their Government that the Bismarckian methods, as practised by a Bülow, who has lately informed Europe that he is "standing on Bismarck's shoulders," arouse such general distrust that the Fatherland is perilously near "isolation," a word of terrifying import to all "honest Germans." And it is not only in the sphere of foreign affairs that the statesmen of Berlin practise upon the simplicity of others. They pursue an equally slippery path of intrigue in home affairs, as we are reminded by a striking article in the *Kolnische Volkszeitung*, the organ of the Centre or governing party in the Reichstag, which points out that in both the big political problems now confronting the German Government, "the Tariff Bill and our relations with England," the success of Count von Bülow is far from assured. By insisting at once on the necessity of concluding commercial treaties, while fervently declaring its desire to uphold agrarian interests, the Government can neither count on the support of the Right nor of the Left. "Above all, no internal differences," was one of the present Chancellor's earliest injunctions, but the *Kolnische Volkszeitung* doubts his ability to avoid them.

> From many quarters we hear it said that Germany stands before the greatest and most dangerous crisis which has had to be recorded since the formation of the Empire. Thus much at least appears certain; from its present standpoint the Government will not be able to accomplish anything. The battle which it would fain avoid must be fought, and the Government must take its stand either with the Right or with the Left. A policy of trimming . . . cannot succeed; the Government will be forced to show its colours.

The organ of the Centre points out that similar "trimming" characterises German policy towards this country: "The Government appears unwilling to break with either the enemies of England or with those who might in certain circumstances be her friends, and its utterances on this subject follow, but

do not resemble, each other. The result unhappily is that neither side has any real confidence in the German Government." Then, again, neighbouring nations are become suspicious as to the relations between the Berlin statesmen and the Pan-German movement. A painful impression has been caused in long-suffering Austria by the outrageous demonstration of Herr Schönerer, the leader of the Pan-Germanic group, who concluded a speech in the Vienna Parliament with the treasonable cry "Hurrah for, and God save, the Hohenzollerns," a sentiment which was echoed by other Pan-Germans present and vociferously applauded by all. Likewise the Dutch, who have been favourably impressed, as they were intended to be, by the white heat at which the pro-Boer movement has been maintained in Germany, are becoming disturbed by the steady propaganda in favour of incorporating Holland in the German Empire. Professor Ernest von Halle, one of the ablest of the younger German professors and an ardent advocate of the Emperor's naval programme, has lately set forth what is described * as "one of the most complete and unblushing statements of the German intentions to absorb Holland, first economically and then politically." The *Times* Berlin correspondent, who thoroughly understands the Germans, and never takes exaggerated views, points out that the Pan-Germans are becoming something more serious than a public nuisance, viz., a public peril :

> That movement is assuming the aspect of a treasonable conspiracy against the integrity and independence of the Austrian Empire, and is akin to the machinations which in South Africa led to the present war. It is intelligible and it is perfectly natural that the Pan-Germans, who play the part of a disintegrating element in Austria and who also foster designs against the independence of Holland, should be everywhere the bitterest foes of the British Empire. Their agitation is more sinister in its significance than was the Pan-Slavonic movement in Russia in its day. Although the leaders of the movement have recognised its hopelessness in the case of the United States of America there can be no doubt that they cast envious eyes upon the British colonies, and that they would fain extend their agitation to Australia and New Zealand.

We may trust our fellow countrymen in Australia and New Zealand to watch their Germans.

The Sugar Bounties Convention.

On March 3 it became known that France had finally withdrawn her objections to the International Sugar Convention, drawn up at the Brussels Conference, and had agreed to sign it in conjunction with the majority of other Powers—Russia being the one conspicuous abstainer. Under this Convention ex-

* See Vienna Correspondence, *Times*, March 6.

port bounties are to be abolished, and import duties in all the sugar producing countries of the Continent are to be reduced to a uniform rate of six francs per kilogramme. The Convention, which will necessarily have to be approved by the Parliaments of the Powers, in some of which opposition is expected will, if ratified, come into operation on September 1, 1903. It is an open secret that the decisive factor in securing the success of the Conference was the declared determination of the British Government to impose countervailing duties unless the pernicious bounty system were voluntarily abandoned. We may presumably attribute the fact that the Government has at last plucked up courage to employ this elementary weapon to the zeal and statesmanship of the Colonial Secretary. Whether this tardy recognition of their claim to fair play in the British market will come in time to save the West Indies from red ruin it is difficult to say ; the economic crisis in these islands is acute at this moment and will be accentuated by the tariff concession which the United States is about to make to Cuban sugar—viz., a reduction of 20 per cent. This preference will effectually expel West Indian sugar from its last market. We shall clearly have to finance our ill-starred colonies until the new Convention comes into force, but if they can be tided over this anxious period there are grounds for hoping that under the more equable conditions subsequently to prevail their economic condition may materially improve. There is, however, one stipulation in the Brussels Convention which has caused considerable dismay throughout the British Empire. Our delegates have conceded that England shall grant no preferential treatment to British Colonies. This is a disagreeable reminiscence of the commercial treaties of 1862 and 1865, by which we undertook that no preference should be given to British goods in British Colonies. Lord Salisbury once described these treaties as "unlucky" and "unfortunate," and declared that "no future Government will be disposed to enter into such engagements again." It is disappointing to find a Conservative Government re-imposing such shackles. The Ministerial defence of this "graceful concession" has not yet been heard.

Domestic Affairs.

There has been little stirring in home affairs during the past month, though the "spade work" of the Liberal Imperialists is making steady progress. The House of Commons has talked a great deal, but has done very little. Its proceedings have been marred by rather more than the usual percentage of scenes and sensations.

Ingenuous politicians who believe in "killing Home Rule by kindness" still expect Irish Nationalist members to behave like gentlemen, and were consequently shocked by the reminder that many of them are blackguards as well as traitors. Outsiders, however, were both less surprised and less shocked at their behaviour on the occasion of the announcement of Lord Methuen's reverse than at the obsequious attitude which Mr. George Wyndham, the Irish Secretary, considers proper to adopt towards this disloyal faction. The consideration of the Procedure Rules—almost the only topic which fills the House—has been temporarily suspended owing to the indisposition of Mr. Balfour, from which he has now happily recovered. The Education Bill, with which he has also charged himself, has, at the time of writing, not yet been introduced. The most interesting and valuable of recent debates would have been the Leader of the Opposition's motion for an immediate inquiry into all contracts, whether for remounts, meat, forage, freights, or transports, had it been moved by any one but Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Although he and his pro-Boer followers have captured the party machine, they are so completely out of touch with national feeling that they are entirely unaware of the repulsion which his personality inspires in the mind of all decent Englishmen who are not hide-bound partisans. The idea that Unionist Members of Parliament would support the chief traducer of the British army on a motion which, if successful, might have resulted in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's being sent for by the King, always appeared to us a wild hypothesis. The feeling on the Unionist side as regards the general mismanagement of the war and the remount and contract scandals is quite as keen and far more genuine than the vamped-up excitement of the pro-Boers, and had the recent motion been entrusted to Mr. Asquith, for example, a considerable amount of support might have been reasonably expected from our side. Such certainly would have been the case if argument has any influence in the House of Commons, as there was absolutely no answer from the Government benches to his telling indictment. Mr. Asquith fastened on Mr. Brodrick's admission that "there was so strong a *primâ facie* case for inquiry, in the interests, not of party, but of the public service, in the interests of the reputation of the officers in the field and of the War Office itself, that such an inquiry as is here demanded must sooner or late take place." Therefore the dialectical issue was reduced to the "narrowest possible compass," the only question being whether the inquiry shall be held at once or be indefinitely postponed. After citing the precedent of Mr.

Roebuck's motion during the Crimean War, "which brought about the downfall of Lord Aberdeen's Government" (and for that very reason, we reiterate, it would deter Unionists from associating themselves with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in any enterprise), Mr. Asquith proceeded to establish that if there were no inquiry to-day, while the facts were fresh and public attention aroused, there would certainly be none to-morrow when the facts are forgotten and public interest otherwise engaged. It is always a bad sign when a Unionist statesman seeks shelter from attack behind the authority of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Balfour had recourse to this artifice and cited Mr. Gladstone's condemnation of inquiries during the progress of a war against Lord John Russell's approval of them. Unfortunately for Mr. Balfour's precedent, the Government have already held two sham inquiries, both on remounts. Why not have a genuine inquiry on the same question? In the division at the end of the two nights' debate Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's motion was rejected by 346 to 191 (including 50 Irish), giving the Ministers the handsome majority of 155, or leaving out the Irish, a majority of over 200.

Lord Charles Beresford's Address.

Incomparably the most important public utterance of the past month was the address delivered at a special meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce on March 14 by Lord Charles Beresford, who only a few weeks ago hauled down his flag as Rear-Admiral of the Mediterranean Squadron. He chose as his topic "The lack of administrative efficiency in our Organisation for Defence, and its remedy," and it would be difficult to say whether the critical or the constructive part of his speech was the more valuable. He abstained as is his wont from personal attacks, and indeed went out of his way to eulogise, not undeservedly, the efforts of the present Board of Admiralty, which had "done more than any other before it" to cope with an impossible system. Surprise has been expressed in some quarters that Lord Charles Beresford has not been provided with a seat in Parliament, as it was understood at the time of the threatened three-cornered fight at Hampstead that arrangements had been made to find him a constituency at the earliest possible moment. He explained the enigma with characteristic frankness; "He had been asked to go into Parliament. What did he want to go into Parliament for? Parliament was moribund." The Press "had taken the place of Parliament," and the Government of the day, strong as it was, "would pay more attention to five lines in an evening paper than it would to the

representations of its Governors of Colonies and its Commanders-in-Chief." This may sound somewhat extravagant to the uninitiated, but we must remember that during his recent command the speaker has had abundant opportunities of learning how difficult it is for an admiral to secure the attention of the Admiralty unless supported by the Press. Moreover, Lord Charles Beresford is substantially confirmed by the revelations of that remarkable and too little read book *Naval Administrations*, by Sir John H. Briggs, an official for many years at the Admiralty, which constantly records the extraordinary influence of the Press in keeping "My Lords" up to the mark. An immense responsibility therefore rests upon editors of light and leading, particularly as regards the administrative aspects of the naval question, which are not always easy for the man in the street to master. All the more regrettable is it therefore that some of our chief newspapers do not appear to be able to live up to their responsibilities, for—judging by the space and prominence accorded—the hackneyed lucubrations of some Party Mandarin, *e.g.*, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, are deemed worthier of publicity than the thoughtful and pregnant address of Lord Charles Beresford. Some seek to belittle him by the ridiculous epithet "breezy," while others simply decline to discuss his proposals as not being in accordance with their own pet nostrums.

Inefficiency.

Lord Charles Beresford opened with an emphatic repudiation of any attempt to undermine existing authority or to prejudice discipline, but he insisted that "those weak points in the navy and army which ought to be put right, could only be put right by the force of public opinion." The lack of efficiency in our military administration had been abundantly revealed by the campaign in South Africa, although shortly before the outbreak of war it was generally said "that the army was never so efficient; in fact that was the ordinary platitude they had listened to for years." They had, however, had an opportunity of gauging this efficiency, and this was his excuse for calling attention to the conditions prevailing in the navy. The Admiralty is hardly more business-like in its methods than the War Office, and there is a total want of system in the manner in which the professional experts present their requirements, one reason being, according to the speaker, that they are all hopelessly overworked, and buried in detail:

> The First Sea Lord went in at half-past eight in the morning and often remained till nine in the evening, and half of his work consisted of things that a commander should do. He had to see about trouser buttons, about

bluejackets' collars, and whether the boys were to get golden syrup or treacle. If they were to ask any of the Lords of the Admiralty or the generals of the War Office they would tell them at once that Sisyphus was not in it—it was like rolling a stone up a hill, they could not get forward.

Five years after the present Government came into office he (the speaker) found that the coal supplies at Malta and Gibraltar were "inadequate," and he was only able to induce the authorities to make good the deficiency by threatening to "haul down his flag and publish a letter in every paper in England." This failure on the part of the Admiralty in 1900 is surely worthy to be placed on a level with the conduct of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in allowing the country to run out of ammunition in 1895, a crime which caused the downfall of a government, and which is "rubbed in" to this day by Ministerial speakers. "Where would they be if they had a disaster with the fleet? The fleet would be gone and the Empire lost. You say, 'Oh, put the Government out.' What good would that be; it would only make it worse, for they would lose Government and fleet in the same week." Lord Charles Beresford pleaded earnestly for "direct responsibility," which would make failures to supply ammunition and refusals to furnish coal impossible in the future. We must realise also that the strength of our fleet depends less on a mere multitude of ships than on the efficiency or readiness of those we have, and it was here that we failed, as we declined to think out in peace time the problems of war or to study the composition of our fighting fleets.

A Programme of Reform.

After exposing various other defects and entering a strong protest against aged admirals, Lord Charles Beresford propounded an elaborate scheme of constructive reform, which should be read in conjunction with the remarkable article we publish this month from the pen of Mr. Spenser Wilkinson. For many years our greatest strategical thinker and writer has been almost a voice crying in that wilderness where Lord Charles Beresford has now happily joined him. Our first requisite is a "War Lord" both in the War Office and the Admiralty, whose business it would be to prepare and organise for war, taking all the requirements of the case into consideration, who would see, *e.g.*, that "one Lord did not supply the horses and the other forget the forage." In fact they wanted "a man like Moltke" who should devote himself exclusively to the work of preparation. In the second place it was desirable that the advice of the experts should be embodied in a memorandum which the

"War Lord" should sign, after which it should be placed before the House of Commons. "Then they would know where they were, whereas at present they did not," and they would get rid of that "ludicrous comedy" called the Council of Defence, of which the President was also theoretically responsible for the education of the country. To those who accused him of wanting to alter the constitution the speaker replied that he wanted to do nothing of the sort; he merely wanted to turn what was now a farce into a reality. "It was all-important for the people to know where they were, whereas at present they never knew where they were until war showed that something had not been thought of." Under his plan it would be impossible for example for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to grant money for quick-firing guns and to cut off the ammunition, as had happened in the past. In the third place Lord Charles Beresford demands an increase in the staff of the Admiralty, as the navy was now ten times the size it was in 1859 but the number of Naval Lords remains the same. "Such a position of affairs in any mercantile house would certainly mean failure. If they were to run any mercantile firm as the army and navy were now run they would be in bankruptcy within a year." The fourth proposal is that the Government should purchase one coal mine abroad and another at home, without which our position was liable to be compromised by strikes, of which the last had caused a dangerous shortage in our coal supplies. In the fifth place all the auxiliaries required for war should be kept in commission with service squadrons in peace time, while all useless warships should be abolished.

Reserves.

In order to deal with the vital question of reserves Lord Charles Beresford proposes the establishment of a register of skilled artisans and others, not necessarily sailors, who could in case of emergency be called upon to fill up certain ratings in men-of-war; those on the register being duly enlisted as reservists and paid a retaining wage. At the present moment our Naval Reserves are only 19,000 men, whereas we ought to have 70,000 and "if he had anything to do with it there would be 140,000." Coming to the officers he reiterated his objections to elderly admirals. They wanted sound men not over forty-five. "The man to fight an action with the fleet must be in the prime of life and in good health." There should be more promotion by selection among younger officers for commanders and captains, but the proposal to promote by selection from the captains' list was

dismissed, and as an alternative the speaker proposed a much larger rear-admirals' list, with a provision that any rear-admiral who had not hoisted his flag for three years should be retired with the pay of a vice-admiral. The leading of the fleet was far too big a question to be subordinated to personal considerations, for if they went into action under an admiral "who either from senility or want of training did not know how to fight his ships, he might have the best ships and the best guns, the best armour and the best boilers and engines, the best officers and men, but he would certainly lose the action." Another desirable reform was, that in lieu of the useless ships which now "show the flag" on foreign squadrons, we should establish properly equipped exercise squadrons, which would give captains the necessary tactical training. There should also be a system of "combined manœuvres," to be held yearly at all the naval bases in which both the army and navy should participate, while at as early a date as possible there should be a mobilisation of our whole war fleet to test its organisation and discover the weak points "on the principle of passing water through the hose of a fire service to prove its efficiency." In reviewing his proposals Lord Charles Beresford modestly declared:

> As a whole he did not say that his plan was the best; he merely put it forward as a subject to be argued upon. He had done his best to see how things were. The Press, the public, and most distinguished men were all shouting for efficiency, and nobody had yet put before the public any plan or idea as to how to obtain that efficiency. Therefore until somebody brought forward a better plan, which he would hail with delight, his plan held the field. He would insist on publicity above all things on this matter in order that people might know how things were going on, and when they knew how they were they would insist on having them put right. He did not think the Cabinet realised how anxious the country was on this question of efficiency.

He ended with an earnest exhortation to the country to wake up. "If the fleet received an initial reverse it might mean an initial disaster; and to the British Fleet an initial disaster was irremediable and irreparable. The greatest necessity of our country was peace, and in order to secure peace we must have a navy undoubtedly efficient not only in strength, but in its power of being able to act."

The New Army Scheme.

On Tuesday, March 4, Mr. Brodrick, the Secretary of State for War, in introducing the Army Estimates, sketched his new proposals for strengthening the Army, which are of a large and far-reaching character. According to one school these proposals place an impassable gulf between the country and conscription; accord-

ing to another they are so inadequate as to bring that heroic remedy measurably nearer. After declaring that last year's re-organisation scheme still held the field, and that he had been able to accept the recommendations of the Clinton Dawkins Committee almost *en bloc*, Mr. Brodrick turned to the question of recruiting, pointing out that the problem confronting us is the future maintenance of an establishment of 250,000 men, although we had hitherto maintained with difficulty an effective strength of 210,000. Moreover, recruiting might be expected to fall off when the war was over unless greater attractions were offered, while India would require a larger rather than a smaller army, and it would be necessary to maintain "a sufficient force" in South Africa. Then there was the inevitable reduction in the number of the Reserves at the end of the war. In view of all these accumulating difficulties, he had no hesitation in asking the House to take "a plunge" both as regards the term of service and the pay of the soldier, the former being shortened and the latter increased. He proposed that from April 1 every recruit, who has done his recruit drill shall receive a shilling a day net, *i.e.*, the vexatious "stoppages" are to be abolished, and the soldier "will have a silver shilling every day in his pocket," at least that is the optimistic interpretation of the scheme. But when one realises what the number and nature of these "stoppages" are one cannot help feeling somewhat sceptical as to "the shilling a day and all found."* At the end of two years' service every man will be called upon to choose whether he will go into the Reserves at the end of his third year, or whether he would prefer eight years with the colours. This is, of course, to meet the Indian difficulty, as three years men can hardly be sent abroad. Those who decide to remain in the service for the longer term will be given an extra 6*d.* a day provided they are efficient shots, making 1*s.* 6*d.* at the end of two years' service, or 10*s.* 6*d.* a week. The inefficient shots will get 4*d.* a day extra instead of 6*d.*, though we should have thought it wiser to stick to the 6*d.* and insist on

* We quote the following passage from an instructive letter in the *Spectator* of March 15: It may be of interest to some of your readers to know what a soldier really does undergo in the way of stoppages. The following is, I believe, a fair average of the compulsory stoppages a soldier is liable for: Washing, 1*s.* 3*d.* per month. Barrack damages, 3*d.* per month. Haircutting, 1*d.* per month. Library subscription, 3*d.* per month. "Necessaries"—*i.e.*, new shirts, socks, towels, cleaning brushes, &c.—1*s.* 4*d.* per month. Tailor's bill—*i.e.*, repairs of uniform—1*s.* per month. Shoemaker's bill—*i.e.*, repairs of boots—6*d.* per month. Pipeclay, boot-blacking, soap, brass-paste, bootlaces, &c., 1*s.* per month. Hospital stoppages, 7*d.*, plus messing allowance, 3*d.*—10*d.* a day.

efficiency in shooting. The cost of these and minor changes is estimated at £1,048,000 a year for this country, and £786,000 for India. To summarise the new policy; our trained soldiers will be divided into two classes, those who have served three years with the colours at 1*s.* a day net, and nine years in the Reserve, and those who were eight years with the colours, two years at 1*s.* a day, and six years at 1*s.* 6*d.*, and afterwards in the Reserve for four years. Mr. Brodrick may be at any rate congratulated on approaching the problem in a large-minded and businesslike spirit, and we trust that his calculations will be verified.

Reserves.

Mr. Brodrick pointed out that one consequence of the adoption of his proposals would be the formation of a large Regular Reserve, which he desired to supplement by the formation of Volunteer, Yeomanry, and Militia Reserves. Some of his references to the Volunteers excited the wrath of Sir Howard Vincent, but they were evidently not intended to give offence, and we do not believe that serious Volunteers are so absurdly sensitive as their self-constituted champions. Members of Parliament indulge in a good deal of cant about Volunteers for the benefit of their constituents, and the Secretary of State for War was only doing his duty in distinguishing between well-trained and ill-trained Volunteer corps, as also in pointing out that it might become necessary to abolish some of the worst corps in order to increase the efficiency of the whole body. The proposed Volunteer Reserve will be composed of men with four years' service who observe certain conditions as to shooting; the Yeomanry would be treated in the same way, but a bounty of £5 a year would be offered to any Yeoman who would register in the Army Reserve for foreign service in case of mobilisation. This strikes us as a capital proposal which should provide a useful auxiliary to the Army, and if the experiment succeeds it will admit of considerable development. Not much is to be done for the Militia, who have a knack of being left out in the cold, though the Militia Artillery and Engineer branches are to be "strengthened," while we are vaguely told that the education of Militia Officers is to be "encouraged," which apparently means that they are to desert their own men in order to serve with the line. Before sitting down Mr. Brodrick made the important announcement that the Explosives Committee which had done such valuable work, would be given a permanent character, and at the end of a warm eulogy to the colonial troops serving in South Africa he expressed a hope, which has

been more categorically repeated by some of his colleagues that the whole question of Imperial Defence would be discussed with the representatives of the colonies during the Coronation festivities. This is a difficult subject, which will require very delicate handling. Let us hope that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, at any rate, will not have much say in the matter for if there is a man who delights in rubbing the self-governing colonies the wrong way it is the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Brodrick's proposals were followed by a long and desultory debate in which one of the most suggestive speeches was contributed by a young Member, Mr. Lee, who declared that the time had come for the Government to consider their Army policy as a whole and to embody it in a State Paper, which he thought might be done by revising and re-issuing the Memorandum published by Mr. Stanhope in 1891. He also pointed out that "our Army was the only force in the world which had not a General Staff," and he urged that such a Staff should be constituted. Surely the South African War has taught us the necessity of organising a *thinking* department at the War Office?

The Laundry Bill.

Lord Lytton has followed up his brilliant speech during the debate on the Address in the House of Lords by a most useful piece of work, viz., the introduction and passing of the Laundry Bill through all its stages in the Upper House. Upon this success, which is largely due to his tact and common sense, he is to be warmly congratulated, and the Government should be grateful to him for affording them an opportunity of retrieving the deplorable blunder of last session, when, as our readers will recollect, Mr. Ritchie (the Home Secretary) made some arrangement with the Irish Nationalists under which their opposition to the Factories Bill was withdrawn on condition that institutional laundries were excluded from its operation. The sweating of the pious washerwoman was thus perpetuated. Now that the House of Lords, "the hereditary enemy of social reform," has set such an excellent example, by accepting Lord Lytton's Bill (making good last year's failure), which we must remember has not only the warm approval of the bishops of the Church of England, but also of the more enlightened English Catholics, we refuse to believe that Mr. Balfour will decline to give the necessary facilities for passing this measure through the House of Commons. Not only is the Bill desired by the whole House, with the exception of the Irish Nationalists, but it is an obligation of honour upon the Government to pass it. Ministers

only succeeded in extricating themselves from an *impasse* in the House of Lords last year by pledging themselves to deal with laundries at the earliest possible moment. That moment is now at hand. The case for inspecting institutional laundries is thus temperately expressed in the course of the statement issued by Lord Lytton on behalf of the Industrial Law Committee :

With religious establishments, as charitable institutions, the Government has no desire to interfere, but in so far as they are competitors—and, in many instances, large competitors—for an important industry, it is surely right that they should conform to the regulations which are imposed upon all other laundry proprietors. It has been urged, both by the authorities of the institutions themselves and by their defenders in Parliament, that these laundries do not compete with others in the real sense of the word, since they do not work for profit. In answer to this, it must be pointed out that whether or no they are worked in the first instance for profit, many of them, at any rate, make very large sums of money every year from their laundry industry, as is shown by the following figures taken from the Annual Charities Register for 1901 :

Name of House.	Income from Laundry.	Income from other sources.
Magdalen Home (Edgbaston)	£631	£237
Home of Good Shepherd (Malvern) . . .	703	287
Asylum for Penitent Females (Dublin) . .	1046	225
Edgar House (Belfast)	1132	144
Edinburgh Industrial Home for Fallen Women .	1649	158
Magdalen Asylum (Gorgie Road, Edinburgh) .	5847	493

As the Committee very fairly point out :

It is impossible to say that establishments which make from £1000 to £5000 a year by their laundry work are not real competitors in the industry. It has further been urged, by those who would exempt the laundries of religious institutions from inspection, that such inspection would seriously interfere with the discipline of the establishment, and hinder the charitable work of rescue in which the sisters are engaged. It is difficult to believe that the occasional visit of a woman inspector to the laundry of one of these institutions, for the purpose of satisfying herself that the conditions were sanitary, that the machinery was properly fenced, and that the hours of work were not excessive, could in any way interfere with the discipline of the institution, but even if this unfortunate result were to follow from inspection, it is scarcely an argument which would justify exemption if we look at the matter from the point of view of the laundry industry.

The National Service League.

The question of Compulsory Service for Home Defence is being steadily forced to the front, thanks to the public spirit and energy of Lord Newton (to whom we owe a 6d. edition of that admirable little volume, *The Briton's First Duty*, by Mr. George F. Shee), Mr. Clinton Dawkins, who contributed an excellent article to the last number of the *Nineteenth Century and*

After,* and other gentlemen, notably Sir Robert Giffen, who seems to have renewed his youth since he shook off the dust of the Board of Trade. Mr. George Shee lately read an interesting paper at the Royal United Service Institution, which was followed by an instructive discussion, in which the party of compulsion had very much the best of the argument. Sir Robert Giffen disposed of the absurd objection that there is something humiliating in the proposal of compulsion by pointing out that the whole system of taxation was a system of compulsion, and it was a very little extension of that principle that the actual services of every man, as far as he could render them, should be due to the State in a time of emergency. The Bishop of Chester, in the course of a remarkable speech, gave his assent on the ground that a strong England was a powerful guarantee of peace, and that the young men of the country would derive great moral advantages from being subjected to discipline. Subsequently a small meeting of those interested in the question was held at Apsley House on February 26, under the chairmanship of the Duke of Wellington, who is a keen supporter of the movement, at which the following resolutions were passed :

1. That it is desirable that drill should be a compulsory subject in the education of all schools.

2. That it is desirable that either military or naval service for national defence should be made compulsory by law.

3. That a league to be called the National Service League shall be established to promote these objects and to secure them public consideration.

4. That membership of the league should be conditional upon the payment of a *minimum* payment of one shilling.

5. That the following be named as a provisional committee, with power to add to their number :—The Duke of Wellington, Mr. Clinton Dawkins, C.B., Lord Newton, Mr. Yerburgh, M.P., Lord Hardinge, and Major Seely, M.P.

Mr. George F. Shee has been appointed secretary of the National Service League, and communications may be addressed to him at 20, Cowley Street, Westminster, S.W. We feel sure that our readers will watch the development of this movement with much sympathy.

**Compulsory Military Training—A Pan-Britannic Militia*, by Clinton E. Dawkins. March number of the *Nineteenth Century and After*.

PREPARATION FOR WAR

MY DEAR EDITOR,—

You ask me to write an article for the *National Review*, pointing out the urgency of organising a North Sea Squadron and a North Sea Dockyard in order to meet the hostile intentions of the German nation and of the German Government as regards this country. I agree with you that the policy of Germany appears to aim, among other things, at the humiliation of England, and, indeed, I pointed out eight years ago that the German Government had long been carrying on among its own people a systematic propaganda of hatred of England. I also incline to think that it is desirable to have a strong North Sea Squadron and to have a good fortified harbour in the North Sea, partly with a view to the possibility that the North Sea may become the theatre of a naval war, and partly because I think it a mistake not to have naval dockyards in the immediate neighbourhood of the great manufacturing districts of the North, a consideration which applies, not merely to the east coast between Hull and Edinburgh, but also to the west coast between Chester and Glasgow. But I suspect that at the present moment I should be unwise to write the article for which you ask, and that I should be doing better service if I could bring home to your mind the reasons which make me think that the article would be better unwritten.

No subject is less adapted for popular and public discussion than the specific details of plans for strategical action. You have in your mind a possible conflict with Germany. The proposal for the formation of a North Sea Squadron is part of a plan of operations for such a possible struggle ; it deals with an act of preparation for a future war. Such an act of preparation cannot profitably be considered by itself, for it is only a part of the general preparation for a campaign and can rightly be considered only in its place in the general scheme. The preparations must be governed by the nature of the action which it is intended to

follow. Accordingly what you really ask me for is an analysis of the strategical conditions of a possible future war with Germany. The value of such an analysis depends, of course, upon the knowledge and judgment of its author. If I am not competent to make it, any article that I can write for you can only have a bad effect by misleading your readers. If, on the other hand, I should succeed in stating the problem correctly and giving some hint of the true solution, the effect of my work is likely to be even more injurious, for I know by experience that little attention would be paid to it in England, while it would be fully utilised in the strategical offices of England's possible enemies. This is the reason why for the last seven years I have kept my stragetical opinions to myself, with the exception of occasional comments on wars going on between other countries, which would not be affected by anything published in England, and of comments, written always with great reserve, upon the early stages of the South African War. But there are further strong reasons for reticence on the particular subject in which you are interested. A plan of campaign cannot be made in the abstract; it is built up of data, some of which admit of exact knowledge and precise statement, while others, often the most important, must be supplied by the strategist's own judgment, and others again depend upon the will and the character of particular persons. The number, the force, and the qualities of the instruments of war are data which can be ascertained with considerable exactitude; the aims and intentions of those who control them must be guessed. This is the region where a comprehensive and true judgment is indispensable; but in this process of judgment an unofficial strategist labours under the greatest possible disadvantage, for though he may be able to divine the intentions of foreign Governments and of the strategists employed by them, he has to rely upon the same method for estimating the intentions of his own Government. But this factor, which is of supreme importance, an official strategist ought to know, and in every country of which the Government is properly organised, does, in fact, know, by direct communication. Moreover, an official strategist has means of obtaining an incomparably more accurate estimate of the forces available for all parties than can possibly be within reach of a private person. Accordingly the difficulties imposed by the nature of the case upon any private person are so great as probably to deprive his work of practical utility.

I think you will see the force of these considerations and you will, perhaps, allow me to deduce from them what I believe to

be a practical moral of much greater moment than any specific conclusion as to the distribution of fleets.

In our own day war tends more than ever to approach what has been called its absolute form, so that if two great Powers of our time have a difference, no matter how trifling or what the subject leading to hostilities, the aim of each side will be to strike down the adversary, to crush and disarm him and then to dictate conditions as extreme as the forbearance of other great Powers will allow. So long as this is the general character of a war the objective of each side will always be in the first instance the destruction of the enemy's forces, because if the enemy's forces have been destroyed the victorious forces command the theatre of war, for they can move to any part of it without the possibility of serious or, at any rate, dangerous opposition. The pre-eminence of the hostile forces as the prime objective is greater in naval warfare than on land, because at sea the destruction effected by the victor is greater, more sudden and more complete than it can be on land. Accordingly the domination of the stronger force at sea is much more unqualified than it is on land. Suppose that at the beginning of a land war my forces are divided into three groups many marches apart while the enemy's forces are concentrated, it will probably be wise for me, if I can, to postpone a trial of strength till I have brought my three armies together, and for that purpose to march them at once towards some central point at which their junction can be most speedily effected. On land it is possible to delay the enemy's movements by opposing a small force to his large one, because the small force can retreat from position to position, and the large one will be obliged to consume opposite each position a certain amount of time in reconnaissance and deployment. A strong enemy can be further delayed, at some expense of force, by fortifications or prepared positions which cannot be rushed without preparation. But at sea there are no positions: the weaker force must either fight or run away, and to run away involves having the advantage of speed; its retreat unless it can evade observation must be continued either until its junction with fresh forces, or if they are not to be met with until a point has been reached where the protection of rocks, shoals or land defences renders it secure from attack. In case of a war with Germany it would of course be desirable at the earliest possible moment for the British Admiralty to place in the North Sea a concentrated naval force superior to any force that Germany could bring against it, in other words, to the whole German navy. But what would be the effect of having in the North Sea

at the outbreak of war a British squadron decidedly inferior to the collective naval forces of Germany? The British squadron would be exposed to an attack which on the supposition of its inferiority would probably lead to its destruction in whole or in part; prudence would require its withdrawal before combat, and its best direction of retreat would be to join the nearest British squadron. The British Commander-in-Chief would seek to postpone any trial of strength until he had collected a force large enough to guarantee, so far as numbers can guarantee anything, the superiority in the decisive battle. The German navy in that case would for the time being be left in command of the North Sea, a temporary advantage counting for little or nothing in the balance of the naval war, for sooner or later this command would be challenged by a combined British squadron, and only after the decisive engagement would there be for one side or the other a real command in the waters in question. From the merely naval point of view therefore there would appear to be little or no advantage in placing at the outset of operations in the North Sea a squadron inferior to the combined German forces.

But a temporary command of the North Sea even though it lasted only for a few days might give the German Commander-in-Chief the opportunity of transporting to the English coast and there landing an army large enough to cause very serious embarrassment to the British Government. Four or five Army Corps would probably be a more effective military force than anything which can be arrayed against it in this country in the course of a few weeks, and a very much smaller force landed at almost any point on the East coast could greatly embarrass all subsequent military preparations by the destruction of communications. There is a school of writers on naval war who think that an admittedly inferior fleet might prevent the transport of an army. This seems to me however to be a dangerous doctrine for, if we were to accept it, the enemy by threatening to move an army would draw our weaker fleet into the radius of action of his stronger fleet which would then have the opportunity of attacking and perhaps of destroying it, and in this way would have gained a great advantage for the future prosecution of his naval campaign.

The best guarantee against the attempt to land an army in Great Britain before the decision of the naval conflict consists in having ready in Great Britain military forces too strong to afford any prospect of success, except to a larger army than could be transported in a few days across the North Sea. The military

weakness of Great Britain, so long as it lasts, makes the threat of invasion so serious as to constitute a real difficulty to the naval strategists.

Whatever the distribution of Great Britain's fighting fleets, it will be important at the beginning of a war to have the power of observing and reporting the movements of the enemy. For this purpose the Admiralty ought to be in a position at any moment and on the shortest notice to cover the North Sea with scouts ; vessels, of whatever type, swift enough to evade pursuit by vessels superior to themselves in fighting power. It would, in my judgment, be a wise precaution to have permanently stationed in the North Sea a number of vessels of this description, so that in case of any sudden disturbance of political relations with Germany an absolute surprise might be impossible.

There is no more potent element of success in war than surprise, and, of all forms of surprise, the most dangerous is the political. It takes place when a Government finds itself involved in a war for which it has not made preparation, or not made the right kind of preparation. The more elaborate the mechanism of war, the greater is the danger which besets a Government to which war comes unexpectedly. A modern battleship is the product of several years of continuous labour, beginning with the study of its design as regards construction and armament, and continued, after the long process of design has been completed, by the equally long labours of the gun foundry, the steel works, and the dockyard. In a somewhat similar way, a plan of campaign is a structure of slow and laborious growth. It involves a comparison and classification of objectives, or an estimation of the several effects which would be produced by a number of blows dealt at different times and places, and the choice of that one which would produce the greatest effect. When this choice has been made, there follows an estimate of the force necessary to strike the particular blow selected, and of the forces which may have to be disposed in other parts of the theatre of war in order to facilitate that particular blow being struck. The result of these considerations and calculations will be a special distribution of the ships of the navy with a view to the whole naval forces of the country being able to co-operate at the same time, some of the squadrons being intended to assemble for the decisive battle against the enemy's principal force, others being intended to neutralise his minor forces, and others being stationed at points where their presence will influence the decisions of other Powers, who, unless observed, might be tempted not to remain neutral.

A plan of campaign for a specific war may very well involve a number of changes in construction, armament, and tactics, for all these matters ought to be regulated with a view to the particular enemy to be fought.

Something like two years are required for the construction of a single battleship, counting from the moment when the design is completed until the vessel is commissioned; to this period must be added the length of time spent upon the design, and, if it be admitted that the design of ships should have some relation to the war in which they are to fight, it must follow that if the whole navy is to be so organised as to be able to produce the greatest possible result in any given war, a plan of operations for that war ought to have been worked out and a preliminary scheme of concentration drawn up not less than three years before the beginning of hostilities.

The preparation by enrolment and suitable training of a sufficient number of officers and men is a matter of even more importance than that of material instruments and requires a much longer time.

If our Government can be deluded by a foreign Government into the belief that the relations between the two nations are such that war between them is out of the question, and if meanwhile the foreign Government has worked out its plan of operations and prepared its navy, according to that plan, then in case of a sudden outbreak of war our own Government will be taken by surprise, for it will be unready for the particular war forced upon it, and, according to the rough calculation just made, will be something like three years behind time. Of course, in the case of a Power like Great Britain, which maintains in peace more ships than any other State, a surprise of this sort need not be fatal; but it is certain to lead to an uneconomical use of force, to extravagance of every kind, and to the over-exertion of the central authority in the effort to make up for lost time.

The disastrous effects of surprise are produced if the Government has misapprehended the political situation, if it has expected peace where there was to be no peace. But they are also produced in a less degree even where a Government has expected war and prepared for it, but where its plan of campaign is faulty, owing to the selection of a wrong objective, or to the mistaken calculation of the force required to deliver its blow. The history of wars abounds with illustrations of these errors. But the history of wars has never in England been the subject of methodical study, our system of military education never having

aimed at more than the elements and our military professors being absorbed in tactical and strategical details, so that, as far as I know, there is no book written by an Englishman in English from which a statesman can learn the elements of his business in regard to war.

Every war has its lessons for the statesman as well as for the soldier, but in our country these lessons are not learned, because we have no statesman who has sufficiently educated himself in regard to war to be able to trust his own judgment in reading its lessons, while, as a rule, our soldiers are without the necessary political knowledge to be able to enter upon the field of statesmanship. There are among the soldiers one or two brilliant exceptions, but they have contributed little or nothing to the theory of the political aspect of war.

The commonest blunder made by statesmen consists in a failure to appreciate properly the military character of a war in which they are about to engage. Recent history gives three notable examples of this. Napoleon III. in 1870 allowed himself to take steps which amounted to a challenge to Prussia, because he believed that his own army could and would be ready some time before the German army, and therefore that he would be able to invade Germany and attack the Germans before their forces were assembled or fit for the field. But the German army attacked the French army long before it was ready for active operations, so that the French plans were completely upset. Napoleon relied upon the opinions of officers whom he had promoted to high rank and to important posts for personal or political reasons, and neglected the protests of several thoroughly competent officers who had assured him that he was underestimating the strength and readiness of the German forces.

In 1877 the Russian Government attacked Turkey with a force very much less than proved to be necessary for success, and if the Turkish Government had been intelligent enough to entrust the direction of its armies with full authority to any one of the three or four capable generals whose services were at its disposal it is doubtful whether the reinforcements which the Russians subsequently put into the field would have been able to remedy a great disaster to the Russian arms.

In 1885 King Milan of Servia was the victim of a similar surprise ; not having studied the Bulgarian army, he made war against Bulgaria without having first called out much more than half the Servian army, and without having ensured beforehand the possession of a sufficient supply of ammunition for that portion of the army which he actually employed.

The lessons of these events were imperfectly learned by our

Government, and do not seem to have been thoroughly digested either by the War Office or by the able men whom it employed. From 1870 until the present time the War Office has been constantly changing the system of infantry drill, following the letter but seldom the spirit of changes in formal tactics which were being made on the Continent. Yet the infantry drill-book which the British army possessed in 1870 expounded as good a system of skirmishing as could ever be needed, and contained all the forms necessary for the troops in battle, even under the most modern conditions, the only change that was really needed being to allow certain forms to drop out of use, and to explain clearly the various conditions under which the several forms retained could with advantage be employed. The nature of the Prussian staff system was thoroughly misunderstood. The Prussian staff was like the staff of the great Napoleon, and like the staff of the French armies under the monarchy in the eighteenth century, the instrument by means of which the commander-in-chief directed his armies in the field and conducted during peace his preparations for that direction. One of its elements, of course, was an office for the collection and digestion of information about foreign armies. The British War Office ignored the essential function, the direction of armies in the field, and contented itself with the creation of an intelligence division which was to study foreign armies, but which was jealously excluded from any share in the direction of operations. The two great objects for which a modern army is provided with a headquarters staff are, first, to provide the Government in peace with the soundest possible advice as to the military character of wars in which it may have to engage, and, secondly, to secure during the operations of war the best possible solution of the strategical problems which successively arise in its course. But the leading idea of British Cabinets for many years has been to keep the military and political departments absolutely separate, so that the Cabinet shall decide upon its policy, and take action which may at any time lead to war, but shall never be hampered in taking these measures by the judgment of any one able to provide it with a sound forecast as to the nature of the war to which a decision may lead, or as to the amount of effort which it will involve.

One improvement indeed, and not a small one, was effected between 1870 and 1899. Lord Wolseley was able, by the introduction of the system of a reserve, unostentatiously to double the strength of the army, and by persistent work at the War Office to make businesslike arrangements for its mobilisation for expeditionary purposes. To these great changes, as well as to

the rise and growth of the volunteer force, which took place rather in spite of than in consequence of any intelligent action of the Government or of the War Office, is due the fact that the nation has been able to overcome the grave embarrassments created for it by the enormous political and military blunders of the year 1899.

For in its dealings with the Boer Republics the Government, by its complete ignorance both of the political and military aspects of war, prepared for itself and for the nation the accumulated disadvantages both of political and of military surprise. When the Government raised the question of the Outlanders, and instructed Sir Alfred Milner to meet Mr. Kruger at Bloemfontein, it was evident that if the Boer Government did not make large concessions the British Government would have to choose between war and political humiliation. The proceedings of the Conference clearly showed that the Boers would not make real concession, but the Government at that time made no serious military preparations, and their advocates defend this course upon what they call moral grounds, alleging that three or four months delay were necessary to enable the Government to convince the British public that their cause was just. A more fatal defence it is difficult to imagine. The cause was the same in June as it was in October, and, if it can be right for a government to postpone preparations necessary for the defence of its position until it has secured a probable majority in a possible general election, the Empire can never be safe, for the most vital preparations for war may in any crisis have to be postponed until too late, because the Ministry for the time being may doubt whether the whole population will approve of its sense of what is just and right. The truth seems rather to be that in June the British Government did not know its own mind, and that four months delay and the Boer ultimatum were necessary for its instruction. There is no sign that the Government had taken any measures for testing the soundness of the plan of campaign upon which the actual preparations were based. Yet that plan of campaign contained a vital flaw. It assumed the wrong objective. It was based upon the theory that if a British army should reach Pretoria the Boers would accept whatever terms the British should dictate. But all that was known and all that could be known of the character, the policy, and the preparations of the Boers tended to show that there was no spot in the territory of the two Republics of which the occupation by a British force would bring about the submission of the enemy, and that the only blow from which such an effect was to be

expected was the military destruction of the Boer forces. For that destruction the plan of campaign made no provision, yet the first duty of a properly trained statesman in the Cabinet would have been, before allowing himself to be responsible for the conference at Bloemfontein, to insist upon an examination of the plan of campaign, with a view to satisfying himself, first, that in case of war the blow proposed to be dealt would produce the effect required; and, secondly, that the forces required to deal that blow could be made available in time. At the moment of the outbreak of hostilities the Government, by the mouth of Mr. Wyndham, then Under-Secretary of State for War, declared that it was aware of the grave disadvantages under which Great Britain was placed by the delay in the military preparations, and that it was perfectly prepared to accept the responsibility for these disadvantages. Since then the Government speakers have adopted a very different line of defence. The prolongation of the war is now not due to the initial blunders of the Government, but to the language of the pro-Boers.

The Government has been several times over the victim of surprise in matters in which it ought not to have been surprised, because on no occasion was there any difficulty in foreseeing what was about to happen. First came the political surprise, which consisted in the Boers being determined to fight, though the Government thought they would not fight; secondly, came the military surprise, in the Boer resistance being much more effective than the Government had expected; thirdly, came the Government's disappointment that the Boer resistance was not ended by the occupation of Pretoria, although there was no good military or political reason for believing that it would be so ended; lastly, came the guerilla warfare, of which the Government failed to appreciate the difficulties in advance.

The object of these criticisms on the Government is not to find fault either with the Government as a whole, or with its individual members, but to point out what are the great and all-important lessons to be learned from the experience of the present war. At the same time, be it said in parenthesis, this deprecation of fault-finding is not intended to imply either that the Government or its individual members are free from blame; there is no more dangerous form of humanitarianism than that which assumes that a Government can commit grave errors in the management of the nation's affairs and yet not be to blame. There is, however, not the slightest difficulty in knowing where to fix the responsibility for the errors here enumerated.

To return to the practical question of the measures that ought

to be taken with a view to a possible though, it is to be hoped, improbable war with Germany ; it is the duty of the Government, by action taken now, to render impossible a future surprise, either political, military, or naval. In the first place, the Government has to obtain what it does not at present possess, a true and clear understanding of German policy. The action of Germany for several years past has been nothing but a series of surprises to our own Government, and their recurrence, as it falls within the Department of Foreign Affairs, it is the specific duty of the Secretary of that department to prevent. Naval and military surprises concern the departments of the First Lord of the Admiralty and of the Secretary of State for War. I will here confine myself to the share of the Admiralty in this responsibility.

According to my conception, the responsibility of the First Lord of the Admiralty in this matter covers three points. He is jointly responsible with his colleagues of the Cabinet for the whole policy of the Government, and it is therefore his duty to agree to no act of policy whatever which would, in fact, cause annoyance to Germany, unless and until his department is fully prepared for all the possible consequences of such annoyance. This involves his second duty, which is to be at all times provided with a plan of operations for war against Germany, with or without her possible allies, and to have satisfied himself that that plan is based upon a correct assumption of what can be done with the German navy, and upon a true estimate of the effect upon Germany of such blows as are provided for by the plan. His third duty is to assure himself that everything needed for the execution of the plan is, in fact, at his disposal.

It is, to say the least, exceedingly doubtful whether any First Lord of the Admiralty in our time has fulfilled any one of these duties, and, indeed, they cannot be fulfilled by him without an organisation of his office very different from that which it possesses. No Minister will veto political action proposed by his colleagues on the basis of a strategical judgment of the soundness of which he is not absolutely convinced. Yet the organisation of the Navy makes very little provision for supplying the First Lord of the Admiralty with sound strategical advice. The First Sea Lord is supposed to fulfil this function, but, as far as can be known to outsiders, there have never been arrangements for giving any strategical training to persons likely to become First Sea Lords, and there is no reason to suppose that any kind of test of strategical ability has ever been required to be fulfilled by any First Sea Lord as a

condition of his appointment. Moreover, the system lays upon the First Sea Lord so many other duties that he cannot possibly concentrate his energies upon strategical problems. A First Lord of the Admiralty who was resolved to fulfil the three duties above enumerated could, with sufficient determination, in a few years provide himself with the means of fulfilling them. He would begin by forming in the Admiralty, under the immediate supervision of his First Sea Lord, a bureau of naval operations, sub-divided into a history division, an information division, and a division for operations proper. To this bureau he would entrust the framing of all orders for the movements of ships and fleets, and he would take means to select for appointments to it all those officers who revealed special qualifications for the higher branches of naval warfare. In this way he would prepare the systematisation of strategical knowledge. At the same time he would make competence in the general direction of operations the sole criterion in the choice of his First Sea Lord, and he would not rest until he had acquired in this bureau and in its chief a confidence sufficient to justify his staking his political existence by representing in the Cabinet the strategical conclusions at which they had arrived.

If we had such a First Lord of the Admiralty, if he had organised such an operations bureau and selected the best strategist in the Navy to be its chief, and if he then advised the formation of a North Sea Squadron, he would have no difficulty in inducing the Cabinet to approve of the measure, while if he thought the precaution unnecessary, there would be no reason for the public to be uneasy. But, in the absence of such a state of things, little benefit would result to the country from the advocacy by a private person either of that measure or of any other measure of detail. In the meantime, private persons, as it seems to me, would do well to reserve all their energies in regard both to the naval and military defence of the Empire for the purpose of urging on the public and the Government the imperative need for providing both the navy and the army with a headquarters staff, organised upon sound principles, and therefore ensuring that at the moment of each important political decision a true view of the strategical conditions should be laid before the Cabinet and duly considered by that body.

Believe me, yours very truly,

SPENSER WILKINSON.

March 10, 1902.

SOME SUGGESTIONS TOWARDS AN IMPERIAL TARIFF*

THE fact that our national expenditure has, of recent years, rapidly increased is one that requires no long array of figures to support it. It rose, as was recalled in a previous article, from £100,932,000 in 1895 to £143,686,000 in 1900; income-tax payers are sufficiently aware of the rise without any reference to statistics for enlightenment. In the same article allusion was made to the opinion, strongly expressed in Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's last Budget speech, that with the end of the war will not come the end of our increased expenditure; and it was pointed out that, under the conditions of international jealousy and rivalry in which we now exist, it would be wiser to face a still higher level of expenditure than to indulge in false hopes that any decrease will be possible. Having regard to the inevitable calls upon the national purse for national insurance, to the large item for the military occupation of South Africa which must inevitably appear in our accounts for some time to come, to the Debt and Consolidated Fund Charges, and the expenditure on the Civil Services, which must be looked upon as irreducible, it would not be an exaggerated estimate to place our future normal level of expenditure at £150,000,000.† Assuming the revenue from existing sources to fulfil the Chancellor of the Exchequer's estimate of £143,000,000, a deficit of £7,000,000 would thus have to be made good.

The financial problem which calls for solution is, however, of considerably more importance than this. It is, perhaps, a pretty gener-

* On the appearance of this third and concluding article, I wish to express my deep recognition of the invaluable assistance afforded me by Messrs W. B. Peat and Co. and Messrs. Trenow and Heisch, the well-known firms of auditors, in the preparation of the tables and figures presented in all three articles, which has involved much heavy labour, and to which they have devoted minute and accurate care.

See "Some Considerations on Imperial Finance" in the February *National Review*, and "Foreign Trade and Home Markets" in the March number.

† Since this part of the present article has been in the press, Sir Robert Giffen's three interesting letters to the *Times* (in the issues of January 7, 9, and 10) have appeared. His estimate amounted to £156,000,000; I am gratified to find that in this, and in some other respects, my conclusions approximate to those of so eminent an authority.

ally forgotten fact that, in its origin and for long afterwards, the income tax was regarded only as a temporary expedient, to be got rid of as soon as circumstances would permit.* It was first imposed by Pitt in 1799, and, maintained during virtually the whole subsequent period covered by the French wars, was repealed in 1816. It was not revived until 1842, and then for three years only; from time to time thereafter it was renewed for varying periods, but with the object of its ultimate extinction always held in view. But that object was never reached, and, in spite of Mr. Gladstone's insistence, in 1864, that it was very undesirable that the question should be disposed of "in an indirect or equivocal manner, or that the income tax should creep unawares into perpetuity," it has, as Mr. Sydney Buxton remarks,† done that very thing, and is with us now permanently with all the faults so severely criticised by Mr. Gladstone in 1853 still permeating its system. "It was not," he declared, "adapted for a permanent portion of the fiscal system, unless you can by reconstruction remove its inequalities. Even if you could . . . there would still remain in my mind objections to it of the gravest character." "The objectionable principle of self-assessment can never be satisfactory to the country." His general view, in fact, was that while it was an engine of gigantic power for great national purposes, it was to be deprecated as a permanency on account of the public feeling of its inequality, the inquisition which it necessitated, and the frauds to which it must lead.‡ There were "circumstances attending its operation which make it difficult, perhaps impossible, or at any rate not desirable, to maintain it as a portion of the permanent and ordinary finance of the country." Although admitting its unfairness in its bearing upon different classes of income, he considered that it was impossible to readjust it without "breaking up the basis of the tax," which would throw the whole finance of the Empire into confusion. It had, in fact, to be maintained as it was, or to be abolished; and in time he hoped to abolish it. He clung to this hope as late as 1874, when, after the dissolution of Parliament, he promised to the electorate, if they returned him to power, the "advantage and the relief" of the total repeal of the income tax. The opportunity was not afforded him, and that was, I believe, the last occasion on which the repeal of the income tax has been seriously put forward as feasible. Other

* For an excellent summary history of this tax, see Mr. Sydney Buxton's *Finance and Politics*. John Murray. 1888.

† *Finance and Politics*, vol. i. p. 331.

‡ The corollary of this is another formidable objection to the tax—namely, that, as Mr. J. S. Mill said, "It is in practice unequal in one of the worst ways, falling heaviest on the most conscientious."

Chancellors of the Exchequer, on other grounds, have wished to see it done away with :

> If we maintain the income tax [said Sir Stafford Northcote *] as a permanent engine of taxation, we are tempted to spend whatever it is pleasant to spend, and to take off whatever it is pleasant to take off. The income tax is always at command to be raised to 4*d.* or to 6*d.*—[how one envies those happy days when a rise to 4*d.* could be spoken of !]—as occasion requires, and you have not that pressure put upon you to study economy which you would otherwise have. You may, in fact, go as far as you please in any direction which is pleasant, because you would always be able to get the matter right by shifting the income tax. By adopting this rule you have in the past been tolerably free in admitting new items of expenditure, and very liberal in striking off taxes. But the consequence has been that a number of sources of revenue have been brought down to a dangerously low ebb.

They have indeed. Between 1867 and 1887 indirect taxation of some seven millions was remitted, and the income tax was increased by threepence, producing some six millions a year. Between 1887 and 1901 the income tax was increased by sixpence, producing, net, about £12,270,000, and the death-duties by some £7,900,000 a year, together nearly £20,200,000. In the same period indirect taxation has been increased by about ten millions and a quarter. The great increases of both income tax and of indirect taxation have been, of course, in the last two years of war, and the income tax has nobly borne its burden in this "time of national emergency." Whether the national emergency has been such as to warrant raising the income tax to its present excessive rate is already a debatable matter. But it is necessary to observe that the Chancellor of the Exchequer distinctly pointed to its permanent maintenance at a level of, at any rate, one shilling in the pound : if this policy were followed, so much the more is that resource weakened when another time of emergency shall occur. Thus to cut away our main line of reserve is not prudent finance. To abolish the income tax altogether, as Mr. Gladstone and his school—indeed, financiers of nearly all schools—hoped in the past, must, for at least some time to come, remain a "counsel of perfection." But it should be both reduced and, if possible, reformed, since it is to remain with us. It would be foreign to the subject of this paper to discuss the question of income-tax reform. But this much at least may be said—that the main lines on which it should be reformed are to render its incidence equitable, and to effect a discrimination in favour of "precarious" incomes (those, namely, depending on the lives of the owners), and of profits from trade and industry, on the one hand, as compared

* In Opposition. He became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the following year (1874).

with "permanent" incomes, or those which are derived from interest on invested capital, on the other.

Some discrimination, no doubt, there already is—in the shape of rates on real property,* largely increased and graduated death duties, the assessment of profits over an average of three years, the deductions for life-policies, the assessment on net profits in some cases and gross in others. These, however, are palliatives—good, as far as they go—but not remedies, and it would probably be found that in practice they do little to rectify the unfairness and unsoundness of the tax as it now stands, or to lessen, therefore, the necessity for reform. They cannot in any case serve even as a palliative to the objection attaching to all direct taxation, that it is taxation of the most onerous kind, and that it should therefore be employed as sparingly and laid on as lightly as possible. In this country precisely the contrary course has been adopted; the financial resource of a series of Chancellors of the Exchequer has been virtually limited, with the exception of the scheme of death duties invented by Sir William Harcourt, in some respects essentially faulty also, and the indirect taxation instituted last year by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, to remitting indirect taxation without the least necessity and adding pennies to the income tax. Yet to leave our national finance resting on so narrow a basis as the present is not only unsound, it is dangerous—as we should soon find to our cost were a really great national emergency to arise. At such times the possibility must be admitted that the utmost help that the poor could give may be to suffer in silence; if they had borne an unduly small share of the burdens of the state beforehand, it would be impossible to increase that share then. If, on the other hand, the richer classes had been bearing more than their share, you may find the response to your call too feeble to carry you through the crisis. Taxation should be so adjusted in normal times that all should contribute, as nearly as possible, proportionately (not an arithmetical, but an equitable proportion) to their means, so that, when the time comes for great national effort, the *maximum* reserve of strength may be at the disposal of the commonwealth.

The income tax must, then, be reduced; it should certainly not, in normal times, be at a higher level—taking into account the reforms proposed—than would produce a revenue equal to that of sixpence in the pound under present conditions. It is improbable that this reduction could be effected all at once—that so uneven a balance as that existing could be suddenly set

* This gives rise, however, to another cry for reform, *viz.*, to equalise the burdens bearing on realty and on personalty.

straight without detriment to the public welfare. It would be wiser to proceed by steps, to commence by reducing the income tax by, say, one half of the desired amount, or to tenpence in the pound, and to effect the reduction by the other half when equilibrium had been well established on the new footing. Since the proposition on which we started was that no reduction of expenditure was possible, but that, on the contrary, it was necessary to look upon £150,000,000 as the normal level, there thus arises an immediate deficit, in round figures, of £17,000,000 to be covered. Following Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in his survey last year of possible sources from which to draw fresh revenue, and referring to the latest revenue returns for the current year, we shall find ourselves reduced to the same conclusion as he was. Excise showing a decrease, it would probably not be more profitable to the revenue to impose additional taxation on spirits or beer now than then. Absolutely nothing, he said, was to be got out of wine. Customs, it is true, have increased considerably, but pretty well the whole of the increase can be accounted for by the new sugar and coal duties; it may, therefore, be taken as certain that tea and tobacco are as much out of the question now as then. The income-tax payers are already groaning, the death duties could scarcely be raised. The unwisdom of ever having narrowed down our financial system so far, and the truth of Mr. Disraeli's remark "that the income tax, instead of being an instrument for reforming our tariff, had commenced to be an instrument to destroy it, and that under the influence of the income tax other sources of revenue were constantly disappearing," have become remarkably evident. We have now to consider how, by replacing some, at any rate, of those sources of revenue—a much harder, or at any rate a much more unpopular, task than making them disappear—we may "put our financial system on a broader basis." *

In entering upon the discussion of what Sir Michael Hicks-Beach called "the great problem of indirect taxation," it is necessary to inquire as briefly, yet as carefully, as possible what general principles should be followed. (*a*) Overlying them all should be held in view the main object advocated in a previous article—the establishment of a customs-union, or free trade within the Empire. For many reasons, chiefly the widely differing fiscal arrangements of the various colonies, and the necessity, in many cases, that they should maintain a customs tariff in

* A very interesting contribution to the discussion of this matter in its relation to the doctrine of Free Trade is to be found in Mr. J. A. Hobson's article, "The Approaching Abandonment of Free Trade," in the *Fortnightly Review* of March 1902.

order to provide sufficient means for their State purposes, this cannot be effected immediately. But, through the medium of preferential duties, means of gradual adjustment will be found to clear away, as Lord Jersey wrote,* "the snags and obstacles which may divert the stream of commerce into new regions," and "to help in keeping clear the channels between" the mother-country and the colonies until, finally, the stream circulates throughout the whole Imperial system in perfect freedom. If it can be shown that this course is harmful to the Empire—that it could, for instance, sensibly diminish the prosperity of the United Kingdom, which would be to weaken the Empire at its heart, or of the Colonies,† which would be to enfeeble its members —then it must be put from us like poison. In the contrary case, we should strive our utmost, with all wisdom and prudence in adapting means to ends, to reach the ultimate object in view at the earliest possible moment. (*b*) The taxes imposed should be so contrived as to be spread over as wide a basis as possible. It follows that they should be levied, for preference, on articles of general consumption. (*c*) They should be imposed, in the first place, on articles imported from foreign countries, which are also produced within the Empire. (*d*) If imposed on raw materials, they must likewise be imposed on manufactures of those materials. (*e*) They should not be so high as to give rise to necessity for a compensating excise. Excise is a bad form of indirect taxation, for, leaving the pure vexation of it aside, it is a serious hindrance to trade, and it is expensive to enforce. (*f*) Neither should they be so high as to lend encouragement to smuggling; indeed, if the previous rule were complied with, this would virtually never be the case. (*g*) For the same reason import taxes are more eligible on commodities of low value which can only be dealt in in bulk, than on articles of high value which, generally, can be dealt in in small quantities and require but little space to conceal them. Many "luxuries" would thus be relegated to a low place in the scale of eligibility. But this, if the commodities taxed are to be of general consumption, is no objection. The problem must be faced fairly and squarely. To decrease the income tax and make good the void by taxing luxuries is little better than to dig a hole and fill it up again with the same earth. Either the Commonwealth is to take advantage of its whole strength, or it must deliberately discard a great portion of it, and leave the burden of its maintenance to

* Covering Despatch to Minutes of Proceedings of the Conference of Ottawa (C.—7553. 1894).

† Wherever the word Colonies is used in this article, or has been used in the two preceding it, Dependencies should also be understood.

press unduly on a part of the community. The latter course may be tempting from the narrow standpoint of party politics, but it is ruinously bad economy. (*h*) The taxes should not, if possible, be so high as unduly to increase the cost of living, since this would ultimately prove to be a tax on profits and a drag upon trade.* (*i*) On the other hand, the preferential duties should be sufficiently high to favour trade with the Colonies. But there should be no intention of rendering the preference so great as to cause the virtual exclusion of foreign goods. This would do away with the invaluable incentive of competition and unduly raise prices : it would, moreover, probably defeat its own end. For, in order to escape the tax, foreign goods would find their way here through the Colonies, a contingency which could not be generally avoided by the intricate and vexatious system of certificates of origin.

The first tendency of prices under such a system might be to rise by the amount of the tax, but it would be short-lived. Under the stress of competition they would tend to fall to that fixed by the smallest foreign margin of profit, or very near it, when the portion of the tax borne by the people of this country would be represented by the amount by which the cost of production and delivery &c., the tax, and the adjusted profit added together—*i.e.*, the new price—exceeded the original price. The foreigner would bear the remainder of the tax—*i.e.*, the difference between his original and his adjusted profit. The profit of the colonial exporter and the home producer would be the new price less the cost of production and delivery &c., and their advantage would be represented by the difference between their profit and that retained by the foreigner. That the population of the United Kingdom might not have to pay more than the amount of the tax imposed, it would be necessary that the portion of the tax paid by the foreigner should balance the increased profit to the colonial exporter and the home producer.

To make the action of the preferential duties advocated clearer, three examples will be given, taking the hypotheses : (1) That the tax imposed is less than the "present profit" ; (2) that the two are equal ; (3) that the tax is greater than the "present profit." In order to avoid unnecessary complication, I assume that the cost of production of a given article and of freight and other charges to convey it from the place of production to that of consumption, is the same whether produced in foreign countries, in the Colonies, or in the United Kingdom. This would, probably, seldom be the case, but that does not alter, except in

* The suggested reform of the income tax, which would act, at any rate to some extent, as a compensation must be borne in mind.

degree, the validity of the argument. (1) Let us suppose, then, a commodity of which the present price of a taxable unit is 30*s.*; that the present profit, at that price, to the producer or manufacturer is 3*s.*; and that a duty is imposed on imports of it from foreign countries of 1*s.* At the outset the price might probably rise to 31*s.* or nearly so. But with the Colonial produce coming in free, it would, by the effect of competition, soon fall until, probably, the original price was reached. In this case the people of the United Kingdom would escape the tax altogether. The profit retained by the foreign exporter would be 2*s.* That of the colonial and home producer would be unchanged, and their advantage, as compared with the foreigner, would be 1*s.* The price paid to the foreigner being less, our exports to him would tend to decrease; his profits likewise being less, it is possible that his production would also tend to decrease, and again, too, our exports to him. On the other hand, the production at home and in the Colonies would tend to increase, that of the latter in more rapid proportion owing to the preferential duties which it is assumed throughout * that they would institute in our favour, and which must inevitably stimulate the exchange between them and the mother-country. It appears, then, that in this case the "home" † markets of the Empire would, at any rate slightly, increase their activity, without any indirect disadvantage to the home population.

(2) Next let us suppose the tax to be equal to the "present profit" —an import duty of 3*s.*, therefore, to be imposed on the same commodity as before. The price would first rise to about 33*s.*, but would again rapidly adjust itself to a lower level, say 31*s.* The population of the United Kingdom would then pay 1*s.* more on the whole of the imports, foreign and colonial, and of the home produce, of the commodity in question. Supposing the foreigner to retain 1*s.* profit, the portion of the tax he would bear would be the difference between his original and adjusted profit, namely, 2*s.*, or two-thirds of the tax on the imports drawn from him. The profit of the colonial exporter and the home producer would be 4*s.*, and their advantage, as compared with the foreigner, 3*s.* Their combined production would have to be twice that of the foreigner before any extra cost fell upon the population of the United Kingdom. The effects upon trade would be the same as before in an intensified degree. The exports of the United Kingdom to foreign countries should fall off more rapidly, and the activity and business of the extended home markets grow at a much greater rate. There could be no cost to the population of the United Kingdom until two-thirds of its trade in the particular

* See *National Review*, March 1902, pp. 72, *passim*. † *Ibid.* p. 71.

commodity had become inter-imperial. It is not unreasonable to suppose that by that time prices, by other causes, would have fallen to a sufficient extent to obviate any cost, or at least almost the whole of it.

(3) Lastly, supposing the tax to be more than the "present profit," let us imagine the same article to be taxed 5*s*. The price, following the same course as before, might at first rise to nearly 35*s*., but would soon be at an adjusted level of, say, 32*s*. 6*d*., the population of the United Kingdom paying 2*s*. 6*d*. per unit more for the whole of the commodity consumed. There would now be a much larger margin for competition, which would therefore be correspondingly keener, and we may conceive the foreign producer to be content with 6*d*. profit. The portion of the tax he would bear being the difference between his original profit (3*s*.) and his adjusted profit (6*d*.) would be 2*s*. 6*d*., or one-half of the tax. The colonial exporter and the home producer would make a profit represented by the difference between the cost of production, &c. (27*s*.) and the adjusted price (32*s*. 6*d*.), or 5*s*. 6*d*. The tax would begin to cost the population of the United Kingdom more than it would bring to the Treasury, as soon as the home and colonial produce together exceeded the imports from foreign countries. In regard to trade, the action previously noticed would be still further reinforced; exports to foreign countries would fall with increased rapidity, those to the Colonies rise still more, and the markets of the United Kingdom (always supposing the commodity to be producible in these islands) be nearly proportionately more active. The increasing demand, due to increase of population, would take effect, at any rate chiefly, on the "home" markets, which would also be true in the other two cases supposed in proportionately less degree.

The relative variations of price shown above are, of course, purely arbitrary. It is impossible to predict exactly how, under any given set of circumstances, prices will adjust themselves. The probable general tendency is, however, I think, fairly portrayed. As the tax grew higher, the competition incurred by the foreign article would become more severe, and it would tend to disappear from the trade. That it should do so entirely is not, as before indicated, the object to be aimed at, and the taxes imposed must, therefore, be kept within moderate limits. What is desired is to raise revenue in such a manner as to succeed in saving the population of our Empire, in the words of Mr. J. Stuart Mill, from "being a loser by the revenue duties imposed by other countries on its commodities by imposing corresponding duties on theirs," while causing it to gain by the increased Imperial "home" trade ensuing. But we must be careful that "those

duties be not so high as to exceed all that remains of advantage of the trade, and put an end to importation altogether." I hope to have made it clear that, provided we can produce within our Imperial borders all the commodities which we import from other countries at an approximately equal cost, that is not a very difficult task. The lower the duties levied by the Colonies on our products, the easier would that task become both for them and for us. The greater the exchange between us, the greater their prosperity and ours, and the more easy for them to devise other methods of taxation to compensate them for the loss of customs duties on Imperial products which they import, until at last free trade within the Empire becomes a fact. And this would be free trade under the conditions, now virtually lost in international trade, as I attempted to show in my first article, but, as may therein also be gathered, true still if they could be resuscitated. Great Britain would, I imagine, become the manufacturing centre of an Empire, the best energies of the members of which would necessarily be expended, at any rate for much time to come, in providing the food and raw materials for its consumption. If at any time it were found that some manufacture could be produced better in a colony than in the mother-country, the latter must cease to produce it, but there would be no loss of productive power within the Empire as a whole. Indeed, emigration would be thereby stimulated, a consequence to be regretted by none, since, according to the most recent authorities, nearly one-third of our population exists in a condition verging on pauperism. It would be stimulated, too, in the right direction, instead, as is lamentably too much the case at present, in the wrong direction of foreign countries.

What foreign articles, then, should be taxed, as a start towards that most desirable end? The first choice must necessarily fall upon one, or both, of the two chief classes of colonial products, namely, articles of food and raw materials. If the conditions above laid down be considered, it is clear that it is articles of food, as being absolutely of general consumption, which best respond to them. Moreover, although this is often strangely forgotten, a tax on food (indeed, on all imports) is bound to be borne more by a large establishment than by a small one, that is, more by the rich than by the poor, although doubtless not in proportion. But the direct taxation still left, which would not bear on the poor at all, should render the pressure even. To observe whether taxes upon food-stuffs would actively promote the object in view, we must inquire for a moment into the possibilities of the expansion of agriculture within the Empire.

The effect of the changes of condition upon this industry in the United Kingdom, the loss of the "protection of distance"—the irresistible growth of competition, owing to almost incomparably better means of communication and cheaper freights, and enormously greater areas both of cultivated land and of pasture land in various parts of the world—is so notorious as, perhaps, to need little insisting upon in a paper of this length. Nor do I think much is to be gained by proving that the predictions of early free traders in regard to British agriculture have been so completely falsified. They were plain men, not prophets; that is the useful lesson to be learnt from a study of those predictions. But we can take it to heart and bear it in mind without useless recrimination and acrimonious comment. Those who have any doubts as to the pass to which agriculture has been brought may well be referred to the final report (published in 1898) of the Royal Commission on Agricultural Depression appointed in 1893; it would be hopeless to attempt here the shortest summary of those most interesting but most depressing volumes. The fact that the decrease of the capital value of agricultural land between 1875 and 1895, in Great Britain, was estimated at £834,834,000 is a good indication of the tone of the whole Report. Adopting the same method of calculation, that loss had increased in 1900 to £893,346,000, or over 53½ per cent. since 1875.

In a previous article I gave figures showing how large a fall there has been in the home production of wool, and how far that of milk and meat has fallen proportionally behind the rate of increase of the population. Corn crops have not done any better. The average acreage of wheat in the United Kingdom fell from 2,553,858 acres in 1884–86 to 2,035,571 acres in 1898–1900; of barley from 2,408,650 acres to 2,126,014 acres; of oats from 4,326,140 acres to 4,103,160 acres.* The average annual production of the three crops was respectively: wheat, 9,325,000 quarters in 1884–86 and 7,978,000 quarters in 1898–1900; barley, 10,159,000 quarters and 9,070,000 quarters; oats, 20,419,000 quarters and 20,948,000 quarters—this crop alone showing a slightly larger yield, which has since been more than lost. Meanwhile, imports, of course, rose, and prices, of course, fell. The following table is given to show the percentage of net imports to total supply, and the home production, quantities imported, and total consumption (net imports added to home production) per head of population:

* In 1900 the average of wheat was over a million acres less than the triennial average; that of barley and oats was slightly above it. In 1901 there was a further falling off in the acreage of corn-crops of 230,710 acres.

		Percentage of Net Imports to Total Supply.	Average Prices per Quarter.	Home Production per head of Population.	Net Imports per head of Population.	Total Consumption per head of Population.
			s. d.	qrs.	qrs.	qrs.
Wheat	1884–86	63.96	33 2	.26	.46	.72
	1898–1900	73.76	28 10	.20	.55	.75
Barley	1884–86	27.79	29 1	.28	.11	.39
	1898–1900	37.60	25 11	.22	.14	.36
Oats	1884–86	18.76	19 11	.56	.13	.69
	1898–1900	22.64	17 8	.52	.15	.67

It is a curious fact, worthy of attention, that the consumption of both barley and oats per head has decreased in spite of the concurrent reduction in prices; but the chief lesson to be drawn from these figures is that our home production falls hopelessly, while our dependence on countries beyond the seas for our food supplies grows always. Meanwhile our rural population—considered, in their own case, by others who may be admitted to have as good heads to think with as we, to be a mainstay of national strength *—naturally diminishes by migration to the towns, and we sit looking helplessly on, endeavouring to make-believe that nothing matters provided that trade generally is more or less good.

What is the remedy? In an exceedingly interesting paper by Mr. R. F. Crawford, published in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society* (vol. xi. Part 1, 1900), a calculation is made by which our dependence upon external sources for our supplies of corn and other feeding-stuffs, of meat, excluding pork, and of milk, is converted into terms of acres. Showing in detail how his results are arrived at, the author demonstrates that our imports of those foodstuffs are represented, at a very moderate estimate, by 23 million acres. In the United Kingdom the total acreage under crops and grass in 1898 was 47.8 million acres, the total supply necessary for the inhabitants of the United Kingdom being thus represented by nearly 71 million acres or 1.76 acres per head. The total acreage under crops and grass in Australasia and Canada† is about 49.3 million

* See the speeches of Count von Bülow and others in the recent debate on the New Tariff in the German Imperial Reichstag.

† The statistics are not very clear in the *Agricultural Returns*, and the figures taken here for Australasia are probably much below what they should be. Those for Canada are taken from the *Statistical Year Book of Canada*; they do not include "gardens and orchards," and apply to the year 1891.

acres, and their aggregate population is 10.04 millions. Combining these figures it will be seen that, if the same rule be followed, the population of those colonies would require a little over 17.6 millions of acres to support them, leaving about 31.6 millions of acres for export, or more than enough to supply the whole needs of the United Kingdom. Agriculture in the colonies is, however, probably not worked up nearly to its highest productivity. There should be an almost unlimited call for work there; we have a large able-bodied surplus population, a constant stream of emigrants leaves our shores for the United States. It would seem to be the best kind of trade that we should direct our potential labour to where so much potential wealth lies undeveloped, and needing it, within our own estates. But apparently unless our estates can be developed without any effort on our part, they must remain idle. In any case, it will not be contested, seeing the vast territories which remain untouched but available, not only in the colonies mentioned but now in South Africa also,* that the Empire could feed itself quite as well from within as from without, if it distributed its energies upon its own territories.† That being so, I will venture to present the following summary of the purchases of the United Kingdom of some of its principal food-supplies from beyond the seas:

AVERAGE IMPORTS, 1896–1900.

CORNSTUFFS.				BUTTER.			
From all British Possessions.	Per Head of Population.	From all Foreign Countries.	Per Head of Population.	From all British Possessions.	Per Head of Population.	From all Foreign Countries.	Per Head of Population.
Millions of cwts.	lbs.	Millions of cwts.	lbs.	Millions of cwts.	lbs.	Millions of cwts.	lbs.
21.25	59.8‡	168.52	469.8	.474	1.31	2.8‡	7.73

* I omit India, as an uncertain factor. But in good years there are, of course, large resources to be drawn upon there also.

† In the issues of the *Saturday Review* of February 15 and 22 are two able articles, evidently written with great authority, dealing respectively with our "Imported and Home-grown Food Supply," and "The Empire's Food-producing Capacity." The acreage necessary to grow a year's imports of the products enumerated above is now raised to 25 million acres. The second article, in a detailed and carefully reasoned examination of the subject, proves the conclusion at which I arrive to be more than justified.

‡ This figure would have been more favourable, had India not suffered a famine in 1900.

AVERAGE IMPORTS, 1896–1900.

MEAT (Fresh and Preserved, exclusive of Poultry and Game).			
From all British Possessions.	Per Head of Population.	From all Foreign Countries.	Per Head of Population.
Millions of cwts.	lbs.	Millions of cwts.	lbs.
3.8	10.6	12.3	34.24

The situation, then, is exactly the reverse of what it should be. We are supplied chiefly from foreign sources, although we could, if we pleased, provide for ourselves from our own estates to our great advantage.* It is, therefore, on the other hand, precisely the situation which lends itself with the greatest advantage to the system of taxation described. A schedule is attached (Appendix A†) showing a rough scheme of import duties on food-stuffs imported from foreign countries, together with the proportion these imports bear to the total for each article specified. This schedule must only, however, be regarded as an illustration ; its accurate preparation, and that of other schedules of the duties on raw materials and manufactures (Appendix B) requisite to bring the revenue up to the necessary level, must be left to experts, with all information, of which but little is within the reach of a private individual, at their disposal. In this discussion I cannot pretend to do more than attempt to lay down the general principles which should guide them. These principles must be as carefully followed in the matter of raw materials as of articles of food, while, as regards manufactures apart from the question of raw materials, those should be selected in the first place for which this country is used as a "slaughter-house."

It must not be expected that this scheme would do much to re-establish agriculture in the United Kingdom. It would do something, no doubt ; it may even be imagined that the exodus of the population from the country to the towns would be stopped, at least for some time, and that we might draw annually a few more

* The further advantage of being self-supporting in time of war cannot be here discussed, but its immense importance, not in any way disproved by the recent inconclusive debate in the House of Commons, must not be forgotten.

† Owing to what the *Financial News*—a journal which has long advocated the reconsideration of our fiscal system—aptly calls "the Government's capitulation to Germany" at the recent Sugar Conference of Brussels, I am obliged to strike out sugar from this schedule. It must devoutly be hoped that this is not a prelude to tying up the hands of the mother-country again in regard to trade with the Colonies.

weeks' supply from our own soil—a result which might be of critical importance in time of war. But we can scarcely hope for more. In the colonies, however—in those great outlying counties of England—a splendid agricultural industry would spring up, with all its concomitant advantages. We should have no further need to fear the deterioration of British thews and sinews, nor the want of men of heroic build and endurance, as well as heroic courage, to fight our battles for us.

Since we are, however, an improvident and unthinking people, addicted to a preference for dogma over reason, and owing, probably, to a certain intellectual indolence, easily dominated by cant and big names, we prefer to leave our own estates fallow and to feed on those of others, irrespective of all changes of conditions. We run our theories mercilessly to death. One strange delusion which has taken fast hold of us is that cheapness is the first and last object of free trade, and its most admirable result. It is, of course, nothing of the kind (see *National Review*, March 1902, pp. 74 and 75). The object of free trade, now seemingly quite lost sight of by its most ardent devotees in this country, is that men, in their exchanges, should obtain commodities at their *natural* prices.* This is an impossibility when we alone are free-traders and all other countries protectionist. Bastiat's rather tiresome fable of *Libera* and *Vincta* was pretty theory, but has become quite untrue in practice. Protection acts as a bounty for exporters from the protected countries, as Canadian producers know too well, and as some of our own trades are beginning to feel. Import duties imposed on goods competing under these artificial advantages are really no more than countervailing. Protective is too strong a term to be applied to them, as generally understood : self-defensive would be more accurate. It is admitted that they might cause a decrease in our foreign trade. But with our ports left open to the Colonies—especially if they adopt free trade within the Empire and, until they can attain to that, grant inter-Imperial preferential duties — the "home" markets of the Empire would be so stimulated that there would be no loss but gain.

* A good example of the disadvantage of unnatural cheapness may be found in the inferior flour of summer wheats with which this country is flooded from America. Being white, it is from this that is made the bread consumed, especially in the towns, by the poorer classes. who insist upon white bread. They mistake whiteness for good quality. They might as well eat so much Brown and Polson's starch. A differential duty would cause all this deleterious stuff to disappear from our markets. It is shipped here at no profit in order to keep American mills going between the winter crop supplies. Unnatural cheapness conduces, too, to the wastefulness which has become one of our national sins.

Judged by results demonstrated, as I venture to think, in the two last numbers of this Review, protected countries have, of late years, since the effect of the change of conditions has been felt, done better than we who have refused to depart in the slightest degree from our free-trade attitude towards them. Instead of our securing the larger share of the increase of the world's trade, it is they who have done so. Conditions remaining the same—the probability is that they will alter only to our disadvantage if we adhere to our mistaken prejudices—this outpacing of us can only continue in increasing ratio. When they can buy our specialities cheaper home-made, when they can undersell us in them in all other markets including our own, no amount of theoretical proof that free trade is the correct policy will save us from ruin and collapse. In my first article I endeavoured to show that if under one set of conditions free trade was good for us, it does not follow that it must also be so under quite a different set. But another curious delusion of "out-and-out" free-traders is that their theories must hold good under no matter what conditions, and that, among other things, the more other countries develop their industries, the better market will they offer to ours, whether their industries cover the same ground as ours or not. Yet, if under such conditions exchange were to continue between them and us, it would be a perfect instance of "living by taking in one another's washing." Nor is it true that if, as Mr. Harold Cox wrote not long ago in the *North American Review*, "the American producer is so unreasonable as to wish to be paid for what he sells, he must graciously permit us to go on producing something ourselves." Of which of her industries is America to be so kind as to deprive herself, in order to provide us with means to pay for what we want? She will take payment in whatever form she can get it until we have nothing left wherewith to pay; and then she will no longer "graciously permit" us to be one of her customers. Meanwhile she will have transferred to herself all our share of the world's trade, and we shall have become small enough in wealth and power to satisfy the most rabid Little Englander. All that will be left to us will be a part of our much-reduced home markets in these islands: we shall have difficulty in importing such necessaries as we cannot produce ourselves; foreign markets, and those extended home markets for which I plead, will have been lost to us for ever. Even now our exports to the United States are insufficient to settle our trade debts, and to effect settlement whole blocks of our industry are being transferred to Americans, without our very well apprehending what is going on—witness the tobacco trade, lines of

shipping, the electrical engineering industry; witness also their investments in our "gilt-edged" securities and our export of their securities to them. Still the fatal "too late" has not yet gone forth against us, and in our prosperity we find it hard to believe that it ever will. But, as I have before observed, self-complacency and satisfaction with the present afford no safeguard for the future. In adapting to our needs the living examples of our two chief rivals, under conditions greatly superior to those possessed by the one, Germany—what, indeed, is her *Welt-politik* but an expression of her desire to secure conditions as good, which she certainly would not waste as we do? —and at least equal to those possessed by the other, the United States, we shall find strength, security, prosperity—diminished foreign trade perhaps, but more than compensation in remunerative "home" markets over the whole wide expanse of British Empire. I have not attempted to sketch out any system of preferential duties which the Colonies should grant the mother-country. Owing to the varying conditions it is improbable that it could be uniform, and an intimate knowledge of every colony would be required to meet the views and possibilities of each, until inter-Imperial free trade is established. I will merely add this, that in the negotiation of future commercial treaties it must be clearly laid down, and be resolutely maintained, by the British Government that no preferential treatment by the Colonies of the mother-country, or *vice versâ*, shall entail a loss of the most-favoured-nation treatment. It must be understood, once and for all, that the mother-country and her Colonies are as much one country as the United Kingdom. Any further surrender of our immense natural advantages to what has become false theory, may prove to be an irretrievable and fatal blunder. There are a multitude of questions, too, upon which it has been impossible to touch, such as a common fund for Imperial defence, a central Imperial Council, and others—questions dependent upon Imperial Federation, whereas here it is Imperial Trade and Finance which have been discussed. But it is through Imperial Trade and Finance that Federation will be accomplished. Intimate knowledge of their views and possibilities is coming to us from every colony this year in the persons of the statesmen who will represent them at the Coronation. It is ardently to be hoped that this may not be another admirable, perhaps an irrecoverable, opportunity lost, but that at last we may break the bonds of prejudice and show ourselves worthy of our great inheritance.

In very brief summary, what I hope to have established by the three successive articles which have appeared in this *Review* is—by

the *first*, the great change of conditions which has taken place since free trade was first established; by the *second*, the effect which some of those changes have had upon our trade, and, in general lines, the course which should be pursued to render our position secure; by the *third*, the unsoundness of the financial system which has grown up in this kingdom, the efficacy, as a remedy, of the course advocated in the second article, and the absence from that remedy of the dangers with which we have always been taught that it is attended. The longer we drift on as we are the more serious will become our situation, until, if we persist in hesitation and obstinate theorising, it may be impossible to adopt any remedy at all, and the knell of our Empire will have rung.

APPENDIX A.

SUGGESTED TAXATION OF IMPORTS OF FOOD-STUFFS FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES RETAINED FOR HOME CONSUMPTION.

Articles Taxed.	Amount of Tax.	Percentage of Foreign to Total Imports.*	Revenue produced by Tax on Foreign Imports retained for Home Consumption.*
			£
Animals	10*s.* per head.	85.37	493,700
Bacon and Hams	4*s.* per cwt.	91.52	1,223,000
Beef (fresh and salted)	4*s.* ,,	80.58	561,000
Mutton	3*s.* 1*d.* ,,	40.08	200,000
Pork (fresh and salted)	3*s.* 8*d.* ,,	97.21	133,200
Meat (unenumerated and preserved)	5*s.* ,,	75.05	173,600
Butter	10*s.* 2*d.* ,,	85.39	1,379,400
Margarine	5*s.* 4*d.* ,,	99.98	244,000
Cheese	4*s.* 8*d.* ,,	40.32	218,200
Condensed Milk	3*s.* 7d. ,,	99.91	118,600
Eggs	8*d.* per great hundred.	95.45	475,000
Wheat	1*s.* 2*d.* per cwt.	84.05	3,268,000
Wheatmeal and Flour	1*s.* 6*d.* ,,	91.12	1,442,200
Oats	1*s.* ,,	90.19	766,800
Oatmeal and Groats	1*s.* 4*d.* ,,	84.36	42,700
Barley	1*s.* ,,	98.62	987,600
Raw Cocoa	2*d.* per lb. (extra).	50.77	84,300
Cocoa (manufactures of)	2*d.* ,, ,,	99.95	48,600
Rice	1*s.* per cwt.	27.87	73,300
Maize	2½*d.* ,,	90.0	522,000
Maize-meal	6½*d.* ,,	100.0	33,700
Coffee	Remit 1*d.* per lb. on colonial coffee; add 1*d.* per lb. on foreign coffee.	78.16	80,100
Tea	Remit ½*d.* per lb. on colonial tea; add 1*d.* per lb. on foreign tea.	12.28	–403,000
		Total	£12,166,000

* The two last columns in each schedule are worked out on the five-yearly average, 1896–1900,

APPENDIX B.

SUGGESTED TAXATION OF IMPORTS OTHER THAN FOOD-STUFFS FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES RETAINED FOR HOME CONSUMPTION.

Articles Taxed.	Amount of Tax.	Percentage of Foreign to Total Imports.*	Revenue produced by Tax on Foreign Imports retained for Home Consumption.*
			£
Timber.	2*s.* 2*d.* per load	66.60	800,400
Timber (manufactures of) .	10% of value	95.22	290,100
Paper and Pasteboard .	1*s.* 5*d.* per cwt.	98.10	347,000
Dye-stuffs	3*s.* 4*d.* „ „	49.13	194,600
Leather	6*s.* „ „	55.12	147,100
Gloves (Leather) . . .	2*s.* per doz. pairs	99.99	192,400
Boots and shoes . . .	5*s.* 10*d.* „ „	99.77	57,100
Leather (manufactures of) .	10% of value	99.75	46,300
Cotton (raw) . . .	2*s.* 2*d.* per cwt.	97.70	1,469,500
Cotton (yarn) . . .	1¼*d.* „ lb.	99.0	25,900
Cotton (manufactures of) .	10% of value	98.60	374,100
Flax or Linseed . . .	1*s.* 9*d.* per qr.	57.04	87,300
Linen Yarn	1*d.* per lb.	100.0	85,600
Linen Manufactures . .	10% of value	99.84	37,900
Oil-seed Cake . . .	11*s.* 6*d.* per ton	96.04	205,000
Caoutchouc & Gutta Percha	13*s.* 4*d.* per cwt.	66.64	234,400
Caoutchouc and Gutta Percha (manufactures of) .	£1 10*s.* 2*d.* „ „	99.03	62,600
Skins and Furs . . .	5% of value	73.89	143,400
Tallow and Stearine . .	1*s.* 1*d.* per cwt.	38.91	43,300
		Total	£4,844,000
		Add Total of Appendix A	£12,166,000
		Grand Total	£17,010,000

VINCENT CAILLARD.

P.S.—Since this article was written I have had the advantage of reading a striking article by Dr. J. Beattie Crozier in the March number of the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled "Free Trade or Protection for England?" He insists, with cogent reasoning, on the change of trade policy which should ensue on a change of conditions, and the ruin which must attend a free-trade country the moment it is "beaten in the race by an enterprising rival, *by however small a margin*, provided that margin is likely to prove enduring." There is, I venture to think, no point in Dr. Crozier's paper, or in that of Mr. J. A. Hobson alluded to in a footnote to p. 212 of my present article, which is at variance either with the conclusions at which I have arrived in the *National Review*, or the processes by which I have reached them. It is my strong hope that a discussion of the supremely important question of our trade policy may be opened, and that it may be carried to a definite conclusion.—V. C.

* See note on preceding page.

THE GERMAN ARMY IN FRANCE

WHEN French politicians and their military sycophants challenged Germany, July 19, 1870, they were relatively as unready as in 1899 were our politicians and War Office officials when they trifled with both Britons and Boers till President Kruger threw down the gauntlet. But the French, unlike the Britons, were unfortunate in that no ocean flowed between Paris and their invader, so that the magnificent organisation of their foes enabled them to pour across the Rhine corps after corps of perfectly equipped and trained and splendidly educated troops, with whom the French could not compare either in numbers, in a system of supply, in organisation, or in any other form of martial fitness.

Patriotic zeal and valour and heroic patience on the part of either hardy peasants or luxurious town-bred folk are, under such conditions, merely aggravations of misfortune. Nothing can compensate for lack of careful preparation in time of peace; the French rulers, like the even more apathetic rulers of England a generation later, had been warned betimes, but had turned deaf ears to counsel. The immediate consequence was, that within seven weeks the whole political fabric of the State had given way before a Revolution. In one month, after the first shot was fired, all the regular army had been shut up in fortresses or had been obliged to capitulate on the field. The first skirmish was on August 2; by August 20 the French had been beaten back to the Moselle and Meuse, while Strasburg and Metz were invested. By the end of another fortnight the astounding *débacle* of Sedan had bewildered mankind. From September 19 the capital with its vast population was separated from all intercourse with the rest of the world by a close siege, which was only to terminate by its starvation and surrender. But France, though sorely smitten, still stood upright, and the Germans themselves were obliged to do homage to the nobility of soul of a race which was for the moment deprived of all the elements of power and apparently reeling under the very severest strokes of fate. After commenting on how the Germans were harassed in the districts which they occupied,

General George Cardinal Von Widdern, whom I propose to use largely as an authority, says that, after the captivity of their Emperor and their favourite general McMahon and the investment of Paris :

> the French people were not for a moment deterred by the sacrifice of many millions of francs in levying mighty armies, and also in losses inflicted on their own country by the very extensive destruction of roads and railways which they carried out in the districts held by the Germans.

He goes on to say that :

> the French also readily bore the reprisals which were the natural consequences of the popular war stimulated by them; these were heavy in money and other contributions levied upon many parishes.

All our readers know enough of the art of war to appreciate the importance of preserving the lines of communication between the various theatres of operation north and south of Paris and the main source of supply for recruits, food, and material in Germany itself. Not to speak of the regularly organised levies under D'Aurelle de Paladines, Chanzy, Faidherbe, and Bourbaki, which were in due time principally located about Orleans, Amiens, Le Mans, and Besançon, the garrison of every little fortress in the north and the Vosges district, and every small town near the German quarters, were centres of unrest. The Germans were obliged to employ 105,000 infantry, 5700 cavalry, and 68 guns, to cover the rear of the 500,000 men and 1700 guns which were more aggressively employed at the front. The German staff apparently expected that they would be spared that partisan or guerilla warfare which they had themselves employed so actively from 1806–13 against the French ; indeed, they admit that their arrangements as against raids were defective, almost as defective as our own, when our Cabinet came to the extraordinary conclusion that it is unusual, if not rude, to carry on a war after the defeat of regular troops and the capture of capitals.

But the Germans had not failed to warn the French that they would ruthlessly suppress guerilla movements if these ever took place. Prince Frederick William issued the following very clear orders when he entered French territory :

> Military jurisdiction is established by this decree. It will be extended to all territory occupied by German troops, to every action tending to endanger the security of those troops, to causing them injury, or lending assistance to the enemy. Military jurisdiction will be considered as in force, and proclaimed through all the extent of a canton as soon as it is posted in any locality forming part of it.
>
> All persons not forming part of the French army, and not proving their quality as soldiers by outward signs, and who (*a*) shall serve the enemy as spies; (*b*) shall mislead the German troops when charged to act as guides

(*c*) shall kill, wound, or rob persons belonging to the German troops, or making part of their suite; (*d*) shall destroy bridges or canals, damage telegraphic lines or railways, render roads impassable, set fire to munitions and provisions of war, or troops' quarters; (*e*) shall take up arms against the German troops—will be punished by death. In each case the officer in command will institute a council of war with authority to try the matter and pronounce sentence. These councils can only condemn to death. Their sentence will be executed immediately.

The communes to which the culprits belong, as well as those whose territory may have been the scene of the offence, will be condemned in a penalty for each case equalling the annual amount of their taxes.

He thus gave the enemy who figured as an irregular, and was captured, little excuse for being astonished at the promptitude of his annihilation. A month after these orders were published came Sedan, and then Gambetta's audacity and eloquence inflamed all sections of the French public to resistance: "Gardes Mobiles" and National Guards, the remnant of the regular army and old soldiers, crowded to the Republican standards. Of these the Germans did not, and could not, complain; but Gambetta went further, he authorised and encouraged guerilla bands to carry on a warfare on the flanks of the regular army and to harass the enemy's communications. These were well armed, active, uniformed often in very striking and fantastic fashions, and were assiduously helped by the rustic folk. The national guard of the second levy, shopkeepers, and women who were also surreptitiously supplied with arms, laid ambuscades for the Germans, who were occasionally surprised and killed, especially in certain districts, as we shall see.

But what embittered "the honest German soldiers," as German historians love to call their rank and file, more than anything else, according to Von Widdern, seems to have been the fashion in which the Francs-tireurs and National Guards anticipated line by line the manœuvres of our present opponents in South Africa, who have been rewarded by having their wives and children well nourished at our expense. I quote Von Widdern (*Franco-German War*, p. 546), translated by General Sir Frederick Maurice:

They were wont at need to assume the appearance of unoffensive peasants by throwing away and hiding their arms and getting rid of every badge indicative of military service. That under such circumstances the Germans gave short shrift to such fellows taken "red-handed" will be thought only reasonable, even though it is quite possible that at times innocent men may have suffered.

Not only "quite possible," but, according to the French author, Devaureix, absolutely certain. I translate a few lines on page 131, *De la Guerre de Partisans.*

One of the first efforts of this kind was that of some French partisans who tried to disturb Werder's forces at the beginning of the siege of Strasburg; the Germans, quite understanding the danger which would ensue from permitting attacks by such troops on their rear, cruelly chastised the people among whom these partisans got their start.

There was no weakness, shuffling, no hesitancy in the German policy. At no period of the war would they refrain, or allow any officer, however exalted in rank, to refrain, from the sternest measures to suppress irregular operations. German blood was too precious to be sacrificed by players to a canting gallery. Count von Moltke, whose military judgment and foresight are almost above criticism, and who was absolutely free from passion or vindictiveness, wrote to Von Werder, commanding the Fourteenth Army Corps at Dijon, from Versailles, December 8, 1870 :

If, as is apparent from some reports of your Excellency, the movements of the troops of the Fourteenth Army Corps have been hampered, not merely by unfavourable weather or the natural difficulties of the country but also by a hostile bearing on the part of the inhabitants; whether it be that there has been open resistance with armed force, or whether obstacles have been created by the malevolent and frequent destruction of the communications, the very severest treatment of the guilty, as regards life and property, can alone be recommended to your Excellency, whole parishes being held responsible for the deeds of their individual members when such cannot be discovered.*

He will be a bold man who will challenge the military equity or judgment of Von Moltke. My readers will note that these words were written by the Commander-in-Chief of all the German armies to one of his ablest generals. I pause to ask wherein, if this order be justified by the laws of war (and the French authorities, as far as I can read, admitted its validity), are our generals blameworthy for any repressive measures which they may have adopted in South Africa ?

The great authority, Rüstow, by no means favourable to the French, says that the detachments of Von Werder destroyed many members of the rustic community, and delivered up to military execution a crowd of persons who defended their country. Indeed, guerilla warfare must tend to these severities even when authorised by a regular government with an official status, as was the government of National Defence. But there is no precedent for tenderness to any guerillas, as the Frenchman Devaureix declares on page 133, except in the case of partisans in submission to discipline and under the regular orders of responsible military chiefs. "We formally condemn every independent

* Official account, Part II., appendix cxii.

irregular band, whatever it may be" ("Nous condamnons formellement toute lévee indépendante, quelle qu'elle soit").

The German armies had as their duty the crushing out of all resistance in France, till that country, utterly exhausted, agreed to part with much territory and its greatest fortresses, and to pay an enormous war indemnity. No place, no person who stood in the way of this policy, was to be spared. Resistance meant ruin to the French, and half-measures would also have meant ruin to the Germans. Tenderness to guerilla bands or the civil populations of obsolete fortresses would have meant the destruction of railways and the starvation of 400,000 German warriors, or their rapid retirement from the Somme, the Seine, and the Loire.

Many French towns were compelled to surrender, not because of starvation or assault, but because of the bombardment of houses, shops, and private as well as public buildings. The soldiers at the works were uninjured and quite able to continue the struggle, but the people suffered such horrors that they appealed to the sympathies of their military defenders, and the commandants surrendered in mercy to their perishing fellow citizens. Regular sieges would have taken time: these fortresses commanded railways, they must be compelled to surrender or the German food-supply and ammunition-supply westward might run short. The fate of these burgesses may have been inevitable, and, indeed, the sooner after Sedan that the war was over the better for France herself. But there was not a particle of mercy or consideration shown by any of the troops who took the fortresses between the Moselle and the sea. The destruction was methodical and deliberate in all cases. When it was difficult, or costly, or tedious to make breaches in walls the houses were searched with shell from commanding batteries of field or siege artillery, the commandant surrendered, and the batteries passed on to the next obstacle—city or fort. Even Paris was bombarded for a period, but this turned out to be a futile proceeding, and amused rather than intimidated the citizens, who were becoming bored for lack of amusement and food. No student of war is in a hurry to censure generals, and what amazes me is that any foreign writers of military experience will put their pens to attacks on the British soldiers, whereas the smallest knowledge of partisan warfare, *levées en masse*, sieges, and such like operations, ought to convince them that possibly before ten years their own officers may be obliged to endure the destruction of their battalions and squadrons and the loss of guns unless they take much more severe measures than those which are so rashly and ignorantly censured.

My case being that the Germans took strenuous measures

against the French partisans, I need not press the matter further after the quotation of Von Moltke's order to Von Werder; but it may be said that the circumstances in the district of the Vosges and the Côte d'Or were peculiar, as the Garibaldians were only foreign adventurers in the French ranks, and the "Free Companions of the Vosges" were particularly objectionable. I omit the retort that most people of Western Europe at the time thought Garibaldi and his sons a species of heroes—he got a great reception in London only a few years before. I cannot see what business they had in France, any more than I can appreciate the activity of French and German officers or privates in South Africa. It appears to me that Garibaldi did the French cause very little good; but I will go to another district in France:

For the Government General of Lorraine a special Court of Justice was established at Nancy, upon which devolved the prosecution of the inhabitants for crimes, misdemeanours, and offences committed against the Germans. Very active measures had to be adopted for the punishment of offences perpetrated against the German military operations, or upon individual members of the army. The accused were directed to be tried by military tribunals. More often than not these persons could not be discovered, and it then became unavoidable to throw the responsibility upon the commune in which the offence had been committed.*

Further evidence abounds of the principles upon which the German army acted, but I have said enough to prove that the "sort of warfare" adopted by the Boers would have resulted in wholesale executions and the utter destruction of all concerned, directly or indirectly, long ago, if the spirit and the principles of action which animated the Germans in 1870 and 1871 had animated our leaders in 1900 and 1901. But what are principles without practice? I could produce more startling and some appalling narratives from French sources. But the German military writers disdain to suppress the truth. What would be the value to young officers of a Bowdlerised treatise on the practices of war? To tell the truth, the German writers were quite satisfied that every form of retribution was quite justifiable.

My readers should study Von Widdern, page 566, and it is material to remember that this work circulates largely among German officers, and must be within the cognisance of every publicist and journalist in the nation of scholars of which they are worthy champions:

Wherever the numbers at all sufficed, there the German detachments in occupation of the lines of communication did not fail to go in search of the enemy, and where they did come up with Franc-tireurs or Gardes Mobiles they settled accounts with them in a very smart manner; these bands, how-

* Official account, Part II. section xix., page 138.

ever, could be rarely overtaken; they quitted their woods and hiding-places, as a rule, only at night, and the small bodies of inhabitants, which rendered the neighbourhood of the towns unsafe, understood only too well the trick of changing, according to need, the warlike dress of these "chasseurs des Prussiens" for the blouse of the peacable citizen, to receive in his hospitable quarter the honest German soldier whom he had only just fired at from his ambush. It is not to be wondered at that such conduct exasperated our men and made them suspicious, and it is obvious that, in self-defence under such circumstances, many a reprisal was made, and death was often inflicted on innocent people.

I put it to Anglophobes, if the most desperate Irish, or Scotch, or New Zealander, or Canadian "mercenary" in the pay of the English could have done very much worse than allow himself, because he happened to be engaged with guerillas, to aid and abet a system whereby "*death was often inflicted on innocent people*" ?

For the rest, there is no revelation in Von Widdern's description of the proceedings of the French peasantry. The Duke of Wellington's army was exposed to precisely the same sort of treatment after the passage of the Pyrenees in 1813, but I have no record of his having often inflicted "death on innocent people." But German military men, as well as historians, hold ill-regulated and undisciplined and disorganised valour in low esteem, except, apparently, when employed against the British. This is how the persons whom the French call gallant and devoted Franc-tireurs are described in Niemann's well-known treatise, translated by General Newdigate, page 190 :

Many associations in the most wonderful costumes and with the most seditious laws joined the large masses of the poorer classes, who went about in a more simple manner to kill. . . . It is certain that not only all penniless vagrants, the proletariat of the plains and the towns, formed the nucleus of the Franc-tireurs bands, but also many a foolish or beguiled or intimidated peasant, many a young man in misguided patriotism, also associated himself with these lawless, robbing, and murdering hordes.

It was robbery and murder to loot a German train and shoot its guards in 1871, but it is duty and chivalry to stop a British train and to shoot its occupants of both sexes in 1901 ! Verily the African air must be productive of weird moral transformations and permutations. Niemann says, page 131 :

Very frequently the German officer and soldier, through the frenzied warfare of the people, unacquainted with the first principle of war and all the rules for ameliorating its horrors, were forced to have recourse to fire and sword, whilst their hearts bled for the wretched sacrifice—old men, women, and children whose welfare, means of existence, and whose lives were devoured by the war.

Their hearts bled for the peasantry whom they were destroying; but surely, if they were sore distressed at all this misery, they could have gone home. The French did not want them.

In regard to these points, to which I directed the attention of a very able German officer, his explanation was that it spoke volumes for the moderation of the Germans that they did not perpetrate far worse excesses! He thinks they were foolishly tender—instead of burning a few houses at a time, they should have burned whole hamlets!

The manœuvres of guerillas and the lying and trickery and savagery of women, and guerilla women are ruthless fiends, during a war always lead to deplorable excesses on both sides. The Germans did not treat the French partisans and freebooters worse than the French treated the Spanish guerillas, and all the best German officers, from whom I can get information, admit that the clamour about British brutality springs entirely from ignorance, malevolence, and folly. If a war breaks out between Russians and Germans, I can only hope that heaven may help the Poles who may be tempted to imitate Botha and De Wet on either side. Not a village which maintained a free band, not a non-commissioned partida chief, would continue to exist a day in the vicinity of the army of either nation.

After the battle of Sedan, many towns such as Toul, Soissons, Verdun, Schlestadt, Neuf-Brisach, Thionville, Longwy, Montmédy, La Fère, Mézières, and Péronne were taken by bombardment—*i.e.*, shells were thrown over the walls and forts and guards on to the houses of the people; there was no consideration whatever for the feelings of women and children. The suspension of the bombardment of Strasburg was not due to military or philanthropic considerations, but to political considerations.

The Germans might have had peace on terms, with a large indemnity, soon after Sedan, but they insisted on the acquisition of territory and fortresses, and accordingly they proceeded to invest Paris and to reduce its brave inhabitants of all ages and both sexes to the extremities of misery and to the last limits of human endurance. But that they were perfectly justified in the starvation of hostile towns, from the military and political points of view, admits of no question. Not only did the soldiers insist on adding to starvation a futile bombardment, which merely inflicted more suffering on the Parisians without military or moral benefits to Germany, but the mass of the people of Germany also clamoured for this terrible vengeance on their beleaguered foes;

For some months public opinion in Germany had demanded and urged its commencement. But the preparations necessary for this great undertaking required a long time, and, besides, the German army direction would not begin the bombardment until the period had arrived when the suffering of the besieged city had been so increased by hunger that the moral impression of the falling shot would perhaps bring the desired result.*

This bombardment seemed as reprehensible as it was useless to the representatives of foreign Powers, who protested in the interest of the people of their own nationalities resident in Paris, and to the able correspondents who were shut up in the city. One of the best correspondents was then on the staff of the *Daily News*, but I quote from its correspondence for other obvious reasons :

The shells falling in the south side of Paris have produced a number of wounds and not a few deaths. Six children the night before last were killed in their little beds, and the wounded in the hospitals of Val de Grâce and other hospitals have suffered a good deal. But it would be impossible for any people in the world to take the bombardment of their chief city more coolly. They look upon it as a spectacle provided for their entertainment. . . . The only feeling which the bombardment excites is indignation. If the King of Prussia and his Ministers imagine that the deaths of a few women in the streets and children in their beds will make the Parisians shake in their shoes they have made a superlative mistake. . . . I am not exaggerating when I say that it is the most violent, and at the same time the most stupid and unjustifiable bombardment ever yet attempted ; there was never such wanton waste as the bombardment which is now proceeding with all the fury of Hell let loose.†

Other European journals at the time used equally strong language about a step the advisability of which will never cease to be a bone of contention among military critics.

So much for Paris ; but the same correspondence has other serious passages which German journalists and statesmen should have borne in mind before they hastened to traduce our meek and mild philanthropic and apologetic officials, who tremble at the very shadow of energetic measures, or to taunt Mr. Chamberlain, who, at any rate, though neither a metaphysician nor a sportsman, is a man : and "can strike, and that quickly."

Mr. Bullock says on page 430, vol. 11. :

Although to eyes like my own, accustomed to the almost daily spectacle of Bazeilles, which is the most awful memorial of human vengeance, wreaked, too, on victims of whose innocence I have been at the utmost pains to convince myself, it is hardly possible for any sight to appear melancholy in comparison ; yet the aspect of the blackened ruins of some thirty houses at either

* Niemann, 312. † Vol. ii. p. 225.

end of this unfortunate village (Beaurepaire) impressed me afresh this morning with the dreadful and literal reality of what are called the horrors of war. . . . A fortnight since, a captain and several soldiers were shot dead on the road, and it was considered necessary to set an example of the result of harbouring Franc-tireurs by burning the village suspected of the crime. But if armed franc-tireurs come into a village to provision themselves, how is it possible for the innocent villagers to resist them, even if they had the will? So the village gets burnt, and the women and little children are unhoused at the beginning of winter, besides losing the bulk of their linen, clothes, and bed furniture.

Very possibly the German officers could explain or justify all these proceedings. I have seen elaborate justifications and explanations of the terrible Bavarian vengeance, and, though I had to lecture hundreds of times to British officers on the tremendous battle of which the sack of Bazeilles was an episode, yet we never sneered at the Bavarians or censured the German head-quarter staff. But if the Bazeilles affair can be justified, what proceeding of Lord Kitchener's men is unjustifiable?

A similar incident occurred south of Paris at Ablis. Its inhabitants gave information to some franc-tireurs of the presence of a squadron of the 16th Hussars; these were surrounded and most of them killed in the night of October 7. The Germans by way of warning burnt down the place. We do not read that the German commissariat department was at the pains of providing in concentration camps or otherwise for the food and shelter of the dispossessed villagers. If their own kindred did not provide for the women and children they were obliged to be content with a sad state of woebegone destitution. The people of St. Quentin repulsed the surprise party of Colonel Kahlden; for this heroic deed, as Gambetta called it, the Germans were obliged to make an example of St. Quentin. A few shells were fired into the town and it was fined 2000 stand of arms, twenty saddle horses, and £36,000.

Some free lances from Rocroi and Mézières fired on some pioneers and killed some dragoons. For this offence the parish of Launois had to pay £400 to the families of the murdered dragoons, the farm which was the scene of the outrage was burned down, and six of the prisoners of the franc-tireurs were court-martialed and shot. In January there were fairly successful fights against the invaders near Conflans and Marcilly, hence both places were burnt. For similar reasons Auxon in the southern district was heavily fined and seven of its homesteads destroyed. Nogent was shelled, stormed, and all houses out of which the French had fired were burnt down. On January 22 Fontenoy station near Toul was surprised by the French and the bridge

over the Moselle was blown up. The village was burnt down at once, and the population of all Lorraine was fined £400,000; every train in this district was accompanied on the locomotive by two French citizens who were kept as hostages.

For these examples we have made no curious no recondite inquiries; they have been selected almost at haphazard from well-known books, which are accessible to all students in every large library in Europe from standard. They are passionless works of reference, methodical businesslike records of the doings of the splendid German hosts as they traversed France, which was surprised, and defeated, but struggled against adversity to the bitter end. French chronicles have not been used, except once; but I can assure my readers that the language of Captain Devaureix is fiercely amplified by many of his countrymen.

British administrators may, if they ever aim at military wisdom, learn from the Franco-German war that without thorough organisation of the resources of a nation betimes, during peaceful periods, no valour, no energy of an improvised character will avail in war time. Gambetta learned that it is "impossible to improvise success." This lesson we can learn as well from the magnificent triumphs of the German as from the utter ruin of the French armies, regular and irregular. The other lesson we can learn from the Germans is that half-measures are out of place in war; that slaughter and philanthropy cannot go hand in hand. Their intentions were clear, their policy was consistent; they were not to be charmed into inefficiency by either pity or magnanimity. Their soldiers were to crush France with as little injury to themselves as possible, and to exact a stern retribution for every injury that was inflicted either on their Fatherland or on themselves. If our generals at the beginning of the war in South Africa had issued orders similar to those of the German staff and kept to them without hesitation day by day, not only would our own folk have been spared many a sorrow and much pecuniary loss, but not a voice would have been raised throughout the length and breadth of the nation of well-educated German soldiers in censure of our warriors. They know what "attrition" means just as well as did Generals Grant and Sherman.

But our Government of rhetoricians and abstractions, the children of chicanery and intrigue, facing both ways, thinking "by words not deeds" to prove the right, whose manhood has been spent in pandering to the "yea and no of popular ignorance," cannot command the confidence of either foreigners or of its own people, and our Parliamentary Opposition feeds and cherishes the animosity of our foreign traducers. Hence the blunders of

both Tories and Whigs, when martial or other interests demanding ample knowledge and iron will and reeking swords are at stake.

The Germans in 1870–71 cared only for Germans; they knew the laws of war, these they enforced with desperate and ruthless vigour. They cared not for the voice of Europe; they spurned the teachings of charity; every person and everything that interfered with the progress of their victorious armies—soldiers and civilians, old men and women and children, the triumphs of art and the marts of industry were involved in one common and appalling doom. Thus it was that a war which might have lasted years and bled Germany to death was over in six months. The starvation and bombardment of Paris were the climax of the completest triumph of the Genius of War in his most awful form, with "eye that scorches all it glares upon" and "blood red tresses deepening in the sun."

The capitulation of the most tremendous fortress that ever was invested and the utter despair of the citizens of the brightest and gayests of capitals were the heralds of the power and glory of the restored German Empire.

Whilst on January 18, that day so full of memories for Prussia, distress and internal strife reigned in Paris, the Unity of the German nation under the Emperor William was solemnly proclaimed in the Palace of Versailles.*

I conclude this article by quoting the Army Order by which his Majesty the Emperor and King announced this auspicious event to his soldiers, and I would venture to apply it word for word to the present war, substituting only for the word "Germany" the more mighty and fateful words "British Empire!"

Your bravery and steadfastness in this war, for which I have repeatedly expressed to you my deepest acknowledgments, have hastened the internal union of Germany, a result which you have achieved by the sacrifice of your blood and your life. Be ever mindful that the feeling of honour, true comradeship, bravery, and discipline make an army great and victorious. Maintain this feeling, and the Fatherland will always, like to-day, regard you with pride, and you will be its mighty arm.

Thus spoke the Grandfather of the present German Emperor.

If the honour of the German army stood thus high after all the stern and trying incidents which we have been compelled to detail, the honour of the British army is at least as untarnished. "Adversity doth best discover virtue," and its virtue hath shone forth radiantly in Africa.

* German Official Account, ii. 374.

The fact that the French irregulars had no cavalry made the duties of the German line of communication troops infinitely less trying than were those of our men in South Africa: a few thousand mounted infantry hovering about the railway lines between Paris and Amiens, or Paris and Le Mans, would have bewildered and enraged them beyond description. The British have had much more aggravated temptations to merciless rigour, and yet, relatively speaking, they have been models of mercy. The oldest regular army in Europe is still its most chivalrous. There is no stain upon the antique escutcheon of St. George "yclad in mightie armes and silver shielde." The presiding genius of the British Empire is now as it was in Spenser's age, "A mirour of grace and majestie divine."

Whatever the faults and follies of the charlatans of the Party machines, and the stereotyped impotence of personified red tape, the rank and file of our army at the beginning of a new century and a new reign, with hardened courage and noble self-restraint and all the adventurous spirit of youth, are about to start on a new and brighter career.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century they were the protectors of the United Kingdom, henceforth they will be the guardians of a United Empire:

"Quod felix faustumque sit."

T. Miller Maguire.

JAMES SPEDDING

In the additional collection of Edward Fitzgerald's letters recently published I found that he had done me the honour of proposing that I should write something about his friend James Spedding. I was prevented, I hope by modesty, from attempting the task. My modesty, perhaps, has diminished, and my acquaintance with Spedding's work has increased. I shall venture in any case to say something of a man who seems to me to represent a rare and excellent literary type. People who complain of the excessive hurry and excitement of modern life should admire a man who could be so superior to its special temptations; who could labour persistently "without haste and without rest" to turn out a thoroughly solid and satisfactory piece of work, accept the comparatively humble position of a commentator, and never court popularity by showy and paradoxical rhetoric. I will not venture to say whether the virtue necessarily implied is really less common than it was. Spedding was certainly one of the men who have raised the standard of historical research. Nobody gave a better example of those methods of patient inquiry and thorough investigation of every possible source of knowledge which embody the leading principle, and govern the practice of the best modern historians. The flesh of ordinary readers sometimes resents the consequences. We are in danger of being overwhelmed by the vast masses of raw material which have been unearthed, and are almost beyond human powers of assimilation. We begin to think that it might be as well if something could be forgotten. Any such complaint, however, is manifestly heretical, and I dare not insist upon the topic. Spedding pursued what we must admit to be the right method, and in doing so he displayed most interesting qualities both of mind and character. One may wish that some fuller personal records had been preserved, but he would have been the last man to desire that any one should do for him what he did for Bacon. His life offered hardly any incidents, and a few letters and incidental references from eminent contemporaries must serve to give an impression of his personal charm.

The few facts recorded, however, are significant enough of a marked idosyncrasy. He was the son of a Cumberland squire,

and entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1827. That famous college was then even fuller than usual of young men of promise. I read lately in some memoir a complaint of the torpid state of the Cambridge intellect in those days. A youth, it was suggested, could not be expected to learn much in so stationary or reactionary a place. I will not stop to point out that even the authorities were decidedly waking up; but, at any rate, there has hardly been a time when an intelligent youth could find more intellectual comradeship among his contemporaries. Undergraduate traditions are naturally brief; but the memory was still fresh of debates at the Union where Macaulay and Bulwer and Praed, and the hopes of the "philosophical Radicals," Charles Austin and Charles Buller, were showing how the world could be put right. The elder among them were entering a wider arena with a success which might justify the belief that the Union debating society was a great nursery for statesmen. F. D. Maurice and John Sterling had also been Union orators, and had been more important as founders of that esoteric society known as "the Apostles" to the outside world. Young men who had not the honour of membership spoke of it with mysterious awe. It long retained (perhaps it still retains) its character. Henry Sidgwick, one of the most brilliant and most attractive of later members, has left it on record that he owed more to the intellectual influences to which he was there subject than to any other stimulus. If its annals have been preserved, and should ever be published, we should know how great has been its influence upon the rising intelligence of the most distinguished Cambridge men of later days. To most of us it is, of course, interesting from the famous passage in *In Memoriam*. It was there that Arthur Hallam displayed an ability which, if Tennyson's judgment was not too partial, was unsurpassed in his generation. "The Apostles" discussed all topics from Shelley's poetry or the Reform Bill to the origin of evil and the personality of the Deity. Among them, or in the outer circle in contact with them, were many men of remarkable power, though the verdict of their comrades was not always confirmed by public success. Clever lads, I believe, are excellent judges of their contemporaries, but accident or some unnoticed infirmity of mind or character often frustrates very plausible anticipations. Among the set was Venables, for example, whose singular literary ability was only turned to account at the parliamentary bar or in anonymous journalism, and Brookfield, now remembered chiefly by Tennyson's reference to "old Brooks"—the "most amusing man," says W. H. Thompson, "whom I ever met or shall meet"—who could keep a whole party lying on the floor in unrestrainable laughter at his

extemporised comic dialogues. A clerical career was not specially adapted for the display of that particular talent. Thompson himself—though still respected by students of Plato—is chiefly known to the outside world by the famous saying about the infallibility of the young. J. M. Kemble, another light of the time, devoted himself to do good work as an Anglo-Saxon scholar instead of fulfilling Tennyson's prophecy that he would be "a latter-day Luther and a soldier-priest." Monckton Milnes made himself beloved by his genuine social qualities—as president, in Carlyle's phrase, of the heaven and hell amalgamation society—but did not add a great name to the long roll of Cambridge poets. Other Trinity men achieved fame, but by unexpected paths. Among them was Thackeray, for a brief part of the time, and Kinglake, one of the most exquisite writers of English prose; and Edward Fitzgerald, who was to give such singular illustration of the slowness with which recognition may come to the most indisputable genius.

Among such men, and others might be added, Spedding was conspicuous. "He was the Pope among us young men," said Tennyson, "the wisest man I know." The retrospect might tend to support a theory to which for certain reasons I should be afraid to profess adherence. It would be too rash to maintain that a young man who neglects the regular course of study shows more hopeful symptoms than his companion who is more amenable to discipline. Yet I may perhaps draw the milder inference that these young gentlemen did not over-estimate the value of academical distinctions. The career of Sir W. Molesworth, who was another contemporary, was cut short by a duel with his college tutor. Though others did not come into direct collision with academic authority, they appear to have contemplated it with serene indifference. The typical Cambridge man of those days resolved to win a fellowship and to make it a stepping-stone to an outside profession. Senior wranglers blossomed into judges, and first-class men in classics became bishops. The respectable don, who hoped that his pupils would win dignities to add lustre to the college roll of worthies, must have shrugged his shoulders at the sight of such men as Tennyson and Fitzgerald and Spedding devoting themselves apparently to a life of loafing. Fitzgerald long afterwards describes a meeting of the three in Cumberland in 1835. Spedding's father was a wise man, he says, who mounted his cob after breakfast and rode off to look after his farm. He had "seen enough of poets not to like them or their trade," and thought that his boy "Jem" "might have done valuable service in the world instead of giving himself up to such dreamers." However, he judiciously let the young man go his own way and sit up with

Tennyson, conning over the poems which were to make up the famous volume of 1842. It is not easy to think of a more interesting meeting now that we know what were to be the achievements of the two poets. Tennyson's genius was already perceived by his intimates, but no one could have foretold the fame which came so late and by a kind of accident to Fitzgerald ; and Spedding's career would have seemed equally uncertain. A curious accident gave him an opening to a more active career. Henry Taylor had just published his "Philip van Artevelde." In the notes he quoted a passage from an anonymous pamphlet described as the "substance of a speech against Political Unions, delivered in a debating society at the University of Cambridge." "Political Unions" are denounced with remarkable energy. The writer is anticipating much that has been said in later years against the evil results of associations which sink the individual in the mass. He fears lest the liberty and responsibility which alone can make men good and great "should be merged and melted down and mingled up into that great mass of ordered and digested opinion" in which consists the strength of "these much-boasted political combinations." He declares that for centuries of such glory, wealth, and independence as these Unions could produce, he would not "barter one hour of that domestic comfort, domestic freedom, household strength, and household virtue with which it is our boast to be blest above other nations, and which all come of the sacred inheritance of *individual freedom*, the free thought of the free soul, for which the worst of *occasional* convulsions and calamities are not too dear a price to pay." Tennyson, whether independently or not, was simply versifying Spedding's prose in the familiar declaration that

> Should banded unions persecute
> Opinion and induce a time
> When single thought is civil crime,
> And individual freedom mute;
> Tho' Power should make from land to land
> The name of Britain trebly great—
> Tho' every channel of the State
> Should almost choke with golden sand,

he would, to put it briefly, pay a visit to the south of Europe. Taylor remarks that it was strange that such a speech should have been delivered in a debating club and have made no impression as a pamphlet. "A brilliant parliamentary reputation might be built upon the tithe of the merit." Spedding says at this time* that he had "a decent excuse for writing to Philip van Artevelde," and doubless refers to this incident which led to

* *Life of Tennyson*, i. 230.

a life-long friendship with a man after his own heart. In those days the blessings of the competitive system were unknown. Taylor had been appointed to a post in the Colonial Office because he had written some striking articles in the *Quarterly Review* and elsewhere. He now offered to Spedding a temporary place in the office at £150 a year. Spedding accepted, feeling that after all a life without settled occupation had its dangers, and laboured for six years, establishing a reputation for admirable business capacity. His superiors expressed the highest opinion, but somehow or other when his task was finished they did not offer him the permanent appointment, which he would gladly have accepted. Six years afterwards they requested him to come back to a place of £2000 a year, but Spedding had already plunged into Bacon on his retirement, and in spite of all entreaties refused to give up his self-imposed duty. He afterwards accepted a position or two for very brief periods; but for over thirty years, from 1841 to 1874, he gave his whole strength to writing the life and editing the works of Bacon. It is difficult to recall any other man of letters who has pursued a single aim with equal devotion for so long a period till Professor Gardiner—in whom we have just lost a like-minded devotee of research—performed a similar feat. But only twenty-four years elapsed between the day when Gibbon heard the bare-footed friars singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter and the publication of the last volume of the work which then first "started into his mind." Postponing any consideration of the question whether in Spedding's case the result was worth the labour, there can be little doubt of the wisdom of Spedding's choice as regards his own happiness. One cannot imagine a happier fate for an author than that of being told off to a great task which is exactly fitted to his powers, occupies his whole mind, and enables him to stand aside from all the fidgety turmoil which besets men distracted between various ambitions. No doubt the work would have been anything but fascinating to a man of different temperament. "The Life of Bacon was," said Carlyle, "the largest and faithfullest bit of navvy work I have met with in this generation." Carlyle's explosions of wrath and disgust when doing "navvy work" for Cromwell and Frederick must have qualified him to appreciate Spedding's marvellous imperturbability. But to the man properly endowed there is something even soothing in the process of grubbing in old libraries, comparing half a dozen manuscript versions of some insignificant document, slowly seeking out, weighing, and sifting evidence, and developing an instinct which enables you—so it would seem—to recognise the smallest touch of your hero's hand and understand his

character better than he understood it himself. Spedding had neither the irritability, which provoked Carlyle's explosions of wrath under such labours, nor the vanity which would suggest that it was unworthy of him. Fitzgerald at an early period declares that Spedding is wasting his life. To Spedding himself no such thought seems to have occurred. He calmly accepted the consequences of his choice. He was content to be a man of one topic. He professed with humorous exaggeration that he was absolutely ignorant of other subjects—except of Miss Austen's novels and of Shakespeare—if indeed, as he held, Shakespeare be a different subject. He knew nothing but Bacon and his necessary surroundings, though he knew Bacon more thoroughly than Boswell knew Johnson, or than Lockhart knew Scott. Writing to one of the earlier believers in the identity of Shakespeare and Bacon, he incidentally indicates the nature of his procedure. When he began the task of collecting manuscripts with printed copies, he says, he could

> scarcely distinguish one hand from another, and it was some time before I could discover which was Bacon's own. But after a little of the close attention which collecting and copying involves, I began to feel as though I could know it through all its varieties, from the stateliest Italian to the most sprawling black-letter, and could almost swear to a semi-colon. . . . Now it is the same with a man's manner of expressing himself. The unconscious gestures of style, scarcely discernible at first, are scarcely mistakable after.

A critic who has acquired this new power of instinctive appreciation may still make erroneous judgments, but, even if erroneous, they will be illuminative.

The quality which is so marked in his writings impressed his friends throughout. On hearing of his death Fitzgerald said, like Tennyson, "He was the wisest man I have known. Not the less so," he adds, "for plenty of the boy in him; a great sense of humour; a Socrates in life and in death, which he faced with all serenity so long as consciousness lasted." In earlier days Fitzgerald had made fun of one outward symbol of this characteristic wisdom. He says of a portrait of Spedding: "Not swords, nor cannons, nor all the bulls of Bashan butting at it could, I feel sure, discompose that venerable forehead. No wonder that no hair can grow at such an altitude; no wonder his view of Bacon's virtue is so rarified that the common consciences of men cannot endure it." English sailors hailed the forehead in the Channel, he declared, when Spedding was on his voyage to America, "mistaking it for Beachy Head." When regretting that Spedding had not edited Shakespeare instead of Bacon, he observes that one advantage would have been that the same frontispiece portrait would have served for author and editor. It is, I fancy, rather doubtful whether Shakespeare's

forehead does not owe something to the artist's preconceived ideal. Spedding's, perhaps, owed a little of its elevation to the baldness of which Fitzgerald speaks. Anyhow, it certainly appeared to be a most fitting dome, under which a large brain, never over-excited by passion or prejudice, might slowly assimilate all the materials for judgment and gradually elaborate the exhaustive conclusions. Fitzgerald could take for granted in writing to a common friend that if Spedding's forehead was imposing, its proprietor was absolutely free from any consciousness of the advantage. He might, like Thurlow, look wiser than any man could really be, but he never affected to be wiser than he was. No man could be further from pretending to knowledge which he did not possess, or to any authority except that of the arguments which he might be stating. His sense of humour, though generally latent in his writing, was an effective safeguard against any over-estimate of himself. When some one was speaking of the penalties and rewards of a future life, Spedding put the difficulty, "But what is to become of us?" assuming as obvious that he was one of the "us," fitted neither for heaven nor for hell. He looked upon himself with perfect impartiality, more conspicuous than that with which he endeavoured to judge Bacon. He had a temptation to judge his hero too favourably, but never to think too favourably of himself. Taylor says that when for a short space the labour had overpowered the interest in his work, he attributed it to a decay of his intellect, and talked of the supposed failure with perfect equanimity and cheerfulness. He revived after a little rest, and continued his task to the end without the least stimulus of personal ambition. His friends, too, were aware that if he never lost his self-control it was not from coldness of feeling. "Underlying a somewhat melancholy composure and aspect, there were depths of tenderness known only to those who knew his whole nature and his unveiled life." It is no wonder that a man so quiet and simple, so incapable of the slightest pretentiousness, so unimpassioned and yet so warm-hearted, should win the affections of his most eminent contemporaries. No family, as Taylor was accustomed to say, should be without a Bible, a Shakespeare, and a James Spedding. The last incident of his life was characteristic. He was run over by a cab with fatal results, and his latest anxiety was to make it clear that the accident was due to his deafness and not to any fault of the cabman.

Fitzgerald wished that Spedding had devoted his life to Shakespeare instead of Bacon. I hardly share the regret, for it is tolerably certain that Shakespeare will be in no want of editors, whereas it is doubtful whether Bacon would ever have been so

thoroughly edited had it not been for Spedding. Nor can I regret that Spedding accepted a task which provided him with congenial and delightful labour for so many years. If one is tempted to doubt whether the performance of such a service for a single writer, however eminent, can deserve the devotion of a lifetime, the doubt is still, I think, mistaken. For, in the first place, we must admit that the demand for such work is imperative. As literature, like science, becomes more specialised, we have to approve of exclusive devotions. When a man spent a lifetime upon studying the anatomy of the common house-fly, men of science applauded. A man who has studied any bit of history so thoroughly as to have established some solid groundwork of fact has at least done something. He has really enlarged the borders of knowledge. If he is too ambitious or philosophical for such work, he will probably produce nothing but rash generalisations, which have to be swept away by his successor. But, besides this, I think that such a book as Spedding's has a value beyond the mere contribution to our knowledge of fact. The *Life of Bacon* is not easy reading in the same sense as some of the famous biographies. The plan of giving all the materials as well as the story which is founded upon them presupposes a rather vigorous appetite in the reader. The *Bacon* is much longer than Carlyle's *Cromwell*, and has not the brilliant editorial interludes which relieve readers worried by Cromwell's own amazingly inarticulate modes of expressing himself. Yet if one is prepared to make a certain effort, there are few books from which I can derive more satisfaction; due partly, perhaps, to my self-applause at having assimilated such solid mental food; partly, and I hope chiefly, to the attractiveness of Spedding's own peculiar intellectual quality—to the subtlety of his perception, as well as to the patience of his investigation—and to the singular interest of Bacon himself. I do not presume to say that I have formed any estimate worth mentioning of Bacon's character, for one rather feels that it is presumptuous to form any opinion differing from that of so thorough a student. Neither can I accept Spedding's view, much as I am impressed by his power and his intention, at least, of impartiality. But I do feel, and that is quite enough to explain the interest excited, that I have been in company with a man of singular sagacity, who has been investigating with unwearied zeal one of the most interesting psychological problems that have ever been presented by the career of a first-rate man of genius.

It is not, however, of the *Life*, but the early book, called *Evenings with a Reviewer*, which is to me especially attractive. My taste may be peculiar, but for me it has a special charm, which I

can best describe by saying that I can always take it as a kind of anodyne. It is admirably adapted for the hour before bedtime after a troublesome day's work. The judicial frame of mind, the calm, slow pondering upon evidence, the careful adjustment of the moral judgments, of which one catches the contagion, have a soothing influence. One feels oneself to be in an edifying frame of mind, and the problems are interesting enough to keep one's thoughts gently simmering without over excitement. I not only do not make up my mind, but I desire not to make it up; that would be to lose the pleasure of the process, and I am glad to believe that I shall never come to any definite result. There is not, as in the *Life*, a superfluity of documents to be studied, and Spedding's fervour, though carefully subordinated to the argument, is always pleasant. One rather resents, as a rule, the "whitewashing" process which deprives one of a favourite villain; it would be unpleasant to have to learn that Richard III. was a model uncle, and, personally, I like Mary all the better when I give her credit for blowing up Darnley; but even if not convinced that Bacon was a saint, one is convinced that he must have had some singular qualities to attract an adoration at once so warm and so candid. Spedding has not a touch of the irritability which suggests a bad case. The hero-worship is so genuine that the less we believe in the hero, the more we are interested in the hallucination of the worshipper.

Spedding's belief in his hero survived the prolonged investigations undertaken for the *Life*, but the fervour is more obvious in the *Evenings*. He wrote a sonnet upon Bacon in order to utter, as he wrote to Taylor, a strong emotion which continued to beset him. It was roused whenever he considered "what kind of creatures they were who so complacently took it for granted that they were superior to Bacon"—being, as he believed, "the beggarliest souls that have been gifted with the faculty of expressing themselves." If he were divinely commissioned to let them see Bacon as he was, and themselves as they were, the contemplation of the two for half an hour would at last leave them speechless. It is not made clear whether Macaulay was one of these beggarly souls or only their prophet. In any case it was Macaulay's famous article upon Bacon which provoked the *Evenings with a Reviewer*. The article appeared in 1837, and Spedding wrote his comment some ten years later. It was privately printed, and Macaulay does not appear even to have known of its existence. What he would have said in reply is a curious question. Opponents generally appeared to him to be too obviously stupid to deserve an answer. A controversy between two men so curiously contrasted in their strength and

weakness would have been delightful to lookers-on. Macaulay's admirers had read the *Bacon* with special enthusiasm. Jeffrey told the editor who had succeeded him that it was "altogether magnificent *et prope divinum*. I have read it," he declared, "not only with delight but with emotion, with bobbings of the heart and tears in the eyes." Bulwer, while criticising some parts, declared that Macaulay's genius was "of a prodigious and gigantic character. He is formed to be the man of his age." Readers of this age will probably agree that the article, though it shows Macaulay's amazing vigour, shows also his very weakest side. I do not speak of errors in point of fact. Spedding undeniably exposed some downright mistakes and reckless exaggerations. The article was written during Macaulay's stay in India, when he had little chance of consulting books and trusted to the contents of the edition which he was reviewing or to his portentous memory. The period was not that upon which he was strongest, and, vast as was his general knowledge, he was not comparable to Spedding in familiarity with the minutest details of Bacon's surroundings. Spedding was able to show conclusively that Macaulay's self-confidence had often led him to go beyond the evidence, to make sweeping assertions which demonstrably require qualification, and to misinterpret some transactions from simple ignorance of the documents not generally accessible. So much might be anticipated, and one might still guess that a victory in many points of detail might be won without materially affecting the broad obvious inferences which Macaulay put with his usual power of hard hitting. Perhaps the reader is generally inclined to say that Macaulay overlooked some extenuating circumstances in Bacon's behaviour to Essex; but the undeniable fact that Bacon helped to bring a benefactor to the scaffold and to misrepresent the case in the official narrative is a sufficient proof of baseness and treachery. That, in fact, is the view of the common sense to which Macaulay always tacitly appealed, and which gives him an immense advantage. We all like to be flattered for our superiority to the sophistry of refined casuists, and to feel that our coarse judgment really implies a sturdy morality.

Writers, indeed, who are altogether above the rough and ready mode of popular judgment, such as Dean Church and Dr. Abbott, and even Professor Gardiner though more favourable, have refused to accept Spedding's apology for his hero. When everything has been said, the story of Bacon's career somehow leaves an undeniably painful impression. But for all that I prefer my Spedding. Even if I took Macaulay to have in some respects a better case, I should still think that Spedding's mode of treatment is incomparably more instructive and interesting. The Bacon essay is the

worst instance of Macaulay's special weakness. He likes to accept the vulgar estimate which makes a man a heap of paradoxes or asserts in a common formula that there are two men in one person—a saint and a sinner, a fool and a Solomon. That is the first impression which a remarkable man often makes upon one. He is often remarkable just because he represents an unusual combination of qualities; and by insisting upon each separately they may be made to look inconsistent. But nobody can be really a contradiction. The apparent contrast states the problem which it is the function of the good analyser to solve. Pope gave the pith of Macaulay's essay in the inevitable, "wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," but even Pope points out that all such contrasts can be explained when you have the right clue.

> Search then the ruling passion; there alone
> The wild are constant and the cunning known.

Macaulay never thinks that there is anything to explain; he can gain piquancy by making the contrast as violent and glaring as possible, and invites us to believe in a kind of moral centaur. "The difference between the soaring angel and the creeping snake," he says (referring to a comparison of Bacon's), "was but a type of the difference between Bacon the Philosopher and Bacon the Attorney-General—Bacon seeking for the truth and Bacon seeking for the seals." To have such a judgment thrust upon one as obviously true, and with each member of the comparison exaggerated as much as possible, is asking one to accept the formula *credo quiá absurdum*. The effect is to set aside as irrevelant the whole of the really interesting part of the Bacon problem. It may be that Spedding's mode of solving the difficulty is wrong, but at least it recognises that there is need for solution. Bacon was one man and not two, and not the less consistent because he had an amazingly comprehensive intellect and complex sensibilities. To show that the philosophic and the statesmanlike qualities represent two aspects of the same person and not two contradictory sets of attributes is Spedding's ambition; and if his view still leaves room for a more successful analysis, it will be long before we can expect a thoroughly satisfactory solution.

One condition of success would be the writer's power of keeping his moral sense in its proper place. He should remember that he is not to be a judge to settle how many years of purgatory Bacon deserved, but a dispassionate scientific observer, discovering first of all what manner of man he was. When Boswell was palliating the behaviour of Lady Diana Beauclerk, Johnson came down upon him: "My dear Sir, never accustom your mind to

mingle virtue and vice; the woman's a ——, and there's an end of it." If Boswell was confusing his moral judgment, that was a fair rebuke; but if he was simply recognising the fact that virtue and vice are in fact mingled, and that the breach of a law implies infinitely varying shades of criminality, he was surely quite right. "I never yet met with a *very* honest man," says Spedding, "who could be really just to a man charged with dishonesty." The honest man is so shocked by the thought of apologising for dishonesty that he overlooks the previous question whether the accused be really guilty. Then an attempt to find excuses suggests to him an attempt to raise doubts as to the moral law itself. The moral rule, no doubt, should be absolute; no excuses must be admitted, and to say that every breach is sinful is taken to mean that all breaches are equally sinful. The argument about the moral standard of the time is dangerous. You don't excuse a thief, says Macaulay, because there are 50,000 thieves in London. Why excuse Bacon's servility because he was only one of a crowd of servile courtiers? That may explain how he came to be bad, but does not alter the fact that he *was* bad. Then it is edifying to hold that the great moral truths were recognised in all ages; to say that every action is black or white, good or bad; and that we will admit no paltering with the rule. People have condemned bribery in all ages. Bacon certainly knew it to be wrong, and is therefore to be damned. Yet, as Spedding points out, "moral discoveries never pass suddenly from darkness to full daylight. We have always a dawn during which the true shape and aspect of the moral question is seen darkly." Men accept a general principle, but they have not learnt to apply it. A judge ought not to bribe, but he was allowed to take presents. A special case reveals that one practice leads to the other, and then the offender is not only condemned for doing wrong, but for doing what has always known to be wrong. Macaulay himself incidentally declared that an English lawyer with a wig on his head and a band round his neck would bully and sophisticate and do for a guinea what, without these appendages, he would not do for an empire. Such things, he added, are done daily by "many wise and virtuous men." Spedding does not accept this rather audacious assertion, but he points out that when he was himself writing nobody was really ashamed of bribery at an election. In the last fifty years the moral standard has, perhaps, improved a little in this particular case. Our fathers admitted the abstract principles which show bribery to be wrong; but it had not occurred to them to draw the inference.

Now, your moralist may be right to say, "You ought to have known," or "You did know implicitly," and to declare that the

frequency of the offence is no excuse. But those are precisely the points which the historical inquirer has to take into account. His problem is to infer character from conduct, to get as tenable and clear a picture as he can of Bacon's personality from the ascertained facts of his career. The moralist says "this act broke the law and that did not," and becomes impatient if you go any further. But the historian must distinguish. The motives which lead a man to a given offence are infinitely various, and to discover them even roughly requires most delicate and difficult analysis. The inference drawn from a given act varies widely according to the standard of the time, and it is essential to admit and understand the fact. When we have got an exhaustive theory of the man's character, can tell exactly why under given circumstances he acted in a particular way, it will be time enough to bring our moral sense into play. We cannot judge of him till we judge of him as a whole, see how certain qualities were in defect or excess, and how faults in one direction may be compensated by excellence in another. It is difficult to do this in the simplest case, and with so singularly complex a nature as Bacon's the difficulty is enormous. It is because Spedding tried to solve it with immense industry and sagacity, and always tried at least to interpret the particular conduct in conformity with his general view of the character that his discussion is so interesting. He may be a bit of a whitewasher, but at least he is the best of the whitewashers.

Spedding proves one fact at least. Bacon ceases to be an incomprehensible mixture of two persons. He is not a pair of Siamese twins, a greedy and servile courtier linked to a profound philosopher. He desired power, and was not insensible to splendour, and by taking these propensities separately it is easy to make him look both mean and selfish. A moralist can always condemn ambition as selfishness; or, on the other hand, it is easy to make it look like public spirit. Condemn "ambition" and you condemn pretty nearly every man who has achieved great aims in the field either of action or of thought. Bacon's ambition was no doubt enormous. He intended to revolutionise the thought of his time; to carry out his scheme in that direction it was necessary to gain influence with the great men, and that influence was to be exerted in the promotion of wide systems of policy. To doubt the sincerity of his aspirations is impossible. Besides his zeal for science, he had reflected profoundly upon the great political issues. On all manner of subjects, on the relation of Church and State, or of the Crown and the House of Commons, on the Union with Scotland, on the right foreign policy of the

country, on the reform of the laws, he had undoubtedly thought most acutely, and he has given most intelligent expositions of his views. Some of his conclusions were opposed to those which are generally favoured by modern Liberals and may, therefore, be represented as servile. In any case, however, they represent the genuine thought of a singularly powerful and capacious intellect. It is plain, in short, that he did not drop the philosopher when he became the Chancellor, but that he devoted time and thought to the effort—hopeless enough, no doubt—to conciliate the politics of his day with philosophy. So much, I think, Spedding demonstrates, though it does not follow that he disposes as satisfactorily as he fancies of the charges of meanness and comparative cold-heartedness. What does follow is, that the weakness becomes incomparably more interesting. It is the weakness not of a simply servile courtier, but of a gigantic intellect allied to a comparatively cold and feeble moral nature. Bacon is, in that sense, as interesting as Hamlet. He has undertaken too vast a task; he is in a position which puts a greater strain than he can bear upon his higher motives. He means at first to use great statesmen for worthy purposes, and by degrees becomes their tool. He is alway pathetically lamenting over the drudgery which distracts him from the lofty ends of his youth, and yet he can never make up his mind to break his fetters. He is never quite demoralised, and even after his fall makes a desperate and pathetic effort to achieve something worthy of his powers; but he had been insensibly dragged into degrading compliances, and he left only fragmentary results from the great designs of his earlier days. It is this intricate blending of the higher and lower elements, the slow deterioration and step by step enthralment to trying circumstances which gives the study of Bacon's character an interest in its way unrivalled. Perhaps thirty years was a rather long time to give to its elucidation; but though there are many heroes who excite more enthusiasm, I doubt whether any one can be mentioned who suggests more curious and interesting reflections.

Spedding, it is true, would not admit the deterioration of which I have spoken. In the *Evenings with the Reviewers* the two parties to the discussion take up the successive periods of Bacon's life, and at the end of each "B.," who represents Spedding, challenges "A.," the impartial hearer, to say where Bacon went wrong. "A." has always to confess—until he reaches the errors which Bacon himself admitted—that he cannot put his finger on any clear fault. The reader is not always as easily convinced, but the impression made is itself characteristic. Among Bacon's gifts one seems to have been an extraordinary power of self-justification. One feels that if he went wrong he would always make out

a case which might very well satisfy his own conscience. When he wrote an apology, as one of his best critics admits, it is hard to find any inaccuracy in his statement of facts; and yet he manages to give on the whole an erroneous impression. Everybody feels, as I have said, that his behaviour to Essex was somehow mean; but it is curiously difficult to point out precisely where he ought to have acted differently. Essex had made him a generous present, but it was a return for very valuable services; and to take such a payment does not bind a man to follow his patron into evil courses. Bacon, in fact, had no sort of concern in Essex's rising, and must have condemned it from his heart. The rising, moreover, was a most serious crime, and however desperate it turned out to be, the hopelessness was not obvious at the time. The prosecution which followed was obviously inevitable. On what ground could Bacon, as a servant of the Crown, refuse to discharge his duty in the trial? Would Essex have been any better if he had been left to hostile advocates? Bacon, it is true, helped the prosecution by pointing out clearly the issue which had become confused. Was he not bound to make things clear? Then after Essex's death Bacon was employed to draw up the Government statement of the case. Such a statement was clearly desirable, and if Bacon did not misrepresent the facts what is there to blame? There, again, we have the problem how far the case is misrepresented, and, if so, how far the fault was Bacon's, and how far that of the councillors, who, as we know, edited his draft. Somehow or other Bacon's position becomes painful to admirers, but it is not simply that he is a traitor and a sneak, but that when a most difficult conflict of duties arises he takes one view, and the view, of course, which happens to be for his own personal interest. Rough common sense takes that last consideration to be conclusive. Yet a course otherwise right does not become wrong because it is also profitable. We are surely bound to answer Spedding's challenge, and to point out the precise step at which the path pursued by Bacon deviates from that prescribed by duty.

To do that is not easy, but the difficulty in Spedding's position runs through the whole book. He has always to be on the defensive. At each point he can make out a very plausible case. But one becomes suspicious of a hero who is always in need of such apologies. We cannot quite believe in the strange felicity which made the line of duty always coincide with the line prescribed by lower considerations. We should be pleased if, now and then, Bacon required to be defended for an excess of independence instead of always erring in the opposite direction. Spedding may convince us that the vulgar explanation is entirely unjust; that

Bacon's sins were simply the weak side of a character which, if not exposed to his temptations, might have shown itself as altogether admirable; but certainly we do not get rid of the conviction that, as things were, Bacon became very far from admirable. If fate had placed him in the position which he often professed to desire, and allowed him to be a quiet student at Cambridge, or if James I. had been a really great ruler instead of a weak and tyrannical pedant, we should only have seen his finer nature and heard nothing but eulogy. Unluckily he was just in the position to bring out or even to aggravate his infirmities. That, as it seems to me, is the net result of Spedding's labours. He has not proved that Bacon was a model, but he has made him intelligible. The stains are not removed, but they no longer represent impossible inconsistencies, and though Bacon does not become faultless he becomes strangely interesting, and attracts sympathy even more than virtuous indignation.

If I have wandered a little too far into the Bacon problem, I have been thinking of his editor. The *Evenings* closes with a characteristic summing up. "A."—Spedding's interlocutor—says that, after all, he prefers "the Luthers and the Cromwells"; that Bacon in his civil career failed to show the "uncompromising constancy to a great idea" which he more or less displayed in his intellectual vocation, and showed some weakness and a tincture of worldliness. Spedding is satisfied with this concession. When we agree as to what Bacon was, we shall still differ in our feelings towards him. Different men admire different types of character. Carlyle took Cromwell for his ideal as Spedding took Bacon, and each of them showed triumphantly that the vulgar conception of history was absurd. That, I take it, is, at least, a great help to a tenable conception of either. Spedding has the advantage over Carlyle that he convinces us, at least, that he can appreciate more clearly the opposite case. That, again, was doubtless due to a certain affinity between himself and his hero. Spedding, indeed, was not only the most honourable of men, but specially free from the weaknesses which led Bacon to sacrifice philosophy to politics. On another side, it is curious that a biographer of Bacon should have no special interest in philosophy or science. What first attracted him, he tells us, was Bacon's "Apology" in the Essex matter. That document is contemptuously dismissed by Macaulay as showing only that Bacon had nothing to say for himself. It attracted Spedding so much that he devoted the best years of his life to carrying out an apology on a larger scale. The calm reasonableness—in manner, at least—with which Bacon defends himself was exactly to Spedding's taste. It represented the true method by which a man should form a judgment

of himself and other people. He did not, as he remarks, place the "violent virtues" so much above the others as his friend "A." Hero-worship tends to exaggerate the value of the masterful and overbearing people, to whom it never occurs to have a scruple or to imagine that anything is to be said for an antagonist. We are always girding at our poor ancestors who objected to enthusiasm (in a different sense from ours, it should be said), and thought that cool, dispassionate consideration of all sides of the question was a valuable quality. We admire the uncompromising zeal which starts a sect or stimulates a revolution, and choose to forget what an amount of mischief is due to one-sided and excessive zeal. There is surely a good deal to be said for the Gallios and the "trimmers," the lookers-on who can never believe that all the good is on one side of any contest. The Kingdom of Heaven, we are told, is taken by violence, and no good causes would succeed unless they were supported by people of unbounded devotion. Still there is something in keeping one's head, and very sound sense may be learnt from the people who are condemned as cynical. Spedding was an admirable specimen of that variety of the intellectual temperament to which that epithet is often unfairly applied. He was certainly not cynical in the sense of being deficient in tenderness and sympathy. No one, I have said, was a better friend. That he had a sensibility to poetry is shown by his admirable papers on Shakespeare, and appears in two or three little poems of his own. But his criticisms are those of a man who has taken things quietly, who has let Shakespeare sink quietly into his mind, and who does not indulge in dithyrambics, but gives a quiet and delicate appreciation of the qualities which have impressed themselves upon him in the course of quiet study. All his judgments, right or wrong, imply leisurely and dispassionate brooding over the matter. He is as incapable of hasty judgment as of the "violent virtues." The good sense and quiet humour preserve him from extravagance or fanciful over-refinement. A man, of course, who is content to be the servant to another man's reputation, whose work has to include so much discussion of evidence and investigation of dry materials, can hardly gain the recognition which is given to more independent work. We read Spedding not for himself but for Bacon, and one may be tempted to regret that so many great qualities are hidden away in what is substantially a prolonged commentary. Still, it is to be hoped that some readers will be interested by the notes as well as by the text, and admire, or at least forgive, the self-abnegation implied in Spedding's acceptance of his subordinate position.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

THE GARDEN BEAUTIFUL

OF all the things made by man for his pleasure a flower garden has the least business to be ugly, barren, or stereotyped, because in it we may have the fairest of the earth's children in a living, ever-changeful state, and not, as in other arts, mere representations of them. And yet we find in nearly every country place, pattern plans, conventional design, and the garden robbed of all life and grace by setting out flowers in geometric always.

Among the writers on garden design the awakening of interest in the garden has brought us, one of the most active is Mr. Thomas; and his idea, as told in the *National Review* and elsewhere, is a purely architectural one; that the gardener's knowledge is of no account, and that gardens "should never have been allowed to fall into the hands of the gardener or out of those of the architect; that it is an architectural matter, and should have been schemed at the same time and by the same hand as the house itself." As his influence, such as it is, is wholly harmful to the true interest of the garden, I wish to answer him. The architecture of modern English houses being what it is, in the judgment of architects themselves, a laughing-stock, he must needs concern himself with a totally different study, and one of infinite variety of beautiful life. His article is full of errors of fact, but the central error is that people, whom he calls "landscapists," destroyed all the formal gardens in England, and that they had their ruthless way until his coming. A more extravagant statement could not be made, as must be clear to any one who takes the least trouble to look into the thing itself, which many of these writers will not do or regard the elementary facts of what they write about. So far from its being true, many of the most formal gardens in England have been made in the Victorian days within the past fifty or sixty years, the very time when this writer says all his ideal gardens were cleared away. The Crystal Palace, the Royal Horticultural Society's garden at Kensington, Shrubland, Witley Court, Castle Howard, Mentmore, Drayton (unfortunately, two Draytons, the second marred by a poor

pattern garden of Nesfield), Crewe Hall, Alton Towers, and scores of pretentious and ugly places of like sort. During the whole of that period there was hardly a country seat laid out unmarred by the architectural idea of a garden as a conventional and patterned thing. So far from formal gardens being abolished, as the Irish peasant said when denouncing absentees, "the country is full of them!" With Castle Howards, Trenthams, and Chatsworths staring at him, it is ludicrous to see a young architect weeping over their loss. Even when there is no money to waste in walls and gigantic water squirts the idea of the terrace is still carried out often in the worst positions for it, in the shape of green railway banks, often one above the other, as if they were an artistic treat. There are hundreds of such gardens about the country, and the ugliest and most formally set out and planted gardens ever made in England have been made in Victorian days when, as we are told, all these things were lost.

Moreover, on top of all this formality of design, was grafted the most formal and inartistic ways of arranging flowers that ever came into the head of man, ways that were happily unknown to the Italians or the makers of the earliest terraced gardens. The true Italian gardens were often beautiful with vegetation, as in the Giusti gardens at Verona; but bedding out, or marshalling the flowers in stiff lines and "geometrical" patterns is entirely a thing of our own precious time, and carpet gardening is simply a further remove in ugliness. The painted gravel gardens of Nesfield and Barry and other broken-brick gardeners were also a miserable attempt to get rid of the flowers and get rigid formality instead, as in the Horticultural Society's garden at South Kensington. Part of the garden architect's scheme is to forbid the growth of plants on walls as at Shrubland, where there were strict orders that the walls were not to have a flower or a creeper of any kind upon them, and this was carried out for many years. As these pattern gardens were made by persons often ignorant of gardening, and if planted in any human way with flowers would all "go to pieces," hence the idea of setting them out as they appeared on the drawing-board, some beds not more than a foot in diameter, Reckitt's Blue and yellow paints being used where the broken brick and stone did not give the desired colour! (I am not writing farce, having had the labour of removing some of these garden "architects' efforts" at Shrubland and elsewhere.)

Side by side with the adoption in all show places of the formal garden, both in design and planting, disappeared almost everywhere the old English garden, that is, one with a variety of form

of shrub and flower and even low trees; so that now we only find this kind of garden here and there in Cornwall, Ireland, and Scotland, and on the outskirts of country towns. All true plant form was banished because it did not fit into the bad carpet pattern —lily and rose were abolished together! I am only speaking of what every one must know who cares the least about the subject, and which we can see to-day in all the public gardens round London and Paris; even at Kew, which, with the vast improvement of late years, has not emancipated itself from this formal way of flower planting, as we see there, in front of the palm-house, purple beet marshalled in patterns. But we shall never see beautiful flower gardens again until the natural way of grouping and variety of true form come back to us.

After the central error above shown comes a common one of these writers, in supposing that those who seek natural form and beauty in the garden and home-landscape are opposed to the necessary level and often formal spaces about a house. I wrote the *Wild Garden* to save, not to destroy, the flower-garden; to show that we could have all the joy of spring in orchard, meadow or wood, lawn or grove, and so save the flower-garden near the house from being torn up twice a year to effect what is called spring and summer "bedding." The idea of the *Wild Garden* one could make clear to a child, and it is carried out in many places easy to see. Well, there is hardly a cobbler who rushes from his last to write a book on garden design who does not think that I want to bring the wilderness to the windows, I who have given all my days to save the flower-garden from the ridiculous and inartistic. A young lady who has been reading one of these bad books, seeing the square beds in my little south garden, says: "Oh, why *you* have a formal garden"! It is a small square embraced by walls, and I could not have used any other form to get the best use of the space. They are just the kind of beds made in like spaces by the gardeners of Nebuchadnezzar, judging by what evidence remains to us. And he no more than I mistook stones for bushes or bad carpets for flowers, but enjoyed vine and fig-flower as heaven sent them.

Very often now terms of gardening are misapplied, confusing the mind of the student, and the air is full of a new term—the "formal" garden. For ages gardens of simple form have been common without any one calling them "formal" gardens until our own precious time of too many words confusing thoughts. Seeing an announcement that there was a paper in the *Studio* on the "Formal Garden in Scotland," I looked in it, seeking light, and found plans of the usual approaches necessary for a country-

house, for kitchen, hall-door, or carriage-way. And we gardeners of another sort have also ways, usually level, to our doors, but we do not, forsooth, call them "formal gardens." There are gardens to which the term "formal" might with some reason be applied. Here are a few words about such by one Percy Bysshe Shelley, whose clear eyes saw beauty if there was any to be seen in earth or sky:

> We saw the palace and gardens of Versailles full of statues, vases, fountains and colonnades. *In all that belongs essentially to a garden they are extraordinarily deficient.*

A few more by Victor Hugo:

> There fountains gush from the petrified gods, only to stagnate; trees are forced to submit to the grotesque caprices of the shears and line. Natural beauty is everywhere contradicted, inverted, upset, destroyed.

And Robert Southey tells us of

> Where the walks were sometimes of lighter or darker gravel, red or yellow sand, and, when such materials were at hand, pulverised coal and shells. The garden itself was a scroll-work cut very narrow, and the interstices filled with sand of different colours to imitate embroidery.

Such gardens may be called formal without too much disregard for language, and yet one who had the power might plant every one of them beautifully without in the least altering their outline. *It is only where the plants of a garden are rigidly set out in geometrical design, as in carpet-gardening and bedding-out that the term "formal" is rightly applied.*

We now live in a time when men write about garden design unmeaning words or absolute nonsense, written, as any one may see from the writing itself, by men who have had no actual contact with the work. They think garden design is a question that can be settled on a drawing-board, and have not the least idea that in any true sense the art is not possible without knowledge of many beautiful living things, and that the right planting of a country place is of tenfold greater importance than the ground-plan about the house.

In many books on garden design the authors misuse words and confuse ideas. One, writing on the gardens of Hampton Court, is not satisfied with the terms "garden design," or "laying out gardens," but uses the word "gardenage." Another uses "lay-out" for "plan." Many, not satisfied with the good word, "landscape gardener," used by Loudon, Repton, and many other excellent men, imitates the French in calling himself a "landscape architect"—a stupid term implying the union of two absolutely distinct studies, one dealing with varied life in a thousand different kinds and the natural beauty of the earth, and the other with

stones and bricks and their putting together. The training for either of these arts is as wide as the poles asunder, and the earnest practice of one leaves no time, even if there were the genius, for the other.

The term *landscape-planting* is often scoffed at by these writers, though it is a good one with a clear meaning, that is, the grouping and growth of trees in the natural forms, as opposed to the universal lining, clipping, and shearing of the Dutch, and the acceptance of the natural forms of the earth and the natural incidence of light and shade and breadth as the true guide in all artistic planting. The term landscape-gardening is a true and in the fullest sense, good English one, with a clear and even beautiful meaning—the study of the forms of the earth herself, and frank acceptance of them as the best for all purposes of beauty or use of planter or gardener, save where the surface is so steep that one must alter it to work upon it.

We accept the varied slopes of the river bank and the path of the river as not only better than that of a Dutch canal, but a hundred times better; and not only for its beauty, but for the old story they tell of the earth herself in ages past. We gratefully take the lessons of nature in her most beautiful aspects of vegetation as to breadth, airy spaces, massing and grouping of the woods that fringe the valleys or garland the mountain rock, as better beyond all that words can express than anything men can invent or ever have invented.

We love and prefer the divinely-settled form of the tree or shrub or flower to any possible expression of man's misguided efforts with shears, such as we see illustrated in old Dutch books where every living thing is clipped to conform to an idea of "design" that arose in the minds of men to whom all trees were green things to cut into ugly walls. We repudiate as false and ridiculous the common idea of the pattern-monger's book, that these aspirations of ours are in any way "styles," the invention of certain men, as we know that they are based on the lovely eternal truths of nature, free as the clouds to any one who climbs the hills and has eyes to see.

The fact that ignorant men, who have never had a chance of learning these lessons, make pudding like clumps in a vain attempt to diversify the surface of ground and other foolish things, does not in the least turn us aside from following the true and only ways to get the best expression possible of beauty from any given morsel of the earth's surface we have to plant. We sympathise with the landscape painter's work as reflecting for us, though often in a faint degree, the wondrously varied beauty of

the earth, and in the case of the great master-painters full of truth and beauty. We hold that the only true test of our efforts in planting or gardening is the picture. Do we frighten the landscape artist away or do we bring him to see a garden so free from ugly patterns and ugly colours that seen in a beautiful light it would be worth painting? There is not and there never can be any other true test.

"*The deviation from clipped forms* and book patterns, trees set out like lamp-posts, costly walls where none are wanted, and from all the too facile labours of the drawing-board "artist," in gardens first affected in England in what we call pleasure-ground and park, is set down by these thoughtless writers on garden design as the wicked invention of certain men. No account has been taken of the eternally beautiful lessons of nature or even the simple facts that should be known to all who write about such things. Thus Mr. W. H. Mawson in *The Art and Craft of Garden Making:*

> So far as the roads were concerned Brown built up a theory that, as Nature abhorred a straight line, it was necessary to make roads curl about. Serpentine lines are said to be the lines of nature, and therefore beyond question the only proper lines.

But nothing is said by this writer of the fact that in diversified country, in making paths or roads, it is absolutely necessary to follow the line of easiest gradation, and this cannot be a straight line, but is, indeed, often a beautiful bent line. In many cases, in diversified country, we are not twenty paces from the level ground around a house before we have to think of the lie of the ground itself in making walks, roads, or paths. We are soon in actual work face to face with the fact that the worst thing we can do is to attempt a straight line. If any one for any reason persists in the attempt the result is ugliness, and, in the case of drives, danger. Long before Brown was born the roads of England often followed beautiful lines, and it would be just as true to attribute to "Brownites" the invention of the natural forms of trees, hills, or clouds themselves as to say that they invented the waved line for path or drive. The statement is of a piece with many others in such books, that the natural and picturesque view of garden design and planting were the mischievous invention of certain men, and not the outcome of the most precious of all gifts and lessons, of nature herself, and of the actual facts of tree and landscape beauty. All those who have seen the pictures by the road-sides of many parts of Britain and the paths over the hills, and, still more so, those who have to form roads or walks in

diversified country, will best know how absurd such statements are ; harmful ignorance of the writers.

The very statement that there is but one way of making a garden is its own refutation ; as with this formula before us what becomes of the wondrous variety of the earth and its forms, and of the advantages and needs of change that soil, site, climate, air, and view give us—plains, river valleys, old beach levels, mountains and gentle hills, chalk downs and rich loams, forest and open country ?

What is the use of Essex going into Dorset merely to see the same thing done in the home landscape or the garden ? But if Essex were to study his own ground and do the best he could from his own knowledge of the spot, his very neighbour might be glad to see his garden. We have too much of the stereotyped style already ; in nine cases out of ten we can tell what we are going to see in a country place in the way of the conventional garden design and planting, and clearly that is not art in any sense of the word and never can be.

Mr. Thomas has no heart for the many beautiful things in the shape of trees and shrubs which we have known during the past generation or two. He objects to these and in doing so is more ridiculous than Mrs. Partington, for nothing could stop the spread of knowledge of all the beautiful trees from the Sitka spruce to the noble Calabrian pine. These are "curiosities" that must be imported from abroad.

A very few varieties of English trees are sufficient for all purposes, and we have yew for hedges, fine turf for a carpet, and quite enough flowers of brilliant hue that have always had a place in our gardens without importing curiosities from abroad.

No trees in our gardens but English ones ! Now, if any fact is clear it is this about gardening, that the garden's charm often arises from variety, not necessarily botanical variety, but the difference between a Mancbilly and the conventional garden essentially lies in a variety of trees and shrubs and flowers. This writer and all others like him may know for ever that it is absolutely impossible to make a beautiful garden without the variety which he says is useless. Mr. Thomas has not, of course, the remotest idea of the dignity and beauty of the trees of Japan, the Rocky Mountains, and Northern Asia or America, or he would not make a vain effort to shut his readers' eyes to it.

It sounds contradictory, but it is none the less true from the painter's point of view, that the chief enemy to really fine gardening has been botanical knowledge.

No, the chief enemy is stupid conventional design and planting worthy of and conforming to it.

It is no use spending money on gardeners and repairs, as it might be much better invested in architectural improvements or waterworks in the pleasure grounds.

Apart from the doubtful taste this is a stupid and harmful idea, as the two arts are in no way antagonistic, but helpful. Take away all true planting and good gardening from our Castle Ashbys, Longleats or Wiltons, and what do we gain? For remember that the ground about a house, even in slopes which must be terraced, is often but a very small area compared with the planting we may have to do in the home landscape.

But the ugly buildings that strew the land everywhere—Georgian, Carpenter's Gothic, Victorian; if we take away the good planting, the one saving grace about them, there will be nothing left but an ugly pile to laugh at. Many of these ugly houses everywhere in our country are saved from ridicule by the trees and good planting about them. All good building and good planting go so well together—one helping the other in every way—that it is odd to see any one writing on the subject without seeing this. I cannot suppose for a moment that any good architect or other worker could fail to see the gain of good planting and good flower-gardening seen in relation to his work. We have only the greatest satisfaction with a country place when both building and planting are good—a rare thing, unfortunately.

To the good gardener all kinds of design are good if not against the site, soil, climate, or labours of his garden—a very important point the last. The gardener may say with the Frenchman all styles are good "*sauf le genre l'ennuyeux.*" The "*ennuyeux*" often comes about by gardens being designed by persons who have no knowledge of the work of a garden. We frequently see beds a foot in diameter and many other frivolities of the kind which prevent the labours of a garden being done with economy or any good results. In many places where these hard pattern gardens are carried out, they are soon seen to be so absurd that the owners quietly turf the spot over and let it grow in green sward, and hence in many country places we see turf where there ought to be a real flower-garden. The good gardener is happy adorning old walls or necessary terraces, as at Haddon, as he knows walls are good friends in every way both as backgrounds and shelters; but he is as happy in a lawn garden, in a rich valley soil or on the banks of a river, or on those gentle hill slopes that ask for no terraces, or in the

hundreds of gardens in and near towns and cities of Europe that are enclosed by walls and where there is no room for landscape effect (many of them distinctly beautiful too, as in Mr. Fox's garden at Falmouth); as much at home in a border-castle garden as in the lovely Pendjerrick, like a glimpse of a valley in some Pacific isle, or Mount Usher, cooled by mountainous streams and sheltered by their rocks.

Mr. Thomas turns to the waterworks as his chief solace: "But of all the fascinating sources of effect in garden-making the most fascinating are waterworks. An expensive luxury as a rule, but they well repay the expense." Well, there is some evidence of the sort of design these afford; some instances terrible in their ugliness (one hideous at Bayreuth). And where all the care that a rich State may take of them is given, can we say that the effect at Versailles is artistic or delightful? Water tumbling into the blazing streets of Roman cities, and nobly designed fountains supplying too the people with water was as right as it could be. But in our cool land artificial fountains are very different in effect, and often hideous extravagance. Of their ugliness there is evidence in nearly every city in Europe, including our own—Trafalgar Square, and that fine work at the head of the Serpentine. We have also our Crystal Palace and Chatsworth designed as they might be by a theatrical super who had suddenly inherited a millionaire's fortune. What the fascinating effect of this is I need hardly say, but with all our British toleration of ugliness I have never heard anybody enthusiastic about their artistic merits. So far as our island countries go, nothing asks for more care and modest art than the introduction into the garden or home landscape of artificial water. Happily our countries are rich in the charms of natural water—too often neglected in its planting.

Among the great peoples of old, so far as known to our human story, was one supreme in art, from buildings chiselled as delicately as the petals of the wild rose, to the smallest coins in their pockets and bits of baked clay in their graves, and this is clear to all men from what remains of their work gathered from the mud and dust of ages. And from that time of deathless beauty in art comes the voice of one who saw this lovely art in its fulness. *The greatest and fairest things are done by Nature and the lesser by Art* (Plato). There is not a garden in Britain free from convention and carpet-gardening, from the cottage gardens nestling beneath the Surrey hills to those fair gardens in Cornwall, that does not tell the same story to all who have eyes to see and hearts to care for the thing itself, and not merely for incoherent talk about it. The only sad thing is that such words must be said again and

again; but we live in a time of much printed fog about artistic things—the "New Art" and the "New Æsthetic" Evolution, which explains how everything comes from nothing, and goes back again to worse than nothing; the sliding bog of "realism and idealism" in which the phrasemonger may dance around and say the same false thing ten times over; and last and least of all among these imbecilities the teaching that to form a garden one had better know nothing of the things that should grow in it from the cedar of Lebanon to the violets of the mountain rocks.

This teaching is as false as any spoken or written thing can be; there is an absolute difference between the living gardens and conventional designs—dealing with dead matter, be it brick or stone, glass, iron, or carpets. There is a difference in kind, and while any clerk in an architect's office will get out a drawing for the kind of garden we may see everywhere, the garden beautiful does not arise in that way, but instead of it we get ugliness and extravagance. It is the difference between life and death we have to think of, and never to the end of time shall we get the garden beautiful formed or planted save by men who know something of the earth and its flowers, shrubs, and trees. I would much rather trust the first simple person who knew his ground and loved his work to get a beautiful result than any of those artificers. We have proof in the gardens of English people abroad that where freed from the too facile plans of the "office," far more beautiful gardens arise, as in the Isle of Madeira, where every garden differs from its neighbour, and all are beautiful. So it is in a less degree in our own island, where the more we get out of the range of any one conventional idea for the garden the more beauty and freshness and happy incident we see.

W. ROBINSON.

ROADS FROM ROME

THERE is, perhaps, no other amongst the resonant titles the Roman Catholics give their Church which one would be less disposed to resent than that of "the city on the hill." It may be a comparatively humble structure, as the Church of Rome assuredly is in England, but there is a peculiar and irrepressible force in it that never fails to lift it to a position of commanding interest in the religious world. It stands on the hill of its own indefatigable enterprise and the enviable loyalty of its faithful. And people watch unceasingly, as by some subtle entrancement, the seven gates of the city, and observe the unfailing stream of proselytes. The friend, perhaps a son or daughter, disappears some day from one's side, and presently is seen to enter the gates of the strong-walled city. From every point, and along every path, the pilgrims seem to make for the Church. You look for those who issue forth from its gates in the flow of religious thought, and your search is little rewarded. You even find a legend accepted with entire faith in this strange city—that no man ever honestly and in the light of day returns from it. "All roads lead to Rome" is one of those vague popular summaries of experience that few resist. But what roads lead from Rome, and by which gate the seceders emerge, is a matter on which common experience can say little. One suspects a hidden outlet. And when the Catholic body exhibits, at the most, only a normal growth in the course of a quarter of a century, though claiming to receive "tens of thousands" of converts each year, one is tempted to persist in seeking this subterranean passage.

It is not often that the Church helps us to invalidate any of these popular phrases, such as "All roads lead to Rome," that further its interest in one or other direction, but a work it has recently issued seems to have that effect. It is a collection of "personal records of some of the more recent converts to the Catholic faith," and has the general title of *Roads to Rome.**

* *Roads to Rome.* With an introduction by His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster. Compiled and edited by the author of "Ten Years in Anglican Orders." London: Longmans Green & Co. Price 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Cardinal Vaughan introduces it as "an unpretending volume," and is eager to prevent us from taking the records of conversions as complete stories. It is hard to imagine who may need this caution, when one has read the work. The average reader will be grateful that the writers were content merely to indicate in a few pages the lines of thought or feeling along which they travelled. The real value of the collection—for we may grant it a real value, in spite of the Cardinal's strategic modesty—is of a statistical order. Certainly there are a few papers of great interest in the volume. Its "most recent converts" prove to be selected representatives of the last four decades of converts. Yet it cannot be questioned that few of them have intellectual distinction, and few of their papers offer even a distinct psychological interest. The editor has done his best to keep our appreciative faculty alert by a scrupulous appending of titles, degrees, offices, and professions, and the like devices of a body that is experienced in appealing to the aristocratic conscience. But one's dominant impression is that of the mediocrity of most of the writers in this group of the elect. There are few traces of scholarship, though a plentiful sprinkling of Latin—one fervent lady winding up with the cryptic exclamation, "Deo gratias, et Maria semper virgine." There is little individual thinking, but much toying with well-worn phrases: "Securus judicat, &c.," "Ubi Petrus, ibi ecclesia," "No standing-room between Rome and Rationalism," "One body, one head," and so forth. Indeed, where the individual interest would have been considerable we are somewhat churlishly disappointed. Lord Brampton, for instance, declines to tell us why he went over; "the time at his command" is insufficient for the purpose, he says.

No; the real value of the work lies in its supply, or implication, of statistics of conversions. We naturally assume that the editor of the volume made an effort to secure variety. His title suggests that he had the ambition to give us a vivid illustration of the fact that "all roads lead to Rome"; and he has evidently availed himself with great energy of the Roman Church's marvellous solidarity and "intelligence department." But consider the result. No less than sixty of these sixty-five contributors came from the Church of England. The Nonconformist bodies have contributed two unimportant converts; cultured Unitarianism one, and Positivism, though not quite directly, the impressionable Mr. Kegan Paul. The "roads to Rome" rapidly melt into one broad highway, a few stragglers joining in from the narrow paths that lead from more remote bodies. It is true that many of the writers talk vaguely of

"unbelief." One boasts (the word is strong, but there is really an air of boasting about the way the regenerate talk of a former scepticism) of having had "sceptical mystical tendencies"; several speak of having shared the "atheism" of Rousseau, Voltaire, and Paine—stout theists all. But the Church of England had always rescued them from these abysses before they entered Rome. They have almost all travelled to the city on the hill by the same road. It is true that some of them claim to have belonged to the Low or Evangelical Church. These are in the minority, and frequently only pass to Rome by way of the High Church. The great majority explicitly tell that they were drawn to Rome from the High or Ritualist section of the Anglican Church. When we remember the editor's concern to have as varied a group of pilgrims as was possible without sacrificing the qualification of at least average judgment, we must see an instructive result in this. An examination of Mr. Gordon Gorman's *Converts to Rome* points to the same conclusion; and it is fully sustained by the present writer's recollection of sacerdotal work in the Roman Church.

One other interesting induction will lead directly to my subject. The vast majority of these converts were conquered for Rome by the same argument. It came to them in many ways, no doubt. Cardinal Newman conveyed it to a large number. Dr. Littledale is maliciously indicated by several. Sir James Stephen should turn in his grave to learn that he is responsible in one case by his *Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography*. Others quote Scott, Flaubert, even Balzac. One, who "was educated amongst men of science," found no resting-place between Romanism and Buddhism. Another was driven to Rome by "the unscrupulous mendacity of the average Anglican controversialist" and "the crawling subserviency of the Anglican clergy to the State." Others found Anglicanism "a miserable fiasco," "the most contemptible of heresies," "an insane apeing of Catholicism," or "a positive disbelief in a present supernatural." Few of them can acknowledge their real indebtedness to the Church of England with the grace of that veteran tactician Father P. Fletcher. Others, again, were converted in a flash, which the mundane essayist must not seek to analyse; there is one who entered a Catholic chapel full of prejudice and contempt, listened to "a poor sermon," and came out "as certain of the truth of Catholicism as he is to-day." But all these are merely approaches from many sides to the great feature of the Roman Church that attracted nearly this whole group of representatives of the last few decades of converts. It is, of course, the presence

of an infallible authority. One writer does, indeed, proclaim that "in the Catholic religion there is an amount of freedom found nowhere else," but his voice is lost in a chorus of rejoicing that freedom has been exchanged for despotism. Some speak of the unity of the Church as its great attraction, and others were disturbed by the uncertain value of Anglican orders ; but these are merely aspects of the principle of authority and its advantages. These sixty men and women, and, we must conclude, the "tens of thousands" they represent in their superior way, were nearly all attracted to Rome because it possesses "a living voice," an infallible oracle, an authority to pronounce on the corroding doubts of each successive age. That is one of the most salient religious and psychological facts presented by this volume.

The cynic, who is disposed to enlarge playfully on this passionate longing to have opinions imposed on one, will be very properly disarmed when he reads of the very real and deep pain which frequently gave it birth. The poignant uncertainty of what were regarded as most solemn and momentous issues of practical religion, and the sacrifices which bigotry often imposed on the sincere convert, call for sympathy. But one cannot ignore the irony of the fact that, whilst these thousands are rushing eagerly to Rome in quest of authoritative decisions, cultured Romanists are almost equally anxious to be spared such spiritual bonds. Whilst the supposed presence of a living and authoritative voice in Rome is the one great attraction to the Anglican, it is successful in retaining scholarly and liberal men within its fold precisely because it imposes no such belief on them. It is just because the Pope's teaching is *never* authoritative in conscience that so few, comparatively, leave Rome. The legend of the infallibility of the Pope is one of the most wonderful myths that men ever accepted. Thirty years ago it was forced on the Church with what appeared to be a very narrow view of its interest and a grave menace to its unity. But during the thirty years which have elapsed since the Vatican Council it has, in England, at all events, proved one of the Church's greatest advantages. It appears from such works as this that the doctrine has an irresistible fascination for minds of a certain cast. Yet the truth is that, even accepting the principles of Roman theology for the moment, this infallibility of the Pope is little more than an empty phrase, a *flatus vocis*, as the old Nominalists would say.

I remember well how my professor of dogmatic theology, now Consultant to the Holy Office and General of the Franciscan Order, used frequently to ridicule the expectations of Anglicans in this regard. "They seem to think they will have a

sort of infallible *Times* at breakfast every morning," he would say, and "They imagine the Pope has the Holy Ghost in his ink-bottle." However, the authentic teaching of the Church is clear enough. On its theoretical side the dogma is as valueless as that only other definition of the nineteenth century, the Immaculate Conception. The whole of this zeal is enkindled by the prospect of its practical service. The member of the Church of England is tossed wearily in a sea of doubts and unanswered questions. One single rock of certainty rears its proud front above the storm, as Mr. Mallock (so loth to grasp the advantages he so charmingly depicts) expressed it in a recent essay. Now, such an assertion is very easily tested. It is thirty years since the infallibility of the Pope was defined. During that period there have been vast waves of disturbing discussion at every point where dogma comes in contact with science, history, and philosophy. Roman Catholics have been no less harassed and perplexed than members of other Churches. What advantage have they derived from their precious dogma in this succession of storms? They have not had a particle of supernatural assistance. Leo XIII. has issued many encyclicals, it is true, but not a single word that has emanated from the Vatican since 1870 lays claim to infallibility. The theologian has a theory of degrees of supernatural assistance, but in the matter of infallibility there can be no gradation. As long as the Pope remains fallible — remains that individual theologian of very limited scholarship, Leo XIII.—one may as well consult Canon Gore or Dr. Temple. The belief that the Pope was accorded a certain measure of supernatural assistance in arriving at this or that conclusion, without being absolutely guarded from error, would obviously not still the waves of doubt, and is indeed too absurd to entertain. Some of these converts, for instance, were greatly moved by the Pope's declaration that the Anglican Orders are invalid. On sound Catholic principles that declaration has no more force than the opinion of Canon Gore, or has at the most only a greater probability. And a dumb oracle acquires little compensatory charm in the eyes of the anxious devotee because he is assured it would infallibly be correct if it *did* open its oracular lips. The truth is that during thirty years of critical discussion there has been no "living voice" of convincing authority in the Church of Rome, except on paper; and where the trustful Catholic will look for some tangible ground for hope that the silence will ever be broken it is impossible to imagine.

A further important aspect of the matter at once presents itself. Rome has such power to avert secessions precisely

because it does not, in practice, arrogate this title of inerrancy for its teaching. If there were in our midst some other Christian community of arresting proportions, with a princely genealogy and stately services, that urged a like claim to the possession of a living oracle, we might see a larger exodus of these diffident souls from the city on the hill. But the mind that thirsts for dogmatic definitions can go no farther. On the other hand, the scholars who pay homage to Rome find a congenial feature in this absence of any attempt at compulsion *in foro conscientiæ*. There are theologians who think Dr. Mivart's views on hell were very reasonable, hold that Anglican Orders are valid, admit a large number of errors in the Old Testament, and differ from Leo XIII. on many other points. Theologically, they have a perfect right to differ from him internally, and think what they please of his encyclicals and other pronouncements. I have heard strong opinions expressed. As to authoritative definitions, they regard the theory as comfortably remote. Once indeed I was told by a biblical scholar, the professor of Scripture at Louvain, that he longed for a definition of inspiration (which is supposed to have been defined by several Councils), because his whole biblical structure was in the air for want of it. But another equally capable scholar to whom I told this most strongly deprecated it. The same theologian told me that he and others accepted Sayce's conclusions as they are presented in *The Higher Criticism and the Monuments*. It is obvious that, if one accepts Sayce's conclusions about Genesis, the liberal spirit has a broad run over the whole ground of dogma.

The point is aptly illustrated by the case of Dr. Mivart. Here was a broad-minded and informed thinker accepting, to all appearance, the whole dogmatic system of Rome. He was one of the most notable items in the Catholic *argumentum ad verecundiam*. Suddenly it transpires that he has little real consideration for the "living voice." Many agitated minds are said to have been soothed with the theory that the opinions he put forward in his two fateful articles were the hallucinations of a failing mind. In reality they were the beginning of a campaign outlined many years before. Dr. Mivart discussed those opinions with me five years ago, and gave a not obscure assurance that he was going to "come out." His liberalism went much deeper than the articles indicated, and he would certainly have continued his interesting revelation if he had not been so cruelly silenced for ever. But he was attached to Catholicism on its historical and æsthetic merits. He spoke with equal interest of the revival of the cult of Isis at Paris, and the possi-

bility of reviving the cult of Aphrodite. He dreaded materialism, and thought the idealism of the Roman services the best spiritual force at hand to keep it in check. Of some of the most explicit Roman dogmas he spoke with contempt. As long as such men are willing to hold their tongues—and they see little advantage in speaking—they may remain indefinitely in the "unity" of Rome. The Church has many features that sincerely appeal to them.

One other circumstance must be considered in any attempt to appreciate the secessions from Rome. Its harsh and arrogant and deeply unjust attitude towards seceders is in strange contrast to its own ceaseless plaints of ill-treatment and misunderstanding. One would expect to find a group of writers who have themselves paid the social penalty for a change of religious convictions more humane than the average Romanist is with regard to seceders. But they are not a whit less arrogant. There are three explicit references to seceders from the Church in *Roads to Rome*. Two of them are passing allusions to the German Old Catholics. One of the writers speaks of the party as "Döllinger, Reinkens, and Co.," and quotes with apparent approval the opinion that they were "tepid and lukewarm Romans" who "found the restraints of their own Church-discipline irksome and troublesome." The second allusion is of even worse taste and temper, speaking of the party as "those uxorious people called Alt-Catholics." The third passage deals with apostates in general, and is a sufficiently clear attempt to fasten the "uxorious" theory on them all as an *à priori* hypothesis, that may dispense the good Catholic from making an individual inquiry. Mgr. Croke-Robinson is not a representative of Roman scholarship—in fact, his excursus on the light of faith in the present volume is utterly unsound in Roman theology—but he is reputed to be a gentleman, and is a priest and preacher of much influence in his denomination. He has, too, a lively recollection that his own secession from Anglicanism "meant the wreck of one's life, shattered nerves, and, for all he knew, absolute destitution." Yet he says, in the only general reference to seceders from Rome that this book contains: "It may well be doubted whether this or that person among the exceedingly few apostates of to-day has really lost the faith. For myself I do not believe they have." Those are the fine sentiments that kindled the fires of the Inquisition. If Mgr. Croke-Robinson were expressing them in an orthodox and masculine atmosphere he would say—as I have heard it so often—"vinum et mulieres," or "cherchez la femme." I have known some of the most prominent and scholarly of the London clergy to discuss a secession in a spirit of most becoming tolerance with non-Catholics, and then

treat it in this strain of cowardly suggestiveness with their own people immediately afterwards. There are a few exceptions, but the practice is very general. However, this is not a matter to be discussed at any length by an "apostate," though few others are aware of the vague, intangible stories—there are libel courts even for the clergy nowadays—with which his memory is pursued amongst the faithful. So infatuated are Catholics with this idea that their "evidences" are undeniable that, where the suggestion of dishonesty cannot find even the slenderest footing, it is supplemented or replaced by a theory of mental failure. On several occasions when friends of mine have mentioned my name to Catholic acquaintances, the latter have tapped their foreheads with a most ludicrous expression of sympathy. Little wonder if the worm turns sometimes; and little wonder if few care to face the ordeal.

It may be granted that there are cases of dishonest secession from the Roman clergy. I have given a number of such elsewhere, and they occur every year. One ex-priest candidly told me he had left for the purpose of marrying, and had invented the intellectual difficulties he presented to his Anglican bishop. He has recently returned to Rome; but I have a letter in which he urges me, ten days before his return to the Church, to carry out a plan he had proposed of a joint attack on the absurdities of Transubstantiation and the abuses of auricular confession. It cannot be denied that there are numbers of such priests on the fringe of the Catholic clergy, ever crossing and re-crossing the line, as passion or remorse rules their sensual temper and ignorant minds. But to confound that group with such men as Dr. Sullivan and Dr. Klein, Mr. Addis or Mr. Hutton, as the Romanist is encouraged to do by such men as Mgr. Croke-Robinson (though we must give *him* the credit of being outspoken), is a gross proceeding. It does undoubtedly keep down the number of secessions; and it retains at the altars of the Catholic Church, to my certain knowledge, men who have no belief whatever in its sacraments. That is a lesser sin than secession in the opinion of the average Catholic.

When we consider these circumstances, we cannot expect to find a very considerable number of seceders from Rome. Of course, in order to have a reasonable parallel with the movement from Anglicanism to Rome, we must take a country where Romanism is established and Protestantism in the minority. Take France, for instance, or Austria. In both countries we find movements from Rome that are even more remarkable than the Romeward stream in England, as far as one can appreciate it with some

confidence. In France no fewer than 348 priests seceded from Rome in 1900, as Professor Gaston Frommel stated in the *Examiner* some time ago. These, moreover, are only the seceders who have joined the great Evangelical movement, and who are therefore easily enumerated. We should add a large number of those priests who are continually withdrawing into private and secular life, and who are immediately lost to sight. In Austria the movement "from Rome" is notorious. Many thousands of the laity and many priests pass over to Protestantism every year. In the industrious northern provinces of Italy, the Catalan province in Spain, and in both Flemish and Walloon provinces of Belgium, the Church of Rome has lost heavily of late years. Here we have great movements which give a character of insularity and foolishness to the inflated boast of the Romans in England. Yet we need not shrink from an inquiry into the number of secessions from the Church of Rome in England. The inquiry is beset with many difficulties, especially in so far as it concerns the laity. In the first place, the educated Catholic rarely has occasion, like Dr. Mivart, to declare a formal secession. Most of us know prominent Catholics, or men who are claimed in Catholic statistics, who have long since ceased to think with that body, but are not disposed to submit their opinions for public discussion. Then, no other Church keeps the same careful statistics of converts and their origin as the Church of Rome does. The men and women who fall away from Rome each year are not advertised by that zealous handful of Catholic journalists who are employed in, and employ, the London press. They melt away imperceptibly in the crowd. Our only indication of their number—and it is a very solid indication—is in the stationary character of the Catholic population. I have shown in an earlier essay in the *National Review* that a normal growth of the Catholic population would give a present total of at least 2,000,000, whereas there are not more than 1,250,000. The chief source of leakage is in the poorest districts of the large towns, where tens of thousands are lost from neglect. But it is clear that we cannot attribute the total loss to this one source. A vast number of educated men and women pass quietly from Rome every year. When I was a priest I saw them leave; since then I have met them repeatedly in the various Churches and Societies.

It is a little more satisfactory to discuss secessions from the ranks of the Catholic clergy. Here again we meet the difficulty that, whereas the name of every clergyman who goes over to Rome is advertised in a hundred journals and inscribed in a

hundred rolls, the secession of a priest takes place in obscurity and leaves little trace. Moreover, his late co-religionists frequently make extraordinary efforts to conceal the fact. I have given several examples elsewhere, but may briefly recall one of them. A few years ago the Superior of the church and monastery at Forest Gate bolted with all the available funds. His fellow priests, well aware of the real facts, assured all inquirers (going into detail when pressed) that he had left the country for the foreign missions. This story they even told to ecclesiastics who seemed to be making informal inquiries on behalf of the Cardinal as to the disappearance. The "secession" was, of course, a dishonest one, but I am merely illustrating the unscrupulous efforts that are made to "prevent scandal." On another occasion I only learned of a secession under a most strict promise to keep it secret from my fellow priests. At another time, when the "apostasy" was all but obvious, I could get no admission and no details whatever out of my colleagues. When the clergy make these desperate efforts to conceal secessions even from each other and their bishops, it is clearly impossible to make a complete inquiry into the number of clerical seceders. Any one who cares to look through the lists of the *Catholic Directory* for the last twenty years will find that a large number of names disappear, yet do not figure in the "Obituary." But inquiries into their fate will only produce a number of assurances that they have gone to America, Australia, or the foreign missions—as indeed many of them have done.

All that one can do is, therefore, to give indications which suggest with some confidence the larger circle they cannot hope to trace in its entire circuit. For instance, the Franciscan province to which I belonged is a small section of the Roman clergy in England. Yet at least six or seven priests seceded from it in my recollection—that is to say, about twelve per cent. of its priests (apart from the many who withdrew into the Catholic secular clergy). This may be an exceptionally high proportion, though I cannot affirm that, but it suggests a percentage of secessions of which few Catholics dream. And if the monastic orders have to deplore so many defections, the secular clergy may reasonably be expected to be even more unfortunate. At one time I made inquiries of the half-dozen ex-priests I knew, and was at once able to draw up a list of some thirty seceders; not including a handful of itinerant lecturers, into whose spiritual genealogy I am unable to go. But the inquiry was soon arrested in the impossibility of establishing communication. The seceders have usually vanished in the crowd, and can no longer be traced.

I can only point out that the result of this inquiry of an idle hour and the proportion of seceders I have known amongst the English Franciscans clearly point to the existence of a fairly large body of what are called "apostate priests." Fragmentary as the experiences are, and widely separated, they are undeniably segments of a large circle which they not obscurely suggest.

A more profitable and perhaps more interesting inquiry may be made into the paths by which seceders leave the city on the hill. Here again the truth will come with the force of a paradox to many people. Just as it is usually alleged that "all roads lead to Rome," so it is supposed very frequently that only one road leads, or logically should lead, from Rome. But the notion that there is no logical standing-ground between Rome and Reason, so dear to both Romanists and Rationalists who have only a superficial acquaintance with Catholic theology, is a very thin fallacy. It springs from a confused idea that the Romanist must never use his reason in religious matters, and that, therefore, as soon as his respect for the authority of the Church disappears, he finds himself without any support for even a belief in God. Now, it is true that one can gather a good deal of countenance for this notion from popular sermons and the practical working of the clergy, but it is entirely at variance with the principles of Catholic theology. The theologian informs the student that he expects him to have already a rational certitude as to the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, which is grounded on purely philosophic arguments. He then proceeds to prove, still on purely rational grounds (of history and ethics), the evidential value of Scripture, the giving of a revelation, and the founding of a Church. Finally, from the revelation thus rationally accepted he builds up his argument for the infallibility of the Church and the Pope. It is clear that a man may break down at any one of these stages. If he cannot pass the first or philosophic stage—and the Church (differing from Mgr. Croke-Robinson) has solemnly declared that the light of faith will not be given to a man who has not this "natural certitude"—he remains an agnostic or atheist. If he cannot pass the second, he remains a deist; if the third, a Unitarian; if the fourth, a member of some Protestant sect, leading eventually to the High Church, where all is accepted but infallibility. And since the structure of belief remains of this nature throughout life in the mind of the informed Catholic (and in the theory of the Church), it is clear he may break down at any part of it, and may find himself logically in any position from atheism to ritualism. It is nonsense to say, as some Rationalists do, that he cannot

logically pass to another Christian Church. He may be logically (to omit other considerations) *bound* to remain a theist or a Christian. It all depends on which point of belief he has succumbed. If he has merely seen through the argument for supremacy and infallibility, he is in the position of a High Churchman; if he has surrendered Transubstantiation, he has become a Protestant; if the hierarchy, a Nonconformist; and if the whole Christian revelation, a Unitarian or a philosophic theist.

And that is, in point of fact, the way in which secessions occur. A number of priests have, like Mr. Arthur Galton and Mr. A. Hutton, merely quarrelled with the distinctively Roman doctrines, and have, naturally, associated themselves with the Church of England. Others have been chiefly occupied with the biblical problem, and have been forced to accept the conclusions of the advanced critics, retaining, with the majority of those critics, a firm attachment to theism. Such are the cases of Dr. Klein, the well-known Unitarian preacher; Mr. Addis, the distinguished biblical scholar and Unitarian professor; Dr. Washington-Sullivan, the able founder of the Ethical Religion Society; Mr. C. Hargrove, Mr. T. Law, and others. Finally, there are some whose difficulties have centred on the fundamental theistic problem. It is these alone who have been forced into the Agnostic position in their failure to find conviction; Mgr. A. Wells, LL.D., and a few others, fall into this category.

From the cases of these prominent seceders we may gather with some confidence the ways of the large and inaccessible body of the laity who fall away from Rome. Along every path that leads to Rome there is a twofold procession. Past the pressing throng of proselytes returns the silent multitude of the disillusioned. And when it seems that comparatively few return of those who swept into the gates of the city on the hill, let us remember the complexity of the Roman system, the charms it has gathered from the religions of the world, to retain affection when mental submission has failed, the modesty of the claims of other religions after Rome's high promises have proved delusive, and the torpor that is wont to follow so great a disillusion.

J. McCabe.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BISHOP

> He was a contemplative, rather stout gentleman of quiet perceptions. Life to him was not a task but a sinecure: he fingered the guineas in his pocket, and ate his dinners, and slept the sleep of the irresponsible.—ADAM BEDE.

CHARLES LYTTELTON, born in 1714, was the third son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton and of his wife Dame Christian. From his earliest youth his health was delicate, unfitting him for an active life. He was of an amiable, studious disposition, and was his mother's favourite son, lacking the boisterous high spirits of his younger brother Richard, and the political and literary ardour of the eldest son George, which made him an awesome figure in the eyes of the gentle timorous lady. Charles she wrote to and consulted on all points: from "poor Grace Hewson, whom I promised to get a place for," to his sisters' "conquests" and her plans for his meeting "the Lady that we have heard of for you." But this came to nothing, for he lived a bachelor all his days. "I agree with you, my dear," she wrote on another occasion, "'tis a bold stroke indeed for so young a Lawyer to begin with being against the Crown, as George G[renville] has done, I wish he may come off with applause, but must blame his friends for putting him upon so hazardous a Point, and especially where Murray will so much excel."

One of Charles Lyttelton's earliest correspondents was Horace Walpole. As boys at Eton they were devoted friends, having much in common both in tastes and character. The first letter from him is dated August 7, 1734, when Lyttelton was twenty, and had left Eton nearly two years. Early in this year he had gone from University College, Oxford, to study law at the Inner Temple; Walpole was four years junior to him, and was still at Eton. ". . . I can reflect with great joy," he wrote, "on the moments we pass'd together at Eton, and long to talk 'em over, as I think we could recollect a thousand passages which were

something above the common rate of School-boy's Diversions. I can remember with no small Satisfaction that we did not pass our Time in gloriously beating great Clowns who would patiently bear Children's Thumps, for the collections which I think some of our co-temporaries were so wise as to make for them afterwards. We had other amusements which I long to call to mind with you."

There is another letter he wrote from Cambridge after a visit to Oxford, where he said Magdalen Walks pleased him most. "I felt a pensive joy in 'em," he wrote, not as happily as usual, "occasion'd by thinking two Lytteltons had been drown'd in the adjoyning stream, and another had so often walked there." Here follow some neat lines on the death of the two Lytteltons. How "The Foolish boy, unfortunately gay" fell in and "his soft Soul absorbed by Waves expir'd." His brother "The Pious Youth plung'd after him precipitate; and try'd to save his Brother; but in Trying dyed." How on this "the River God sunk his flag-waving head," and goes "melancholy winding thro' the mead," till he sees another Lyttelton appear, then: "No more a double loss he cou'd bemoan, Finding the Worth of Two, comprised in One." "Excuse this flight Charles; Oxford inspir'd me; Magdalen Walks gave me the Hint, and Friendship dictated to Y^rs^ sincerely, H. WALPOLE."

There are a few more letters from Walpole of little interest. Charles Lyttelton and he resembled each other in character too much for their intimacy to last, both being very feminine men, cautious and jealous in their dealings with their fellows, preferring to criticise them in comfort from their armchairs. If Mr. Lyttelton had possessed the fortune Mr. Walpole enjoyed, he would have led the same easy life as that gentleman, and the Episcopal Bench would have lost one of the least zealous of the prelates who ever adorned it. A born antiquary, he had a genius for research, and was possessed of great patience and a retentive memory. Walpole loved antiquities, but was more a virtuoso than an antiquary. Many years after the death of his friend, Walpole wrote with a petulant recollection of all he had suffered at his hands, "Bishop Lyttelton used to plague me to death about barrows and tumuli and Roman camps, and all those bumps in the ground that do not amount to a most imperfect ichnography." Though the intimacy ceased, a certain degree of friendship remained, serviceable to both from the similarity of their tastes. In 1757 Walpole wrote "in all the hurry of a *Gros Marchand*" sending the "Good Dean" * a copy of "*our* odes." These were

* He was then Dean of Exeter.

Gray's Odes, the first work printed at the Strawberry Hill Press. He also employed Bishop Lyttelton to mediate in a quarrel between him and Bishop Warburton on the grounds that "one of his own order" would be more likely to conciliate that irritable prelate; another time, however, he dubbed him "gossiping and mischievous."

In 1738, after four years at the Inner Temple, Mr. Lyttelton was called to the Bar. It is not known if he ever held a brief; certain it is he remained a lawyer a very short time. Indeed, it is not easy to discover a profession less fitted for him who was fitted for nothing save to burrow at leisure among ancient tombstones and mouldy records, and to discuss them afterwards with fellow antiquaries over a glass of old port. But a profession had to be found. The state of the family exchequer did not allow of a younger son following an unremunerative calling, and that of the Church being eventually fixed upon, he was ordained in the year 1741.

Early this year his father wrote to the Bishop of Worcester, ostensibly to condole with him on the death of the Chancellor of the Diocese, but really to beg him in the distribution of his benefices to "strike out something for my son Charles." "I don't aim at great things," he said. The Bishop, good old Dr. Hough, then ninety years old, replied, in the quaint, crabbed simplicity of his seventeenth-century diction, completely unlike the flowing periods affected by the later age:

"S^{r},—It does not a little trouble me that I return any other answer to a Command of yours, than that it is obey'd, but you may please to know that above a year since I found myself under a necessity of taking two Clergymen into my family, and having nothing but very unlikely hopes to encourage them in discharging the duties of it, I was not backward in promising anything that should fall in my gift. I constantly ordered my little private affairs in confidence of the Chancellor outliving me, but Providence has taken him before me, whereby two Livings and his Office are become Vacant; the Livings my Chaplains claim, the Chancellorship I confer upon One whom he has made his Executor. Could I have imagin'd there had been any likelyhood of his death, I would, as to him, have kept myself at liberty. All I can now say is, that if during the little time I have to come in this life, anything shall fall in the Episcopal Patronage, I will never dispose of it, till I know whether it will be acceptable to Mr. Charles."

Mr. Lyttelton had not long to wait, for in 1742 the Bishop gave him the rich living of Alvechurch in Worcestershire. "When

Mr. Charles Lyttelton offer'd himself to be ordain'd," wrote Dr. Hough on this occasion to Sir Thomas, "I had a peculiar pleasure in receiving him, as One sincerely dispos'd to make good the Character he took upon him, and every way Qualifyed for it beyond exception. He has lately given me a greater Pleasure, by entering into the actual Service of the Church; where (if I know the Temper of his mind) he will exert himself in cultivating the Principles of our most Holy Religion by the properest Arguments, and give the utmost force to 'em, by Good Example. If you S^r have comfort in seeing him so employ'd, I pray God you may long enjoy it. I expect Credit, now, and after Death, in having been his Friend, and S^r, Your most Faithfull and Obedient Servant, JO. WORCESTER."

It must not be thought Mr. Charles could number among his friends only those who sympathised with his researches. His most intimate friend was unlike an antiquary in all respects. This was Thomas Potter, a man who, though forgotten now, was for a period of some ten years one of the most striking characters of his day. So brilliant was he that on his first appearance in Parliament the world began to match "Mr. Potter the lawyer" against Mr. Pitt.* He was also one of the most notorious rakes of that time, a member of the famous "Hell Fire Club," and a boon companion of John Wilkes, who (according to one authority) was "not a bad man naturally till Potter poisoned his morals." His friendship with Charles Lyttelton began at Oxford and continued when they went up to study law at the Temple. Mr. Potter was the junior by four years, and began his law studies at the Temple very shortly before Mr. Lyttelton left the Bar. It was chiefly owing to his advice that Mr. Lyttelton took this step. Certainly the Church never had a stranger advocate. "I want to hear how you look, and as Mr. Whitefield says, how you feel yourself in your new situation," he wrote when Lyttelton became a clergyman. "I have heard none of these things, for tho' your Coz. Bell: delivered me a long message from you, yet I make no Account of any thing which does not immediately flow from your Heart to mine, without any Interruption of the Warmth of that Friendship which is between us." How the well-regulated affections of Charles his friend can have responded to this it is difficult to imagine, but there does seem to have been a very real intimacy on both sides. They were friends

* So far was this prophecy from being fulfilled that years after Mr. Pitt called Potter "one of the best friends I have in the world." It is pretty certain that Potter wrote the famous *Essay on Woman* that Wilkes was brought to book by Lord Sandwich for having written.

till Potter died, though after these early years there are no letters from him of any length. It is probable they came, but were such as a clergyman could not with propriety keep. "E'er many Days are pass'd," wrote Potter in 1756, "I long to kiss your Hands. The Hand of the Man I love is more wellcome to me than the royal one." * Two years later, in writing a letter to his youngest brother in South Carolina, Dr. Lyttelton made the following dry announcement: "Mr. Potter's health has been exceeding bad for a long while. About a Fortnight agoe he was seiz'd with a Fever, and on Saturday last departed this Transitory at his seat in Buckinghamshire. Mr. P[itt]'s great Partiality for him rais'd a good deal of Envy upon him, and indeed most People thought he was not entitled to an Employment of Such Rank and Profit."

Mr. Lyttelton was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and took the degree of LL.D. in 1745. He lived a pleasant life in London for the most part; his parish, buried in the depths of the country, was little visited by him, though he wrote an exhaustive history of Alvechurch, which is incorporated in Nash's *History of Worcestershire*. He was a good correspondent, and many of his friends depended almost entirely on him for the news of the day. Robert Hoblyn, a life-long friend who had been at Eton with him, and was also an F.R.S., wrote from his place in Cornwall, eagerly questioning Dr. Lyttelton—"What say your friends the Patriots of the Peace?" "Who is to be King of Poland at last?" complaining that "we ignorant souls in the country lose half the pleasure of the scandal" in Mr. Pope's Letter to Arbuthnot, through not having a key to the allusions. His own news consisting of such items as "we had a fair last week, and a Bull baiting this, for the diversion of the county. But I can't as yet bring myself to enjoy these entertainments." "In short," he said, "If I think of spending another Winter in these parts I must think at the same time of getting a companion for Life. O Dreadful pleasing Thought!" This thought was realised shortly in the pleasing shape of Miss Jane Coster, an heiress.

In 1746 when D[r] Lyttelton had been Rector of Alvechurch over three years, he began to desire promotion. Throughout the spring of this year there are letters from him in London to Sir Thomas at Hagley, full of gossip and the news of the day, picked up at Ranelagh and the coffee-houses; the young Pretender's wanderings in Scotland, the war in Flanders, the position of the "Brest Fleet," the debates in Parliament, and mingled

* He had just kissed hands as Paymaster-General of the land forces, which he obtained through the influence of Pitt.

with these, oft-recurring references to his hopes of preferment. It was a happy moment to press them, for his friends were just come into office, his brother was a Lord of the Treasury, and the Duke of Newcastle was Secretary of State.*

"My brother defer'd speaking to the Duke of Newcastle on my behalf," wrote Dr Lyttelton on May 8, "till Mr. Pitt had kiss'd Hands—as that is now done, he will [speak to] him ye first opportunity." May 17 he wrote, "Yesterday my Brother was with ye Duke of Newcastle, and press'd him in ye warmest manner on my Behalf. The Duke said he was hampered with engagements to Churchmen deeper than could be imagin'd, but that he would serve me as soon as possible. My Brother was then going to specify ye particular Preferment he wanted for me when a Person came in and interrupted ye conversation, so that he was forced to drop that subject for ye present but intends resuming it again ye first opportunity. Afterwards he mentioned ye Affair to Stone, † who said he was glad I did not pitch on Windsor or Westr, as they were full of young Lives and deeply promised. Alchurch, he said, was more open, that there were *two* Canonrys only promised, and that the third he might depend upon for me —that he shd be upon ye Watch to prevent all sollicitations to ye Duke before I was serv'd, and that there was ye greatest likelyhood in ye world that 3 Vacancys would happen within a 12 month. *Trevor* being to be removed to ye first good Bishoprick that falls (except Durham or Winchester,) *Peterbro'* very old, *Friend* and Folkes, not only very old but very infirm. N.B.—When my Brother told Mr. Stone that I could have Persons of ye highest Rank in ye Church to bear witness to my Character, he was pleased to say, that I was too well known to stand in need of it. I wish he was not *a Courtier* in this," said Dr. Charles ruefully, "for his Master ye Duke knew not that there was such a Person existing when my Brother named me to him. . . ."

Brook St May ye 31st 1746.

Dear Sir,—My Brother carried me yesterday to ye D. of Newcastle's but he was not home, so we *left our names*, wch my Brother says is sufficient, as he was with his Grace ye day before who promised him ye Deanery of Worcester for me in case it falls before there be a third Vacancy in Alchurch.‡ If ye King shd object to Ld Cornbury's man (wch very probably he will, as his Ldship's conduct has been so disagreeable to ye Court since

* As joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland.

† The Duke's Secretary.

‡ He wished to be made a Canon of Alvechurch.

y^e promise was made) y^e Duke will put me second, so I hope my chance is not a very bad one. . . .

These untiring efforts were in part rewarded. D^r Charles the end of this year was appointed chaplain to the King. D^r Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, when he was trying for the post wrote, "I heartily wish y^r success in y^r present undertaking, and shall be glad if my endeavours in any degree contribute to it, who am Rev^d S^r y^r affectionate Friend Jo : CANT."

In January 1747 George Lyttelton's wife died, to his great grief, but he was still a lord of the Treasury, so his brothers continued to solicit his efforts on their behalf. After a long account of Mrs. Lyttelton's funeral, "The Colonel is now soliciting for y^e rank of Colonel,"* wrote D^r Lyttelton. "My brother promised to support his claim, and as y^e Duke of Bedford † will do y^e same, I think he will succeed, but it is unlucky for me, as my Brother cannot with so good a Face press my Interest sh^d any Preferment fall, either while he is soliciting for him, or immediately after he has carried y^e point for him."

Again his labours were rewarded. On June 4, 1748, he was installed Dean of Exeter. "'Tis a glorious piece of Preferment," wrote Edward Eliot, afterwards first Lord Eliot, "and I am very happy in the thought of eating a mutton stake off a very white Table Cloth in an elegant well-furnished little house of *yours*, in London."

These aspirations must have often been satisfied. The Dean was a genial and hospitable man, and his income now that the Deanery was added to his rectory was ample. If he was not a very active minister, nor anything of a theologian, at least he earned no discredit, and there is no reason to believe he was otherwise than popular.

"As to my right reverend uncle," ‡ his nephew Thomas Lyttelton is said to have written, "he may be a good Christian, but I recollect to have heard him make a better discourse upon the *outside* ornaments of an old Gothic pulpit, than he ever delivered *in* one, throughout the whole course of his evangelical labours. He seems much more at home in a little harangue on some doubtful remnant of a Gothic tombstone, than in urging the performance of Christian

* He had only brevet rank.

† Sir Richard's brother-in-law.

‡ This letter and the subsequent one from Thomas, Lord Lyttelton, were really written by a boon companion of his, William Combe, the well-known author of *Dr. Syntax*. This man published a posthumous collection of Lord Lyttelton's letters, which, many years later, he acknowledged to be spurious. But he had many opportunities of observing Bishop Lyttelton, whose character, as drawn by him, seems but little exaggerated.

duties, or guarding, with his lay brother, the Christian fortress against infidel invasion. I well remember also, to have heard his right reverence declare he would willingly give one of his fingers (that was his expression) to have a good natural history of Worcestershire."

He travelled much about England, visiting every place of antiquarian interest. There is a characteristic account he wrote of a tour he made in Cornwall, accompanied by the eminent antiquary, Mr. Borlase. They went on horseback to an old Lady Vivian's place called Trelowarren, where the situation was so bad, and the country all round so wild and dreary, that "nothing would have carried me thither but y^e^ prospect of finding a *Sweet* Bed to sleep in, which is seldom to be found at y^e^ Inns in Cornwall, for both y^e^ Houses and y^e^ beds stink worse than a Pigstye." Trelowarren not only provided this, but "what must please an Antiquary, both y^e^ Houses and its Inhabitants are an exact Picture of y^e^ old Style of Living in Good Queen Besses Days."

"You pass thro' a pair of Gates into a Quadrangle, y^e^ left side consisting of a handsome Chapel and large Eating Room, y^e^ Right, a huge Kitchen and other offices, in front is y^e^ Mansion House, y^e^ Entrance of which leads you directly into a Spacious Hall furnished with Calivers, Cross Bows, Hunting Poles, Militia Drums, and Stag's Horns. The Furniture of y^e^ old Parlour and Bedchamber are in y^e^ same style, especially y^e^ latter, where you see y^e^ Labours of y^e^ Female *Vivians* in work't Cloth hangings, point-lace Beds, etc. for several generations past. But y^e^ greatest Curiosity of all is y^e^ old Lady herself, with her Children and grandchildren all around her. After y^e^ ceremony of kissing both Old and Young was perform'd, for this is Cornish custom, we were refresh'd with a Cup of Sack (it sh^d^ have been *Hippocrass* to have suited y^e^ rest of y^e^ Entertainment) and then proceeded in great Form to Chapel (where Prayers are regularly said twice a day) and in like form return'd back to y^e^ Parlour to Supper, an Hour before Candlelight. The Old Lady eat a pound of Scotch Collops for Supper, and wondered I could not do y^e^ like. Next Morning Mr. Borlase and myself set out after Breakfast and return'd back to Trelowarren to our dinner, though the old Lady's Supper . . . On my return I call'd at y^e^ Lizard Village upon an old man who was reported to be 111 years of age, but on talking with him I think he is not so old by six years. However he is old enough to remember very well a dispute between a Blacksmith and Farmer in his own Parish, y^e^ one a Royalist, y^e^ other a Parliamentarian, concerning Charles II. right to y^e^ crown just before y^e^ Restoration, which did not end till they had thrash'd each other stoutly,

but y^e^ honest Cavalier had y^e^ better of his Antagonist, who was at last willing (as y^e^ old man told me) to let y^e^ King come quickly home and enjoy his own again. . . ."

"*Godolphin* is not near so good a House as Lady Vivian's, and is situate in a worse Country, if a worse can be found, and I cannot therefore but honour my L^d^ Godolphin's Taste for rejecting such a horrid spot, tho' it has been y^e^ seat of his Ancestors for ages, and at y^e^ same Time keeping a constant family of Servants, and a Table for y^e^ Exercise of Hospitality and Relief to y^e^ poor. There remain some good Family pictures by Cornelius Johnson and Lely. Miller would have been pleas'd with a Sight of y^e^ old Wardrobe, where I unmask'd some curious old Pink'd silk Waistcoats and Petticoats which are not to be match'd even in y^e^ Green Room at Drury Lane Playhouse. Tho' all this Tract has an Appearance of great poverty, and y^e^ Houses in general miserable Cottages, yet they differ I believe from all other Cottages in Europe ; scarce one in Twenty wanting a *Sash window*, such is y^e^ fondness these People have for this kind of ornament in their Houses. I would indeed forgive them if they confin'd it only to their houses (tho' it looks very odd in thatch'd low mansions), but they have sash'd all their Churches in these parts which ill suits y^e^ Gothick simplicity of these ancient Buildings. The winters are so mild in this part of Cornwall that *Aloes*, *winter cherry*, and other Green House plants thrive well here in y^e^ open air."

During these years D^r^ Lyttelton seems to have lived very little in London. It probably did not suit his always sickly health. Coughs, catarrhs, and "Scorbutick Disorders" he suffered from all his life. He never visited the Continent, though Lord Dacre, one of his antiquarian friends, in a letter about the tombs of his ancestors and his family history, advised D^r^ Lyttelton to go to Italy. "We are mistaken," he said, "in thinking they have no good Physicians in Italy. Their Method, however, is different from ours, as they set very little account on what comes out of Apothecaries shops, and cure people by making them have a great attention to their Diet and manner of Living." "'Tis better," added Lord Dacre, sapiently, "to be a healthy Dean than a sick Bishop." The Dean underwent some operation about this time. Lord Dacre wrote commending his courage, "and now I think you have nothing to do but to look out for a Wife. You have made yourself snug and handsome, and have showed yourself a Man of Spirit ; two articles which go very far with the Ladies." But throughout D^r^ Lyttelton's life there is no trace of such a desire.

In all Dr. Lyttelton's varied correspondence it is curious to

find barely an allusion to Methodism, though the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield was drawing thousands to hear them. But scepticism and popery were deplored. "Is it the fashion yet at Oxford to preach against Popery as the papers tell us it is at London?" wrote Robert Hoblyn from Cornwall. "It seems as if all the People of Spirit were turned Infidels, or to speak more Court-like, are not confined to that narrow way of thinking; all the Superstitious have taken refuge in Infallibility, and that old-fashioned set of opinions called Christianity, are left in a few dull Hands."

The young Pretender, and the fear of a French invasion caused popery always to be dreaded. "We abound here with Papists and Plaids," wrote the Bishop of Worcester from Bristol in 1748, three years after the '45. This bishop, Isaac Maddox, successor to Bishop Hough, was very zealous against popery. He wrote Dr. Lyttelton a quaint account of how he dealt with five papists who came before him in court, "*all seduced from the Church of England*, whom I ordered to be cited, being presented by the wardens of their respective parishes. They were all well instructed to make the same Answer, that nobody at all had persuaded them to embrace Popery or put Popish books into their Hands. I enjoined them all to go to the Ministers of their respective parishes, whom they owned they had never acquainted with their Design of embracing Popery, and if they were not satisfyed by their Minister, then to come to me; that I should think it no trouble to instruct them in the knowledge of the Truth. They are all poor low People."

The Dean's most persevering correspondents were Mrs. Montagu, the blue-stocking, and Mr. Francis Godolphin. Mr. Godolphin wrote on matters antiquarian and ecclesiastical, and was the first to inform his friend when a bishop was "in a declining way." Mrs. Montagu wrote long and pompously on matters of state, and also favoured D^r^ Lyttelton with the like gratifying details. "Our worthy friend, the Archbishop of C., has found relief from a quack medicine but I fear he will not long remain with us to govern our Church with that prudent moderation which prevents small errors from growing into stubborn heresies," she wrote in the polished ambiguity of style characteristic of that age.

When D^r^ Lyttelton had been several years at Exeter he became anxious for preferment. "My Lords the Bishops wrap themselves up in their Virtue and their Cloaks, so that y^e^ severe Cold has carried none of them to Heaven yet," he wrote resentfully in January 1757, "consequently your Humble Servant remains in

Statu Quo." Two years later he was still at Exeter, though he had seen a letter from Lord H[ardwicke] which causes him to hope he will not "live and dye Dean of Exon." "But 'tis unlucky," remarked the Dean peevishly, "that from that time to this, no vacancy has happened on y^e^ Bench: every day raises up new competitors, and brings y^e^ K.'s life and that of his Ministers nearer to an end, considering y^e^ advanced age of them all." "My Lease Tenants also," he grumbled, "are as unwilling to quit this wicked World as my Lords y^e^ B^ps^, so I get no money; all I have been able to raise on y^e^ Decanal Estate in *Eleven years* being but 250£. This is scarce credible, but it is strictly true." About this time Walpole wrote, not without a suspicion of malice, "Another Archbishop dead! Will none of their deaths operate to your Deanery? Are you always to serve everybody, and are you never yourself to be served?"

Better times, however, were coming for the Dean, though he had still three years to wait. In 1762, a year after the accession of George III., when Lord Bute was Prime Minister, and George Grenville Secretary of State, the Bishop of London died, and Dr. Osbaldeston, Bishop of Carlisle, was translated to the vacant see, "to no one's joy that I know of," remarked Dr. Hurd, spitefully. George Grenville begged Lord Bute to do something for his cousin. Lord Bute replied that he had had his eye on the Dean early in the reign, but had been forced to prefer some one less worthy, for the good of the Government, "following," said his Lordship, "a maxim I abhor, that of doing amiss that good may come of it." But D^r^ Lyttelton obtained the see of Carlisle, and was consecrated bishop on March 21, 1762.

He did not go up to Cumberland for some months. The task of moving all his goods from Exeter to Carlisle was a very lengthy one, and when at length it was achieved, the Bishop received a quaint and horrified letter from "J. Turner," his butler, on the dilapidated condition in which he discovered Rose Castle.

". . . I think it my Duity to say y^t^ y^r^ Lordship has not had justis done you in y^e^ appraisement of y^r^ Goods it is not posabel for me to menchon how many yousless and Worthless things there be but there is a ould painted oyle Cloth with very great Hols in it y^e^ maid in y^e^ house says it never was yous'd in y^e^ Late Bishop's time but cram'd into a littel Closet it is vailled to y^r^ Lordship at 12 shelings. In shorrt it is all of a peice y^e^ best and only Furniture fit for y^r^ Lordship is y^e^ Mahogany Tables and 12 very ordinery Chairs in y^e^ Best Paller. . . ."

D^r^ Lyttelton soon after arrived at Rose, and wrote to the Bishop of London, bitterly complaining of the dilapidations he

found at Rose, saying that he had paid for more wine than the cellar contained, and that some of the wines that he paid for as sound and good "prove as sour as Verjuice." He also had an Estimate drawn up by one Ben Railton, and sent to the Bishop of London, of all the Dilapidations inside and outside the Castle. "I should have been obliged to y^r^ Lordship," added D^r^ Lyttelton in a postscript, "to have told me that you would not leave your chaplain's old surplice in the Chapel here, that a new one might have been provided ag^t^ my coming. My chaplain has been forced to read prayers without one ever since I came, and this in sight of half the county who have been to visit me."

His letter is dignified and placable. Not so his brother of London's reply, though he began civilly enough, expressing his concern at the state of the cellar, "As these misfortunes have happened" he told his butler to repay D^r^ Lyttelton the money he paid for the wines. "I desire the bottles and sour wine described may be returned to him, and given to friends of mine, who, I doubt not, will have a grateful remembrance of me even for vinegar." He proceeded to enumerate all the good things he had done in the interests of the Bishopric of Carlisle, and how he had spent £1000 on improvements at Rose Castle. "I did not expect," said he in a rage, "to be called upon in the rude manner I was for dilapidations. After this long letter I should not have added any thing further, had not your Postscript called upon me to vindicate myself from the reproach of not leaving the Surplices. In answer to this I tell you I found none at Rose, nor indeed Books, Cushions, or other Furniture proper for the Chapel, which, with part of the Communion Plate I left there, was not of less expence to me than £100, and this I judge the County of Cumberland knows, and is visible to that half of it that has visited you."

Up to now the two Bishops ascribed themselves as "Your affectionate brother." In subsequent letters this was dropped and they were "your Lordship's obed^t^ servant." Bishop Lyttelton answered Bishop Osbaldeston on six sides of folio paper, very reasonable and very controlled, but immovably tenacious of his rights. "Your Lordship undoubtedly believes and means to insinuate that I misrepresented y^e^ condition of your Claret in order to throw it back on your Hands, which carries in it so mean a Suspicion, as raises my Contempt more than my Anger." He had only, he argued, bought the wine for the D^r^ Osbaldeston's convenience, "the stock I sent from Exeter being much larger than I can use in some years. Your Lordship must have a strange propensity to take offence where none is offer'd."

The Bishop of London wrote back in his slip-shod scrawl, expressing his readiness to make "all reasonable acknowledgements for Dilapidations *if there be any* at Rose Castle; the sum mentioned in the estimate enclosed in your last letter, tho' seemingly demanded, I suppose is not expected to be paid, as it never will be by My Lord Your most Humble Servant," etc.

"Much as I hate contention, and Endeavour Agreeable to y^e^ Apostles direction to live peaceably with all Men," returned Dr. Lyttelton, justly incensed, "Your Lordship is greatly mistaken if you imagine I will tamely submit to suffer a considerable Loss in my Dilapidations, especially after what I have allready sustain'd in y^e^ purchase of your Furniture, because it is your Will and Pleasure that I shall do so." This brought the Bishop of London to his bearings. Vanquished by the other Bishop's calm tenacity, he begged that the correspondence might be closed till they met. "I assure you I shall be ready when in London to accomodate all differences with you in a friendly manner; if this does not satisfy you, use your will and pleasure."

Here the controversy stopped, except for a calm letter from the victorious Prelate, advising that the Dilapidation Estimate be referred to two friends, one to be named by each of them. "It may be of importance to both of us," remarked D^r^ Charles with the galling amiability of a conqueror, "but will certainly be so to your Lordship, that y^e^ Dilapidations be settled soon, for y^e^ House suffers by every Storm."

How the matter was cleared up is not stated, but, knowing Bishop Lyttelton, it may confidently be asserted that he was no loser by the transaction. That honest old soldier, Sir Richard Lyttelton, after receiving a "terribly complaining Letter" from the Bishop, wrote from Lyons to his nephew, Thomas Pitt, full of sagacious advice and brotherly concern. "The Bishop talks of Building and making as many Conveniencys at Rose, as if he purposed to continue there all his Life, instead of passing a month or two for a year or so en attendant a translation." "London is an Artfull Man," observed Sir Richard, "and in the station he now is must have some weight. I wish you would prevail upon our good Bishop to moderate his Resentment, or at least the force of his expressions in regard to him. It may be of prejudice to him in his profession, and cannot hurt t'other who is got to the Height of his Ladder."

Mr. Godolphin, too, wrote a very characteristic letter on hearing of the Bishop's arrival at Rose. "I hope that you came in time to have a good share of the 700 pieces of old Roman Coin that were lately found in a Trough near Nulbiggen. I am glad that

you found your Apartments in tolerably good Plight. It is a Pity that your Predecessor had not time to do all the good he *intended*, who I hear is very well and has a Life dropped upon One of his Estates and another Bed-Ridden, and he thinks he ought to have as good a Time as if they were both Actually dead. My wife observed you did not Name your Garden, which she took for a bad Omen. I presume you know that K. Edward I. lodged in your Castle in his Expedition to Scotland and dated his Writs for summoning a Parliament apud le Rose."

If George Grenville had continued in power, Bishop Lyttelton would have been translated to a richer see. Walpole wrote in 1768: "Bishop Cornwallis goes to Canterbury. I suppose Goody Lyttelton had hopes." As it was he remained at Carlisle the few remaining years of his life, though he was seldom there owing to his increasing ill-health. In 1765 he was elected President of the Society of Antiquaries, a post he probably both enjoyed and adorned more than his bishopric.

There is an amusing account of a scene between him and his impudent nephew, Tom Lyttelton, in a letter from the same source as the one previously quoted. He formed a plan to mortify his right reverend uncle, who had taken some authoritative liberties with him, by an attack on the temporal privilege of episcopacy in possessing a seat in the House of Lords. "I took up the argument in a very general view," wrote the young man, "urged it with modesty, and what was better, with security, as my father who was present, and in his Persian letters has written to the same purpose. In short I enjoyed all the triumph that my malicious expectations could have framed. The prelate grinned with vexation and was silent, and I had my revenge."

Then comes a ludicrous description of how the Bishop retaliated. "A few days after, as a family party of us were crossing the road on the side of Hagley Park, a chaise passed along, followed by a couple of attendants with French horns. 'Who can that be?' said my father. 'Some itinerant mountebank,' replied I, 'if one may judge from his musical followers.' I really spoke with all the indifference of an innocent mind; nor did it occur to me that the Right Reverend Father in God my uncle, had sometimes been pleased to travel with servants accoutred with similar instruments. But 'evil on itself will soon recoil,' and my recollection was soon restored to me by a torrent of abuse, which was in length, violence, and I had almost said, in expression, equal to any sacred anathema of popish resentment. In short I was cursed, damned, and sent to the devil, in all the chaste periphrasis of a priest's implacability."

Cold and self-seeking as he was, and much as he hated his nephew, Bishop Lyttelton loved his eldest brother and his old home with all the cat-like tenacity of his nature. He wrote from Hagley with real commiseration for his brother's domestic unhappiness, while he chronicled with attentive care the ill-doings of "that Wicked Woman," Lord Lyttelton's second wife. He died December 22, 1768, aged fifty-four. A list of his antiquarian works, together with one sermon may be found in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, giving a fair measure, perhaps, of the attention he devoted to divinity as compared with his more favourite pursuit. In person he was plump, fair and florid, with regular features and chill blue eyes. His character does not enlist much admiration or affection, but his brother, an honest if somewhat partial witness, called him the best man he ever knew. David Garrick left a still more valuable testimony. "I always had a sneaking affection for the Bishop of Carlisle," he wrote, "and I now reverence his memory."

MAUD LYTTELTON.

THE CRISIS IN BRITISH INDUSTRY

AMONG the economic problems which are at this moment pressing for a solution it would be difficult to find one of greater interest, or affording a wider field for speculation than the present relations between capital and labour, between employer and employed. It may be fairly said that the last half of the nineteenth century saw the birth of systematic organisation among the workers in this country, which has grown till the trade union has become a factor to be reckoned with in considering questions connected with the remuneration of labour. It has also seen the rise of two great industrial communities who have entered the international markets and whose competition has become a force which cannot be neglected in dealing with economic matters. The effect of these two forces on each other, and more especially the course which should be followed by those engaged, in whatever capacity, in British industry are subjects of the highest importance and the deepest interest.

The British manufacturer finds himself confronted with powerful organisations whose object is to obtain from him better conditions than might otherwise be possible. Looking at the question from an impartial standpoint it is impossible to find fault with the initiators of the movement which has resulted in the great trade unions of to-day. The conditions of employment made it necessary that the employed should take concerted means to protect their interests. After a bitter struggle they have obtained legal recognition. It may be doubted whether this has been accompanied by the imposition of equally full legal responsibility, but we may hope this will follow after the due delay consequent on the illogical way in which legislative changes are made in this country.

We owe to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb a phrase which at once sums up and justifies the result which has been obtained. The real object sought under all sorts of disguises has been the right to "collective bargaining," and few employers are now to be found who do not recognise this and are not willing to accept it as an

essential condition of industry. But, having obtained a power to which they were entitled, the employed have now to consider whether it is being properly exercised, and the employers to take care that it is not used to impose conditions even more harmful to the commonwealth than those against which it was provided.

Perhaps both parties have been unable to see the wood for the trees. Collective bargaining was looked to as the means of obtaining higher wages, improved conditions of labour and, perhaps it would not be too much to say, less work. For these things the unions have consistently and most manfully striven. The employers have devoted their energies to resisting advances of wages, to securing as much work as possible for their money, and, it may be feared, too frequently to withholding as long as possible improved conditions of labour. Neither party has sufficiently considered that none of these things is by itself of the essence of the question, and that the only indispensable condition is to be found in the greatest efficiency of effort.

It is to the neglect of this consideration that is chiefly, if not entirely, due a state of affairs to which attention has been drawn by the recent articles on the Crisis in British Industry, in printing which the *Times* has performed a great public service. It is not necessary to claim for the author of the articles that his statements have been free from error, or that his deductions may not have been wider than his premises. It is, indeed, well to admit at the outset that the principles underlying the great trade union organisations are not inconsistent with the best interests of British commerce. And, above all, it is advisable for one who looks at the question from the employers' standpoint to acknowledge that his own class is not without responsibility for the evils to which attention is drawn.

That there is good cause for unfavourable comment on certain of the methods practised by the British workman is, in effect, admitted by some of those who are entitled to speak for him, and who, either in the columns of the *Times* or elsewhere, have dealt with the articles.

Mr. Burt, M.P., is a trade unionist leader of very long standing. He belongs, it is true, to a somewhat old-fashioned type, and he is probably as much averse to militant unionism of the modern sort as it is possible to imagine. He speaks for a body of men who, for sturdy independence and intelligent outlook, are not to be beaten and hardly to be equalled in this country or elsewhere. Yet he is constrained to write, in his circular of December last addressed to the Northumberland miners, in the following terms: "I do not deny that a restrictive policy has supporters among

working men." He proceeds to express his opinion that the number of men holding this view is diminishing, and to state his own opposition to it and his belief in its fallacy as a means of improving wages and giving work to the unemployed. He ends his remarks with a *tu quoque:* "I have myself known instances in which employers have almost invited restriction of output, by demanding a reduction whenever workmen, through extra skill and application, have earned a wage above the usual standard." Mr. Burt might have gone further and said that limitation of output with a view to raising prices is a policy not unknown among coal-owners. It is difficult to see how the owners can condemn a restriction of effort on the part of their workmen and at the same time advocate a restriction of output by themselves, the object in each case being the same, viz., to obtain a better return. I agree with Mr. Burt in his condemnation of the practice, and my condemnation falls equally on employer and employed. I wish I could accept his view that the advocates of it among the workmen are diminishing. But look where I will among the various groups of workmen with whose operations I am familiar and I find the same story.

The Durham Miners' Association, of which Mr. John Wilson, M.P., is the secretary, has recently found it necessary to deal with the question in a circular issued to its members. The employers had drawn the formal attention of the miners to "the very serious loss and inconvenience which is caused by the action of the workmen and boys at various collieries in ceasing work without notice." . . . They added that "the question of the very irregular attendance of the workmen at their work has also received the consideration of the owners." The owners proceeded to invite the executive of the men to a meeting and, as a result, the circular, to which I have referred, was issued by the Miners' Association. I quote from it the following passage:

> We take first the illegal stoppages of the pit. For the last 10½ months, which means the whole of this year (1901), there have been lost 62,266 shifts and £15,500 in wages, as consequences of the unconstitutional and sudden suspensions of work. In these we not only see a violation of the law of contract, but a setting aside of our own rules, and an indifferent treatment of those who are chosen from time to time to manage any and every dispute which may arise. If you will put yourselves in our places, you will realise how hurtful it is to us to receive word, in the first place, from the owners that a certain section of the members of a lodge have, without regard to rule or procedure, ceased work, or that the entire members have, without ever acquainting us, decided to do so.

The circular goes on to remark, that the writers do not say that the men have not frequent cause of complaint as to the

treatment they receive at the hands of the employers, and proceeds:

While we admit that there are cases of stoppages where offence has been given, and urge upon you to let us have the first intimation of these, in order that we may inquire into them, we are bound to say that there have been stoppages where we could find no ground of complaint, even after investigation. These have been mainly by sections of the members of a lodge, who stop without ever bringing the question about which they complain before their lodge meeting, or our notice. We need not occupy much time in showing you that such a course is wrong in two points. First, because of the illegality of the sudden stoppage; and second, because there can be no recognition of sectional action. Whatever is done must be by a majority vote of the whole membership, and even then must be in harmony with our rules before we can recognise it.

The second complaint of the Owners' Committee was in reference to the loss of work by men lying idle, apart from the stoppages mentioned above. In this matter they gave us some figures, which we will place before you They first compare the percentage of lost time for the first two quarters in each year of the last seven years, and then show it for the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth pays of this year. We give them in the same order:

1895	...	7.46	1900	...	11.09
1896	...	7.04	1901	...	10½ months 11.63
1897	...	7.77	„	...	No. 15 pay 11.60
1898	...	8.40	„	...	No. 16 pay 12.54
1899	...	9.40	„	...	No. 17 pay 13.49

They assured us that these figures do not include a full or partial stoppage of a pit from any cause whatever, and, as far as they can ascertain, time lost through sickness is excluded. The most striking aspect of these figures is the increase in the percentage of lost time, and especially in the last four years. The seventeenth pay of this year is a very large increase over that of 1897, and a most remarkable coincidence is that the increase has grown concurrently with the prosperity in trade. We are sorry that such an object-lesson should be possible. It is clear that we have not made the best use of our opportunities.

I am afraid there is little ground in the figures quoted for the optimistic opinion of Mr. Burt. It is difficult to avoid a suspicion that the conduct he and Mr. Wilson concur in condemning is part of a settled policy. I do not pretend that it can be found displayed in good set terms in the rules of any existing trade union and I should be quite ready to accept Mr. Burt's assurance that those unions with whose operations he is acquainted do not, as organisations, endeavour to limit production, nor fight against the introduction of labour-saving tools and machinery, nor insist on the same rate of payment for all workers irrespective of skill or ability. What appears more than doubtful is whether the members do not, in fact, do these things, under the mistaken impression that by limiting output and opposing the introduction

of means of cheapening production they increase the number of men at work or avoid its reduction. Mr. Burt lays his finger on a difficulty which looms large in the eyes of a man threatened with loss of employment when he says : " . . . in the transition from one form of industry to another, workmen are displaced and individuals suffer. Those who suffer cannot be expected to give a warm welcome to the change." If it be true that trade unions do not oppose or throw obstacles in the way of such changes, is it equally true that they actively discourage the conduct of which complaint is made ? I recognise the difficult position in which the intelligent leaders of a democratic body are placed : an uneconomic tendency springs up among the members ; practices limiting output begin in an insidious way to prevail ; the employers are not as prudent as they might be—and a conflict arises. It is hard for the Executive of the men to say to the members : " Your conduct is, at root, wrong and prejudicial." Advantage is taken of the indiscretion of the employer and almost insensibly the practice is legalised and becomes " a custom of the trade." It is then enlarged until it becomes an evil to be removed only by some heroic remedy, of which the malady in itself does not warrant the adoption. No doubt greater prudence and more foresight on the part of the employers would have prevented such a condition arising. But even on looking back it is often hard to see at what point it was worth while to make a stand.

Or, to take another example, some custom, for which one can have nothing but praise, springs up and is then enlarged till it becomes a serious evil. I can give an instance of such an one which is in the state of beginning to arise. It is universal in the north of England when a man meets his death in the pit for work on that day to be suspended. No one can condemn the custom or seek to go behind the compassionate fellow-feeling from which it takes its rise. Some doubts begin to arise in the least suspicious mind when the accident is not followed by the immediate death of the sufferer, and when this occurs some hours or days after he is " brought to bank," and the pit is " laid idle," one is apt to wonder whether limitation of output may not have more to do with the matter than compassion. When, however, a man not employed in the pit at all, but above-ground, meets with an accident, not immediately fatal, and dies after a day or two and the pit is laid idle, it needs more faith than I possess not to entertain a very shrewd suspicion that the real ground of suspension is to be found in the belief that the work will go further if it is not pressed too hard. And when similar

instances occur in a great variety of occupations that suspicion deepens into something little short of certainty.

Although I have drawn my examples from coal-mining it would be equally easy to give instances from other industries. I do not wish thrice to slay the slain, but I cannot refrain from saying a few words on the building trade which presents some very remarkable features.

It will be recollected that the writer of the articles in the *Times* gave an extract from the rules of a builders' society which runs as follows :

> You are strictly cautioned not to outstep good rules by doing double the work you are required, and causing others to do the same in order to gain a smile from your master. Such foolhardy and deceitful actions leave a great number of good members out of employment the year round. Certain individuals have been guilty, who will be expelled if they do not refrain.

It was afterwards alleged that the society was defunct and the rule obsolete. A great deal of indignation was poured out on the traducer of the virtuous and industrious bricklayer who was held up to the admiration of his fellow countrymen.

I am convinced that no one who has had to do with building operations for the last forty or fifty years will deny that, as a fact, less work is done in a day and a great deal more money is paid in all branches of that trade than was formerly the case. It may be true that no existing society possesses a rule like that unearthed by the writer in the *Times;* it may even be true that Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb know of no regulations existing in London or elsewhere limiting the number of bricks laid ; the building operatives may protest that they work as hard as their forefathers—no one cognisant of the facts will admit that building is either as cheap or as good as it was thirty years ago. Workmen's houses, to take a single instance, have increased fully 50 per cent. in cost within my own recollection. I pass by the deplorable results of this on the question, now so much debated, of the housing of the working classes.

It is, however, not without interest to endeavour to suggest why the building operatives have earned for themselves this unenviable distinction. This appears to me to depend upon the following circumstances. In the first place buildings are from their very nature exempt from international competition. It may, perhaps, be put higher than this and said that they are subject only to circumscribed local competition. In the second place the building trade is very largely carried on by small contractors who are both unable and unwilling to resist demands which no large employer would entertain : unable,

because the conflict of a small capitalist with a great and powerful trade union means ruin; unwilling, because if, after all, he can secure from his customer a reasonable profit for himself he is indifferent. There are two other classes of persons interested in the cost of building; the man who is putting his money into a new industrial enterprise and he, who having it invested, is called upon for expenditure on repairs. In the first case, the cost of bricks and mortar is seldom an important part of his expenditure, and whether it costs 10 per cent. more or less makes but little difference to him. It is certainly not worth while incurring the annoyance and delay of a bitter conflict with workmen and, however much he may grumble, he accepts an outlay which he regards as unjust and prejudicial to all concerned in his undertaking. In the second case, repairs require to be executed under unfavourable circumstances both as to time and conditions. They have to be done while the works are idle; at night; over Sunday; possibly in very inconvenient, or even dangerous, situations, and while they are in progress costly plant is laid idle. If they are done expeditiously the cost is comparatively of little moment. So he too grins and bears. All the while the building operative goes merrily on, imposes fresh and ever more stringent and uneconomic conditions, and hugs himself as he reflects that he has made the work go further. The handling of his tools, the number of bricks in his attendant's hod, and a thousand other details are matters of "trade custom" with which an employer interferes at his peril, and it is hard to see whence a remedy will come.

I am thus brought to the conclusion that without imputing vicious motives to the artisans of this country, and without suggesting that the very able men who direct the trade union organisations are supporting the men in a course they know to be wrong, there is a well-founded ground for alarm in the position taken up by the labouring classes.

Having reached this conclusion, we find two closely connected questions which present themselves for solution.

First, on what considerations do the workmen base their attitude? and, secondly, what can be done to persuade them of its fallacy?

In what I have already said, I have given by implication what I believe to be the answer to the first question. A deep-seated opinion prevails among the rank and file that there is only a limited amount of work to be done, and that, by dexterous manipulation, it can be spread out over all the members of the trade. As a corollary to this stands the duty to limit the numbers in a

particular trade. From this follow rules which savour of the Middle Ages, and the trade guilds, as to the number of apprentices, and so on. I have said that this opinion exists in the rank and file, but I greatly doubt its being confined to them. It is rare to find a man occupying the position of Mr. Burt who holds the opinion which he expresses, and to which I have already referred—rarer still to find him daring to speak his mind clearly and fearlessly on subjects on which his constituents are likely to take very different views. Nor is it easy to blame a man exhausted by his daily toil, and perhaps doubtful of his power to maintain it, for having neither the ability nor the will to take a broad and philosophic view of changes sought to be imposed on him, which appear likely to increase his daily fatigue, and lessen his daily reserve of strength. That "the world is more and more" is poor comfort to the withering individual, and he may be pardoned for saying "the race may perish provided I have, not 'more and more,' but enough."

The employer must bear his share of blame for the existence of this attitude. He has too exclusively occupied himself, and dealt in discussions with his men, with the number of shillings per week, and too little on the imperative condition on which alone they will be forthcoming. Could both sides have kept more clearly in view that cost of production is the be-all and end-all of the discussion, that cheap labour often means dear cost, perhaps the present situation could have been avoided. A greater readiness to pay high wages for correspondingly high returns, and less anxiety to do that to which Mr. Burt refers, when he speaks of reduction of wages following greater skill and application on the part of the men, would have tended to prevent the growth of the opinion that in reduction of individual effort lies an advantage to the class. Each man would then have felt that while his more efficient effort was rewarded, the payment of his fellow would not have been reduced. The existence of such a temper would have done much to prevent the growth of the fallacy which has now reached the pernicious luxuriance disclosed in the articles in the *Times*. It would have prepared the minds of the workmen to accept the apparent paradox that the adoption of the improved methods of production (which in the last analysis will be found to mean cheaper labour cost), involves the greater abundance of work, and not, as is commonly believed, its diminution. It is no doubt hard to persuade men beginning to go down the hill that the adoption of a machine which displaces them is a change to be welcomed. They are more inclined to say "let us alone, the old ways are good enough for us, we are too old to change." Unfortunately expe-

rience shows this attitude to be untenable. Dame Partington's mop is not more ineffectual than such obstruction to the progress of the world "down the ringing grooves of change." Circumstances, which it would lead me too far to recall to the recollection of my readers, have made the American workman prone to accept changes of the kind, and unless his British fellow will follow suit he will be apt, in the expressive Transatlantic phrase, "to get left."

Finally, how can the situation be improved? I confess I regard the process as a difficult one. It requires tact and patience on the part of the employers; they are called upon to alter in many important respects their view of their relations and duties to the men in their employment. They have to remove suspicions of their motives, doubts even as to the truth of their statements for which their conduct in the past may possibly have given too much warrant. They have to gain the confidence of the men and of their leaders, and to persuade them that in reality the difference of interest is only apparent. Employer and employed are in the same boat, and if it be said that they row with different oars that does not seem to be a reason why one should try by backing water to thwart the endeavour of the other.

On their side the men, and still more their leaders, should co-operate with the employers in the improvement both of methods and conditions. I do not wish them to lose sight of what to them is the all important fact—namely that their labour should receive adequate remuneration. But I should like them to be convinced of what I believe to be the truth, that in the past a very small increase in the rates of wages paid would have absorbed all profit. The only source, therefore, from which higher wages can come in the future is from improved methods. I have been for forty years deeply engaged in industrial operations. In that time I have seen great changes take place in my trade. Then rates of wages, or the conditions of employment, or both, have changed enormously for the better. The changes are still going on. I regret to say they have been made, with disheartening uniformity, without the co-operation, too frequently against the opposition, active or passive, of the men who in the long run would benefit by them. To those who brought about the changes I take no credit for motives of philanthropy to their workmen. A great business is not a charitable institution, but must be conducted on those stern principles of utility and with a single view to profitable results which are the object of the enterprise and the measure of its success. The changes were therefore undertaken, they are still being attempted, for the advantage of the owners of the works. It was an incident, though I contend that it would be capable of

proof that it was an inevitable incident, that they benefited the men. What was true in the past is, in my belief, still true. For reasons into which I cannot now go, I have no fear of the future of British trade, but this is subject to one all-important proviso—that those engaged in it, master and man alike, are prepared to devote their whole and undivided energies to their work in life.

I do not mean that life should be all labour. Man does not live by bread alone. Sufficient leisure, suitable recreation are as necessary a part of life as daily bread, and as much needed to compass that efficiency of effort which I contend we should set before us as the aim of our endeavours. But what the hand findeth to do should be done with the whole might, and in life regarded from this aspect there is no room for "ca' canny" or spinning out work to make it go round.

HUGH BELL.

VICISSITUDES OF THE HERO IN DRAMA*

THE Vicissitudes of the Hero in Drama indicate a chapter in dramatic criticism, for these vicissitudes, historic rather than theatrical, correspond with the changes which have in the course of time taken place in the conception of the hero. How have the years affected his development? What sort of person ought he to be? Does it matter on what social level his life is passed? Must he, by some unwritten dramatic law, be a sinner? If so, what kind of sin is dramatic? Must he end miserably or successfully? What is the nature of the struggle through which he should pass? Above all, to what sort of judgment should he be subject? Shall he be criticised according to the provisions of the Decalogue, or are we to view him as an artistic creation, whose energies, troubles, trials, and disasters are striking, distinctive, consistent with his main characteristics, and well marked in their influence on his fate?

These are big questions, and some may doubt whether theoretical discussion can throw much light upon them. It is a matter difficult of decision, inasmuch as it involves the whole question of the relation of the critic to the artist, and perhaps the still more fundamental question of the value of criticism itself. To that question there are many answers. In the first place, the artist is naturally voiceless. It is a curious and somewhat melancholy experience to hear him discoursing on his own work. Wordsworth wrote on the theory of poetical composition. He had better have allowed his poems to stand by themselves. Corneille wrote his dramas first, and afterwards tried with indifferent success to square them with the presuppositions of Aristotelian criticism. The man who makes a masterpiece is not the person to explain it.

But there are periods in art when all is vagueness and uncertainty, and at such times the critic can do valuable work. If he

* An address delivered at the O.P. Club.

knows history, he can at least mark out the lines on which the particular art has developed. Any contribution, however faulty, which tries to explain what good authorities have thought and written concerning the principles of dramatic art cannot be wholly worthless, if it be always remembered that genius is never bound by rules. No one knew the classical tradition better than Dante, yet he wrote a poem which no subsequent critic has been able to classify. The *Divina Commedia* defies definition. Is it a comedy, as the title indicates; is it a tragedy, as the subject indicates; is it an epic, as the treatment would seem to argue; is it a novel, as the general tendency prefigures? The creator invents his own processes, and only after an interval comes the theoretical critic to reduce them to rules—like those unnamed people who unconsciously modify a language by making the slang of one generation the grammar of the next.

The vicissitudes of the protagonist—an inclusive if somewhat formidable term for which hero is a convenient substitute if it may be held to include heroine—are an interesting study. Time has effaced many of his distinctive characteristics, and it has for all practical purposes obliterated the hard and fast division between the two great branches of the drama. This division might be roughly stated thus—in a comedy nobody dies and everybody gets married; in a tragedy everybody dies and nobody gets married. Aristotle, earliest of dramatic critics, used to say that one of the weaknesses of an audience was its liking for happy endings—a marked tendency which has belonged to all audiences in all ages. The distinction between tragedy and comedy so clearly defined by Aristotle, and so beloved by all the early classical critics, seems now to be of little value in all the serious regions of drama. And it was Shakespeare who did most to bring about this change. For what are we to call plays such as *Measure for Measure, Much Ado About Nothing, Cymbeline?* Are they tragedies with a happy ending? Or are they comedies full of tragic incident?

But to return to the dramatic hero: it was Aristotle who first started the discussion as to his nature and characteristics. The classical tradition held that, at all events in tragedy, the hero should be a person of consideration. Indeed, in the majority of cases he was either of royal or of exalted rank. This was further the doctrine of at least two centuries of criticism; it was the view among others of Corneille, of D'Aubignac, of Racine, of Voltaire, of Dacier, of Sir Philip Sidney. The point was not so much the exact rank of the hero, but the necessity for his being in some way distinguished, and in nine cases out of ten the

easiest way of producing this effect was to make him a personage of high degree. It is of the first importance that the dramatic hero should be representative, that he should be significant, that he should, therefore, in some way or another, be removed from the general crowd, either by character or by position. If in the course of the drama he is to come to grief, this idea of his significance or his considerableness is still more necessary. If he falls, he must fall off something—if it is only a footstool ; if he is already on the ground, like some of the heroes of Scandinavian drama, his so-called descent will not cause much damage, nor will it create much excitement. It may be pathetic or pitiful, for all suffering is that ; but sentimental pathos is one thing, tragic pathos is wholly another.

It is clearly one of the vicissitudes of the hero that whereas he used to be a person of considerable importance, some of our modern dramatists make him the most ordinary individual. This is unquestionably one of the results of Ibsen's work. His earlier poetic drama was different. Brand is a typical character ; but then Ibsen took to writing social dramas, and his heroes and heroines became casual, accidental specimens of the human race. Master Builder Solness and John Gabriel Borkman are not distinguished in any sense, no more than the hero of *When we Dead Awaken*. Hauptmann's characters again are ordinary enough specimens, not much below the average, but certainly not much above it. The hero has submitted to the levelling processes of democracy, and it is to be hoped they will not land him in the irretrievably commonplace. The impulse that keeps him human is undoubtedly a right one ; but there ought to be something in him which appeals to our higher nature, and which gives meaning to the tragic collision between him and destiny.

So much for position, in reference to which our hero has made his *degringolade*. Now as to character. In the first place, can a really good man or woman be the subject of a play ? Why do dramatists never give a chance to a hero or heroine who shall be really good ? Probably because a really good character is, in the first place, a passive character, one who turns his cheek to the smiter, and therefore not the subject of a drama of action. Next the drama appeals primarily to emotions, and the good character has conquered emotions. Thirdly, a hero must display energy, masterfulness, force, which have nothing to do with goodness or badness, but are purely psychological questions. If the main object of drama is to teach lessons of morality, it is difficult to say why a good man should not be a suitable subject

for a play. But if the critical attitude is adopted, which does not confuse æsthetics with ethics, the answer is simple enough. The saint is dramatically uninteresting; the drama deals with colours and the saint is dead white. To take an example, why should Alfred Evelyn in Bulwer Lytton's *Money* bore us so excessively? Simply because he is so excessively good. But there are no hard and fast rules in the matter. The difficulty can be circumvented, though by devices known only to genius. If ever there was a good woman it was Sophocles' Antigone. The dramatist enlists our interest because he makes her the victim of the fatal opposition between the laws of a State and the higher, the eternal law of right and wrong. The State, in the person of Kreon, forbids her to bury her dead brother because he was a rebel; she declares that she will bury him because he was her brother. She remains a heroine without stain and yet suffers dramatically, therefore she becomes interesting.

And what of the really bad man, the man who, vicious in nature, says deliberately, "Evil, be thou my Good?" Can he become the central figure of a drama? Aristotle said, "No." We, enjoying a larger experience of dramatic work, remain somewhat doubtful. It is quite clear that a bad man may put before our eyes so splendid an exhibition of energy that, though we hate his character, he extorts from us unwilling admiration. The classical instance is Richard III. Iago does not come into the discussion, because he is only a subordinate villain, dramatically necessary to give the proper light and shade in the tragedy which worked the ruin of Othello. But Richard III. is, without qualification, the absolute hero of the play called after him, and he is also an absolute villain. It is not easy to say how we regard him. Probably as a masterful statesman, a man of superlative will power, a great, wild piece of natural force and demonic energy; and it is these qualities that impress us rather than his wickedness. Nevertheless, it is at least remarkable that Shakespeare drew him as a hero in the early years of his dramatic writing, and never tried such a character again. One thing is tolerably certain, that the ultimate exhibition of all wickedness—Satan himself—would not be a proper dramatic hero. When Milton first thought of his *Paradise Lost*, he is supposed to have designed it in dramatic form; with rare artistic insight, he came to the conclusion, or so the story runs, that the subject would serve for an epic but not for a drama.

So we come to the intermediate character for a hero or a heroine. Why do we turn from natures *in extremis*, whether of

goodness or badness, with an instinctive feeling that neither the perfected saint nor the unconscionable villain is the proper subject for a play? The answer is obvious. We want a hero of like passions with ourselves, and we are neither saints nor villains. Neither very good nor very bad is the complexion of most of us, and what we want on the stage is in some sense the likeness of our own humanity, good intentions, bad performance, generous feelings, imperfect actions, fairly good intelligence, and a lamentably weak will. It is no use for the dramatist to paint for us something which is immeasurably above or immeasurably below humanity. We do not respond because we cannot understand. The true dramatic hero must have about him marks which are recognisable; he must be coined in a familiar mint. We ought to be able to reach out our hands to him and call him brother. We must be conscious in ourselves of some, at all events, of those springs of action which are animating him, driving him, it may be, to his ruin—which equally can drive us to our ruin if we show the same lack of self-control. This is, perhaps, the real meaning of the celebrated Aristotelian doctrine of pity and fear—we must pity and we must fear, because the hero is only ourselves writ large. If we did not understand Œdipus and Agamemnon, Macbeth and Othello, Iris and Mrs. Tanqueray, and all the other heroes and heroines who sin and suffer and dash themselves against the iron laws of the moral government of the universe—understand them because they represent certain impulses which are dimly throbbing in ourselves—we should never take them to our hearts and be interested in their fates.

Many are the forces, powerful and dramatic, working for man's undoing. There is ignorance, such as made Œdipus all unwittingly marry Jocasta. Or pride, such pride as ruined Agamemnon, the king of men, and made Coriolanus the victim of those whom he called "the common cry of curs." Ambition is another such force; ambition which wrecked the fortunes of Macbeth, and drove him through a blood-stained course to his doom. Then there is defect of will-power, which enabled Shakespeare, in the case of Hamlet, to make a colossal drama, not out of action, as the ancient critics would have told him was incumbent on him, but out of the vacillation of passivity. Love is, of course, one of the most powerful, the love that drove Romeo and Juliet to their violent delights and their equally violent ends, or the middle-aged passion which threw Antony at the footstool of Cleopatra and made him glory in his dishonourable servitude. The list is unending; the paternal autocracy of Lear

and the unpractical idealism of Brutus, the tardy passion for respectability which caused Mrs. Tanqueray to think she could run in double harness, or the languorous desire for ease which drove Iris out into the streets, all are dramatic, all are comprehensible.

So far we move on easy levels. The reason for many of these changes is not far to seek. Drama has gone through one or two distinct epochs. There is a marked distinction between classical and romantic drama; the Gothic spirit of the Renaissance—at all events among the Germanic peoples—is very different both in literature and architecture from the Hellenic spirit. Many influences have come upon it. Among the Northern peoples especially, drama has grown more distinctly *bourgeois*, the possession and the enjoyment of the people at large. It has been affected alike by politics and literature, by the rise of democracy, and by the extraordinary growth and popularity of the novel. It is these facts which, in a measure, have tended to produce the change in the conception of the hero from the man of position to the casual individual. But it is important to remember that in order to get the sense of contrast between what is, and what should be, between human aspirations and the mysterious ways of Fate, the hero should always be, what nowadays he occasionally is not, a typical rather than an accidental character. He must not be merely commonplace. Whether he is good or bad does not so much matter; it is the morally trivial, not the morally bad, which is fatal to dramatic effect.

There is another change which is worthy of consideration. It deals with the correspondence of guilt with suffering, the notion of poetic justice. The older classical view—not altogether Aristotelian, for many later doctrines are attributed to Aristotle of which he is quite innocent—was that a hero should suffer just in proportion as he is guilty, his ruin being brought about by his particular aberration, and being proportionate to the extent of that aberration. Corneille would certainly have accepted this doctrine. Lessing is full of it. So strong was the supposition that suffering should be proportionate to guilt that, in deference to the opinion of some English critics, the *dénouement* of *King Lear* was altered and the play made to end happily. Dr. Johnson is very savage with Shakespeare over this point. Cordelia is a good woman and must not be killed. Tate is quite right in making her live happily ever afterwards. This principle of dramatic criticism has been ridden to death in those dreary German studies of Shakespeare, of Gervinus, Ulrici, and others,

and by pedants of the same type who are never weary of trying to prove that Cordelia, Romeo, Othello, must have been guilty of some definite sins, for which they were compelled in an equally definite manner to atone.

There are few points on which opinion has altered more than on this one of dramatic guilt. The trim well-ordered drama of the earlier world has been succeeded by one which frankly relinquishes the idea of atonement and retribution, and accepts, without attempting to explain it, all "the riddle of the painful earth." A man, so it seems to be held, can be the innocent victim of circumstances over which he has no control. A woman is ruined because the world is all against her and she never gets a chance. The cosmos is a chaos, and though it is true that some men achieve destruction by their own fault, it is equally true that some men have destruction thrust upon them. In this respect more than any other has the influence of the modern novel made itself felt. The ethical aspect does not concern us, for the drama is meant for the satisfaction of our æsthetic instincts rather than as a moral force. But the increasing tendency to make events happen anyhow, to pull out still longer the long arm of coincidence, to bring people to grief by the arbitrary will of the dramatist, without giving us any satisfactory explanation or making any adequate appeal to our reason, must inevitably tend to make our theatrical world formless, chaotic, *décousu*. There is no better example of this than the old story of the ingenuous spectator who once asked a dramatic critic what a particular heroine died of: "What did she die of?" responded the critic. "Why, she died of the fifth act"—so arbitrary was the action of the dramatist, so entirely devoid of the proper logical relation of cause and effect.

In the last place comes an even more characteristic change in the lot of the dramatic hero. He started by being a man neither very good nor very bad, but on the whole inclined to the good side. Then Shakespeare proved that he could be a very bad man indeed. But he was at least a man in high station. He had the further advantage of getting through all his exploits in the course of a single day, owing to the stringent unities of time and place. Corneille, for instance, in the *Cid*, despite the most enormous difficulties, is determined at all hazards to make his hero conform to these rules. Having fought a duel one evening, and having been occupied the whole of the night in repelling the attack of the enemy, the unhappy man is sent off to fight another duel the first thing in the morning. The king, like a reasonable person, makes some remonstrance against this haste, but because the

theatrical day is nearly over, he can only obtain for the hero a few hours breathing space.

The hero has fallen from his high estate! Instead of being a nobleman, or at least distinguished, he has become merely *bourgeois;* instead of knowing that whatever he suffers his punishment is accurately proportioned to his guilt, and that he is the victim of true poetic justice, he has become lost in mazes of indiscriminate action, succeeding and failing he knows not why, subject to the most marvellous coincidences, "a foiled, circuitous wanderer" in an unreasonable world. Not yet, however, has he reached the term of his transmigrations. He is ceasing to be an individual at all, he no longer has any marks about him, which make it evident that he is the centre of spectacular interest. In some recent plays there is actually no hero. The most notable example of this latter day vicissitude is to be found in Hauptmann's *The Weavers.* In *The Weavers* there is no hero; the hero has become a crowd. Every one of these disfranchised, drown-trodden, physically and mentally crippled proletarians, whose suffering Hauptmann's drama brings before us, is, if taken singly, a mere item, an unrelated atom, an insignificant element too powerless and too mean to make any impression upon us. Taken together, however, as a group, as representative of a class in whom the feeling of human dignity is for the first time dimly awakening, of a class which, if once fully aroused to its great social mission, would be able to change the face of the earth, these weavers are, in point of fact, the hero whose suffering is a kind of martyrdom, dying in a noble cause and making us feel that essentially tragic contrast between what ought to be and what is.

In reviewing these vicissitudes of the hero, these developments of drama, there remains a point which, however great may be the value we set upon early traditions, upon the masterpieces of a bygone age, it is important to keep in mind. The one absolutely foolish and sterile attitude is to be always in opposition to the tendencies of the time in which we live. Against the laws of evolution it is useless to fight; only let us be sure that we comprehend what these laws are. We cannot put back the hands on the clock face to Time. It is better to be a critical Pangloss, thinking that this is the best of possible worlds, than a Diogenes in his tub, with his face perpetually turned to a sun that is set. It is a fatuous enterprise to run a tilt against the literary and dramatic course of this world's progress. That things are not perfect does not prevent us from seeing that they are good. Art will still hold the mirror up to Nature, and the

nature she will reflect is that of her own age and period. For our consolation, we must remember that while the details in application of rules are always changing, the eternal principles of Art were laid long ago. In some senses Art never progresses. There can be no development in Art—only endless rehandling of dates, to all intents and purposes constant and perennial.

W. L. COURTNEY.

ONE FLEET, ONE FLAG—A PROTEST

An eminent weekly newspaper, upheld by some prominent supporters, has lately been advocating that "The British Dominions beyond the Seas" should have their separate fleets of ships of war. Let us ponder long, and think deeply, before we sow the seed of what may be a plant of so much danger to our Imperial safety.

One well-known Admiral writes: "What appears to me the cardinal defect in the present plan is that the ships are not Australian ships, that they do not fly the Australian flag, and that the officers and men do not wear a distinctively Australian uniform, such as the troops wear." Why Australia is selected as the one British "dominion beyond the seas" which is to have a separate fleet, with separate flags and separate uniforms, is not explained.

It may be assumed, as a corollary to the above suggestion, that India, Canada, South Africa, Ceylon, West Indian Islands, Wei-hai-wei, &c., are also to have their separate fleets, flags, and uniforms to assist in the federation of the British Empire!

The troops and separate armed forces belonging to the British Dominions occupy an entirely different relative position to that of the sea forces of the Empire. You may have fifty Army Corps acting independently in various parts of the Empire, and the defeat of several of these will but slightly affect the general result; whereas, assuming that the ships belonging to our "over-sea dominions" are to take the place and be instead of ships of the Imperial Navy, one reverse of the Indian, Canadian, South African, Ceylon, West Indian, or Wei-hai-wei fleet might transfer the balance of sea-power from ourselves to our enemy, and the Empire be lost.

It does not require a strategic expert to understand that, in case of war, the best place to defend the Australian continent from attack by an enemy's force need not be the Australian coast, but more probably would be wherever the enemy's fleet were known to be, or to waylay him on his line of route; also, the protection of the trade routes between the British Isles and the

"over-sea dominions" of the Empire (which all dominions of the Empire are equally interested in protecting) must belong to one Imperial Service, under one administration, and with one flag, one signal-book, one system of tactics, &c.

It is very difficult to see what advantage could possibly be gained by having a heterogeneous mass of ships of war, un-related to one another by flag, comradeship, or any of those many bonds, the welding together of which make up the only efficient instrument of war for the high seas.

When it appears that the whole idea of all British subjects at this time is a closer bond between the Mother Country and her sons and daughters "over the sea," why wish to dress them with different flags to the one which flew at their birth?

Rather let us give all encouragement to our kinsmen from "over-sea" to join the Imperial Navy, and see that more ships are kept in our dominions in order to encourage officers and men from those possessions to take part in the Imperial work of the Commonwealth, and let it be understood that those officers and men will be employed as much as possible in their own country.

Let us also assist the statesmen from British Dominions to take part in the Imperial legislation of the Empire by taking their places on an Imperial Council, or "governing body," which shall control the foreign, defensive, and fiscal policy of the Empire, and should therefore have a voice in controlling the employment of the fleet.

If there should be any difficulty about the present "white ensign," with the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, let us consult our kinsmen as to whether, if they have not already selected a patron saint, if they would mind placing themselves under the protection of St. George, and let us revert, as the Imperial flag of the sea, to the red cross on a white ground, as of yore.

Finally, as the navy of Britain is the chain which binds each part of the Empire together, protects the coaling-stations and trade routes, &c., it follows that, as the Empire is dependent on that chain for its existence, no defective link or rivet should exist. To obviate this, in my opinion, there can only be one fleet, not six fleets; one head of the navy, not six heads; one flag; one signal-book; one system of training, &c.; and the chain of Imperial ships, on which the life of the Empire of Britain depends, should be forged in one shop under the responsibility of one man.

JAMES BRUCE, Rear-Admiral.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SOUTH AFRICA—LAND SETTLEMENT

THE South African question is slowly falling into line with the other problems which, as we understand it, make up the science of politics. The occupation of the country is ceasing to be regarded as a leap in the dark, without precedent or happy augury. The war smoulders on, but the mood of the English people, abandoning profitless hypothetics, is prepared to see in the country a problem of the type which it has faced before. The conviction that the war for practical purposes is over, that the time for the civil administration has come, is rapidly gaining ground. Once accepted, no episodic catastrophes will shake it, and in its acceptance lies our salvation. A formal peace may be long postponed ; an opportunity for reconstruction is waiting for us, and in a sense has been kept waiting for months. The nation has shown for the past two years a commendable patience, waiting without enthusiasm or definite hope upon the issue of a novel experiment. But the time has gone for this virtue ; an anxious, restless vigour and a ready optimism are the qualities more to be sought. For the future, though uncertain, is no longer dark. The work before us is not different in kind from other work ; the problems are more difficult, but not unfamiliar ; the situation perplexing, but recognisable.

On the essentials of the South African question the nation may be taken to have formed an opinion. The war must be closed in such a way that future resistance is inconceivable ; the ground must be prepared for an ultimate reconciliation of the two races, the greater superimposing its culture and its ideals upon the less. The mineral and agricultural wealth of the country must be developed, a great industrial population attracted to the towns, and any flickerings of Dutch disloyalty swamped by the influx of English blood and enterprise. On such pious opinions most people are agreed, but on the details there is much room for difference. There will always be two classes of South African theorists, one crying for annihilation of the Dutch element, the other for amal-

gamation, and Uitlander sentiment will be nicely divided between them. Moreover, there will be difficulties with the Uitlanders themselves. It will be a delicate task to preserve South African without sacrificing Imperial interests, to keep living the old loyalty when its immediate need has gone. Money must be spent in the development of the country, to be got by loans guaranteed by the Imperial Government; and, on the other hand, sooner or later, the country will be called upon to pay a heavy contribution to the war debt. There will be parties for economy and parties for a bold forward policy; a party which would bind the British ties more closely, and a party which would cast them off. And at the same time, while it is certain that the new colonies will have to meet those problems which perplex every colony, it is equally certain that their wise decision is more vitally important for Britain than any other similar question in her colonial experience. The ultimate solution of South African difficulties lies only in federation, and federation, to fulfil its purpose, requires a Transvaal and an Orange River Colony wholeheartedly and loyally British. The reconstruction, therefore, can be no simple, straightforward piece of work, but a delicate matter requiring the consideration of many interests and the appreciation of divergent sentiments. But the obscurity of the general question does not hinder certain subordinate matters from standing out in bold relief. Intricate as the reconstruction must be, the main lines of policy are clear, and some few matters stand out from the rest as of cardinal importance in any settlement.

The classical antithesis of town and country is as marked in the Transvaal as elsewhere. Roughly, the Transvaal is composed of the Rand, in the immediate neighbourhood of Johannesburg, and that which is not the Rand. The two divisions differ in population, character of soil, industries, and in most of the points by which we characterise a locality. The Dutch element on the Rand is small, the English and foreign predominant. The Rand is industrial and mining, the rest of the country agricultural. The problem of resettlement, therefore, must differ radically in the two divisions. In the Rand we have to restore, whereas elsewhere we must create. In Johannesburg and its environs we have already the nucleus of civic life, we have some industries long settled and many in embryo, and we have an Uitlander population waiting eagerly to return. Our duty must be to let Johannesburg work out her own salvation in her own way, disturbing the landmarks as little as possible, interfering only when a particular development may endanger the general welfare, and removing in her interests some of the vexatious obstacles placed

in her way by the late government. With the rest of the country our task must be very different. There we have to create, in a large part *ab initio;* we have to meet and nullify the prevailing disloyalty; and generally to undertake as a government many tasks which elsewhere would be left to private enterprise. There the wounds of war gape more widely, and have to be healed by more cunning simples. We have no ready-made British stock wherewith to begin the slow leavening process. We have to deal with an ignorant, semi-civilised class, beaten in the field but still arrogant and unconvinced, a class without political training, without—and we repeat it—a smattering of the rudiments of self-government. A strong creed strongly held, a vague sentiment of liberty wrought by tradition and skilful management from Pretoria into a fanatical conviction—these two factors consolidated for a time the most dogmatic individualists in the world into some semblance of a nation and a very formidable reality of an army. We cannot leave well alone, and trust to time and our standing good luck and the other shibboleths which were formally used to explain the growth of our Empire. It is a case for a reasoned policy, a sustained and conscious effort; without this equipment we may muddle on for a hundred years, but the cataclysm will most certainly await us.

It is clear, even on a cursory study of the problem, that the two cardinal matters are this of the towns and this of the country. In the former we must foster and regulate a genuine municipal life, prepare for the inevitable increase of population, settle the many grave economic questions between private capital and State rights, and preserve at the same time that true solidarity which will prevent Johannesburg from becoming a denationalised foreign township, a mine and a gold exchange and nothing more, and make it an Imperial city, with a true loyalty, public spirit, and culture of its own. We have heard shrewd men talk as if this were the sole problem. Make the towns prosperous and wholly British, they say, and the land is ours. The towns are the loyal units: as they advance in prosperity the rural districts will sink out of account; and rightly, for they are of little importance, their wealth is small, their population hostile, and their future nil.

"Twenty years hence," * wrote, in 1896, an observer as clear-sighted as he was hopeful,

> the white population is likely to be composed in about equal proportions of urban and rural elements. The urban element will be mainly mining,

* Bryce, *Impressions of South Africa*, 3rd edition, p. 451.

gathered at one great centre on the Witwatersrand, and possibly at some smaller centres in other districts. The rural element, consisting of people who live in villages or solitary farmhouses, will remain comparatively backward, because little affected by the social forces which work swiftly and potently upon close-packed industrial communities, and it may find itself very different in tone, temper, and tendencies from its urban fellow citizens.

We find it difficult to contemplate with equanimity such a result. A hard and fast division between town and country is always to be feared; but when the barrier is one of race, wealth, and civilisation between white men it seems to us a dire calamity. We cannot rear up for our children a race of helots, and by our very exclusiveness solidify for all time an irreconcilable race hatred. If we preserve an enemy within our bounds and just beyond our gates, the time may come when a few isolated townships will represent Britain in South Africa. But we prefer to look to the positive benefits we should forego rather than the dangers we might incur. We should relinquish an asset of great potential value—agricultural and pastoral wealth which is in embryo at the moment, even as the wealth of Australian sheep-runs was a hundred years ago and the fields of lower Egypt in our own time. We should give up the finest field for serious and well considered schemes of emigration that has been afforded us since we first planted a colony. Happily there is little fear of this impolitic course being adopted; the practical question is rather what form and scope is our reconstruction of the country districts to take. The time, it is true, is not yet ripe for the prompt realisation of any scheme; but the material at hand is sufficient to enable us to grasp the situation and sketch the outlines of any land settlement policy. In the following pages we invite our readers to a short survey of what we believe to be the most vital of South African problems.

Let us recapitulate the political grounds of such a scheme. It must be our aim in the first place to enlarge the English population, to provide for the growth in number which the wealth of the country demands, but which, if it is allowed to come fortuitously, will certainly be in large part alien, non-industrial, and unpatriotic. We desire to see economic conditions which will allow of English workmen in the towns, genuine settlers whose children will call South Africa their home-land. The safety of the country lies in federation, and when the day of federation comes it will be well to have a Transvaal overwhelmingly English, which in any federated parliament may turn the balance against the necessarily Dutch element in the Western Cape Colony. In the second place it is important to create an English *rural* population, which has

never existed before to any considerable extent. We must prevent an absolute cleavage between English town and Dutch country. We must exploit the vast latent agricultural wealth, and this can only be done by introducing English methods and English colonists. To the farmer in the remote veldt—idle, ignorant, and unenterprising, knowing nothing of modern agriculture and little of his conquerors, some glimpse must be given of both, for in this case there is small fear of familiarity begetting its proverbial offspring. And there is a further and, perhaps, a profounder reason for the introduction of English blood. A time may come when the South African, splendid as has been his loyalty and many his sacrifices, will go the way of other colonists, and forget Britain save as his remote historical progenitor. It will always be the way of town-dwellers, with their business and their own immediate interests. But the country settler is a very different person. He retains to many generations his affection for the mother-land. An influx of such a class would consolidate South African sentiment, and, when self-government comes, preserve Imperial interests better than any constitutional guarantee. We would in no way restrict the development of South African colonies in whatever way they may please, but we should be glad to see the wide introduction of that class, which, as our colonial history has shown, make at once the stoutest colonists and the most loyal subjects of the King.

The difficulties of the scheme arise from the very magnitude of its requirements. To be successful at all it must be on a large scale. The conditions must be generous but not lax, for there are great public interests bound up with the project. The settler must be also a soldier, for it is essential that such settlements should have something of a police character, and assist in relieving the intolerable burden of defence. Nor must the expense be too great, for the funds to begin with must come from the Imperial exchequer, and rich as the Transvaal is, it may have to wait some little time for its returns; it has many other pressing needs, and there is somewhere in the distance its share of the war debt to give it pause in any costly philanthropy. It is well to recognise clearly the fundamental character which a land settlement must bear, which may be set down categorically in half a dozen propositions. It must provide for a very large number of settlers—otherwise, however successful, it would be politically unimportant: it must provide for variety in the settlements to suit different tastes, capacities, and purses; it must attract the best men, by offering sufficient opportunities of profit and comfort; it must satisfy military requirements and provide a genuine

scheme of defence; it must not be too great a drain upon the Imperial exchequer; and, finally, to serve its purpose, it must provide for continuous and supreme State control.

These are hard sayings, I admit, but I believe they are reasonable; and the difficulties, if [illegible] not hopeless. We will [illegible] with them as they arise.

But there is a driving force which naturally divides itself into the suffering endured by sick poor people, which might be measurably lessened if only more money were available.

Will anyone who reads this letter just try and grasp what our position is? The "London" is the only hospital for adults in the whole of East London (save 60 accident and 20 medical beds at the Poplar Hospital for Accidents). It is the largest hospital in London, doing nearly the work of any other two combined. It is also the largest children's hospital in London. Last year there were 13,160 in-patients and 162,147 out-patients. This means 162,147 separate people,—not that number of attendances. Or, if you like to put it in a more realizable form, we treated in 365 days 66½ miles of human beings standing close side by side.

To these poor people were dispensed 2,500,000 pills and about three tons of cough lozenges in the year. In dressings they used 92 miles of lint, 476 miles of bandages and also six tons of cotton-wool and nine miles of plaster. Every day they consumed half-a-ton of ice and 400 syphons of soda-water, and in the year six and a half miles of eggs. Their milk bill was £3,500 and the butcher's bill was £5,300.

These are figures which but very few people will take the trouble to grasp; but still fewer, I fear, will try to realize what it means to face this great rush of people crying for help without adequate means to help them as they ought to be helped. It means that we can only take in the very ill, though we could save many precious lives if we could take people in at an earlier stage of their illness. It means that people, wretchedly ill people, have to wait four or five hours before they can be seen, and perhaps

[illegible] rather than [illegible] call on one's time [illegible] where over 1,000 people sleep [illegible] personal knowledge I should be disposed to be hysterical or to [illegible]

But I declare, with all the earnestness at my command, that if we had money enough it is impossible to overstate the amount of good that we should be able to alleviate.

We have about £257,000 invested, and our income from this, from trust funds, and from our estate is only £22,000 a year. It takes £85,000 a year to keep up the hospital. Of course, this sum seems enormous and impossible to the man who is feeling in his pocket to see if he has a threepenny bit instead of a sixpence, while singing lustily—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
This were an offering far too small."

Here is no question of a hospital situated where it is not wanted. The most ardent hospital reformer has never ventured to suggest that the London Hospital could be moved one foot away either north, east, south, or west from its present site. It is in the midst of the poorest people on God's earth, and is the hospital for the Port of London and for most of the riverside workers.

Here is no question of a hospital with large invested funds or endowments. I suppose for its size the "London" has less money invested than any hospital in England, and even of this we have had to sell some portion.

This year their Majesties the King and Queen have graciously intimated their intention of coming down to open the new out-patient block, and we are very anxious to show them that their great kindness in doing this will be of material assistance to the hospital.

I do most sincerely ask all who read this to help me in what is a very uphill task.

Yours faithfully,

SYDNEY HOLLAND, Chairman.

London Hospital, Whitechapel.

[illegible] out which are naturally good agricultural land, [illegible] perennial streams as in the Conquered Territory of the Orange River Colony and the regions with a proper rainfall like the south-west of Cape Colony, and there are tracts which are naturally pasture land. By a scientific system of irrigation, again, much land might be transferred from pasture to tillage. The first step must be to effect this transference. The chief agricultural products at present are cereals (wheat, oats, maize, and Kaffir corn), fruit, a little sugar, rice, and tobacco. To these

never existed before to any considerable extent. We must prevent an absolute cleavage between English town and Dutch country. We must exploit the vast latent agricultural wealth, and this can only be done by introducing English methods and English colonists. To the farmer in [illegible]eldt—idle, ignorant, and

NEY HOLLA[illegible] agriculture and little

[illegible]f both, for in this

[illegible]pre

[illegible]new[illegible]

[illegible]in any [illegible] philanthropy. It is well to [illegible] clearly the fundamental character which a land settlement must bear, which may be set down categorically in half a dozen propositions. It must provide for a very large number of settlers—otherwise, however successful, it would be politically unimportant: it must provide for variety in the settlements to suit different tastes, capacities, and purses; it must attract the best men, by offering sufficient opportunities of profit and comfort; it must satisfy military requirements and provide a genuine

scheme of defence; it must not be too great a drain upon the Imperial exchequer; and, finally, to serve its purpose, it must provide for continuous and supreme State control.

These are hard sayings, but we believe they are reasonable; and the difficulties, if fairly met, are not hopeless. We will deal with them as they arise under the heads into which the question naturally divides itself. First comes the land, the quality and quantity which we desire for our settlement, the proper localities in which to buy, the different methods by which we may acquire it. Then come the men, the class of settler we desire to attract to our settlements. And lastly there are the schemes, which are to bring land and men together, and which form the hardest part of the task, for in them are involved the realisation of the conditions which alone can give the enterprise a political importance.

Farming in South Africa, as elsewhere, may be divided into tillage and pastureland. Though the division has an ultimate basis of strict natural necessity, the present proportion of the two classes might be almost indefinitely changed, and land transferred from the second class to the first. As things stand at present, the Karroo, all the north-west districts of Cape Colony, and large parts of the Orange River Colony, the Transvaal, and Matabeleland are too arid in soil, and subject to a too capricious rainfall, to produce crops without artificial assistance from irrigation.

> In about four-fifths of the Cape Colony [we quote from Mr. Willcocks' *Report on Irrigation*] and in one half of the Orange River Colony no crops can be grown without irrigation, if there is to be any certainty of reaping a harvest. In one fifth of the Cape Colony, half the Orange River Colony, and two thirds of the Transvaal, Indian corn, potatoes, roots generally, and pumpkins for feeding stock in winter, can be grown with the aid of the rainfall, and matured in all but years of heavy drought. In these more favoured tracts an intelligent application of crop rotations, suitable manure, and good tillage would do much for the country, and in ten years out of eleven suffice for an agricultural development of no mean value, especially if taken in conjunction with stock-breeding, which will always be the principal industry of the country.

Two facts are, therefore, clear at the outset. There are tracts which are naturally good agricultural land, in the vicinity of perennial streams as in the Conquered Territory of the Orange River Colony and the regions with a proper rainfall like the south-west of Cape Colony, and there are tracts which are naturally pasture land. By a scientific system of irrigation, again, much land might be transferred from pasture to tillage. The first step must be to effect this transference. The chief agricultural products at present are cereals (wheat, oats, maize, and Kaffir corn), fruit, a little sugar, rice, and tobacco. To these

possibly tea, and certainly cotton, might be added. How necessary it is to develop South African agriculture is shown by the fact that the cereals raised are not sufficient to feed even the present population, and wheat and maize, in spite of heavy duties, have to be imported from abroad. But when all has been done that irrigation can do, there will still remain large tracts of natural pasture land, which it would be idle to devote to agriculture. Regions like the high veldt of the Transvaal, where unirrigated crops can be reaped with a little care, and where the climate is peculiarly suitable for the breeding of stock, are clearly destined for pasture land. In summer the veldt is an excellent feeding-ground; in winter the crops reaped in the autumn, whether in the form of roots or ensilage, will be sufficient to support the stock. There will thus be two general types of farm to be dealt with—the small irrigated farm, probably with some form of communal grazing, and the large dry pasture farm. And this division must be at the root of any settlement.

The report of Mr. Arnold Forster's Commission makes it clear that the land offered to settlers, whether irrigated or dry, must be of the highest quality procurable. Knowing, then, the kind of land we desire, the next question is how to obtain it. A certain amount will belong to us as the successors of the late governments, but this land, considerable as it is in extent, is on the whole inferior in quality. A certain amount will be obtained by the confiscation of the farms of Boers still on commando. But apart from these sources, which cannot be very reliable, the State will have to turn to four classes of land to acquire its material. There will be land mortgaged, from one-fifth to one-half of its value, to the late governments; land mortgaged to individuals and to private land companies; land owned by private land companies; and land owned by individual Boers, prisoners of war or on parole, who do not come under the confiscation rule. In each case the land must be acquired by purchase, but purchase under special conditions. It is clear that the Government cannot buy land in the market in the ordinary way. If it is known that they desire to buy, the price of the second, third, and fourth classes will be run up by speculative land companies. Moreover many landholders, both companies and individuals, would decline to sell even at a high price. The Government must buy at a fair but not at a fancy valuation, and apart from special legislation it is the fancy valuation which they will have to face.

Much has been made of the difficulty of this state of affairs, but we confess that we cannot see it. The expropriation of land for the public benefit is no new principle in law. We see it daily in

the case of railways, tramways, municipalities, and in the whole sphere of private bills. Two kinds of legislation seem to us to be necessary for our purpose. In the case of mortgaged lands, which the Government, as mortgagee, sells under the power of sale, or which are put into the market by private mortgagees, the Government should have, as Mr. Arnold Forster has suggested, the right of pre-emption at a fixed valuation, to be arrived at by disinterested third parties. In the interests of the land the private mortgagee must be prevented from foreclosing, and the land must be kept at all costs from falling into the hands of land-speculators who will inflate the price. We would suggest the establishment of a court on similar lines to the old Irish Encumbered Estates Court. * Such a court would have the power to insist, in proper cases, upon the sale of a mortgaged estate at a valuation, in which sale the Government would have the right of pre-emption. In the case of unencumbered lands the State should be given power to compel a sale to itself at a valuation, based on the present agricultural value. New Zealand gives us an exact precedent. The Land for Settlement Act, 1894, enables the Government, if no private agreement can be arrived at, to take land compulsorily for settlement, subject to a price fixed by valuation and a certain compensation. We are perfectly aware that at first sight there may seem equitable and sentimental reasons against this. We shall be told that we are driving the people from the lands of their fathers, and that no payment will ever recompense them for exile. But there need be no exile. Let us take, say, a district in which there are ten slovenly cultivated farms of 10,000 acres. From each of these we will take 9000 acres for our settlement, leaving 1000 to each farmer. This will be a sufficiently large farm to maintain him in comfort with the aid of the purchase-money of the other 9000. Surely the sentiment of home can adhere to a small as well as to a large farm; if not, the sentiment deserves a less pleasing name. Our case is still stronger with returning prisoners of war. These men will, in most instances, have to be helped to start again. Without our aid they must be compelled to put their farms on the market. Surely we are justified in taking part of their lands, paying them well for it, rather than suffer them to retain all and in the end retain nothing.

Two objections may be suggested to the scheme in general which it may be well to notice here. Is there a future for South African agriculture and stock-raising which will make its manage-

* Its powers were transferred under 21 & 22 Vict. c. 74, to the Irish Landed Estates Court.

ment profitable ; and, again, assuming the capacities of the land, will there be a sufficient outlet for its produce ? Experts have answered the first question with an emphatic affirmative. Hitherto there has been no inducement to agricultural progress. The Boer made from his large and miserably cultivated farm sufficient for his needs. The few enterprising farmers found so many difficulties, political and otherwise, in the way, that they were compelled to content themselves with isolated improvements, and forego any large scheme of co-operative reform. Agriculture in South Africa, as the shrewdest observers have long foreseen, could never be seriously improved till there arose a political reason for its improvement. This reason has arisen. Government money must give the initiative, a form of casting bread upon the water which, as we believe, in this case is certain of an ample restitution. In a former South Africa it was cheaper to import cereals than to spend money on private irrigation. In our new South Africa, with irrigation made a Government enterprise, and the population rapidly increasing, there will be no justification for such apathy. This brings us to the second question, the certainty of markets. A great industrial population on the Rand, the active exploitation of mineral wealth, and the consequent growth of towns, will, to begin with, provide a market for dairy, agricultural, and market-garden produce, which it will take long to glut. And this, to our mind, is but the beginning of the future. As the great corn-importing countries of the world grow more populous, South Africa may yet bear its part in feeding Europe. The development of railway enterprise within the country which, in spite of the war, is being vigorously carried on, will cheapen freightage and open up remote districts. With good internal communication, and thousands of miles of fine pasture land, what is to hinder South Africa, a fortnight nearer Europe than Australia, taking a share of the frozen meat traffic of the world.

The land question, then, is one which can only be settled by Government action, and by the expenditure of public money, for which the security is nothing less than a confidence in coming prosperity. If the country does not settle down, if the mining and industrial wealth of the Transvaal is a chimera, if the population is not to increase by leaps and bounds, then assuredly it will be money wasted. But, granted an initial optimism, of all forms of South African expenditure it will pay the heaviest interest. In Mr. Willcocks' singularly luminous Irrigation Report he gives the following figures :

Allowing for perennial irrigation in nine years out of ten on the whole area, and for perennial irrigation in years of drought on only half the area, I think

that, with labour-saving machinery and a capable man to direct the work, the cost of providing perennial irrigation from reservoirs in South Africa would vary from £7 10s. to £15 per acre. As the selling value of an acre of land not provided with perennial irrigation varies from 2s. 6d. to £3 per acre, while the price of good land provided with perennial irrigation varies from £20 to £100 per acre, irrigation works may be undertaken without misgiving. And again: South Africa with an additional 3,000,000 acres of perennially irrigated land, gained at an expenditure of £30,000,000 and valued at £100,000,000, and also with 10,000,000 acres of land under crops depending on rainfall, which might be valued at another £100,000,000, would be a very different country from that which it is to-day. An addition of £200,000,000 to the permanent wealth of South Africa would enable the country to contemplate with security the dark days of its gold and diamond industries.

As one travels up the line from Cape Town to Pretoria, even in the summer months of December and January, the impression received is not that of a land pre-eminently fitted for agriculture. The few fields of crops are divided by many miles of grey-green veldt, where the coarse grass is varied by desolate patches of rock and sand. In the Karroo one is prepared for desert, but in the treeless uplands of the Orange River Colony, with land lying on all sides flat to the horizon, and nothing but some Kaffir huts to break the monotony, there is small promise of riches in the soil. But a little reflection shows the shallowness of the first impression. The traveller remembers that he is in a land settled only some eighty years, and settled on a system scarcely more productive than the old Bushman occupation. Let him turn to such a book as Ogilby's *Itinerarium Angliæ* and he will find that in the closing years of the seventeenth century in England, the arable and pasture land scarcely amounted to half the area of the kingdom. The most fruitful orchards and corn lands of Gloucestershire and Warwick were then mere heath and swamp, and, as it seemed to an acute observer, incapable of improvement. But the true parallel is with those countries, like Egypt and India, where vast agricultural wealth must be won and maintained by the constant ingenuity of man. Irrigation, skilfully applied, might make of these bare uplands and brown meadows farms as rich as those along the Nile won from the desert, and a wise forestry might clothe the slopes and line the valleys with plantations. The deforestation of Italy, according to a recent German theory, was one of the chief causes of the decline of the Roman Empire; it is possible that the scientific afforestation of South Africa may contribute largely to its upbuilding. There are farms in the plain between Johannesburg and the Magaliesberg with crops and meadow land, as rich as the Lothians, and woods of many acres, all won within the last decade from the veldt.

The first step, therefore, is to acquire the land and to see that it is of the proper quality. For this task expert knowledge is of the first importance. We cannot afford rash experiments in so serious a cause. The farms, as we have said, should be of two types—the small irrigated, and the large dry pasture land. Moreover, as we show later, it is necessary that they should be bought in groups, so that the settlements may form districts of their own. A Land Board consisting of practical agriculturists has been recently constituted at Pretoria to deal with this matter. We would suggest that its membership be increased by an irrigation expert, by some authority on Australian stock-farming, and by some practical scientist with a knowledge of such questions from home. Local knowledge is, of course, indispensable, but agriculture is, after all, a science by itself, and on many matters of principle there is no distinction between South Africa and other parts of the Empire.

The land once chosen and acquired, the next problem is the settler. Where is he to be found, and what is to be the basis of selection ? The answer is primarily among the soldiers, who have seen the country and are prepared to take their chance ; secondarily, among a variety of classes in Britain and her colonies. The first chance must be given to the army, partly because it is its due, partly because the settlement must have a semi-martial character. For our purposes the best type of colonist is the soldier who is sprung from yeoman stock, and has a certain training in farm work and a little capital. We have talked with scores of officers of both regular and irregular corps, and the one report is of many requests among the men to be given farms, or in some way to be helped to settle on the land. How far the competence of such applicants is equal to their willingness is another matter. The soldier, without previous training and without capital, has not historically been the best of colonists. Apart from classical parallels, there have been frontier settlements in Croatia and on the western Russian border, and attempts were made in New Zealand after the Maori War, in West Australia, and in South Africa, as in the settlement of the German Legion after the Crimea. But in most cases the soldiers have remained soldiers : their success, if it ever came about, has been as garrisons and not as colonists. Mr. Arnold Forster's Commission decided that the soldier, untrained and penniless, was not a desirable settler, though a place might well be found for him as a paid employee in other South African businesses. At the same time, it is true that the majority of the men who have applied and who will apply do not fall under this category. The majority are

farmers' and farm labourers' sons, who have either some practical knowledge, or can lay their hands upon a little capital. This is especially remarkable in the case of the various corps of colonial irregulars. It is the Australian and Canadian stock-rider, men accustomed to hard work, a rigorous fight with the elements, and some spice of danger in their lives, who are peculiarly suited for our purpose. The English farmer's son may too often be in bondage to insular agricultural methods, and may take long to acquire the *élan* and inventiveness so needful in a country where the farmer is also something of a pioneer.

We believe that from our soldiers at present or lately in the field we can get a good proportion of our men. And this belief impresses upon us the necessity of losing no time in getting to work. Those applicants will not wait for ever. In a little while they will go back and resume their old professions or embark upon new ones; and the chance of acquiring the best type of soldier-settler will be gone. At the same time, for the bulk of our men, and for that class which will feed the settlements for many years, we must not look in the field, but at home. All over England, Scotland, and Ireland there is material for the asking. The farmer's son who finds no opportunity in rural England, and is drifting to the cities; the Scottish and Irish tenant-farmer with a little capital, who makes a bare living by constant hard work; and, in another class, the younger sons of landowners and professional men, who too often find their way to the colonies without purpose or system—there we have the nucleus of our land settlement. The man wanted is the man who has been bred in the tradition of hard manual toil, or who has the wits to adapt himself to colonial agriculture. We would insist upon this point, for if it is neglected the ordinary cry of pessimists about black labour will have some meaning. Native labour in South Africa is neither cheap nor easy to come by; and if we make it a *sine quâ non* of our settlement we shall make slow progress indeed. The farmer who hopes never to take his coat off will be a long time in making his fortune. On nine-tenths of the land to be acquired the climate is such that a white man can work out of doors for eleven months in the year. Black labour will, of course, be necessary to some extent, but it will not be an indispensable thing—without which agriculture is a farce—provided we obtain men who have been brought up to work with their own hands as well as give directions to others.

Granted the land and the men, what is to be the method of settlement? And here we enter upon a question beset with difficulties, where there is room for wide difference of opinion, and at the

same time where failure to decide rightly will be fraught with the gravest consequences. We cannot afford to handicap ourselves at the outset with impossible conditions. The scheme must be framed with an eye on the future, and at the same time it must be fitted to attract the best class of settlers in the present. Questions of law and finance will constantly obtrude themselves in considerations of policy. We must ask our readers to bear with us for a little in a discussion which is as dull as it is important.

The first thing to consider is the part to be played by his Majesty's Government in this colonisation—the nature of State initiative. There are three possible courses. The Government might leave the colonisation to private enterprise alone. It might offer peculiar facilities for private companies or individuals to acquire land, laying down certain conditions as to military service. It might, for example, buy land under compulsory powers, and then dispose of all the land in its possession, including the public land of the late governments, to private joint stock companies, formed for the purpose. There are many emigration agents, who, at this moment, are willing to engineer such companies. But the difficulties in the way of permitting the scheme to pass out of public hands seem to us to be very great. On general grounds it seems unwise of the State to part finally with great tracts of the most valuable land in a new country, where vested interests in landed property are not sacrosanct as in Europe. It would be the deliberate abandonment of an asset, which might be used in the future for great political ends. And in connection with any colonisation scheme, where it is essential that the colonists should live under a strict control that the aim of the scheme may not be defeated, it would surely be better that the State should exercise this control as landlord, or at least lord of the manor, than have recourse to coercive legislation over private owners.

At the opposite pole from private enterprise, we have the scheme of a Government department, where the Government keeps the land in its own hands, provides the money itself, and works the scheme through its own officials. There are precedents for this course. It was the method followed in New Zealand in the colonisation under the Government Advances to Settlers Act, 1894, and the various amending Acts 1895–99. This, of course, was not colonisation *ab initio*, but a scheme for the assistance of colonists in existence, but the principle involved is very similar. Here we have the most minute control. Funds were raised by Government debentures at a fixed rate of interest.

Advances were made on first mortgages for 36½ years of sums from £25 to £2500, no advance to exceed three-fifths of the value of the security. Alienation of securities was forbidden, and in the case of leaseholds the security might be attached to cover arrears of interest. The mortgage dockets protected the mortgagee Government by the most stringent covenants. The scheme has, on the whole worked well, and after six years has proved remunerative. But several things are to be noted. The transactions were on a small scale, the capital required was not great, and so the credit of the New Zealand Government was not heavily pledged. In our case the transactions must, to be politically valuable, be on a very large scale, and the initial expense must be very great. Moreover, the conditions under which our settlers would be subsidised by Government are entirely unlike the New Zealand case. There the Government made advances upon private property actually held in possession; in our case the security for advance can be little more than a speculative confidence in future prosperity. Hence it would appear that some form of organisation, less rigid than a Government department, and more closely in contact with the settlers themselves, should be adopted to prevent this future security falling. There are many general reasons against laying the *whole* weight on a Government department. The new Government will have sufficient burdens to bear. No Government department will work with the direct personal interest that a private organisation will show; and a Government department as a colonising agent can never sweep so wide a field or select so shrewdly as a private body of practical men.

The balance of argument seems to me clearly in favour of the view that the State must take the initiative, and work through different forms of private companies, over which it has an effective control. Some form of Government Department or Land Board will, of course, be necessary, as the controlling central executive, but we see no reason why the private enterprise, which has already been so freely offered for the work, should not be used to relieve the State burden. On the whole we would suggest small co-operative societies, in which the prospective settlers are shareholders, as the most workable of private agencies. Each settler would receive a grant of land from the Government, for which he would pay rent; the Government would also advance half the working capital and guarantee the remaining half, which would be actually advanced by the company. In this case the settler risks his own private capital by becoming a shareholder in the company; the State provides this land at a

rent and half his working capital, to be repaid by instalments; and on the security of future prosperity guarantees the other half of the working capital which the company is empowered to raise. We have, let us say, fifty settlers with £500 each. They form themselves into a co-operative society with a share capital of £25,000. The working capital required for each is, let us say, £1000; of this the Government advances £500, and the company, having a Government guarantee for its debenture issue, advances £500. The company will continue as a sort of land-bank, making loans at a rate of interest for future improvements, and paying interest on its debentures and ultimately on its shares. If a settler has to sink his whole capital in the half-share of the initial working capital he has to pay, he will be compelled to confine his enterprise to the narrowest limits. At the same time, he will be unable to borrow privately, being without security, and unless his capital is equal to half the necessary working capital, Government will have to supplement it by a second loan. If, on the other hand, his capital comes back to him from a company in the form of a loan at a low rate of interest, and he is able to draw on the same company for, let us say, a similar sum at a higher rate, his finances will be in that hopeful state in which success is staked upon his own industry, but in which, if he fails, the security is enough to prevent serious loss. Such a scheme seems to us the best way of utilising the capital of settlers and taking some of the burden from the State's shoulders. It is peculiarly adapted for the poorer class of colonist, who would be unable easily to provide as much as half the required working capital. But there will probably be another class who are sufficiently well off to (*a*) pay the first year's rent; (*b*) pay the interest on half the working capital advanced by the State; and (*c*) provide the other half of the working capital—all out of their own pockets. In this case the colonist might hold direct from the Land Board without the intervention of any co-operative society. One merit such private companies would have, they would relieve the Government from the inevitable odium which the conduct of the business of making loans and exacting rent—all the duties of the ordinary landlord—would entail. They might also be used as agents in future transactions for the purchase of land from Boer farmers or the taking over of mortgages. They would not be land-jobbing companies, for they would be hedged round with Government control, and the Government, as the guarantor, would have a controlling voice in their policy. As managers they might have agricultural experts who should be salaried Government officials.

Let us recapitulate the steps we have sketched. The Government from funds raised by loan or otherwise purchase a quantity of freehold land. The intending settlers, for the most part, divide themselves up into groups according to the capital each can furnish, *e.g.*, a £100 group (the minimum), a £1000 group. Each group is a company formed on co-operative lines, in which each settler holds an equal number of shares. Each of such companies provides a proportion of the working capital for its settlers (presumably one-half), the Government guaranteeing the debentures by which this is raised. The remainder is provided by Government in the shape of a loan repayable with interest by a certain number of instalments. During the first lease (which should be short, to provide a means of retreat for incompetents) a yearly rent is paid by each settler, which should be assessed on a low scale. At the end of the first lease the rent may become of the normal kind, subject to reduction for improvement of the land beyond the scale required by the conditions of lease. During the second lease provision might be made for the ultimate acquirement of a freehold interest in the land—this for the poorer classes. The rich, who can provide half the working capital out of their own pocket, might hold direct from Government.

From finance we pass to the details of organisation. Here it is impossible as yet to dogmatise, and we can only suggest certain rough general principles. The settlements, as we have said, must be made to vary in acreage and quality of land so as to provide for the small man with £100 capital up to the well-to-do man with, say, £5000. They must be placed in colonies, and in the case of large pasture farms, with a British neighbour at least on one side. "Military settlements," as it has been said, "placed apart invariably tend to degenerate into camps; the men lose interest in the land, and drop the habits of soldiers without acquiring those of colonists." There should be some provision for Government oversight of all farms, and Government management of special model farms, which should act as training schools and advisory departments for scientific agriculture. It is of the highest importance to have some organisation for training settlers, and drafting capable men into settlements. It has been suggested, also, that a system of paying pupils might be developed, by which boys of sixteen or seventeen should come out to learn farming with British farmers in the colony, paying a premium of £40 or £50. After, say, four years of such instruction the pupil could be utilised in the general settlement scheme.

Lastly comes the question of conditions of tenure. These

spring so directly from the purpose of the scheme that they give little room for difference of opinion. The State at present must strictly preserve the freehold in its own hands, and it must hold a permanent lien on the property, including improvements. The first term of lease should not be too long, nor on other than the most moderate terms, to provide a retreat for the man of proved incapacity without great loss to the State or himself. Hard work and enterprise on the part of the settler should be equally profitable to himself and the State. At the end of the first lease the land might be valued, some estimate made of the improvements beyond what is required by the terms of lease, and some corresponding portion deducted from the rent under the second lease. The loan of working capital should be paid back with interest by a series of increasing instalments, not necessarily due within the period of the first lease, but, supposing the lease is not renewed, to be paid in full before leaving the land. Hopes should be held out to the settler of ultimately acquiring the land as freehold, subject to some nominal quit-rent. Meanwhile the State must preserve a continuous controlling interest. It must in the first place make strict conditions as to management. These need not be vexatious, but should insist upon the expenditure of a certain yearly sum in improvements, and should prevent overstocking and slovenly or wasteful farming. It should absolutely prohibit mortgaging to outside mortgagees. Loans up to the value of the security would be obtained from the co-operative society or from the Land Board. Sub-letting again should be allowed only under very exceptional circumstances. Alienation must at first be absolutely forbidden, except with Government consent, and in favour of some other settler under the Government scheme.*

Finally, liability must be accepted for military service, at first personally and after a certain age by deputy. This con ition must be maintained even when the freehold of the land is parted with. Some system of local Wapenschauws—which existed under the Boer *régime* and continued in Scotland till 1700—might be instituted. But it is for the military authorities alone to determine the nature of the required military service.

* We can find a parallel for such regulations from the *Victorian Land Laws*. (Digest by A. G. Brown.) (*a*) Lands were classified and the form of settlement varied accordingly (p. 8); (*b*) There was an acreage limit to the holdings (p. 9); (*c*) Provisions were made for final purchase by settler (pp. 12 and 34); (*d*) The State preserved the right of interfering, for public purposes, with the lands granted without compensation to the occupier; (*e*) Sub-letting and alienation were only allowed on strict conditions, viz., that the purchaser or sub-lessee should take upon himself the old conditions under which the land was first leased—*e.g.*, as to personal cultivation, improvements, &c.

It will be clearer if we set down in a tabulated form what seems to us to be necessary steps in the settlement.

I.—Organisation.

(*a*) His Majesty's Government must take the initiative, but work through a variety of private bodies.

(*b*) A Government department should be constituted as a Land Board. Such an organisation should be the executive of the scheme. A variety of smaller co-operative companies should be formed to act as information bureaux, to collect settlers, and to organise the capital which such settlers provide. They should vary according to the amount which each member subscribes, which must be the same for all members, *e.g.*, a £100 group, a £1000 group.

(*c*) The services of well-known agriculturists and colonists should be secured as managers of such co-operative companies, at salaries guaranteed by Government.

II.—Purchase and Finance.

(*a*) Government must acquire by purchase or otherwise a large quantity of the best land of different kinds—some as heir to the late governments, some as foreclosing mortgagee, some by purchase.

(*b*) Laws must be passed giving Government power : (1) To establish some kind of *Encumbered Estates Court* to compel a sale of mortgaged land, of which the Government shall have the right of pre-emption at a fixed valuation ; (2) to make compulsory purchases of land from individuals or land companies at a fixed valuation, such valuation to be based on the *present* price of land for agricultural purposes.

(*c*) The land being purchased, it should be blocked out into sets of farms, and let to settlers, as far as possible, in groups of colonies. The rent to be paid should be lower than the ordinary rents.

(*d*) There will probably be two classes of settlers—one class holding under co-operative societies, the other holding direct from the central Land Board. To the first class Government will advance half working capital as a loan, repayable, with interest, by graded instalments within a certain time ; the other half will be advanced by the co-operative societies, having a Government guarantee for their capital. Such working capital will include stock, implements, cost of labour, and cost of living for at least the first year. To the second class Government will advance

half working capital on similar conditions, they themselves providing the other half. There may be, of course, isolated cases where no advance of capital is required. These will be dealt with by the Land Board.

(*e*) The funds for purchase and settlement could be raised by loan, which the Imperial Government might guarantee. The working capital of the co-operative societies would be made up partly of the share capital subscribed by the settlers in each group and partly by loan raised under Government guarantee.

III. The Settlements.

(*a*) They must vary in acreage and quality to provide for the different tastes, abilities, experience, and purses of settlers.

(*b*) There should be some provision for Government oversight of the farms, and Government management of special model farms and agricultural training schools.

(*c*) Irrigation must be undertaken by a Government department.

IV. Tenure.

(*a*) Farms to be let at first on short leases, and on moderate terms, to provide for withdrawal of incompetents.

(*b*) At end of first lease, second lease to be entered upon at a normal rent, subject to a proportionate reduction for improvements during first lease beyond the obligatory amount.

(*c*) The State must at first strictly preserve the freehold, and hold a lien on all property, including improvements.

(*d*) The settler may ultimately be allowed to purchase the freehold, subject to certain State burdens reserved.

(*e*) The State must preserve a continuous control over management, mortgaging, sub-letting, and alienation.

(*f*) The first condition of tenure must be such military service as the military authorities agree upon.

A scheme of this sort would meet the conditions we sketched at the outset. It would provide for a sufficiently large number of British colonists to make the settlement politically important. It would provide for a sufficient variety to suit different wishes. There would be prospect enough of profit and comfort to attract the best men. Military requirements would be satisfied. It would not be too great a drain upon the Exchequer since private capital would be allowed to bear its share. And, lastly, it would provide for continuous and supreme State control.

We have purposely sketched the prospect in monochrome and put the necessity and the merits of the question in their barest

terms. It is, indeed, no case for flamboyant prophecies. The certain difficulties are as great as the probable advantages. But the determinant fact in the problem is that the alternative is so black that all risks must be faced rather than adopt it. There are a few cheering elements in the situation. We believe that the money and the men will be forthcoming. The scheme will, in a sense, use up the *materiel* of the war, for stock, waggons, pumps, and many other forms of plant, now in use by the military or in the concentration camps, can be utilised for the settlement. There is a future, as we believe, for South African agriculture, which will make the scheme financially prosperous once the initial crisis is tided over. Finally, there are the numerous positive reasons of policy for grafting a loyal stock on South African country life. The difficulties are equally patent. There is the inevitable financial risk which must be taken in every department of the South African reconstruction. There is the grave military difficulty which, unless judiciously met, will postpone the beginnings of the scheme for many a day. If we attempt sporadic settlement at once the army may well complain. It may protect the settlers from commandoes, but it cannot protect them from casual brigandage, which gives "regrettable incidents" to the home press and food and horses to the enemy. It is clear that the settlement should begin at once, but it must be of sufficient magnitude for self-defence, and on the system which we propose to go on with. Casual experiments will do good to none save the nearest commando. Finally, there is the cardinal difficulty of expropriation. The proper amount and the proper quality of land can only be obtained by purchase, and few will be willing to sell. The Boer is by nature a large negligent landowner, owning thousands of acres, and cultivating a patch round his homestead. If we take part of his land compulsorily, and pay him a good price, we shall be told that we are driving him from his ancestral lands, breaking up his home, and outraging his dearest sentiments. Many good people, who are not usually amenable to the mock-pathetic, will shrink in principle from what will be called eviction. The answer is that it is not eviction in any sense of the word. The Boer farmer will retain his farm, with a substantial sum of money in his pocket. It is our business to see that he remains a farmer, but it is no part of our duty to keep him as a slovenly landed proprietor. In many instances the ownership of a large farm is divided between members of the same family, with uses and servitudes attached. In that case the value of a payment is enhanced, unless it is maintained that the sisters, nieces, and great aunts of

each farmer ought to be allowed to cultivate separately their own plot of ground—a thing they have never done before, and certainly never desired. A graver objection is that, if the scheme of expropriation take effect, the new government will start with a grievance, profound though illogical, rankling in many Dutch hearts. If it is necessary for the well-being of the country that offence be given, then we must offend; but for our part we do not believe that anything of the sort will happen. The Boer has a long memory for injustice, but this is not unjust, nor will he see it as unjust. With the memory of the war behind him, it is unlikely that he will make a special outcry against expropriation with a fair payment, which without any payment he probably regards as the conquerors' perquisite. Curious and baffling as the character of our late enemies is, they are guiltless of the gentle sentimentality which they are credited with by some of their friends at home. They understand a bargain and fair treatment, and they are attached to their farms; if we give them all three they will grumble, of course, but it will be rather as a concession to etiquette than an enduring discontentment.

The alternative is, that when the war is ended we shall have no security to prevent its recurrence. We shall have towns in which we can realise British ideas of government; and outside the vast rural districts suspicious, unfriendly, potentially dangerous. We shall neglect a golden opportunity for increasing the British element in South Africa, and we shall turn our back upon agriculture, which is perhaps the most permanent of South African assets. In these circumstances it seems the wisest policy to face the difficulties, such as they may be, of a scheme which has hope on its side. We have already spent some hundreds of millions on the war; the four millions or more which may be required for the scheme is the necessary investment needed to construct after two years destruction, and its security is nothing less than our faith in the country's future. It is to the war expenditure what the Irrigation Million of 1885 was to the endless borrowings of Ismail. Reproductive expenditure, even in the face of many obstacles, is a familiar policy to a statesman of Lord Milner's Egyptian training; and the events of late years have shown us that he has that highest of a statesman's qualities, the power to take risks and seize chances for a great end.

JOHANNESBURG.

GREATER BRITAIN

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR—THE REMOUNT FIASCO

THE worst suspicions of the critics of the War Office, however vehemently denied in Parliament or on platforms by its official spokesmen, are invariably found to be justified when light is thrown, or rather forced, upon its proceedings. The reader will remember, *e.g.*, that last year the report of the Committee, of which Mr. Clinton Dawkins was chairman, completely vindicated Mr. Arnold Forster and other assailants of the Department who had declared that it transacted its business without any regard to the principles of efficiency, and in a manner that would inevitably bring any private concern to grief. The Clinton Dawkins Committee abundantly confirmed this view, and made a series of suggestions with the object of placing the Administration of the Army on a business basis. In spite of Mr. Brodrick's profuse professions of amendment, these suggestions are likely to remain a dead letter, though we do not question the sincere if inoperative desire of the Secretary of State for War to adopt them. Things will go muddling on in the same hopeless old groove. In fact it is not improbable that the War Office may become still more inept after the war, as it will feel that its performance in South Africa will prevent the country from facing another war for at least a generation. During the past month a dismal light has been thrown on the Remount Department of the War Office by a Parliamentary paper (Cd. 963), which at the popular price of $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ should strengthen the hands of the Peace Societies. This suggestive document conclusively demonstrates that the military problem of the Boer War was never effectively examined by the British Government until the ultimatum arrived. This omission on the part of our statesmen and soldiers is doubtless due to the division of responsibility between them, which enables each party in the event of failure to throw the blame on to the other. The statesmen declare that the soldiers are impossible, while the

soldiers retort that their position is made impossible by a *régime* which has enabled the political amateur—the Secretary of State—to play off one expert against another, with the result of creating general confusion. Moreover, military demands are met by the collusive obstruction of the Cabinet and the Treasury, which reduces preparation for war to a farce. Without that general inquiry into the working of the British Constitution during the critical months prior to the war, which the Government are evidently determined to resist at all costs, it is impossible for any outsider to judge between the two contending parties. It must be remembered, however, in Lord Wolseley's favour that he has always courted, and continues to court, the fullest investigation of the work of the War Office and its relations with the Cabinet during his term. In his public encounter with Lord Lansdowne last year, the late Commander-in-Chief made a very damaging point against the Cabinet when he placed upon record the fact that in the early summer, when the politicians were scoffing at the possibility of war, he (Lord Wolseley) pressed for the despatch of an army corps to South Africa. It is just conceivable that if this precautionary measure had been adopted during the season unfavourable to Boer operations, the war might have been averted.

The issue of the Remount Blue Book is in one respect creditable to Mr. Brodrick, as it destroys an illusion which has formed the staple of many of his speeches. He has never failed to elicit cheers by the emphatic assertion that so far from obstructing the demands of the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, the authorities in Pall Mall have unfailingly complied with them when they have not anticipated them. It will be something of a shock to readers who take such declarations seriously to learn that the contrary is the case. One of the many unpleasant facts which the new Blue Book demonstrates is that the constant cry for horses from the front has been met by an almost equally steady resistance from home. If these things are done in the green tree how must it be in the dry? If the papers which the public are allowed to read, and all Blue Books are carefully edited, disclose some obstruction, it is only reasonable to infer that the War Office are obstructing Lord Kitchener all along the line. This makes the Secretary of State more than ever responsible for any failure in South Africa, and proportionately reduces the responsibility of the Commander-in-Chief. May we not assume once and for all that the newspaper correspondents in Pretoria, who week by week clamour for fresh men and further horses, are the more

accurate interpreters of Lord Kitchener's demands than astute politicans who regard the whole war as a mere incident in the Parliamentary game ; the loss of a battle is nothing to them compared to the success of a speech. The Blue Book opens with a valuable general memorandum by Lieutenant-Colonel Birkbeck, the Assistant Inspector of Remounts in South Africa (dated so long ago as July 1900), which incidentally shows the absurdity and injustice of throwing the whole blame for the Remount fiasco on to General Truman. The fact is that the whole department was organised, presumably from motives of economy, on a totally inadequate scale. Colonel Birkbeck tells us that "War Establishments, page 121, lays down the establishment for a base depôt (for one Army Corps presumably) for 1000 horses, *i.e.*, 7 officers, 274 warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men ; and page 122, for an advance Remount depôt for 300 horses, that is 3 officers and 56 non-commissioned officers and men," caustically adding that at the time he wrote "the total force in South Africa approximates to six Army Corps."

On the outbreak of war between Great Britain and the two Republics, who, according to the now inaccessible report of our own Intelligence Department, could place something like 60,000 men—mounted men preferred—in the field, our total provision of Remount animals and *personnel* in Cape Colony was as follows : "Stellenbosch : Two horses, 402 cobs, 866 mules, and was manned by Lieutenant West, 5th Lancers, 1 veterinary officer, and 50 non-commissioned officers and men 5th Lancers and 18th Hussars, 7 conductors, 200 native boys, and Captain Mackenzie, Remount Department, with a few boys at De Aar ; Captain Deare, 8th Hussars, at Queenstown, purchasing." Then came the unexpected checks to British arms in October and November, and the absolute collapse of the Remount Department brought all our forces to a standstill. Even by the time Lord Roberts landed in South Africa in January 1900, to retrieve the position, there were only two small depôts with a staff of about 150 officers, warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men, and a few hundred native boys, while the *matériel* consisted of about 249 draught horses, 127 cavalry, 1571 cobs, and 5473 mules. It surely speaks volumes for the energy of Lord Roberts and his capable Chief of the Staff, Lord Kitchener, that they were able within five weeks of their arrival in South Africa to create an effective mounted force of 6000 men with "a scratch civilian and native establishment." This superhuman feat succeeded in its immediate object, viz., the relief of Kimberley and the cornering and capture of Cronje at

Paardeburg, but there necessarily followed a further breakdown. On February 24, Lord Roberts telegraphed to Lord Lansdowne as follows from Paardeburg: "Waste horseflesh very great, although horse-sickness season has not yet begun. Please arrange for early and steady supply remounts for batteries of horse artillery, cavalry, field artillery, and mounted infantry. Without mobile force I can do nothing in this country." Lord Lansdowne's reply is not given, but it may be inferred from the fact that a fortnight later Lord Roberts was compelled to amplify and reiterate his demand:

Am anxious to bring your notice urgent necessity for constant supply horses being sent to South Africa, owing to want of forage and hard work a great many have been lost during the last month. 558 were either killed, died, or missing during the relief of Kimberley, and, on March 7, 54 were killed, 47 wounded, 62 died of exhaustion, and 116 others were pronounced unfit for work. Also, it is to be understood, that sickly season approaches, when large number of horses sometimes carried off. . . . *Success campaign so materially depends on mounted troops being efficient, that trust there will be no want of good serviceable horses* (our italics).

To this Lord Lansdowne replied with a recital of horses then at sea, and a promise of "further supplies being regularly despatched." A month later Lord Roberts was again obliged to wire from Bloemfontein, "We cannot have too many horses, especially for artillery and cavalry purposes."

The War Office now began to buy wildly, but soon wearied, and on June 6 Lord Roberts received this insidious telegram from the Secretary of State, "Can you form an opinion for how long your requirements for horses and mules are likely to continue at present rate of supply?" to which the Commander-in-Chief replied from Pretoria on June 21, "I will send a reply on July 15. At the present time there is a great demand for horses and mules." Unfortunately, however, a month later Lord Roberts made this serious concession to the pressure of Pall Mall: "Pretoria, July 23, 1900. I think the supply of horses might be reduced by 20 per cent." During the remainder of his stay in South Africa Lord Roberts continued to be pestered with requests to reduce his demands, the last exchange of telegrams before he handed over a thankless task to Lord Kitchener being as follows:

From the Secretary of State for War to Field-Marshal Lord Roberts.

War Office, *November* 17, 1900.

During the exigencies of a campaign it is quite understood that the work demanded of the animals must often be beyond their strength, and corresponding waste is expected, but now that the harder portion of the campaign is over, cannot efforts be made to prevent undue exhaustion of horses? Each monthly supply of 7600 animals will cost £250,000.

From Field-Marshal Lord Roberts to the Secretary of State for War.

Johannesburg, *November* 24, 1900.

Every care is taken to lessen the waste among animals, and it is, I think, decreasing owing to better grazing, but the work of mounted troops is heavier if there is guerilla warfare than in the earlier stages of the campaign. In addition, I am now mounting Baden-Powell's Police, and I fear cannot reduce demand for horses just at present below 4600, but instead of 2000 mules monthly, think 1000 will do.

No sooner was Lord Kitchener in command than he began to be bombarded with similar appeals. This was perhaps hardly surprising, as the war was now officially "over."

From the Inspector-General of Remounts to the General Officer Commanding, Cape.

War Office, *December* 10, 1900.

Is there any alteration in number of animals required monthly?

The reply happily showed that Lord Kitchener had no intention of being bluffed.

From the General Officer Commanding, Cape, to the Inspector-General of Remounts.

Cape Town, *December* 17, 1900.

Lord Kitchener considers more good cobs are required, and would like monthly supply of 2500 increased to 5500. Argentines are not equal to the work.

Throughout the year 1901 the same pressure continued to be applied by Mr. Brodrick to Lord Kitchener that Lord Lansdowne had applied to Lord Roberts. The pundits of Pall Mall refused to realise that mobility was the condition of success, and their obstinacy is largely responsible for the continuance of the war. The official telegrams speak for themselves:

From the Secretary of State for War to the General Officer Commanding Lines of Communication, Cape.

War Office, *March* 14, 1901.

Will the large number of animals procured locally enable you to reduce your monthly demand for remounts, which stands at present at 7500 horses and 2000 mules?

From the General Officer Commanding Lines of Communication, Cape, to the Secretary of State for War.

Cape Town, *March* 18, 1901.

Your telegram March 14. Please raise monthly supply of mules by 1000 for April and May, sending 3000 each month. Will reply later regarding horses and cobs.

From the General Officer Commanding Lines of Communication, Cape, to the Secretary of State for War.

Cape Town, *March* 20, 1901.

In further reply to your telegram, March 14, and in continuation of my telegram, March 18. In view of arrival of dismounted Yeomen and prospect of continued heavy expenditure by mounted corps cannot reduce demands.

Two months later the War Office returned to the charge :

From the Secretary of State for War to the General Officer Commanding, Cape.

War Office, *May* 25, 1901.

Recent returns show some 22,000 animals increase. Will this affect your monthly demands for horses and mules ?

From the General Officer Commanding, Cape, to the Secretary of State for War.

Cape Town, *May* 28, 1901.

Your telegram May 25. Cannot possibly reduce monthly demand at present.

From the Secretary of State for War to Lord Kitchener.

War Office, *June* 5, 1901.

Are your available men properly mounted and will present monthly supply maintain them ? Lord Roberts and I are anxious to hear how you stand at present as to horses.

From Lord Kitchener to the Secretary of State for War.

Pretoria, *June* 6, 1901.

Your telegram June 5. As regards horses we are all right at present and suitably mounted. Cold weather and want of grass always tell severely on the horses. Though I think the present supply should keep us going, I do not consider any reduction possible.

From the Secretary of State for War to Lord Kitchener.

War Office, *September*, 17, 1901.

Returns of strength show 241,000 horses and mules in South Africa on September 11 ; is it necessary still to keep up existing monthly supplies ?

From Lord Kitchener to the Secretary of State for War.

Pretoria, *September* 20, 1901.

Your telegram September 17. I cannot verify your numbers, and do not know how they have been obtained. Owing to present number of columns in the field, I do not see my way to reduce other than Artillery horses ; you may rely upon my reducing the demands as soon as possible, say in three months, when after the rain grazing will be procurable and debilitated animals will recover more quickly. In the meantime, I think supply of Artillery horses might be reduced at once by one-half, that is, from 600 to 300 per month.

This is the latest appeal printed in the Blue Book :

From the Secretary of State for War to Lord Kitchener.

War Office, *December* 24, 1901.

We hope to land in South Africa during December, January, and February, over 40,000 horses. Will this meet your requirements ? Desirable to reduce as soon as practicable.

To this Lord Kitchener replied : "Numbers satisfactory and will meet my requirements. Hope great care will be taken in selection."

In the face of this series of telegrams, extending over a period of two years, the recent urgent appeal from the *Times* Pretoria

correspondent, dated February 8, will be read without surprise : —"notwithstanding the repeated appeals for horses and more horses, the supply is still lamentably short of the demand, and the dearth of the remounts is rapidly assuming alarming proportions." He tells us categorically that " its acuteness, indeed, may be judged from the fact that it has been found necessary to warn the home authorities that horses have now become a matter of greater urgency than men." The Boers are thoroughly demoralised by constant hustling and scarcity of provisions, and not even their temporary successes are able to inspire them with any serious amount of confidence. " For the first time the hopelessness of the struggle is really being brought home to all the burghers." Now, therefore, is the time to press our advantage. The closing passage of the correspondent's letter may be set against any fifty Front Bench declarations, because the writer is on the spot, knows what he is talking about, and has no motive to conceal the truth :

This can only be done provided we have an unlimited number of horses. The present rate of supply is wholly inadequate. Nor will a single or two or three extra consignments suffice. Spasmodic efforts have punctuated the whole campaign, while a regular and systematic supply of men or horses—ess expensive and far more effective in the long run—has been entirely wanting. As winter approaches, the Boers experience increasing difficulty in finding provision for their horses. If our troops are well mounted and the present vigorous pursuit of the enemy's scattered bands is continued, we may be spared another summer campaign. But without fresh horses in large, regular, and timely consignments the present rate of progress will be arrested, and we shall have yet another cause to lament the penny-wise and pound-foolish policy that has so inexplicably characterised much of the conduct of the war.

THE MILITARY OPERATIONS OF THE MONTH

Opinions vary as to the number of Boers remaining in the field. If certain official calculations had been accurate, the enemy would now be reduced to a minus quantity, seeing that during the last few months we have captured more than were estimated to exist. According, on the other hand, to the estimate of President Kruger and his *entourage* there are still 22,000 fighting Boers. We believe the Kruger estimate to be as exaggerated as the earlier Brodrick estimate has proved to be, all the more so as the responsible fighting Boers themselves do not claim more than 12,000 adherents—this figure is said to have been confirmed by the lately captured General Viljoen, and it tallies with the estimate of competent English soldiers. We feel therefore inclined to accept this number as approximately correct. These remain-

ing Boers are all well mounted and appear to have secreted a large reserve of horses, which they treat with extraordinary skill and care, as they are able to cover fifty miles almost any night. Our mounted force is probably all told not more than 25,000 men scattered over a vast area. Our preponderance is therefore nothing like what we are asked to imagine, and the events of the last few weeks must surely disabuse our statesmen of the comfortable delusion that the Boer resistance is at its last gasp. At the same time there is no reason to exaggerate the situation in South Africa, or to take a pessimistic view of the future. Our own freely and constantly expressed anxiety is not due to anything which has happened at the front, but to the perilous optimism persisted in by the British Cabinet, who at the end of a two and a half years' war appear to have learnt nothing and to remain as unteachable as ever. Unless they can be aroused to a real sense of the situation, and can be induced to take the necessary steps to close the struggle, the present generation may conceivably pass away without seeing the conclusion of "this sort of warfare," to use the characteristic phrase of one of the most Chinese of our Mandarins.

There are now four minor theatres of war, viz., Botha's sphere in the Eastern Transvaal; Delarey's in the South-Western Transvaal; De Wet's in the North-East of the Orange River Colony; and Malan's indeterminate and shifting sphere in the North-West of Cape Colony. It is clearly impossible for Lord Kitchener with the resources at his command to maintain a severe and simultaneous pressure against these four hostile forces. He is at most able to cope with two of them, but even then only at the cost of slackening pressure upon the others, who are not slow to profit from the relaxation. Latterly he has concentrated his efforts against De Wet with the most satisfactory results, at the same time keeping Botha in impotence. Delarey has cleverly utilised the opportunities afforded him by the inevitable weakening of our forces in his sphere, with damaging results to ourselves, and the final clearance of Cape Colony seems to be indefinitely postponed. But if Lord Kitchener is able to deal successively with the Boer forces as he has recently dealt with De Wet's commandoes, we may regard the incidental reverses elsewhere with a certain amount of philosophy however humiliating they may be. The closing days of February were devoted to combined operations against De Wet, which culminated on February 27 (Majuba day) in a big drive of Boers against the Harrismith-Vanreenees line. The ultimate success of this movement seems to have been

largely due to the superb gallantry of a detachment of the 7th New Zealand Contingent under Colonel Garratt, on the Vrede blockhouse line, well supported by the 3rd New South Wales Mounted Rifles under Colonel Cox. They were desperately attacked on February 23 by a big Boer commando, estimated from 600 to 800 strong, accompanied by the leaders, who were determined to escape from the encircling gauntlet. Reuter gives this graphic account of the engagement :

After an unsuccessful attempt to break through the Queensland Bushmen's lines, the Boers worked in a westerly direction along the right towards the position held by the New Zealanders. These, however, under the command of Major Bauchop, repulsed an attack by 200 Boers, who dashed at their lines, driving several thousand cattle before them. The Boers under De Wet, Wessels, and Manie Botha rushed the left post of the New Zealanders' right wing, killing five and wounding the other of the six men who made up the post. They then worked along the New Zealanders' flank, capturing post after post under a heavy flank fire, only one post of the New Zealanders being able to oppose the enemy. At the same time their movement was so rapid that they only lost two men. The posts on the right wing had time to form a fresh flank and fall back on Colonel Rimington's column. In the fight that followed, the men serving Colonel Rimington's Pom-Pom were shot. Two New Zealanders, under a heavy fire, then wheeled the Pom-Pom down a gulley, where they capsized it, thus saving the gun. Out of the 76 men who held the New Zealanders' line of outposts, 25 were killed and 36 were wounded, while of the eight officers commanding them two were killed, five were wounded, and the eighth received four bullets through his tunic.

De Wet, Steyn, Wessels and Manie Botha (who was afterwards killed), with 200 men, succeeded in breaking through, but the rest of the force declined to face the music and fell into the arms of our advancing columns. The Boers lost heavily in killed, while 100 dead horses were also left on the ground and 6000 cattle were abandoned. The total Boers killed, wounded, and prisoners, was 819, in addition to a large and unverified number of killed and wounded who had been taken away by the enemy. Our casualties, apart from the New Zealanders, consisted of one officer killed and four men wounded.

The destruction of De Wet's force was a very considerable event, but the edge was to some extent taken off the good news by a reverse which Delarey had been able to inflict on a British Column in the neighbourhood of Klerksdorp. It was some days before Lord Kitchener was able to give any account of this "regrettable incident," but on March 3, from "informal accounts so far come to hand," he reported that on February 24 an empty convoy from Colonel von Donop's Column at Wolmaranstad, under an escort consisting of over 600

officers and men, commanded by Colonel Anderson of the Imperial Yeomanry, had encamped at Yzer Spruit, only twelve miles out of Klerksdorp. On the following morning the march was resumed at 4.30 in this order: One company of infantry in front, one company left flank, one company rear, two guns and one pom-pom at head of convoy. The Yeomanry rode in advance, while minor detachments were on the flanks and rear. We must imagine a straggling and attenuated movement, probably several miles in length, and characterised by a considerable amount of slackness as it neared its goal. When within ten miles of Klerksdorp a heavy rifle fire was suddenly opened on the advance guard, causing the convoy to close up. After a sharp action the enemy were repulsed and the march was resumed, but a second attack was delivered on the left flank, which was also repulsed by the infantry. Once more the convoy advanced, but it was now the turn of the rear guard to be attacked, and with disastrous results.

At this moment a force of enemy, boldly charging, interposed between left flank guard and convoy, stampeding mules in all directions, thus throwing infantry into confusion, of which enemy took advantage by riding down separated units of escort.

All accounts speak of troops fighting gallantly over two hours, during which guns and pom-pom fired away most of their ammunition.

A scanty band of mounted men made a futile demonstration from Klerksdorp, but were held in check by a superior force of the enemy. Finally the convoy was captured and the escort taken prisoners. The enemy were reported to number from 1200 to 1700 men, and, according to Lord Kitchener, "they consisted of a rapid concentration of almost all commandoes in Western Transvaal, which was no doubt ordered as soon as convoy was seen leaving Wolmaranstad; and, as these commandoes can easily move 50 miles in a night, and only caught up convoy at a place dangerously near Klerksdorp, it seems certain enemy came from considerable distance." According to the special Klerksdorp correspondent of the *Standard*, who wrote a stirring account of the action, our troops though surprised displayed great gallantry, as is proved by the casualty list, viz., 5 officers and 48 men killed and 6 officers and 123 men wounded, *i.e.*, 176 casualties in a force of 634.

As some set off to Delarey's success came the welcome news of the discovery of a big Boer magazine and supply depôt near Reitz by Colonel Rimington's column. Unfortunately, Delarey responded with a heavy blow. On March 8 Lord Kitchener was compelled to report "bad news about Methuen." "He was

moving with 900 mounted troops under Major Paris and 300 infantry, four guns, and one pom-pom from Vryburg to Lichtenburg, and was to meet Grenfell with 1300 mounted troops at Rovirainesfontein [? Rooirantjesfontein] on the 8th." Early on the 7th he was attacked by Delarey's force between Tweebosch and Palmietkuill, the Boers charging from three sides. Then followed this disagreeable information : " Five hundred and fifty mounted troops have come into line at Maribogo and Kraaipan. They were pursued by Boers for four miles from scene of action." These refugees reported that Lord Methuen, Major Paris, guns, baggage, etc., were captured by the Boers. The news of this deplorable affair was withheld for two days, on the suggestion of Lord Kitchener, pending confirmation, and caused a painful sensation when published on March 10, partly owing to the deplorable performance of the mounted men, but chiefly owing to the bad moral effect that would be caused by the capture of such a prominent general as Methuen, for whom there is much sympathy owing to the devoted manner in which he has remained at his post in South Africa. Other telegrams from Lord Kitchener followed, which showed that the episode was a curious mixture of gallantry on the part of the regulars and the reverse on the part of the very scratch pack of irregular horsemen with Lord Methuen. General Delarey, who has behaved conspicuously well to prisoners of war who have fallen into his hands, speedily released Lord Methuen, in spite of the opposition of his burghers, so the general was able to send a staff officer with a dictated despatch to the Commander-in-Chief, from which, by collation with other despatches, we are able to make out the following story, which has since been confirmed and supplemented by another excellent account in the *Standard*. Lord Methuen's force was moving in the usual manner, his ox convoy escorted by half his force, starting one hour in advance of the mule convoy, which was to leave at dawn. When the column was thus divided by a gap of about one mile, the enemy made a sudden enveloping attack on the rear, the mounted troops being apparently rushed. Lord Methuen at once ordered mounted supports to the rear screen, which with a section of the 38th Battery held their ground for an hour while the convoy closed up. Meanwhile 200 infantry were disposed to resist a second outflanking Boer attack on the left. The enemy now came on in great force, and " mounted troops, attempting to fall back on infantry, got completely out of hand, carrying away with them in rout the bulk of mounted troops." The two guns of the 38th Battery were thus left unprotected, but remained in action until every man

with the exception of Lieutenant Neesham was hit. This gallant officer was called on to surrender, which he refused to do and was killed. "Lord Methuen with 200 Northumberland Fusiliers and two guns of the 4th Battery now found himself isolated; he held on for another three hours, during which period the remaining infantry—viz., 100 of the Loyal North Lancashire regiment with some 40 mounted men, mostly Cape Police, who had occupied a kraal near the waggons, also continued to hold out against repeated attacks." Lord Kitchener's despatch concludes as follows:

By this time Lord Methuen was wounded, and the casualties were exceedingly heavy amongst his men. The ammunition was mostly expended, and surrender was made at about half-past nine A.M.

The party in the kraal still, however, held out, and did not give in until two guns and a pom-pom were brought to bear about ten o'clock, making their position untenable.

It is confirmed that most Boers wore our khaki uniform, many of them also our badges of rank. Even at close quarters they were indistinguishable from our own troops (our italics).

It is clear that the Infantry fought well, and that the Artillery have kept up the traditions of their regiment.

In addition to 40 Cape Police already mentioned, a few parties of 5th Imperial Yeomanry and Cape Police also continued to hold their ground after panic, which had swept bulk of mounted troops off the ground.

It is officially stated that the mounted troops under Lord Methuen were made up as follows: Major Paris's column, whose composition was understood to be Royal Field Artillery, Diamond Fields Artillery, Ashburner's Light Horse, Denison's Scouts, Diamond Fields Horse, to which were added detachments of Cape Police, 5th Battalion Imperial Yeomenry, 86th Squadron Imperial Yeomanry, detachments of British South African Police, and Cullinan's Horse. There is really nothing more to be said of this extraordinary episode which up to the time of going to press has had none of the threatened sequels, Delarey, and his khaki-clad warriors, being apparently content to rest on their laurels.

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

Peace Conference or Council of War?

We discuss in some detail at the end of this number (Greater Britain) the foregathering of the Boer "Governments" at Klerksdorp in the beginning of April, which may prove to be the turning-point of the struggle in South Africa, though there have already been so many "turning-points" one cannot help feeling somewhat sceptical. According to the cynics the Boer leaders, weary of being hustled over the veld and finding their commandoes dangerously depleted by Lord Kitchener's well organised "drives," decided to seek a respite by proposing "negotiations," confident of the compliance of their amiable opponents. On this theory the so-called Peace Conference is merely a council of war to enable the scattered commandants to discuss their future military operations, and to concert some combined movement which their recent isolation by the blockhouse system has rendered impracticable. This aspect of the manœuvre is indeed so obvious that we may perhaps trust Lord Kitchener, who is not a simpleton, to have taken some security, or at any rate to have satisfied himself that in the event of the conference and coming plebiscite being abortive, the enemy would find themselves in no better position than they were. It may be that in a military sense their forces have been so thoroughly broken up that concerted action is no longer possible on any serious scale, however many councils of war may be held. Against the cynical view may be set the fact that the arrival of the hostile "Governments" in British lines under our safe-conduct is in itself a sign of weakness, as it is known that they did not come upon our invitation but upon their own initiative. In anybody else but the Boers, who are a peculiar

people, it would, in fact, be substantially an act of submission, and an irrecoverable blow to the prestige of the "Governments" and generals. It is also noteworthy that, having asked for an armistice, which was peremptorily refused, they continued to negotiate in spite of the refusal. Still more encouragement to the cause of peace is deduced from the apparent elimination of Messrs. Kruger and Leyds from the present "negotiations." The men who have borne the brunt of the struggle clearly intend to decide for themselves whether to continue it or to make peace; they will no longer take their orders from those who retired from the fray with as much plunder as they could conveniently carry, as soon as fortune went against their country. For the last two years Messrs. Kruger and Leyds have, from their safe retirement in Europe, been feeding the fighting Boers with fables of European intervention and egging them on to destruction for their own self-glorification. If these intriguers and impostors have at last been found out by their dupes we are a long way towards a settlement. It is suggested abroad, and the view is shared by not a few competent observers in this country, that the ultimate upshot of "consulting the commandoes" will be a division between the Transvaalers and the Free Staters, the former being more prepared to accept the inevitable than the latter, who have placed themselves under the guidance of a crazy fanatic in the person of Mr. Steyn. On this hypothesis Botha, Delarey, the Transvaal "Government," and such burghers as they control would lay down their arms, while ex-President Steyn and General De Wet would return to the fray.

The "Terms."

We do not share the lively curiosity entertained in some quarters as to the "terms" offered by the British Government to the enemy. As the *Times* pertinently points out "the Boers are not in a position to bargain with us, for the simple reason that they have nothing to offer us which we cannot take. They may if they choose put us to the cost of taking what we are resolved to have." Nor can we share the fears of those who conceive it possible that in the interests of the Coronation or on some other pretext the British cause will be sacrificed at the eleventh hour by a *quasi* "Majuba" settlement. This is a shameless foreign lie, a slander upon the Sovereign and an insult to our Cabinet. Our attitude will be governed by the sentiments so admirably expressed both by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain earlier in the year. Both these statesmen told us not to let our sense run away with our sensibility, and the Premier

greatly angered the pro-Boers by declaring "it is no use to tell us that we are so to behave that we shall leave a pleasant recollection in the minds of those with whom we are fighting. I know it is an imposture, and it is an imposture which is not worth performing. We have to carry out our business without reference to the impression which it will leave on those who, as we think, most unwisely and most unjustly have placed themselves in our path." The Colonial Secretary, in his great speech at the Guildhall, also reassured those who dreaded lest, as so often in our history, we might sacrifice in peace what we had won in war :

> I do not envy the place in history of any statesman who at the present time, when the war is coming inevitably to its appointed end, would be willing to ignore the opinion of these allies of our blood, would be ready to compromise the issues for which they as well as we have fought, and would be prepared to patch up some sort of peace, and to throw away in negotiation what we have gained in arms.

Mr. Seddon, the Premier of New Zealand which has sent nine contingents to the front, is perhaps the truest exponent of the views of these "allies of our blood," and we all know what he feels as to the settlement. The one and only thing for us to do is to ignore the Boer plebiscite and push on with our preparations and our operations so that we shall be either in the mood to enjoy an agreeable surprise should the Boers surrender, or be prepared to overcome their resistance should they decide to resist. Not the least remarkable of recent developments is the conversion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to a doctrine associated with a very different man—Moltke—for he lately informed the House of Commons that the best way to secure peace is to be prepared for war. If he will act as well as talk in that spirit, we can count on closing the struggle in South Africa before the close of the year.

A Warning.

As has been wittily said "the war may end any year." There is reason to believe that one of the first-fruits of peace in South Africa will be a diplomatic campaign by the German Government, conducted with that skill and daring which one cannot help admiring, to convince this country that Codlin has been the friend and not Short. In other words that Germany has played the guardian angel to the British Empire by preventing other European Powers from intervening in the South African War, that her action, *e.g.*, has prevented Russia from invading India, and France from entering Egypt. We have lately seen a similar campaign carried on at the expense of our Ambassador

in Washington, to convince the American people of the friendship of Germany during the Spanish-American War, though at the time her friendship was almost as completely disguised as it has been as regards ourselves. This time, however, our Teutonic cousins will probably be more careful than in their audacious and mendacious attack upon Lord Pauncefote, because they are far more afraid of rousing the wrath of France or Russia than of hurting British susceptibilities. Therefore we shall not expect the legend that Germany has acted as the international policeman in our interests to appear in any responsible German organ, as it would at once involve their Government in difficulties with her neighbours. Distinguished British travellers passing through Berlin will be used as one medium for circulating this *canard*, which is likely to take an exceedingly positive form in proportion to their ignorance; and in the next place English journalists, some of whom, as we know from Busch's revelations, are only too prone to place their pens at the disposal of the German Foreign Office, will also take a hand in this game. Then again, the semi-official organs of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the *Fremdenblatt* of Vienna, and the *Pester-Lloyd* of Budapest, which are always in telephonic communication with Berlin, will probably be requisitioned, and possibly remoter organs such as the *Tribuna* of Rome. In this way "an atmosphere" will be created, and the desired impression produced upon the British mind. We trust that our readers will absolutely reject this perilous fiction, which is partly devised as a pretext for blackmailing the British Government, while it is partly intended, as was the campaign against Lord Pauncefote, to embitter the relations between England and other nations. Unless we are greatly mistaken, we shall emerge from the South African War on better terms both with France and Russia than when it began, because there is a loyal recognition in responsible circles in London, that neither the Government of Paris nor that of St. Petersburg—capitals supposed to be hostile—has made any serious effort to organise a diplomatic demonstration against us, whatever indiscretions may have been perpetrated by feather-headed Ministers. It has been credibly asserted that at one of the worst periods of the War (in January 1900) the Emperor of Russia spontaneously informed our Ambassador in St. Petersburg that he had no intention of taking advantage of the British situation in South Africa. On all hands it is recognised that the Emperor Nicholas' word is as good as his bond, and Englishmen should be most chary of accepting any statement in conflict with this undertaking.

The Cause of the South African War.

It would appear that so far from our being in Germany's debt on account of her "good offices" during the South African War, she is over head and ears in debt to us, and ought properly speaking to pay the £200,000,000 which it will cost us to conquer the Boers. Such, at any rate, would seem to be the view lately advanced in Paris by a man who claims to know what he was talking about, on the occasion of a cosmopolitan banquet attended by the *Times* Paris correspondent among others, who published an interesting report of the principal speech. One of the guests, "a Dutchman who is well acquainted with the Transvaal, and who has played, and perhaps will play again, an important *rôle* in his own country," delivered a long disquisition on the origin of the South African War. After denouncing the Raid "much more as a piece of madness than an infamy," and as "the primary cause of this deplorable war, being the pretext for a demonstration which had immediate results," the speaker significantly added: "*I now refer to the German Emperor's telegram. This was the real cause of the present war, and I say this because I was in the Transvaal at the time and witnessed the explosion of feeling which it caused.*" The genesis of the telegram was as follows:

> William II. was travelling at the time. It was at Kiel that he was shown a telegram reporting the details of the Raid, the attitude of the Boers, the coolness of Cronje, and the humane way in which the victors treated the mad band they had just crushed. Instantly, full of indignation at this audacious violation of the frontier and of the rights of peoples, admiring the promptitude and coolness of the defenders of international law, full of respect for the courage of the aged President, whom he knew personally, and inspired by that feeling of solidarity uniting the heads of all States in the legitimate defence of the territories confided to them, he seizes his pen and, in the very train in which he returns to Berlin, launches in clear terms, without a word of cipher, the famous telegram which was to sound like a trumpet note all over the world, thus frankly placing his hand in the hand of Kruger and blending his own approval with the chastisement Kruger had just inflicted on the invaders of his fatherland.

There are two important omissions in this recital, for in the first place both Prince Hohenlohe, the Imperial Chancellor, and Baron Marschall, the German Foreign Minister, were privy to the telegram, which they regarded as "good business;" it was not therefore, as has been sedulously represented in this country, the mere momentary impulse of an enthusiast, repented as soon as despatched, but a deliberate act of State. Moreover, Baron Marschall supplemented it with declarations wholly incompatible with British supremacy in South Africa, and distinctly encouraged the Transvaal to look upon Germany as the big

brother. Further, we have it on the authority of Count von Bülow himself, that the diplomatic action of Germany at this time revealed her "isolation" in the event of a conflict with England. This can only mean that the German Government unsuccessfully attempted to form a coalition against us, but our supposed enemies proved less hostile than our supposed friend. The effect of the telegram in the Transvaal is thus described:

This telegram, it should not be forgotten, was not a promise of intervention, it was intervention itself. I affirm for my part—I who am no longer of the age of this heady Sovereign—that every one in the Transvaal at the time felt a thrill, and one and all we said, "it is the intervention of Germany and tantamount to her protection."

Boer Preparations.

From the time of the telegram the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, in a common ambition to wrest South Africa from the English, decided to make war and to compel England to do so, being "convinced that Europe was only awaiting the propitious moment, that at the first shot fired on South African soil, Europe would intervene so as to entrust the entire country to these two Republics." They consequently formed a common Treasury and planned common action, deducting immense sums from their Revenue for the purchase of arms, ammunition and war material of every kind.

You can have no idea of the devices adopted for several years to get this contraband material over the borders and through the ports, and, finally, by mysterious and roundabout routes and by ingenious means of transports disseminated all over the country and hidden in all sorts of places. The English at the Cape and in Natal had their eye on the natives of Swaziland, the Matabele, and the Zulus, but in the men of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal they saw merely honest cultivators busy on their farms. Bloemfontein seemed to them merely a pleasant place to stay in, and at Johannesburg there were merely foreigners incapable of making war.

Meanwhile Dr. Leyds, who was the chief confidant and tool of President Kruger, was travelling all over Europe "working up opinion, spreading money broadcast, and thus preparing the unanimous outburst in Europe of which William II.'s telegram was the first symptom, and of which effective and unanimous intervention was to be the inevitable consequence." The speaker closed his remarkable oration by declaring his affection for the Boers "who are of my own race, but for this very reason, and because they have been the victims of a primary mistake, I do not wish them to be drawn into a fresh blunder." They should not be misled by references to "American independence." "America had the sea whereby her resistance became inexhaustible. The Boers have not the sea, and therefore must inevitably be exhausted." Then followed the usual

Continental suggestion that England should be "moderate" in her demands. In commenting on this instructive utterance the *Spectator* very properly deplores the weakness shown by the British Government on the occasion of the Kaiser's telegram, which "should have been met by a demand for its withdrawal in the clearest, most public, and most unmistakable terms," and "if this demand was refused, we should have treated the refusal as an unfriendly act with all its consequences." Unfortunately, with our usual good nature, or weakness, we "let the Germans off," and allowed them to escape from their *impasse* without any adequate apology, which it would have been more statesmanlike to insist upon, even at the cost of war. An Anglo-German War in 1896 would have been a far less serious enterprise than an Anglo-Boer War in 1899. Europe would have kept the ring. We should have taken the German colonies, destroyed their commerce and crushed their naval aspirations. In that case there would probably never have been a South African War, as the Boers would have said, "If England is strong enough to deal with Germany, we had better come to terms with her." However, the golden moment passed. We have had one protracted struggle in South Africa, and before many years are over we are likely to find ourselves involved in a gigantic war with Germany.

"Veritas."

The preface to a recently published volume entitled *The German Empire of To-day*,* contains the statement: "Owing perhaps to want of easily accessible information, there appears to be often a remarkable lack of rudimentary acquaintance with Germany under its modern aspects." This want is admirably supplied by the author, who calls himself "Veritas," and we should like to think that our leading journalists and public men will make themselves masters of this little volume. It is in no sense a political pamphlet, but simply gives in a compendious and attractive form the elementary data of modern Germany. The writer, *e.g.*, brings out the importance of the German navy more effectively than has yet been done, all the more perhaps as he does not attempt to draw any inferences from facts which enforce their own inferences. We own frankly that we had hardly realised what a very big fact the completed German navy will be. The author of the ambition to make Germany a great Sea Power was apparently not the Kaiser, as is generally imagined, but Prince Bismarck, who, prior to the

* *The German Empire of To-day*, by "Veritas." Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., price 6*s.* net.

Franco-German war, contemplated a ten years' building programme, which would have produced a fleet of sixteen armoured ships, and cruisers, &c., in proportion ; but this programme was shelved owing to the war of 1870. Twenty years later the naval ambition of the German Empire became materialised, for in 1898 the Reichstag, under the influence of the Spanish-American war, sanctioned a programme of nineteen battleships and cruisers, &c., to match. Only two years later, with the aid of the Anglophobe movement, the German Government induced the Berlin Parliament to replace the 1898 arrangement by a vast scheme covering a period of sixteen years, at the end of which Germany will possess thirty-eight battleships, fourteen large and thirty-eight small cruisers. "Veritas" is careful to add :

> The above numbers, however, do not by any means represent the full strength of the German navy when the last ship of the sixteen-year period shall have been commissioned, for it was also stipulated that substitutes were to be laid down for all vessels at fixed periods, on the basis that the life of a battle ship and coast-defence vessel is twenty-five, and that of a cruiser is twenty years.

Therefore in the year 1920, when the programme will have been executed, the German navy will also contain a certain number of older ships for which modern substitutes will already have been built. Thus the empire will possess no less than fifty-five battleships all told.

British Slackness.

The total cost of the 1900 programme, which English wiseacres declared the German taxpayer would never swallow, is, for construction and armament £73,000,000, while £13,200,000 is to be spent on dockyards. The current expenditure will increase from £3,623,000 in 1900 to £7,353,000 in 1917, while in the final three years (1917 to 1920) there will be a further yearly increase of about £350,000 for the growing *personnel*, which ultimately will consist of 3090 officers as against 1285 in 1900 while the crews, which in 1900 numbered 21,528, will number 55,809 in 1920. We venture to predict that as the years roll by, and the sea power of Germany develops, the Berlin Government will throw aside that mask of friendliness with which they have so long fooled this country, unless in the interval the British Admiralty can be persuaded to make some corresponding effort. Should not the Chancellor of the Exchequer's new maxim, that the best guarantee of peace is preparation for war, have some application as regards the British navy ? The Germans have two great advantages in the

future struggle ; in the first place their navy is seriously organised with a view to war, and they have at the Admiralty a headquarter staff, the equivalent of the famous General Staff of the army, which is called the *Admiral Staff*. In the next place they are constructing, at Emden, docks capable of embarking no less than 300,000 men, and they are rapidly acquiring the necessary transport, and reckon that if they can ever secure freedom of the Channel for a single week they will be able to land several army corps in Yorkshire. It is doubtless very ridiculous on their part—in fact almost as ridiculous in our eyes as the Boer scheme to invade Natal, which nevertheless was successful. In the preamble of the latest German Naval Act are to be found the following words, which we imagine as a direct challenge is hardly to be paralleled in the relations between the so-called friendly countries : "*Germany must have a Fleet so strong that a war even against the greatest Sea Power must be so dangerous to that Power as to threaten its position as a great Power in the world.*" * Yet we are told by arm-chair politicians and superior persons who are as ignorant of Europe as of the politics of Mars, that it is "hysterical" or "alarmist" to call attention to this portentous development in the North Sea. All we can say is that we shall continue "shouting" month by month until there is some indication that the Admiralty has been roused from its Teutophile torpor. At the present moment our whole naval strategy is based on the assumption that Germany is a friendly neutral. This is no official secret, but is proved by the fact that we have not a single repairing dockyard on our northern coasts.

Captain Mahan's Article.

If we have much to learn from our foreign enemies, we can occasionally learn, and it is a far pleasanter education, from friendly critics, few and far between as they may be. The wisest and most valued of these is Captain Mahan, whose article entitled "Motives to Imperial Federation," it is a privilege to publish. We will not attempt to epitomise his main argument which should be read in its entirety, but are tempted to refer to his striking analogy between Ireland and the Transvaal. "Under all superficial divergences, and misleading appearances, the real question about Ireland and about South Africa has been 'Shall Great Britain exist as an Empire, or shall it fall to pieces by a series of willing or tolerated secessions.'" We are familiar with the Colonial Secretary's South African

* Quoted in the *Morning Post* which has had a series of admirable articles on the German menace.

record. Here is Captain Mahan's tribute to him on the Irish question :

It is to the undying honour and distinction of Mr. Chamberlain that he quickly recognised the issue, and decided without hesitation that the existence of the nation and of the Empire, in undiminished power, involved the interest of every class of the community, and, therefore, utterly exceeded in immediate importance all projects of social readjustment. Subordinating to the general welfare the objects with which he had been most closely associated, he separated himself from the party of his lifelong allegiance, in which lay the best hope of accomplishing his social programme, and thenceforth has given pre-eminence to the imperial interests which he saw threatened.

We are often told that England is hated abroad because she is so wicked, and her crimes violate the consciences of more virtuous nations. But the great American writer attributes the anti-English movement to a very different cause.

It is to be apprehended that the recent striking outburst of blended national and imperial sentiments, in Great Britain and her colonies, the display of unified enthusiasm sweeping over the various quarters of the Empire, has been an unpleasant surprise to the world at large. In it has been recognised the strong bond of national feeling, oneness of origin and blood, joined to and inspiring the imperial conviction which involves a fundamental unity of policy. If, in the union of two, deed answered to word, if success followed upon attempt, a power nothing short of new had arisen the world. The fluttering conception of twenty years ago had become a reality; incipient perhaps, but with what a possible future! To this, doubtless, has been due in great part the corresponding unanimity of denunciation on the Continent. An unexpected manifestation of power and resolution has elicited an echoing outcry from disappointed anticipation.

Even more important is the passage, which we trust will not be lost upon our fellow countrymen in the self-governing Colonies, many of whom, while Imperialists to the core, are inclined to say to us who live in England, "Why do you withhold the self-government from Ireland which you have given to Canada and Australia with such remarkable results?" This is a very easy suggestion for Canadians and Australians to make, and until the South African War was not so easy to answer off-hand, but our struggle with the Boers has supplied us with the answer, which is thus admirably expressed by Captain Mahan :

What has made the Transvaal so formidable to the adjoining colonies and to the Empire? It is because not only was the population hostile, but the hostility was organised, armed, and equipped, under the shield of complete self-government. Had Ireland been conceded the substance of Mr. Gladstone's Bill, or should she hereafter attain it, would not her power of mischief, in case of foreign war, make such demands upon the presence of the British navy as seriously to lessen its ability to protect commercial routes and colonies? She is to the United Kingdom what the Transvaal has been to South Africa. The consideration shows both how important the status of Ireland is to the colonies.

The Manchurian Convention.

The only international episode of first-rate importance, if it is of real importance, during the past month, was the signature of the revised Russo-Chinese Manchurian Convention, whereby the province of Manchuria is declared to be "an integral portion of the Chinese Empire," in which "sovereign and administrative powers" are restored to China "as before the occupation by Russian troops." Moreover, Russia formally undertakes to evacuate Manchuria in eighteen months. This Convention is claimed on the one hand as the result of the combined pressure of the American, British, and Japanese Governments, while the Russian Press, on the contrary, affirm that Russia has merely acted "in a spirit of amity towards China." The effect of the Convention is seriously weakened by the fact that Russia retains control of her railway, which it would be hardly an exaggeration to say is to Manchuria what the Nile is to Egypt. Also by the fact that she qualifies her undertaking to withdraw her troops by the words, "in the event of there being no trouble whatsoever (*n'y aura pas de trouble quelconque*), and if the conduct of other Powers should not interpose any obstacle thereto." This supplies a considerable loophole, and we frankly own we shall only believe in the evacuation of Manchuria when we see it. That the Russians themselves expect to remain where they are is indicated by the fact that when M. Lessar, the Russian Minister in Pekin, signed the Convention, he handed an extraordinary *communiqué* to the Chinese plenipotentiaries, declaring :

> But there can be no doubt that, if the Chinese Government, in spite of its positive assurances, breaks any of the conditions laid down in the Convention on any pretext whatsoever, then the Russian Government will no longer hold itself bound either by the stipulations of the Manchurian Convention or by preceding declarations on the same subject, and will repudiate all responsibility for whatever consequences may ensue.

Why cannot the Russians say frankly that they have no more intention of abandoning their claims to Manchuria than the Japanese have of abandoning their claims to Corea? and why cannot we on our side recognise that we are several days after the fair, and that it is too late to clear Russia out of Manchuria? A great Power which has been allowed to run a railway through an outlying province of a helpless country like China necessarily becomes the master of the territory it traverses. For the time being, however, Russia is unlikely to take any forward step in foreign policy, as the attention of her Government is sufficiently occupied with domestic difficulties. Certainly a country, one of whose leading Ministers is murdered with the apparent

acquiescence of large classes of the community, must be in an anxious condition.

Europe Preoccupied.

Other countries have also their preoccupations and troubles at the present time. France has been in the throes of a General Election, the result of which will only be known after these pages have gone to Press. It is generally expected, however, by persons professing to know, that the Waldeck Rousseau Ministry will emerge as victors over their Nationalist and Progressist enemies. The Germans hope for the defeat of M. Waldeck Rousseau, as they believe they could do "better business" with a Méline or Ribot combination, but elsewhere the success of the existing Government is desired in the general interests of European peace. The German Government has its own cares, both external and internal. After having declared that the Triple Alliance was no longer indispensable to the predominant partner, Count von Bülow, the Imperial Chancellor, has felt it incumbent upon him to take a little tour, in order to persuade Austria and Italy that the Alliance is at any rate indispensable to them. They show signs of wishing to emancipate themselves from the German yoke, but if Count von Bülow works hard enough the Triple Alliance will be renewed substantially in its present form. It is vital to Germany, but it has done nothing for Austria, and is ruining Italy. At home the German Government is still immersed in the Tariff question without any immediate prospect of success. In Belgium there have been a series of political disturbances, suppressed with some bloodshed, and developing at one time into a general strike which assumed menacing proportions. The *fons et origo mali* is the not unnatural objection of the Socialists, who appear to constitute a majority of the community, to return a minority of Members to Parliament owing to a Representation Bill cleverly cooked by their clerical opponents. Belgium's neighbour, Holland, is a prey to great anxiety (in which, in spite of all temporary political differences, the English people sincerely sympathise), owing to the grave illness of the young Queen, which was finally pronounced to be typhoid. Even Switzerland has her crisis, viz., a dispute with Italy, resulting in the rupture of diplomatic relations. The incident arose out of the publication of a series of scurrilous articles in an Anarchist journal called the *Risveglio*, issued at Geneva, which grossly insulted the royal House of Italy, and particularly the murdered King Humbert, whose assassination was glorified. Not unnaturally the Italian Legation called the attention of the Federal Council to this

outrage, and asked that action might be taken, but having failed in a previous prosecution the Swiss Government refused to act. Then a second ineffectual protest was lodged, and in the course of the correspondence the Italian Minister declared himself "satisfied with having recalled the Federal Council to a sense of its international duties." *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* The incident is not expected to lead to war.

The Budget.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced his third War Budget to the House of Commons on April 14, after a few days delay owing to his having a cold in the head, which gave rise to ridiculous rumours as to a Cabinet "crisis"—to be renewed later on when Mr. Chamberlain in his turn fell a victim to our changeable climate. Having shaken off his catarrh, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach expounded his financial programme in a speech as clear as his proposals are simple. It would be the grossest flattery to suggest that he is a learned economist, or a financial genius, but he can discuss the data of national finance in a sensible and straightforward way, and if his outlook is narrow and his policy wanting in boldness, it is always intelligible and generally businesslike. The revenue and expenditure for last year were as follows :

Total expenditure	£195,522,000
Total revenue	142,998,000
Deficit	£52,524,000

During the year, however, £56,553,000 were realised by the creation of £60,000,000 of Consols, leaving therefore in the hands of the Treasury at the opening of the new financial year the sum of over £4,000,000. The Chancellor of the Exchequer calculates that in the current year, 1902 to 1903, he will have to meet an expenditure of £174,609,000, with a revenue of £147,785,000 on the present basis of taxation, which would involve a deficit of £26,824,000. To this deficit he had to make a material addition, for it was his duty as Chancellor of the Exchequer not to take a rosy view of the situation in South Africa and to prepare for the worst rather than assume the best. We ask ourselves whether Saul is also among the Prophets, or has Mr. Spenser Wilkinson become fused in the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as we read this startling declaration :

> We know that there are conferences proceeding at the present time. I may be asked, "Have you no hopes of a happy result of these conferences?" Sir, I have hopes, but I cannot allow myself to be influenced by such hopes on such an occasion as this. I must put them aside, and I would ask the House

to put them aside also, and I will say why. There is great truth in the old maxim, If you want peace, prepare for war; and those of us who are most anxious for peace—and no one is more anxious for it than the Chancellor of of the Exchequer—I think, perhaps, may see most clearly that nothing is more likely to conduce to peace at such a crisis as that at which we now stand as a proof by the House of Commons of a firm and determined attitude on the part of this country and of our determination, if our hopes should unhappily not be realised, that at any cost the war shall be carried through.

He therefore desired to add £16,000,000 or £17,000,000 to the deficit for war purposes if the war continued, or to meet the cost of making peace in the event of peace. Then there are charges in connection with the South African Constabulary, and it would also be necessary to make a grant to the West Indies; again, there is the interest on the new debt. The total of these extras being £18,500,000, the deficit would be £45,324,000.

Meeting the Deficit.

There are only three known ways of meeting a deficiency of revenue without reducing expenditure, which *pace* the clap-trap of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Winston Churchill is not practical politics in war time—viz., (1) new taxation; (2) increased old taxation; (3) loans. It was generally expected that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach would resort to all three methods, and the only serious interest of the Budget was as to how the burden would be distributed between the present and the future generation of taxpayers. There had been more "politics" than finance in the suggestions that had poured in upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the extremes being represented on the one hand by the pro-Boers who desired to make the war unpopular by throwing the whole burden on the present generation. On the other hand were those who desired to transfer the entire burden to posterity. Then there were cross-currents composed of those who, while heartily and unreservedly sympathising with our cause in South Africa, and in no way desiring to detract from its popularity, hoped that its financial problems might be utilised to lay the foundations of a truly Imperial Fiscal System. A counter current was made up of persons who, while professedly Imperialists and Free Traders, regard an Imperial Customs Union (which would ultimately lead to Free Trade throughout the Empire) as anathema-maranatha. So diverse and perverse is human nature. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach resorted to the customary compromise to meet his difficulty. There was to be a new loan of £32,000,000, which has since been very successfully issued, while he obtains a further sum of £4,500,000 by suspending the Sinking Fund, thus abandoning the farce of paying off National Debt during a period of great national

borrowing. Then again from the Exchequer balances, accumulated from previous borrowing, he derives the large sum of £3,534,000. By these devices the deficit of £45,324,000 is reduced to £5,150,000, which is the further sum to be imposed on the British tax-payer, distributed between old and new taxes as follows :

Additional penny on the income-tax (making 1*s.* 3*d.*)	£2,000,000
Additional penny on bankers' cheques and dividend warrants (making 2*d.*)	500,000
Threepence per cwt. on corn and other grain, and a correlative duty of 5*d.* per cwt. on flour and meal . .	2,650,000
Total . . .	£5,150,000

The New Taxes.

While the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to be warmly congratulated on reimposing the registration duty on corn so wantonly sacrificed by Mr. Robert Lowe in the days when the Cobdenite craze was at its height, it is to be regretted that he did not double it while he was about it, and leave the income-tax payer alone. A tax of 1*s.* 3*d.* in the £ is a crushing burden so long as there is no distinction between permanent and precarious incomes. In the former case the tax is admittedly paid from income, but in the latter it becomes a direct tax on capital, and presses on the professional classes with cruel severity. The wit of man should be able to distinguish between two such essentially different things as an income consisting of interest, and one composed of earnings, and it argues a lack of intellectual capacity at the Treasury that the existing injustice should continue. The increased tax on cheques appears to excite an amount of irritation out of all proportion to the revenue it is calculated to produce, or to the hardship it inflicts, and as bankers are always able to take care of themselves, we shall not be surprised if the subject is "reconsidered," though there is much force in Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's observation, "I do not see why you should be able to transmit money through the post by a cheque cheaper than you can by the recognised postal service." If the Chancellor of the Exchequer is the Sandow his admirers profess, he should see the bankers somewhere rather than surrender. The additional penny on incomes and the further penny on cheques are, however, completely dwarfed in political importance by the Corn Duty, which excites as much alarm on the part of the *Spectator* as it causes satisfaction to ourselves, who have steadily urged this measure on its own merits, and also as

a step in the right direction—"the thin end of the wedge." Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is a so-called Free Trader, which means that he desires foreign nations to have the freedom of our markets as well as the monopoly of their own, while we are to have neither the run of ours nor the freedom of theirs, and he defends the Registration Duty on Free Trade principles. He is perfectly entitled to do this. None the less the new departure is particularly welcome to those who have emancipated themselves from the Manchester fetish as a finger-post pointing towards an Imperial Zollverein. We trust that it will be regarded in this light in the great self-governing colonies of Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, for although there is no rebate on Colonial corn, such as there ought to be, the slow-moving mother country is gradually working towards a position in which she will be able to enter into preferential trade relations with the daughter nations. The Opposition are getting up a windy and spurious agitation against the new Duty, characteristically christened "the Bread Tax" by Sir William Harcourt, but this hue and cry will probably end in as complete a fizzle as last year's demonstration against the coal and sugar Duties. Weak kneed Ministerialists, who are still under the glamour of the ancient shibboleths, may seek shelter with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach behind Mr. Sydney Buxton. It is apparently always necessary for a Tory Minister with a huge majority to get behind some Opposition mandarin. We hope, however, that most Unionists will be prepared to recognise that the time has come when the whole system of Gladstonian finance, which was imposed in the interests of an island, should be re-cast in the interests of an Empire.

Mr. Sydney Buxton to the Rescue.

If we are to remain in the Manchester morass the Government will have no difficulty in making their case. The Chancellor of the Exchequer reminded the House that when Sir Robert Peel proposed the abolition of the protective Duties on corn in 1846, which is supposed to mark the inauguration of the happy Free Trade era, he "deliberately retained" the duty of 1*s.* per quarter upon corn and 4½*d.* per quarter upon flour and meal, and that tax, "which was remodelled in 1864, went on for no less than twenty-three years, paying part of the cost of the Crimean War, until Mr. Lowe, not quite knowing what to do with the surplus—I wish I was in that position—abolished it in the year 1869 at a loss to the Exchequer which even then amounted to £900,000 a year." Mr. Lowe adduced two reasons for his action. In the first place he believed that

the Duty, small as it was, had the effect of preventing Great Britain "from becoming a commercial *entrepôt* for the corn trade of the world," and that its abolition would give a country lying between America on the one side and the corn growing countries of Eastern Europe on the other this desirable position. But Mr. Lowe's expectations had been "entirely disappointed," as only the most trifling proportion of our imports of corn and flour were ever re-exported abroad. Mr. Lowe's second reason, if more important, was no better founded. He wantonly threw away a valuable source of revenue on the ground that a 1*s*. Registration Duty on imported corn raised the general price of the food of the people. Surely the House would prefer to endorse the sounder view expressed by Mr. Sydney Buxton in a recent volume: "There was something to be said against the permanent relinquishment of a branch of revenue profitable in itself and collected with very little trouble, expense, or hindrance to trade, and practically not affecting the price of food." We need not weary our readers by following the Chancellor of the Exchequer through his demonstration that Mr. Lowe's piece of pedantry had not reduced the price of bread, and that consequently the re-imposition of the Registration Duty will not raise it. Among all serious economists these are matters of common knowledge, but Members of Parliament will find the figures useful in refuting Radical misrepresentations in the constituencies. The Chancellor of the Exchequer also quoted another significant sentence from Mr. Sydney Buxton: "And it is pretty certain that if the Duty were now in existence it would be retained." This may be taken as a pledge that the present reform has come to stay. It is one of the many debts we owe to the Boers. After a desultory debate in which Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Winston Churchill made their usual speeches, the Corn Duty was carried by the handsome majority of 119 (254–135) there being only two defections on the Ministerial side.

The Education Bill.

An excellent article, entitled "The Local-Option Education Bill," in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*, opens thus: "With the introduction of the Ministerial Education Bill by Mr. Balfour on March 24, a too long lacking element of seriousness returned to domestic politics." We should like to be able to endorse this opinion, but considering the ignominious Ministerial record on the Education question we cannot help fearing that our contemporary may be unduly sanguine in taking the new Bill so seriously. Ever since the General Election of 1895, Unionists

have been encouraged to believe that the Duke of Devonshire was devoting such time as he could spare from the Council of National Defence to the consideration of the Education question in conjunction with Sir John Gorst and other enthusiasts. Twice have large and "statesmanlike" measures been introduced in the House of Commons with every affectation of *bona fides*, but on each occasion, for wholly inadequate reasons, these Bills have been withdrawn. It is to be hoped that there are no grounds for taking a pessimistic view of the future of Mr. Balfour's latest effort, but nearly a month has elapsed since the First Reading without any further step having been taken to place it on the Statute Book. Meanwhile the House of Commons has been able to devote a considerable amount of time to comparatively trivial matters. This interval has not been wasted by the Radicals, who have steadily organised their forces, and it would be quite in accordance with precedent if the Government announced one fine day that this "unexpected opposition" is too formidable to enable a big contentious measure to pass in the same session as the Budget, the Water Bill, the Licensing Bill, the Procedure Rules, Mr. Wyndham's Land Bill, and the Coronation, which latter is to be made a sort of general stalking-horse for all Ministerial shortcomings. It is high time to jettison the smaller cargo and to concentrate Unionist effort on the principal measure of the Session, and it is to be hoped that the rank and file of the Party may exercise some pressure before it is too late to spare us from a third and final educational fiasco. It is idle to suppose, if this measure is abandoned, that we shall ever get another Education Bill out of the present Government. The Bill itself is not unworthy of some sacrifice: "Here at last" (says the Quarterly Reviewer), "in the judgment of all thoughtful Ministerialists, and probably in the hearts of the majority of Educationists, even outside the Ministerial ranks, is a measure which, if cleared of one radical blemish, offers a rational, fair, and comprehensive solution of a problem of prime national importance."

Provisions of the Bill.

It is perhaps not worth while making any elaborate analysis of Mr. Balfour's Education Bill, until we have some evidence that the Government mean business. In two respects it has been lightened, for it does not apply to London, which is left over for future treatment, and it need not apply to Wales. The most extraordinary feature of the Bill is that it will not even apply to England unless the new educational authorities are prepared to accept the responsibilities now offered them. This is the permissive element of the Bill which Sir Richard Jebb

at once fastened upon as its great blot—in making confusion worse confounded—and unless the Government remedy this defect they will not be able to generate sufficient enthusiasm among their own supporters to over-bear their enemies. At present, therefore, the Bill is founded on an illusion, but it is generally assumed that the Cabinet are prepared to reconsider its "local-option" aspect and thus make the measure a reality. So far the permissive principle has been generally condemned by almost everybody who has spoken, from Sir Richard Jebb to the National Union of Teachers. The new educational authority which is to replace the old School Boards is thus described: "For the purposes of this Act the Council of every County and of every County Borough shall be the local educational authority," which is interpreted to mean that throughout the rural districts and in the great towns, education, both primary and secondary, is to be entrusted to the chief municipal authority. But there is the disturbing qualification that in the case of non-County Boroughs, with a population of over 10,000, and in Urban Districts of more than 20,000, the local municipal Council is to be the local education authority as regards *elementary* education, while as regards *other* education it shall have concurrent authority with the County Council. This system will be hardly less confusing to manage than it is to understand. The new educational authority is to discharge its duties through "an education committee, or committees, constituted in accordance with a scheme made by the Council concerned" —the Council nominating a majority of the committee. The arrangement as regards the voluntary schools meets the justice of the case. The cost of maintaining them will be undertaken by the new educational authority, which will be responsible for the efficiency of their secular education, and will be able to keep them up to the mark. It will have power to inspect, to audit their accounts, and to veto the appointment of inefficient teachers, and to insist on reasonable alterations and improvements in the buildings at the expense of the managers. Last, but not least, the local authority will be able to appoint additional managers, "so that the number of the persons so appointed, if more than one, does not exceed one-third of the whole number of managers." Impartial people will regard this as a reasonable settlement of an extremely difficult question, as the only logical alternative would be that the State should expend nearly thirty millions on new school buildings in order to accommodate the three million children now receiving education in voluntary schools. The militant Nonconformists, however, profess to be consumed with rage at this "planting the voluntary schools on the rates," and the wilder spirits declare that they would sooner

suffer distraint than pay the rates under the new *régime*. They forget that for many years they have cheerfully paid their taxes, of which a substantial amount has been allocated to the support of voluntary schools. If the Government stand firm we expect all this sound and fury will die away, but if Ministers show signs of yielding it will develop into a hurricane. This Bill is worth fighting for.

Spion Kop.

At intervals during the months of February and March there was an interchange of sharp letters between Mr. Balfour and Sir Redvers Buller, which ultimately secured the production of the previously suppressed portion of the Spion Kop despatches. General Buller incidentally charged Mr. Balfour with having used information in a newspaper controversy which he could only have been "aware of confidentially in consequence of your position as Cabinet Minister." The Leader of the House of Commons replied: "I am not aware that I referred to any facts not contained either in your despatch or the documents which it covered, or in the despatch of Lord Roberts which accompanied it"; adding, "it is quite true that the whole of these have not hitherto been published, but there seems no reason now why this reticence should be continued." To this Sir Redvers Buller pleasantly retorted with a pious hope that "if any further publication is intended my words may be published as written and without manipulation," and that "the opportunity would be taken to correct in this respect previous publications." Mr. Balfour characterised "the suggestion contained in these words" as "intended to be offensive either to myself or the Secretary of State for War and the Commander-in-Chief," and he retaliated with the remark that the only "manipulation" which, "to the best of my belief, was applied to any of your despatches was the excision of a single sentence criticising Sir Charles Warren, and that the omissions from the despatches of Lord Roberts relating to operations in Natal were made solely for the purpose of, if possible, sparing your feelings and maintaining your military reputation." Three weeks later the "manipulated" Spion Kop despatches were given to the world. They are declared to be "sensational" by experts in sensation, but they contain nothing new to careful students of the South African war who are aware that the Natal campaign was one long record of hopeless bungling, only relieved by the valour of our troops, and finally saved from catastrophe by the inspired insubordination of certain officers. Mr. Balfour is clearly entitled to assert that the despatches had been bowd-

lerised out of tender regard for General Buller's reputation, though nothing can justify the Goverment with such documents before them in keeping Sir Redvers Buller in the chief command in Natal, still less in subsequently entrusting him with the First Army Corps. For the worse the record of the general, the stronger must be the condemnation of the Government which whitewashed him "for the sake of a quiet life."

The "Revelations."

The present publication is so far incomplete in that the explanatory statement laid by Sir Charles Warren before the Commander-in-Chief is still missing, and it is not fair to judge any man on an indictment framed by General Buller. The most important of the new "revelations" is General Buller's comprehensive condemnation of Sir Charles Warren, dated Spearman's Camp, January 30, 1900 (presumably the "single sentence" referred to by Mr. Balfour), upon whom the former feels "constrained to make the following remarks, not necessarily for publication." Then follows a recapitulation of his grievances, *ab initio*, against Sir Charles Warren, who is charged with the entire blame of the failure which culminated in the withdrawal from Spion Kop, though, as we now know, he was not responsible for that crowning blunder.

I had fully discussed my orders with General Warren before he started, and he appeared entirely to agree that the policy indicated of refusing the right and advancing the left was the right one. He never, though, attempted to carry it out. From the first there could be no question but that the only practicable road for his column was the one by Fair View. The problem was to get rid of the enemy who were holding it. The arrival of the force at Trichard's was a surprise to the enemy, who were not in strength. Sir C. Warren, instead of feeling for the enemy, elected to spend two whole days in passing his baggage. During this time the enemy received reinforcements and strengthened his position. On the 19th he attacked and gained a considerable advantage. On the 20th, instead of pursuing it, he divided his force, and gave General Clery a separate command.

According to General Buller, who appears, according to his own account, to have assumed the detached standpoint of a bystander, tempered by an occasional interference, every step taken by General Warren was wrong:

The days went on. I saw no attempt on the part of General Warren either to grapple with the situation or to command his force himself. By the 23rd I calculated that the enemy, who were about 600 strong on the 16th, were not less than 15,000, and General White confirmed this estimate. We had really lost our chance by Sir C. Warren's slowness. He seems to me a man who can do well what he can do himself, but who cannot command, as he can use neither his staff nor subordinates. I can never employ him again on an independent command.

General Buller was conscious that in passing sentence upon Sir Charles Warren he was condemning himself. In fact, he occupied, as regards his subordinate, a position analogous to that of the Government as regards himself, and he thus attempts to escape from the dilemma :

> On the 19th I ought to have assumed command myself; I saw that things were not going well—indeed, every one saw that. I blame myself now for not having done so. I did not, because I thought that if I did I should discredit General Warren in the estimation of the troops, and that if I were shot, and he had to withdraw across the Tugela, and they had lost confidence in him, the consequences might be very serious. I must leave it to higher authority whether this argument was a sound one. Anyhow, I feel convinced that we had a good chance on the 17th, and that we lost it.

The "higher authority" thus appealed to in the person of Lord Roberts has pronounced a judgment (now published for the first time) which will be accepted as final except by pro-Boers, who exploit General Buller for political purposes, and the perfervid Particularists of Devonshire whose hearts are larger than their heads.

> In his note on Sir Charles Warren's report, accompanying despatch of January 30, 1900, Sir Redvers Buller expresses a very adverse opinion on the manner in which Sir Charles Warren carried out the instructions he had received. Without a knowledge of the country and circumstances it is difficult to say whether the delay, misdirection, and want of control, of which Sir Redvers Buller complains, were altogether avoidable; but, in any case, if he considered that his orders were not being properly given effect to, it appears to me that it was his duty to intervene as soon as he had reason to believe that the success of the operations was being endangered. This, indeed, is admitted by Sir Redvers Buller himself, whose explanation of his non-interference can hardly be accepted as adequate. A most important enterprise was being attempted, and no personal considerations should have deterred the officer in chief command from insisting on its being conducted in the manner which, in his opinion, would lead to the attainment of the object in view, with the least possible loss on our side.

The Death of Mr. Rhodes.

After a long and painful illness, during which he had borne his sufferings with uncomplaining stoicism, the greatest of South Africans passed painlessly away in a little shanty at Muizenburg, a watering-place near Cape Town, on March 26. The British world had watched his bedside with the deepest sympathy, and hoped against hope that Mr. Rhodes might be spared for the great work which lay in front of him. But this was not to be, and he died in the consciousness that his task was unachieved, with Tennyson's beautiful lines from "In Memoriam" on his lips :

> So many worlds; so much to do;
> So little done; such things to be.

Some even of the most enthusiastic of Mr. Rhodes' biographers

seem inclined to challenge his own view of his life's work, and to treat it as a completed chapter; we venture to maintain, however, that the more discriminating view is expressed in the message of Lord Milner, who is no flatterer, to a Kimberley newspaper, in which the High Commissioner declared that, from the South African point of view, Mr. Rhodes' loss is "irreparable." It is open to Englishmen who had "doubt, hesitation, and pain," not only as to Mr. Rhodes' methods, but even as to his ultimate goal—at the dubious stage of his career, when his political position depended on the support of a Party who, in the words of their leader desired "a United States of South Africa under *its own flag*"—to believe that his future influence in welding the British and Dutch races together after the present desolating struggle might have completely atoned for any blunders which he may have perpetrated in the past. And it is common knowledge that Lord Milner counted upon his influence as an invaluable factor in the coming settlement. These two dissimilar but remarkable men keenly appreciated one another, and one of the things that will count to Mr. Rhodes for righteousness was his unswerving loyalty to the High Commissioner during the critical days of 1899 when there were plenty of people anxious to make mischief between them and not a few opportunities of doing it.

The Funeral Rites.

Mr. Rhodes' body was removed to Groote Schuur, where it lay for some days, that his many thousand mourners might say farewell. The Cape Government naturally decided upon a State funeral, and the first stage of the obsequies took place in Cape Town Cathedral on April 3. For the moment all differences were buried. Prominent in the procession which accompanied the coffin from the Houses of Parliament to the cathedral were Mr. Merriman, Mr. Sauer, Mr. Molteno, and other Africander members. The Archbishop of Cape Town preached a striking funeral sermon, dwelling on the religious side of Mr. Rhodes' nature. Still more impressive was the subsequent funeral journey to Buluwayo, lasting many days owing to the constant stoppages, and the burial in the chosen tomb in the Matoppos Hills at noon on April 10. A procession five miles long left the capital of Rhodesia in the early morning, moving slowly through the hills and gorges. Reuter's correspondent thus describes the closing scene:

The scene at the last outspan was a most striking one. Here, a mile from the grave, every one dismounted and the rest of the distance was covered on foot. It was, in fact, at this point that the funeral procession proper was formed. No vehicles were allowed, but even with these excluded the line of

mourners was still a mile in length. The military forming the guard of honour marched with arms reversed, and the whole moved slowly off to the strains of the "Dead March" in *Saul*, played by a band, the weird strains re-echoing among the hills. A detachment of volunteers brought up the rear. The place of burial is a large stone kopje so steep and rugged as to be almost inaccessible. The coffin was drawn up the heights by twelve oxen. The hills were lined with wondering natives standing like statues and at first holding back, but finally the indunas Shembli, Faku, and Umgula came down, and over 2000 natives were present at the last rite. All seemed greatly impressed, and the words "My father is dead" were heard on all sides among them.

At the grave Mr. Kipling's noble poem was read by the Bishop of Mashonaland. The closing stanza being as follows :

> There, till the vision he foresaw
> Splendid and whole arise,
> And unimagined empires draw
> To council neath his skies,
> The immense and brooding spirit still
> Shall quicken and control.
> Living he was the land, and dead
> His soul shall be her soul.

Nor was the Bishop's own tribute unworthy of the place or the occasion : "I consecrate this place for ever as his grave. Here he fought, here he lived and died, for the Empire, fully alive to the great mystery of death." At the same moment, viz., half-past two in the afternoon (Greenwich time) took place a magnificent memorial service in St. Paul's, attended by a company such as even the national cathedral has rarely contained, while another memorial service was held at the same time at the parish church of Bishop Stortford, Mr. Rhodes' birthplace.

Mr. Rhodes' Will.

The public had hardly recovered from the sensation which the death of a man filling such a large place as Mr. Rhodes necessarily caused, when its breath was, so to speak, taken away by a still greater sensation in the shape of his Will, which instinctively carried men's minds back to the Will of Cæsar, who followed up his public service by dedicating his wealth to the public cause. Neither in our generation nor in any generations known to ours has there been any testamentary conception to be compared to the lofty ambition of Mr. Rhodes. We can only hope that the execution of his scheme may be worthy of its inspiration, and that the great objects in view may be attained. Quite apart from its public aspects, as a human document, the Will has an overpowering interest. After appointing as his executors and trustees Lord Rosebery, Lord Grey, Lord Milner, Mr. Alfred Beit, Dr. Jameson, Mr. Mitchell, and Mr. Hawkesley, the testator gave the following directions for his burial :

I admire the grandeur and loneliness of the Matoppos in Rhodesia and therefore I desire to be buried in the Matoppos on the hill which I used to visit and which I called the "View of the World" in a square to be cut in the rock on the top of the hill covered with a plain brass plate with these words thereon—"Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes."

All his landed property near Buluwayo and at Inyanga, near Salisbury, is bequeathed to his trustees for the benefit of the people of Rhodesia, while a sum sufficient to yield an income of £4000 is to be invested as "the Matoppos and Buluwayo Fund," to be applied "in preserving, protecting, maintaining, adorning, and beautifying" the burial-ground which is to become the Pantheon of South Africa. His beautiful house De Groote Schuur, near Cape Town, with all its contents and the adjoining property, is to be set apart as the future residence of the Federal Premier of South Africa, to which is attached an income of £1000 a year. Then £100,000 is bequeathed to his old college at Oxford, Oriel, the bequest ending with a delightful touch which has caused some irritation in academic circles and proportionate satisfaction elsewhere: "And, finally, as the college authorities live secluded from the world, and so are like children as to commercial matters, I would advise them to consult my trustees as to the investment of these various funds." But the principal feature of the Will is the immense provision made for bringing Colonials, Americans, and even Germans to Oxford University. The Colonial scheme is thus explained:

Whereas I consider that the education of young Colonists at one of the Universities in the United Kingdom is of great advantage to them for giving breadth to their views for their instruction in life and manners and for instilling into their minds the advantage to the Colonies as well as to the United Kingdom of the retention of the Unity of the Empire

Therefore the testator directs the creation at Oxford University of sixty scholarships of the annual value of £300 a year each, twenty-four for students from South Africa, and the remaining thirty-six for Australia, North America, and the West Indian Colonies. The American scholarships, which are also at the rate of £300 a year, are to be allotted at the rate of two to every State and Territory in the Union, but only one of the two is to be filled in every year. The Rhodes scholars are "not to be merely bookworms," so

Regard shall be had to (i) his literary and scholastic attainments (ii) his fondness of and success in manly outdoor sports such as cricket football and the like (iii) his qualities of manhood truth courage devotion to duty sympathy for the protection of the weak kindliness unselfishness and fellowship and (iv) his exhibition during school days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates for those latter attributes will be likely in afterlife to guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim.

There are to be no racial or religious disqualifications attached to the studentships, while corporate feeling among them is to be stimulated by an annual dinner.

The Codicil.

The Will is followed by a characteristic codicil dealing with the Dalham Hall estate near Newmarket, which Mr. Rhodes bought when he was last in England. It is strictly settled on his brother, Colonel Francis Rhodes, and Captain Ernest Rhodes, and their heirs male, but by a qualifying clause a singular and possibly inoperative effort is made to keep "loafers" out of the property. We cannot resist reproducing the well-deserved tribute to the English country gentleman :

> One of the things making for the strength of England is the ownership of country estates which could maintain the dignity and comfort of the head of the family but that this position has been absolutely ruined by the practice of creating charges upon the estates either for younger children or for the payment of debts whereby the estates become insufficient to maintain the head of the family in dignity and comfort And whereas I humbly believe that one of the secrets of England's strength has been the existence of a class termed "The country landlords" who devote their efforts to the maintenance of those on their own property And whereas this is my own experience

Therefore any tenant, either for life or in tail, who attempts to encumber Dalham Hall property shall forfeit it, as shall also any inheritor who has not belonged for ten years to some profession (the army apparently excepted), while he must also be a member of a militia or volunteer corps. Such, in very brief outline, are the provisions of this extraordinary Will, of which we should remember only a part has been published, and perhaps the least important part. The residue of the real and personal estate, which may amount tc one or to several millions, is left to the executors "absolutely as joint tenants." Upon this the *Law Journal* observes: "the bequest of the residue to named persons as 'joint tenants' has perhaps excited less attention than it deserves. 'Joint tenants' suggests trusteeship. Is there what is often called a secret trust, and if so, what is its value and what are its objects ?" One of Mr. Rhodes' dreams, as we have been permitted to know through a somewhat grotesque medium, was apparently the foundation of a Society organised on the model of the Jesuits to promote Anglo-American dominion in the interests of universal peace and human happiness. We trust that there will be no secrecy as to the disposal of the residue, as otherwise the most ridiculous legends will be circulated in Europe and America as to "the underground machinations" of the Rhodes trustees.

AT THE CASTLE OF KRONBORG*

NOTE.—This stirring historical incident takes place on the night of October 29, 1658, and the following day, prior to the storming of Copenhagen by the Swedes under King Carl the tenth Gustaf. The Royal author particularly explains that his dramatic sketch was never intended for scenic representation, lacking, in fact, several essential conditions for that purpose. The original being in blank verse, no attempt at "versification" has been made.—C.S.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING CARL *the Tenth Gustaf.*
QUEEN HEDVIG ELEONORA.
THE YOUNG DUKE OF HOLSTEIN, *the Queen's Brother.*
THE COUNTESS EUPHROSYNE DE LA GARDIE, *King Carl's Sister*, née *Countess Palatine of Plaltz.*
COUNT CARL GUSTAV WRANGEL, *High Admiral of the Fleet* (*the "Swedish Nelson"*).
COUNT BJELKENSTJERNA, *Rear Admiral.*
GENERAL ERIK DAHLBERG, *Chief of the Swedish Army.*
SCHLIPPENBACH, *the King's Confidant.*
TWO LADY'S MAIDS OF THE COURT.
THE CAPTAIN OF THE CASTLE GUARDS, WARRIORS, AND COURT PEOPLE.

FIRST SCENE.

(*An apartment in the castle in mediæval style. Night. The flare of the camp-fires in the courtyard penetrates the deep-set windows. Song below.*)

Chorus of Soldiers:

Battle us calls
To try the hard Swedish steel;
Victory us shows the path
To a glorious goal.

* A Dramatic Sketch. By Oscar Fredrik (H.M. Oscar II., the King of Sweden and Norway). Done into English, with special permission, by Carl Siewers.

Chorus of Sailors :

Glorious are the waves
That sing on the foaming sea.
Ready, aye, for the fight
The sailor ploughs his deep blue grave.

The Soldiers :

And when we return
Jubilant to quarters,
The wine doth flow
And the blushing maidens
Welcome the victors with open arms.

The Sailors :

And when our port is reached,
Away from the ocean's roar,
Loving hearts offer a rest
To the sons of the crested wave.

Together :

On far away earth
Or roving the sea,
But rather by far
In the Land of the Northern Star,
The warrior finds his lasting grave.

SECOND SCENE.

(*Two Lady's Maids of the Court meet coming from opposite sides.*)

First. Who goes there ?

Second. A friend !

First. Heaven be praised ! I was so frightened. Oh, what a dreadful night ! All the courtyards of the castle swarm with carles, who fill the air with shuddering shrieks ! But how fares our Queen ?

Second. Her Majesty in tears hath wakened through the whole long night in anxiety for her Consort.

First. Aye, but full well do we know whither the King steered the course, when yestern-eve, of a sudden, he so mysteriously disappeared, leaving his Queen and the guests invited to sup and dance.

Second. True, his Majesty hath again withdrawn himself from his Consort, his splendid Court, and noble guests, for some warlike deed. For we have been told that the warships of the Dutch have been cruising off our coasts for many days past. And they

are not exactly friendly, as we do well know. Soon, perchance, the crews will swarm around the castle walls like greedy animals of prey around the lair of the watchful forest king. God help us all!

First. True, indeed! Rather in Stockholm's peaceful palace would I be than in this gloomy castle!

Second. Hist! Some one is approaching! My faith, it is our Queen! To see her thus roaming in the midst of night is no good sign. 'Twere best we were not seen.

(*They hurry out together.*)

THIRD SCENE.

(*The Queen, with the Countess Euphrosyne.*)

The Queen. Nay, vainly dost thou speak, my precious Euphrosyne, of calmness and the healing gift of slumber. For my soul with anxiety is torn, and cannot rest, though I slumber. In these dismal halls, where ghostly shadows dog my steps, and spectres threatening rise before my startled gaze, and where the echo from out each corner dark returns to me with double force and mocks each step and word—here, rest and calmful peace have not their home. In terror do they flee, like frighted deer. And the Goddess of Battle, in bloody armour clad, with warlike clamour and deafening uproar, transforms the castle into an abode of horror, and, deaf to all my prayers for mercy, doth chill the surging blood within my bosom.

Countess Euphrosyne. Your Majesty is agitated beyond measure. In such a case the heart doth even dream of danger and misfortune. But as surely do they vanish at the dawn of day. Why is the King not here? Is his brave host of warriors not gathered around the stronghold? Is not every hour spent in preparation for defence, led by Europe's most war-skilled men? When that be so, why talk of fear?

The Queen. 'Tis not for myself I tremble thus, my lovely cousin; but oh! for him, who is the pillar of the land, and who, at every moment of his noble life, is threatened here with death by the bullets of the enemy or the dagger of the assassin!

(*She sinks into a chair, covering her face with her hands.*)

Countess. Be calm, your Majesty, and let us e'er remember that in Heaven there dwells a God—a Father true and good—who reveals to us His merciful commands and crushes those who thirst for blood.

The Queen. Aye, true! And yet, if he should fall, how then are his lofty aims to be fulfilled? I am but a woman, and I feel

I have not the strength thereto. Ah, what sublime ideas, with Carl Gustaf, will then be buried! And this I know—and, at the thought, my tears do stream anew, and my heart with fear and trembling doth feel like breaking. Oh, hidden destiny! The *Nornas* of Fate are weaving the dark web, and soon decided, then shall be the mightiness of Sweden or her fall!

FOURTH SCENE.

(*A Court Lady, Carl Gustaf, Slippenbach, The young Duke of Holstein, Erik Dahlberg, and others.*)

A Court Lady. Your Majesty, just now the King returned, riding with all speed into the courtyard of the castle, and dismounted at the door leading hither.

The Queen (*hastening to meet him*). What glorious tidings! Ah, now the heavy clouds that veiled my mind do lift like magic!

Carl Gustaf. Good morning, Hedvig! But what ails thee? Why so early arisen? And thou art pale and trembling! Pray tell me what has happened!

The Queen. Oh, 'twas for thee I trembled! But now already hath my deep anxiety vanished like the morning mist, since my heart, my life, my all, to me again hath now returned!

Carl Gustaf. The Consort of a soldier should not tremble at the dangers which beset her husband, when he goes forth in arms for the defence of his beloved foster-land. For read the stirring Sagas of the North, and learn what women were of yore. Yet lives the doughty deed of Blenda in the ancient epics, when men did hurriedly depart upon the path of war, and yet the splendid Danish Army fell at last before the women of the Varend. And no real fear thou needest feel, my Hedvig. Boldly and bravely must thou think and act as Sweden's lofty Queen and the noble Consort of her Monarch. And even should I fall in fighting bravely for my beloved people, it is *thy* duty to guard the cradle of our son —his rights, and honour too—and him upraise in the glorious faith of his departed sires. (*The Queen withdraws with her suite.*)

FIFTH SCENE.

(*The former, without the Queen.*)

Carl Gustaf (*to Dahlberg*). A truly daring stroke was that to row so near the fleet of Opdam in the night. But if sure knowledge of the enemy's strength is to be gained, in faith, something must be ventured.

Dahlberg. May I ask, was his Majesty himself in the skiff ?

Carl Gustaf (*laughing*). My way of old, you know.

Dahlberg. Aye, true, and so it is to every Swedish man throughout the foster-land. And that hath knit for evermore the precious land that now entwines great Sweden's King and Sweden's army. But the welfare of the nation doth also claim thy due regard. It claims thy caution—that—before the hour of need arrive—the King should keep from risks his valued life. And well might one demand : What precious object is attained by such dare-devil ventures ?

Carl Gustaf. In truth, thou may'st be right, yet change my nature now I cannot, and Providence doth guard the life of of every mortal till his allotted course be run. And fancy, too ! —there sat a guest—a highly noble one to boot—with me in that frail craft—Terlon, the Ambassador of France, to see the fun to which I singly had invited him this night.

Dahlberg (*to himself*). Ever and ever that self-same faith in his brilliant destiny—ever that same daring contempt of death !

Carl Gustaf (*to Schlippenbach*). Hark thee, Schlippenbach ! Hast thou sent word to Wrangel, to hasten hither, as I requested thee ?

Schlippenbach. The brave captain of the sea is already in the adjoining chamber, awaiting your Majesty's commands.

Carl Gustaf. Beg him to come here, and ascend thyself the highest tower of the castle and scan the Cattegat, and bring us news of what may be going forward there, now that dawn hath risen upon the enveiling night. (*He goes.*)

SIXTH SCENE.

(*Carl Gustaf, Dahlberg, Wrangel.*)

Carl Gustaf. Welcome art thou, my brave Wrangel, by whose fidelity the foster-land and King hath nobly weathered all the vagaries of time ! With gratitude indeed, I yet remember that in my youth—and when Lennart Tortenson, our famous warrior, returned from his victories and from his faithful fighting men, and from me he was compelled to part, torn with anguish—Providence so happily reserved *you* to me as my task-master and my right hand in all our glorious wars. Give me thine hand—the strong and faithful hand, whose guidance I to-day do seek as in the days of yore ! Thou know'st that Opdam, close in shore, at Lappen's Ground, hath anchored with his fleet, and seems intent on carrying out his threat. What doest thou counsel ?

Wrangel (*with emphasis*). Why—to resolutely turn upon the

enemy that faces thee, before he can his strength together gather and his plans mature. That is a maxim we know full well the value of at sea, and which success doth e'er attend. That I desire to leave the roadstead here, where we for room are hampered, and to battle give, with the fleet, upon the open sea—of that, your Majesty is well aware!

Carl Gustaf. But if thou beaten art, what shelter is then better than the guns at Kronborg? Invincible is my army! Crowned with laurels of victory, it comes from every fight, that I do witness year by year, and have myself created what was not an heirloom from the immortal days of the Great Gustaf Adolf Wasa. Still, the navy I have not yet learnt to know, but of its zeal and courage I have never doubted, but experience, it is said, is not so easy gained in your calling!

Wrangel. Nor do I, in truth, belittle the many difficulties of my plans, but still I firmly stand by what I said but recently. The wind was southern, and, with loosened sheets, we might have swooped down upon our enemy at anchor. Now, alas, I fear it is too late, as all our pilots do opine that the wind to-day will to the northward veer, with northern currents setting in. If so, the moment has been lost, and compelled we are now to meet the wary sea-dog, Opdam, with his fleet, in the narrows of the roadstead—no easy task, I trow!

Carl Gustaf. But hark thou, Wrangel! Dost thou fully value the advantage we possess in two strongholds on the Sound—aye, this one right opposite the coast of Sweden?

(*Wrangel makes a movement of dissent.*)

Carl Gustaf. And dost thou think that Opdam will risk, with a convoy of a hundred merchantmen, to throw himself heedlessly into the gap of a withering cannon fire? I doubt it, and, for sure, our gallant Dahlberg is of that opinion too!

Dahlberg (*who has hitherto been absorbed in meditation*). Your Majesty—to *overlook* the Sound is one thing, but to *rule* it is another! Just now, I did return from the siege of Copenhagen, where, in front of our camp, the heavy cannon taken from those walls hath been mounted—and thus I cannot—nor ought I to conceal my deep anxiety. The small ones left behind would hardly, I opine, suffice to bar the way to Copenhagen against a resolute and daring enemy.

Carl Gustaf (*reflectively*). And even you! Perhaps—aye, perhaps I may be wrong. But let that pass! Already dawn is breaking. The heavy shadows of the dark October night do lift but slowly. Yet so be it, by the grace of that All-Merciful and Potent God, who reads our hearts and thoughts!

Wrangel (*looking out of the window*). Alas, too late, my King ! For already Boreas doth sweep the waters and howls around the castle walls ! Now is the turn of Opdam, if he be as good a sailor as we have been told !

SEVENTH SCENE.

(*The former. Schlippenbach enters hurriedly.*)

Schlippenbach. At earliest peep of dawn, I clearly saw the whole fleet of the Netherlander under sail in three deep lines, steering, with fair wind, for the roadstead here, it seemed.

Carl Gustaf. By the Lord ! Then there is no time to tarry ! Schlippenbach, hasten, and call without delay the castle guards to arms. (*Exit Schlippenbach.*)

Carl Gustaf. And, Wrangel—sail thou into the Sound, with all our fleet, and bar the way before them ! Tell thy valiant captains I to-day expect them, one and all, to do their duty. In the coming fight, I do not doubt, determination is required. Let those be boarded who do press hardest. *That* ancient custom suits us Swedes the best. The Romans of old too often followed it successfully with the great fleets of Carthage, yet far superior to their own in seamanship.

Wrangel. Your Majesty—what can be done, that will I do, upon the honour of a fearless man ! (*Exit.*)

EIGHTH SCENE.

(*The drums calling to arms are heard in the distance, together with bugle calls and warlike uproar.*) (*Carl Gustaf, Dahlberg, the Duke of Holstein, and, presently, the Queen.*)

The Duke (*coming from the left, speaking to Dahlberg*). What portends this alarm ? My sister sends me to inquire what dangers new are threatening.

Dahlberg. The Netherlandish Fleet hath set all sail, and will indeed be soon within good fighting distance. It seems 'tis true, a serious attempt is being made, with aid of wind and tide, to force the way to Copenhagen's rescue.

The Queen (*hurrying in*). Oh, my foreboding was but true ! (*Hastening up to the King.*) And thou, Carl Gustaf, my noble Consort, heart of my soul—thou must again encounter newborn dangers ! Yet another enemy hath armed himself against you ! My God, when will this fighting cease ? When shall a lasting peace again hold sway in these our Northern Lands !

Carl Gustaf. "*The more enemies, the greater is the glory !*" That

is, as thou art well aware, my Royal motto. And, as I do believe, a good one and a true. Be calm, my Queen. Here, within this castle, fear no danger. I go where duty and my honour call the King!

The Queen. Again to tempt a soldier's death!

Carl Gustaf. God of my fathers! as of yore, shall I now watch and guard the destinies of my beloved Sweden, to whom my life belongs! Gladly to death I go to-day, if such shall be the will of God!

(*The King signs to his warriors to follow him. As soon as he has left the stage, martial music is heard, with warlike clamour and cheers. The Queen goes out on the left, supported by her ladies.*)

NINTH SCENE.

(*The Upper Wall of the castle.*)

(*Carl Gustaf, the Duke of Holstein, Dahlberg, Schlippenbach. Around them, officers and body guards. Guns are being hurried to the ramparts, whilst cannoneers stand ready with their fuses, awaiting the signal to fire. The sun is just rising over the Swedish coast.*)

Schlippenbach. Your Majesty, from this lofty eminence a clear view is obtained of the Sound, and all the most important outworks of the castle.

Carl Gustaf (*approaching the breastwork*). Look yonder! Yet nearer do they come in serried columns. That for particular attention calls.

Dahlberg. Holland, not in vain, is styled the foremost power of the sea, and gravely must be indeed watched when she sends into battle such famous sea-dogs as an Opdam, a Floris, and a De Wett. Just look how each doth bravely head his stately squadron!

The Duke. Close to Helsingborg, and along the Swedish coast, I clearly can discern De Wett, steering his line of battle ship, *Brederode*—for last night we approached her very close. And, on our side, close in shore, we have, in faith, Opdam, with the biggest vessel of his fleet, carrying his well-known flag!

Dahlberg. The main fleet seems, if I am not mistaken, quite unnoticed—standing down along the Swedish coast before the wind, and steering further out beyond the use of our guns—a truly wise precaution!

Carl Gustaf. Yet many, by the press of numbers, are forced near enough to us, and shall not escape untouched. (*Calls to the*

lower breastwork of the fortress.) Let them hear the bark of the Swedish dogs of war!

(*A salvo of guns resounds across the waters.*)

The Duke. Mayhap, yet they may hesitate, on finding us prepared for fight.

Dahlberg. My Prince, there is an old saying in my home, that "He who takes the devil on board, has to take him ashore too." Moreover, long and carefully hath Opdam planned his attack. Unavoidable becomes the fight!

Carl Gustaf (*who has listened attentively to the last words*). Aye, thou art right! With the silence of contempt they treated our warning. An insult that to Sweden's King, which cannon balls alone can wipe away! (*To a cannoneer.*) Give me thy fuse!

(*The King runs to the nearest gun, aims it carefully, and fires.*)

The Duke. By the Lord! Struck in the middle of the quarter deck of Floris' battle ship!

Carl Gustaf. Hasten, one and all, to your allotted posts by castle wall and turret, and fire thence in unison when I the signal give.

(*They run to their quarters. At the same moment, the castle clock in the turret strikes the hour of eight, and the sun appears brilliantly over the hills of the Swedish coast, whilst furthest to the right are seen the topmasts of the* Victoria, *with Wrangel's standard at the main, followed by Rear Admiral Bjelkenstjerna's ship the* Dragon, *and others, but soon disappear.*)

Dahlberg. My noble King—see how, in serried order and in line of battle yonder, with sails begoldened by the morning sun, and death agrinning from each port-hole at their sides—a fleet of warships sails, as in a festival procession, to battle give to a superior enemy!

Carl Gustaf. A nobler sight the world could not behold! Oh, Wrangel—will thy glorious task succeed, and victory be the just reward of all thy bravery?

Dahlberg. A day of dangers has to them arisen. *Victoria*—stately ship of battle—the standard from thy peak unfurled, is that of Sweden, our foster land! May thy name success bespeak! Yet God divideth victory and defeat as he doth will. Still—if victory be not attained—is bravery, in deeds of history, with laurels crowned!

(*Simultaneously, all the guns of the fortress and on the Sound, roar forth. The King has, for a while, been standing with folded arms, looking fixedly out to sea*).

Carl Gustaf. Ha! What a roar from the batteries of the fleet!

With his entire squadron, Bjelkenstjerna is steering for De Wett. Just so !

The Duke. A cunning sea-dog he—that venerable grey head—a Viking true, upon his fierce *Dragon !*

Dahlberg. And yet, alas, my fears, which, from the outset, I possessed, are now confirmed ! For all the Swedish ramparts are too lowly raised, and their defenders cannot withstand the broadsides of the *Brederode.*

Carl Gustaf. A fault not thine, my noble Dahlberg !

Dahlberg. Innocent or not, it matters little, when such neglect decides the battle. (*The fire of the fortress, at the same time, diminishes more and more.*) And, as I feared, the guns of Kronborg are all too weak to reach the enemy !

TENTH SCENE

(*The former.*)

The Captain of the Guards (*entering hurriedly, and having overheard the last remark*). That, alas, is so, your Majesty ! For hardly do the heavy guns of the Crown Battery on the upper battlement reach them, and the smaller not even half way out.

Carl Gustaf. Now is the time for Wrangel !

(*The roar of guns is heard far away to sea*).

Dahlberg. May the god of war guide all for the best !

Schlippenbach. Broadside to broadside, as if in single mortal combat waged, I see De Wett and Bjelkenstjerna sail.

The Duke. And now De Wett seems trying to escape by tacking hither and thither. Still, Bjelkenstjerna doth not let go his hold upon him. And now they meet ! The bold rover is aboarding his enemy's ship !

Schlippenbach. The fight, it seems, is waxing hot out yonder. May luck attend you, ye boys of Sweden brave !

Dahlberg (*addressing the King*). Your Majesty, the line of battle ship of the High Admiral appears in the midst of the most galling fire, and hemmed in by the enemy's ships, yet nothing daunted. See how she spits flame and fire around her, whilst forging towards her goal ! Opdam's flagship, further off, is hard beset by two of ours. The game is hot indeed !

Carl Gustaf. My brave and noble Wrangel ! My ever ready chieftain of the sea ! Alas, that but to-day, I, for the first time, behold such glorious sight ! Alas, that my deserved care was not before bestowed upon the arms which, e'en to-day, may make return a thousand-fold to Sweden and her King !

Dahlberg (*after a moment's silence*). Still Opdam's fleet as

steadily sails towards its chosen goal, as far as I can follow in the smoke. Unhappily the wind increases, and currents set the faster, too, that way. And now most of his merchantmen have cunningly slid past, unnoticed in the heat of battle, and covered by his guns.

Carl Gustaf. Ah, but taken is De Wett! And others I myself just now saw boarded. Crippled and impaired only—our enemy succeeds in reaching Copenhagen!

Dahlberg. But our Swedish vessels, too, most surely will have suffered in this destructive battle. And, if I see aright, yonder is Bjelkenstjerna, coming with his erstwhile stately *Dragon*, half-sinking, towed towards the Danish shore. And Wrangel, too, with the main force, is incapable of pursuing any longer, for greatly damaged are, in truth, his ships. 'Tis not to be denied!

(*The roar of the guns has slackened for some time, and now entirely ceases.*)

Carl Gustaf. Already the roar of the firing dies away, and a silence deep falls upon the Sound, broken only now and then by Boreas' fierce blasts, and with the clamour of the foaming surf against the castle walls. Is Fortune's verdict given? Nay! For yet the victory from a vainglorious enemy may be wrested; for another Wrangel—as you know, my faithful Dahlberg—another captain of that warlike house—is lying under Hven Island hidden, with eight ships of the fleet, and still untouched by the morning's fight.

Dahlberg. And I have listened, too, for any roar of his guns, borne hither on the wind. But, I fear, in vain! For, through the riven smoke, I can discern, against my feelings, anchored still by Hven's shore, the vessels eight that out at sea should be!

Carl Gustaf (*after a moment's reflection, with rising anger*). By God! I verily believe from cowardice he doth inactive lie, with anchors snugly deep embedded! May my vengeance strike him! The shame of such a deed shall his memory for ever haunt, like the spectre that stalks at the coward's side! (*After a pause.*) * Oh that, as in days of yore, on Boreas' wings, from Poland's snowy fields, mid-winter's biting frost might e'en be carried to yonder shores, and lay its icy hand on that wave-crested sea, and close it in its iron fetters, to build across the Sound a bridge as firm as that once cast across the

* This passage refers to the King's splendid piece of strategy, previously, of marching an army of 20,000 men in the depth of winter across this ice-bound Belt, and suddenly falling upon the rear of the Danish army, which at once surrendered, taken completely by surprise.—C.S.

Belt, for Sweden's King and for his fearless army! And I would then — like by an earthly Bifrost — head my lads in blue across, and soar to Valhalla's fame; and then, before the sun did set, these stately giants of the sea would taken be! But now I stand on Denmark's shore, with my glory-crowned army—helpless and inactive—and that in spite of all the bravery and pluck displayed by my hardy sailor lads, to witness which, our enemies do gather!

Dahlberg. Yet still good fortune they have had, my King, though not exactly victory. And not less full of honour is the day for those who were inferior in strength, yet did not shrink from fighting Holland's might!

Carl Gustaf (*in a broken voice, leaning on the breastwork*). The keys to Denmark's capital have slipped from my hands!

Dahlberg. Yonder I see Bjelkenstjerna coming! Doth to him your Majesty an audience give?

Carl Gustaf (*roused, and with dignity*). A warrior brave is ever welcome.

(*Bjelkenstjerna enters, followed by some officers, carrying De Wett's sword and his standard.*)

ELEVENTH SCENE.

(*The former. Bjelkenstjerna.*)

Bjelkenstjerna. The High Admiral has commanded me, O King, to hasten hither, and lay before your feet these signs of victory, that we, this early morn, have taken in fiercest battle! He would himself have come to thee, but is his ships together gathering in the roadstead.

Carl Gustaf. I owe brave Wrangel thanks for sending *you* to me. Throughout the long and anxious day, your standard I beheld, where fiercest raged the fight, forging to the fore its way, with Berserk irresistibly. And these, the signs of victory? My faith I feel assured you took them from De Wett yourself with those honest hands of thine!

Bjelkenstjerna. Your Majesty is gracious, and heapeth honours on his simple servant! Then it is true that Sweden's King himself did watch old Bjelkenstjerna and his weather-beaten crew, with their beloved ship? We in the service of the sea have not before so honoured been, and with such lavish praise! May, therefore, God the more now bless our noble King!

(*Kisses the King's hand, and hands him De Wett's sword.*)

Carl Gustaf (*closely examining the splendid glittering blade*). This, then, is De Wett's—his own? A truly splendid Damascene

blade is this—taken, I trow, from some savage Moslem pirate! And where has he himself been brought? What has of his stately ship become?

Bjelkenstjerna. That brave and noble son doth no more breathe. He fought despairingly to the very last at the railing of his ship, heading a faithful few. He did not yield till Death's all-soothing angel gave him furlough from further dog-watch here on earthly seas. And she—the splendid *Brederode*—did not long remain above the waves. * We, hastening, saved the hero's body, and his arms and standard. No more could we bring away with us. For the fight did us recall, beset with dangers new.

Carl Gustaf. And like brave men you have them met. And if I be just in honouring the vanquishers of De Wett, truly no enemy himself can cavil at the choice, and must award the honour of the day to Sweden's navy.

Bjelkenstjerna. Aye, from several of the captive officers this praise I heard: "Many a time, Britons, Spaniards, and Turks, in bloody combat, did we meet, but ne'er the like, in fiercest battle, did we encounter—for not as others you Swedes do fight." And speech like unto that, from an enemy's tongue, doth sound like zephyr breezes in the sailor's ear!

Carl Gustaf. My heartfelt thanks receive, my noble friend! Return again to your victorious ship. And to brave Wrangel do this message give: That I do value high his boldness and his zeal—indeed, that of the fleet entirely. With him a meeting soon I shall arrange, and of him counsel take where he now had better sail. (*Exit Bjelkenstjerna.*) And now that this day's work is over, and fighting for the present done, let all my soldiers brave to quarters go, and rest until—and maybe pretty soon—I to the colours do recall them. (*Exeunt all, except Dahlberg and the Duke of Holstein.*) Thou, Dahlberg, within the hour, to the siege of Copenhagen thou shalt hasten, so that it shall be pressed with all our forces. (*To the Duke.*) And thou, my cousin, speed thou to thy sister, and from me inform her that all is over, and she in peace may rest. (*Exeunt both. Aloud—soliloquising.*) Aye, all is truly over. And may you all in peaceful slumbers rest again, forgetful of the anxious moments of the day that's fled! But I—I have away to hasten, the bloody harvest, to ingarner on Rota's field. My path is long and heavy. And only when, from these dark clouds of quarrel and misunderstanding, a day arises, bright and clear, and war by Freja's gaze of love is hushed—then may *I* too find rest, and peacefully my fateful life come to a close! Till

* The Royal author here changes the form of address from singular to ural.—C.S.

then my aim is *high*, and *worthy* too of Sweden's King. But yet to that, the road is long and difficult to tread. Aye, even in my youth, with comrades gay around me, already did I dream, and daringly, of Sweden's lofty crown. And when, in after days, the grace of fortune me to the throne did raise, I never could forget the glorious mission that I ever said was mine ! And I did think my life's enigma then solved was on Vistula's rocky shores, when, entering Poland's capital as King, and John expelled was from realms once his own by my victorious army. Then I beheld anon on every shore that Baltic waves do wash a vassal state, which readily the yoke doth carry still, and sends with pride her noblest youth to battle with my victorious colours of Swedish blue and gold. But thou—oh, thou the glorious land of my beloved mother, seated on the lofty throne, raised high among the mountains of the North, I saw the mightiest state in Europe, with the ocean made into an inland sea, around thee wash. Yet but a step thereto ! Across the ice-bound waves of the Belt, with the Northern winter for my ally, irresistibly did I carve my way with fire and sword, a royal road unto these hostile shores by the Sound, where my host of warriors stands intact, and flushed with victory, agazing at their native land ! And now—when in the chain enfolding all, the final link I had but now to forge—this mighty fleet of Holland doth past the fort of Kronborg break ! In vain the lion, roaring, stands ashore ! Its strength is useless, like its courage bold. And in vain, too, hath flowed the precious blood of Viking sons ! Yet in useless anger we helpless are to scotch the force that is Copenhagen to relieve. In sorrow I do now behold my high-born plans to pieces crumble with lightning's single stroke this glorious but unlucky day, whilst thund'rous clouds and dark again are around me gathered. How could I well conceive a task so full of martial glory, and deeds of bravery, and yet, with eyes closed, it to take in hand, and only when too late to realise where Sweden's welfare and my own do lie ? My object was her *undisputed ruling in the North*, and with her absolute sway of the expanse of yonder Baltic broad, and her rank assured see among the foremost powers of the earth. Aye, to be greeted king in such a realm !—oh, how sweetly did that glorious whisper sound within my ear ! But, alas, I did forget : that, to give effect to this my glorious idea, to be a master of the shore doth not suffice. *At sea* to conquer too—that was my *duty's call !* But never mine that victory was to be. Alas, for this my shortsight, I had to-day too few of those noble walls of oak, wherewith to bar the way for Opdam. In truth, I must upon myself my verdict, fearlessly inflict : *I did the fleet neglect !* She had to shift about as

best she might among the Northern skerries by her cradle, away far from my sight, whilst I, on Poland's steppes, won battle upon battle of doubtful worth with her sister arms ! And now, alas, I fear it is too late ! A life so rapidly doth speed that hardly do the fruits thereof mature, if every seed in earliest spring of youth be sown. And thus in manhood's glorious fulness do I stand, with battle raging north and south, at the head of a victorious nation—a nation yet that unto death is bleeding ! Aye, thou son of mine—beloved of my heart—should'st thou my sceptre ever sway, when passing from my hand, oh, ne'er neglect a mighty navy to acquire—Carl Gustaf's testament is that to thee ! And if that shall be attained, thou mayest, with God's grace, the meridian of Sweden's might attain, for Sweden then to eastward the watchful sentinel of Europe will become, whose greatness may for centuries endure ! Alas, too late, I fear, it is for me to realise that glorious idea ! Yet—nay ! And *is* it still too late ? Is my life's day so near its sunset then ? And shall its evening now passed be in idle dreaming ? Do I now stand on Seeland's shore avanquished ? Oh, nay ! Oh, nay—for evermore ! Yet may the golden crown of victory, as of yore, be won with Swedish blades of steel ! Yet may I forge my destiny for Sweden's good and Sweden's honour, and carve the way to my immediate goal by force of arms ! On twenty thousand warriors brave I may yet reckon, behind me standing here in Denmark's heart. And, with their help, by God, I decided am to try if Fortune yet hath deserted her friends. Aye, and into fiercest battle I my lot will cast ! The more that are the obstacles, the more the honour and the glory to the Swedish name and arms ! My warriors brave and true ! On you I call ! Aye, forward then we bravely march, to take by storm yon Copenhagen—the proud and envious capital of these Danish realms !

(*A fanfare of trumpets sounds in the distance.*)

CURTAIN.

MOTIVES TO IMPERIAL FEDERATION*

WITHIN the last twenty years Great Britain has passed through two crises which should appeal strongly to the attention and intelligence—if not also to the practical sympathy—of Americans. Not only have they an analogy to problems we ourselves have met and solved in the course of our national existence, but the result to which they tend, by confirming the power of the British Empire, will probably strengthen likewise the external policy of the United States during the next generation. Interest, due in any case, is emphasised by the fact that the issue at stake has been the same in both these momentous instances. Under all superficial divergences, and misleading appearances, the real question about Ireland and about South Africa has been, "shall Great Britain exist as an Empire, or shall it fall to pieces by a series of willing or tolerated secessions?" As Joseph said to Pharaoh concerning the two visions of the lean kine and the blasted ears—The dream is one. The impetus given to Imperial Federation by the South African War, the striking root downward and bearing fruit upward of the Imperial idea, has doubtless been immense; but the moment really decisive of the Empire's future—as an empire—is to be sought in the period when Mr. Parnell's effort at disruption obtained the support of Mr. Gladstone. That was the critical instant; the moment of shock, which determined both that the conception should come to the birth, and that, being born, it should not be strangled in its cradle.

An impressive article published in 1885, on the eve of the general election which resulted in that disastrous stroke of policy, Mr. Gladstone's Irish Bill, both foretold its coming and in a spirit of prophecy, perhaps not fully conscious of the scope of its utterance, predicted likewise the inevitable revulsion of the nation from a foreign policy marked by constant feebleness and repeated disgrace, as well as from an economical propaganda, which, whatever its possible fitness to a future yet distant, had outrun the general sentiment of the people too far to be practi-

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cable. The foreign policy—summed up in the words of Candahar, Majuba, Suakim, Khartoum, and Gordon—was identified by the writer with the name of Mr. Gladstone; the economical programme with that of Mr. Chamberlain. Neither the one nor the other was longer acceptable. The issue indicated, and since fulfilled, was the abatement of interest in internal changes, and the concentration of national sentiment upon external policy.

It needed only the announcement of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Bill of 1886 to precipitate the conclusion, for which men's minds were already prepared. The Irish measure, in form a matter of arrangement internal to the United Kingdom, was in essence one the gravest bearing of which was upon external policy; for in principle it involved the dissolution of the Empire. It is to the undying honour and distinction of Mr. Chamberlain that he quickly recognised the issue, and decided without hesitation that the existence of the nation and of the Empire, in undiminished power, involved the interests of every class of the community, and, therefore, utterly exceeded in immediate importance all projects of social readjustment. Subordinating to the general welfare the objects with which he had been most closely associated, he separated himself from the party of his lifelong allegiance, in which lay the best hope of accomplishing his social programme, and thenceforth has given pre-eminence to the Imperial interests which he saw threatened. This postponement of political objects involved a sacrifice of personal ambition, to be appreciated only by recalling the conditions of that time. The same astute observer, writing but a year later, when the momentous step had been taken, derided its finality:

> Mr. Chamberlain is the obvious successor of Mr. Gladstone in leadership of the democracy. It is idle to suppose he would sacrifice this prospect for the sake of taking a subordinate position in a Conservative, or even a Coalition Ministry. Sooner or later the logic of facts must separate him from his present associates. . . . His assistance to Unionists is welcome as long as it lasts. Of its essence, however, it is transitory. Mr. Chamberlain will return to the Liberal fold, probably at no remote date.

The logic of one great thought, Imperial Unity, the exclusive leading of the single eye, has falsified the predictions; but it is only fair to accept their measurement of what Mr. Chamberlain surrendered by his act.

It is to be apprehended that the recent striking outburst of blended national and imperial sentiments, in Great Britain and her colonies, the display of unified enthusiasm sweeping over the various quarters of the Empire, has been an unpleasant surprise to the world at large. In it has been recognised the strong bond

of national feeling, oneness of origin and blood, joined to and inspiring the Imperial conviction which involves a fundamental unity of policy. If, in the union of the two, deed answered to word, if success followed upon attempt, a power nothing short of new had arisen the world. The fluttering conception of twenty years ago had become a reality ; incipient perhaps, but with what a possible future ! To this, doubtless, has been due in great part the corresponding unanimity of denunciation on the Continent. An unexpected manifestation of power and resolution has elicited an echoing outcry from disappointed anticipation. It is not quite thirty years (1874) since a foreign naval captain remarked to me that in his belief England was a "colosse à pieds d'argile." This impression was general. The phrase voiced a wish as well as a thought ; and it may be said that then there was much to justify the implied prophecy, whether it took the shape of a hope or a fear, prompted by dislike or by affection. The tendency of the great money-getting era of trade and material prosperity, of exclusive devotion to purely commercial ideals, of the prevalence of strictly national, internal, domestic interests over colonial sympathies and Imperial ambitions, was then culminating to its decline ; and one looked in vain for the appearance of higher aspirations and broader views, bearing promise of a fresh spring to national life. A down grade seemed at hand.

After the long supremacy of the dollars-and-cents standards of policy, which arose and flourished in the middle of the nineteenth century, to languish and droop with its closing decades, experience is refreshed, and hope stimulated, by the sight of two great peoples, who speak the same tongue and inherit the same traditions, casting aside considerations of mere momentary cost, and abandoning themselves to the domination of a lofty ideal. This the United States did in 1861, under the tremendous impetus exerted by the simple words "The Union," which, cherished almost to idolatry by the boyhood of the North during preceding generations—as the writer well remembers—lifted the nation to its feet as one man, when disruption threatened. The Union was to us a personification, devotion to which probably afforded the nearest approach to personal loyalty that the spirit of our institutions warrants. Again, though to a less degree, in the Philippines matter, where no such commanding motive or long tradition exists to inspire, there is nevertheless to be found, surely disengaging itself from the confused tumult of impressions inevitable upon decisions taken in the heat of pressing action, the deep conviction, wide-spread among the people, that here is no mere question of gain or loss, of land or of money, but one of

moral responsibility. Upon us has devolved, by an inevitable sequence of causes, responsibility to our conscience for an assemblage of peoples in moral and political childhood ; and responsibility further to the world at large, and to history—the supreme earthly judge of men's actions—for our course in the emergency thrust upon us. As such, the United States has accepted the burden. Its duties are not to be discharged by throwing them overboard, or by wrapping our political talent in a napkin for our own national security and ease.

The noble record of Great Britain in Egypt during the past twenty years, justly considered, gives inspiration and direction to our purposes for the Philippines. External conditions are doubtless most diverse ; but if the informing spirit be the same, it will adapt itself to the circumstances, and the goodwill will find the way to manifest itself in the damp lowlands and mountains of the islands as surely as in the dry Nile valley. Here the example has been set us for encouragement ; and to cavillers at the integrity of our purpose, or the advantage of our efforts to a subject people, we have but to cite Egypt, which, like the Philippines and but a few years before them, is emerging from a long period of oppression, to advance through national childhood to such measure of self-administration as its people may prove fit for.

As regards the question of Federal Union, the priority of experience is reversed. However great the difference of conditions here presented to the British Empire and to America—and it is at least greater than the diversity between the Philippines and Egypt—the United States has been the first to find a solution. The American colonies began their attempt under the difficulty of mutual alienation, due to long standing tradition, and with interests differing probably more radically than those which now exist between the several English-speaking parts of the British Empire. Despite this serious initial obstacle, the thirteen original states, aided later by those afterwards constituted, worked out the problem of Union through a prolonged period of perplexity, anxiety, repulsion, and dissension, to final achievement ; in the completeness of which the men of to-day have almost lost the very memory of the antecedent travail, and of the narrow margin by which ruin was more than once escaped. Here, as in Egypt, but with more vital issues, there is the cheering example of success, wrung in this instance out of the jaws of imminent failure. Hence, while the difference of circumstances surrounding the problem of Imperial Federation preclude, in great measure, any advantage of precedents, to be found in the historic path by which the American communities made their way to

union, it may safely be argued that, if the informing spirit of desire be present, the adequate motive to a closer Imperial bond recognised, the questions of form and method will be solved in the one case as they have been in the other. In both, the purpose and end is the same; to assure unified, or Imperial, external action, by the means of an adequate organ, common to all, while preserving the independence of the several parties in their internal affairs. Whatever the particular solution appropriate to either, both present the difficulty of reconciling in practical working two principles, which in terms appear contradictory, whereas in fact they may prove complementary.

Questions of such difficult character do not recommend themselves to practical mankind as political conundrums, in answering which the satisfaction of the intellect is its own sufficient reward. They are not accepted by men as recreations, but are forced upon them by urgency. They must supply their own adequate motive, and propose their own reasonable end, or they receive no attention. Only by motives most grave, by danger most pressing, by inconvenience serious in the present and threatening to be intolerable in the future, were the United States first driven into a combination, imperfect and often grudging. From this, still under the pressure of renewed urgency, they advanced into a union more perfect in form, but still sadly lacking in unity either of understanding or sentiment; until finally, to avert dismemberment, physical force itself had to be exerted by those who had come not only to believe in the Union, but by long unquestioning devotion to love it supremely. Mutual jealousy, quite as much as mutual love, characterised the first efforts of the States at association. As feeling grew kinder and warmer, divergence of interests and of political ideals still tended to preserve and promote the element of repulsion, as was shown in the debates on the acceptance of the present Constitution, and in many incidents of checkered national life through two generations. Ultimately, translated into broader action, from individual states to groups of states, the last manifestation of the disruptive tendency took on a sectional form, upon a scale so large that the ensuing war was in character rather international than "civil," as it has been commonly styled.

With one exception there does not exist, among the different bodies which should compose the Federal Empire of Great Britain, the traditional alienation which hampered the movement of the American states in their first efforts towards union. The exception, of course, is Ireland. Practically regarded, it is impossible for a military man, or a statesman with appreciation of military condi-

tions, to look at the map and not perceive that the ambition of Irish separatists, if realised, would be even more threatening to the national life of Great Britain than the secession of the South was to that of the American Union. It would be deadlier also to Imperial aspirations; for Ireland, by geographical position, lies across and controls the communications of Great Britain with all the outside world, save only that considerable, but far from preponderant, portion which borders the North Sea and the Baltic. Independent and hostile, it would manacle Great Britain, which at present is, and for years to come must remain, by long odds the most powerful member of the Federation, if that take form. The Irish question, therefore, is vitally important, not to Great Britain only, but to the Colonies. The considerations that swayed the mind of the Union in the Civil War apply with peculiar force to the connection between Great Britain and Ireland. And let it be distinctly noted that the geographical relation of Ireland to Great Britain imposes as indispensable a political relation which would be fatal to any scheme of federation between the Mother Country and the remote great colonies. The legislative supremacy of the British Parliament, against the assertion of which the American colonists revolted, and which to-day would be found intolerable in exercise in Canada and Australia, cannot be yielded in the case of an island, where independent action might very well be attended with fatal consequences to its partner. The instrument for such action, in the shape of an independent Parliament, could not safely be trusted even to avowed friends.

The constant lightening of control by the Mother Country, and the concession of substantial self-government, have removed from the problem before Great Britain and her colonies the initial disadvantage under which the American states drew together; but, on the other hand, the idea of Imperial Federation long awaited the impulse which they received, first, from a common extreme danger, and afterwards from their close contact with one another, which emphasised the general injury that mutual independence and inconsiderate action were daily causing. It is not fanciful to say that, as the common dangers to the American colonies from the power of Great Britain, which was to them irresistible unless they combined, supplied the first motive to effectual association; so the needed impulse, urgent, if not imperative, was found by the members of the British Empire in the danger and threatened oppression of one of their number by alien blood. The feeling of nationality, the sentiment of one blood and one political tradition, wrought powerfully in support

of Imperial action in South Africa ; and it is a commonplace that action intensifies sentiment.

When the American colonists united in form, however defective, they had made a large practical step towards the sentiment of union, which as a constraining force is even stronger than interest. In that which has been well named "the critical period" of American history, between the War of Independence and the adoption of the Constitution, the love of the Union showed itself forcibly in the utterances even of those who dreaded Union on the terms proposed. Seeing the narrow majorities by which these were accepted, it is easy to believe that only the realisation in act of the first Union, that of the Confederacy, made possible the second—the Federal Union. When the British colonies and the Mother Country three years ago rose together in defence of a threatened brother and child, translating into action an idea nascent, but as yet weak in its grasp of men's affections, they also advanced a first stage, the most important stage, in the direction of a further unity, under such ultimate form as their particular relations may demand. The analogy of the two cases is perfectly real. The idea of union was not new to Americans before their Revolution. On the contrary, its advantages were obvious ; but all attempts prompted by manifest interest fell abortive, until pressure was supplied by the Stamp Act and its train of incidents. The legislation of the Transvaal, supplemented by the Afrikander Bond, has fulfilled the same office in the history of Imperial Federation ; unless, indeed, a prior claim to that honour be established for Mr. Parnell. Not the conception, nor yet tentative theories, were wanting ; but languid inclination had to be quickened into stirring life by contact with pressing occasion.

Two successive dangers, Ireland and South Africa, have thus contributed to the onward movement of Imperialism. They have indicated a need and furnished a motive. The first gave birth to aspiration, conscious and definite, towards a higher form of Imperial development ; corresponding in analogy, though by no means necessarily in outward resemblance, to the "more perfect union" of the once loosely combined American states. The second emphasised the wisdom of such a policy by a concrete example of its advantages. Aspiration, having found its opportunity, was translated into action ; and action in turn reinforces and stimulates aspiration by demonstration, and by its powerful effect upon sentiment, the great motive force of humanity. Happily, too, for the general impulse, the illustration of advantage has been afforded in one of the great colonies,

where national self-existence, entire independence of outside control, and exemption from the exposure attendant upon an Imperial war, might have a preponderant hold upon men's minds. The specific utility of the Imperial connection to the large secondary members was shown ; for the menace to one of them came from a State which, though in form internal to the Empire, was in fact and power external as well as alien.

Similar conditions may well arise elsewhere, with extreme increase of danger to one of the great colonies, if severed by independence from the support of the British Navy. Canada, doubtless, whatever she might lose otherwise, would find territorial immunity in the policy of the United States, avowed in the Monroe Doctrine—as applicable to her as to South America ; but to South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, in the absence of the Imperial bond, local difficulties—such as those of the Transvaal and of New Guinea twenty years ago—would assume a very different aspect if incurred with a powerful European naval State. Both these instances also bring into conspicuous evidence the general truth that sea power, the material strength and bond of an empire, the component parts of which are separated by thousands of miles of ocean, is equally essential to the individual security of the several members. Imperial Federation, in action, will manifest itself pre-eminently along ocean and naval lines.

At present the large colonies, while retaining their hold upon the support of the Empire, to the power of which they in turn can contribute much, substantially control all that relates to their internal affairs. Taxation, regulation of commerce, the purse and the sword, are in their own hands. Were they to become immediately independent no jar would be felt in the continuance of the local administration. The appointment of the Governors by the Crown may, if choice be judicious, materially help to maintain the reality, as it does the form, of political attachment to the Mother Country ; but the actual government is parliamentary, and assumption of independence would not necessarily involve any serious modification of institutions. Add to this, that in two out of the three large aggregations of colonial communities, in Canada and in Australia, there exists now a federal compact, uniting what but a few years ago were politically separate bodies, linked only by common allegiance to Great Britain, and we have the present political condition of the principal factors, of which an Imperial Federation, if realised, will be composed. British South Africa still remains an assemblage of colonies, with particular local and domestic difficulties of their

own, on which it is inopportune here to enlarge. It seems inevitable, however, that when the resistance of the Boers shall have ended some form of union will be requisite to ensure the dominance of British political ideas and traditions throughout the mass ; for in such community of sentiment a Federal Union of the Empire must find its homogeneousness, without which it will be but a vain word.

Imperialism, the extension of national authority over alien communities, is a dominant note in the world politics of to-day. Comparatively a new-comer, it already contends for pre-eminence with commercial ambition, to which also it ministers. This outreaching of an imperialistic arm by all the greater nations, whether voluntary or compelled by circumstances, constitutes and summarises the motive to a closer union than now exists between the members of the British Empire. In the past, Ireland and the Transvaal have given impulsion ; the present and the future have further reason, no less imperious. The conditions have ceased under which independence might conceivably be more advantageous to the larger colonies. If ever true, it no longer is so that the colonial tie brings them no compensative advantage for exposure in war. They are now surrounded by ambitions and confronted by navies which till recently did not exist. Once war meant to them only incidental injury ; now it may well mean permanent mutilation to a colony thrown by independence upon its own resources. Not now, if ever, much less now than ever before, can colonial interests be viewed as separate from the politics of Europe and America. In peace as in war, in peace to avert war, or to stay trespass which armed power alone can restrain, each colony now needs the strong arm of the Mother Country's fleet to sustain its local strength. According to circumstances, such support may be given either immediately in colonial waters, or by diversion, in Europe or elsewhere, keeping the enemy's battleships remote. In one way or the other it is indispensable. With it the colony will be—not invulnerable, perhaps, but—invincible ; without it, immunity can be ensured only by the maintenance of a local navy approaching equality with those of Europe.

The greater European Powers are now colonially present in several quarters of the globe, and there renew through their colonies the contact and collision of interests which have marked European history. The histories of Australasia and South Africa, possibly of Canada also, are yet to make. Colonial jealousies in turn are transmitted back to the mother countries, and there give rise to diplomatic friction, perhaps more dangerous, certainly

more frequent, than do questions purely European. In the latter, rulers meet facts of territorial tenure, so founded in popular acceptance and mutual jealousies as to give little expectation of facile modification by resort to war. In newer countries, as the past history of North America witnesses, the undetermined conditions which exist, and the resultant unrest in men's minds, predispose colonists to jealousies which readily find or give provocation ; and strife is promoted by the comparative ease with which great territories may change masters by the fortune of war, as Canada and India, for instance, passed from Great Britain to France in the eighteenth century. In our own day the political future of the vast tract known as British South Africa is being decided by war that has found its origin in colonial friction, but to the successful issue of which Imperial intervention and sea power were essential. The consequences to Great Britain and her colonies of failure in this case, and the possibilities inherent in the proximity of German East and South-west Africa, illustrate further the contingencies with which the present and the future of the British Empire will have to deal.

This reliance of the colonies upon the mother nation finds its correlative in the fact that European States in turn rest upon their colonies for maintenance in necessary activities. They can no longer extend freely within their own continent, nor there find adequate markets for their ever-increasing production ; yet, in order that they may securely expand elsewhere, they must have local support in the several quarters whither their energies reach. This interaction of mother countries and colonies, their reciprocal dependence and importance, are decisive facts to which development and organisation should be given. For local security, or for the assertion of external rights or interests, the colonies cannot as yet dispense with the material force of the home Government. Without it they are unequal to a conflict, necessarily in the main naval, with any one of three or four foreign nations whose colonial possessions are near them. A European fleet, on the other hand, must rely upon local bases of action far more than in the days when coal renewal was not a question. For this, isolated fortified stations, like Bermuda and Gibraltar, may be most useful from unique geographical situation ; but in intrinsic value they do not compare with positions which have behind them a loyal continent, with extensive social and commercial organisation, such as Canada, Australia, and South Africa afford.

This reciprocal service and utility constitute the chief general and common interest in which the motive to Imperial Federation

at present lies. It is not alone, but it is paramount, and will, I think, be found to embrace all the many minor interests which now and in peace tend to union; for it defends them, and in defending perpetuates. It is essentially an interest of general defence, imposed by novel and growing world conditions. It must be recognised as covering, not only the local welfare of each and all the parts, but also the communications between them, chiefly by sea, which may, and in large measure do, lie remote from any one of the Federation. The several members, and the highways between them, together make one whole, to the maintenance of which each even now contributes. The object of federation is to promote the security of this Imperial system, and its development on firmer lines. To the general acceptance of this fact of a supreme common interest must be added on all hands a hearty disposition to subordinate local interests to the general welfare, when they clash. Just, here, of course, arises the difficulty of realising any federation, especially in its early stages; later, like everything possessed of inherent usefulness, federation gains strength by its hold upon men's affections. The difficulty is very real, for not only does each member naturally exaggerate its own claims, but it also tends to disregard the needs of others, of which it has not immediate experience. Out of touch, out of mind, is the evil genius of all federative efforts, to be expelled only by the superior influence of a dominating affection for the tie of union, through experience of its benefits.

In the order of logical sequence, federation finds its origin and motive force in a common interest, which is the first impulse in the direction of the desired object. The next step is to recognise clearly what is this object, this goal of attainment, by reaching which the admitted interest shall be subserved. The object, I suppose, is to provide the several members with an organism, an instrument common to all, which shall be specifically efficient to the maintenance of the common interests, and inoperative towards strictly individual concerns. This object is loosely styled Imperial Federation, but its particular form and the method of attainment are yet indeterminate. The form of an instrument, and the method of its fabrication, though dictated by the use for which it is designed, are in process distinct from it. The states of the American Union, for example, having recognised certain common interests, formed the common object of making a special provision for the care of those specific interests and of none others. The particular method—adopted subsequently to the recognition of interest and object—was a central

government fully equipped with executive, legislative, and judicial functions. This form suited them, but most probably may not suit the conditions of the British Empire, the members of which at present seem in the position of having recognised, somewhat imperfectly, a community of interest. Thence has arisen a desire, vague and somewhat feeble, for an object, an instrument, they see not yet just what, to which the common interest may be solely entrusted. When minds are definitely settled on these two points, that they have the interest and need the instrument, thinking men will sooner or later evolve methods. In a recent excursion into that realm of unfulfilled prophecy, the magazines of twenty years ago, I found affirmed the hopelessness of Australian federation. Following by a few numbers, perhaps elicited by this, Sir Henry Parkes stated that all the more thoughtful men in Australia had thought out in one form or another the question of federation. The result in Australia is now before us. Imperial Federation is doubtless a problem very different in kind, but not necessarily more hopeless. The need being recognised, individuals will frame methods, from the discussion of which feasible measures will result. Interest is the foundation of the whole ; the object is the building to be raised thereon, the plan of which depends upon the needs of those who shall use it. The interest again is self-evident ; whether men like it or not, there it is ; the object—union in some form—is a matter of voluntary acceptance, and a purposeful effort, on the part of those interested. The method by which the object is to be attained is the last in the mental processes.

The contrivance of methods requires close detailed knowledge of the political conditions of the several parts, to be attained only by prolonged personal contact. A foreigner of reasonable modesty will here forbear suggestion, but may with less presumption consider some of the obvious circumstances which make the object more or less desirable, and the methods of its attainment more or less intricate.

From the wide dispersion of the principal members it is evident that each one, by acquiescing in any federal bond, enters into such new relations with its fellows as involve a policy external to itself, additional to that already existing towards distinctly foreign nations. Internal affairs remain in the hands of each one ; foreign relations continue unaltered ; but superimposed upon both come relations to one another on the part of communities geographically far apart and heretofore practically severed, save for the loose tie now uniting them to the Mother Country. These relations are new and are external ; their maintenance involves an

established politic action—policy—distinctly external. Moreover, whatever the nature of the federal bond, there is conceded to it a certain amount of the virtually entire independence previously enjoyed. This will be true of Great Britain as well as of the colonies. At the present writing, in the absence of any federal union, the Mother Country has entire management of the foreign policy of the Empire. Concern for the interest of the colonies, regard to their possible action in case of serious discontent with particular measures, certainly and necessarily modify the decisions of the British Cabinet. In this way the colonies possess influence; but influence is different from power, less assured in exercise and less dignified in recognition. Colonial interests, as affected by foreign relations, not only are not in their own hands, but they have no constitutional voice in their determination. In this chiefly their dependency now consists; and Sir Henry Parkes, whose ideal of Australian independence was not severance from the Empire, but entrance upon a due share in the government of a united Empire, avowed his conviction that there was no possibility of permanent contentment with the status of dependency. Deprecating separate independence, he defined the only alternative to be "sharing on equal terms in all the glory of the Empire." The precision of this phrase in one respect is noteworthy. It does not demand an equal share, but a share "on equal terms." This not only admits, but prescribes, that the power constitutionally exercised by each member shall bear some proportion to the strength contributed by it to the whole. Otherwise there is no equality.

Here, apparently, whatever the method adopted, there will have to be a concession on the part of Great Britain. Constitutional restraint upon her present unlimited control of the foreign policy of the Empire, by some clear voting power on the part of the other members, would seem an inevitable concomitant of federation. In return, evidently, the Colonies, by acquiring a voice in the determination of foreign policy, would incur a proportionate obligation to bear the burdens necessary to its enforcement. In place of the purely voluntary and unregulated assistance now given, there must be accepted a compulsory and determinate contribution to the general defence. The amounts of these may be fixed at the first by an agreement to which all the parties may be voluntary participants; but, unless the federation is to be periodically renewable at choice—a most unsatisfactory arrangement—its terms must provide the means for readjustment of obligations as the several parties advance in strength at rates probably unequal. This is, in effect, entrusting the power of

taxation to a central organ established by the Federal Constitution. Unless acceptance of this reapportionment of burdens, as provided for by the terms of federation, is obligatory upon every member, the federation carries in its constitution the seeds of decay. It is doomed from its birth, for not only is each member at liberty to withdraw, but the sense of that liberty will continually sap the sentiment for union which supplies the spirit of federation, as mutual interest does its body.

We meet here clearly an initial difficulty in the inequality of population and resources among the members of the supposed federation. I assume that these would be the United Kingdom, the Dominion of Canada, the Australian Commonwealth, New Zealand, and the group of South African colonies, as yet uncombined. These at least would be the principal pillars of the federated Empire. Among them the United Kingdom is now so greatly preponderant, upon any ordinary basis of comparison, as to outweigh all the others put together. As in the case of the province of Holland among the Seven United Netherlands, this is in effect a cohesive force now, but it evidently introduces a grave difficulty in the way of formal federation. Shall the Colonies put themselves under bonds to any central body, in which their total voice is outweighed by the vote of the home country? Could Great Britain accept an arrangement like that of the first American Confederacy, where each State, large and small, had one vote? Is there any feasible combination of these two alternatives, such as is to-day presented by the National Legislature of the United States?

It is needless to insist upon the practical difficulty as to method. Evidently, to overcome it, motive must be strong. We must fall back upon the common interest which points the way to the common object, leaving to the ingenuity of those directly concerned, or to evolution—perhaps to both—the determination of means. The common interest demands increased mutual support throughout the Empire, in view of the new conditions of the world which have transferred the rivalries and the needs of Europe to colonial and other foreign regions. The object is to reach some working arrangement, by which the several contributions of the various parts of the Empire to the general support and defence, may be not only determined but enforced. In peace things may drift along as they are; but Imperial Federation is needed for probable emergencies, to combine military preparation, to avert war by evident readiness, or to meet it if it come. It requires, therefore, the power of the sword and the purse, guaranteed by something more binding than the voluntary

action from time to time of the individual communities composing it. For sustained effort Imperial Federation will be impotent, unless at the very least the several members are willing to accept a fixed burden, periodically determined by some competent body, external to all, but in the constitution of which each of course has a voice. The experience of the United States goes farther. They found it not sufficient to determine in a lump amount the proportion due from each member ; effective union, efficiency for the defence of the whole, was not obtained until power was given to the central government—not merely to fix the quotas in men and money of the several States but—to lay and to exact taxes upon the citizens of all the States, passing over the State Governments directly to individual men. The power refused by them to the British Parliament was deliberately, for the sake of union, granted to the Congress of the United States in which the States and their citizens were severally represented.

This it will be seen was a question of method. Its adoption resulted from long bitter experience. Only so, and hardly so, was it conceded. It was the final step in the progress to union. Like its predecessors, it was extorted by dire emergency. This imparted the motive ; bringing men to desire, as a political object, the organism, the scheme, which out of the states framed the nation and started it on the road to success. To the American motive geographical nearness contributed much ; for the different communities could not help seeing the injury all were receiving from their mutual indifference or antagonism. The members of the British Empire are in this less fortunate. Their remoteness makes less evident the interaction of conditions and events. That the suffering of one member involves injury to each, because of its effect upon the whole, becomes less easy to realise. Motive thereby becomes less clear and less imperative. The impulse to form an object, and to grapple with the difficulties of method which impede its accomplishment, is weakened.

Still, the motives are there. Let each member of the Empire consider, for instance, what it would mean to the general welfare to have an independent and hostile Ireland lying across the access of Great Britain to the outer world. What would the weakening of the chief member of the Empire be to every other ? What would a conquered and hostile South Africa have meant to Australia ? and, beyond Australia, to British influence in the far East ? Can decay of British influence in China be seen with equanimity by Canada, with its Pacific seaboard ? For the same reason, it cannot be indifferent to Canada whether the British

Navy and commerce, in war, find their way to the farther East through the Mediterranean, or be forced to the long Cape route. It is, therefore, a matter of interest to her and to Australia if a hostile naval power be firmly based on the Persian Gulf. In a way these are internal questions. They are so immediately, with reference to the Empire at large ; but it is easy to see that their determination affects powerfully, possibly even vitally, the external and foreign relations of the whole and of each part. One member has just been saved from destruction by the combined effort of all, supported by the supreme sea power of the Mother Country. This result, too, is internal to the Empire ; but is it not also of vast importance to its external security and foreign policy ? What has made the Transvaal so formidable to the adjoining colonies and to the Empire ? It is because not only was the population hostile, but the hostility was organised, armed, and equipped, under the shield of complete self-government. Had Ireland been conceded the substance of Mr. Gladstone's Bill, or should she hereafter attain it, would not her power of mischief, in case of foreign war, make such demands upon the presence of the British Navy as seriously to lessen its ability to protect commercial routes and colonies ? She is to the United Kingdom what the Transvaal has been to South Africa. The consideration shows both how important the status of Ireland is to the Colonies, and how much, by the development of their own forces, relieving the navy of the United Kingdom, they can contribute to its security, and thereby to that of the commercial routes which is the common interest of all.

In the question of foreign relations is conspicuously to be seen the advantages of federation, which on the internal side is not without its drawbacks. Its look is distinctively outward, recognising that their conditions have undergone decisive change. It faces the world, and sees that to do so with success it must show a united body. For that purpose it seeks to find a means, an organ, in which and by which union may be established and maintained. For that purpose it must be willing to endure the internal sacrifices ; the inevitable concessions of individual independence and the burdens of additional expense. For these concessions on either hand there will be compensation. The Colonies by entering upon a share in determining the foreign policy of the whole, gain wider scope of action, elevation of idea, increased dignity of existence, and state equality with the United Kingdom, actual in kind, partial in degree ; an equality resembling doubtless in principle that of the Lower House of the United States, where the representation for all the States is the

same in character, but in voting power proportioned to the respective populations. Individual colonists would claim and find Imperial careers, as the interests and obligations of their native land gained ever-increasing expansion in the general growth and interaction of the Empire. To Sir Henry Parkes this seemed, for Australia, a higher destiny than independence; he called it "a rightful share in what may be a more glorious rule than mankind has ever yet seen."

It is not to be denied that superficially, perhaps by force of tradition, the benefit of federation seems chiefly to inure to the Mother Country. This impression probably derives from the old idea of state property underlying the colonial relation. Under such a conception, the benefit of the owner of the estate, the Mother Country, was naturally the primary object in administration. The subordination of the colony was not merely in political connection, but in economical treatment. This was admitted by the American colonists, who, though they rebelled promptly at commercial regulation by tariff, for the raising of Imperial revenue, as being indirect taxation, acquiesced in regulation which alleged the benefit of Imperial trade as a whole, though they suffered by it.

Such conditions, however, have passed away; and after the temporary domination of the contrary belief, that colonies are of little or no advantage, it is now recognised that in the mutual relation there is reciprocity of benefit, even though there be not equality. Colonies trade more readily with the Mother Country than with others, and the capital of the latter, other things being equal, seeks investment more readily, with greater feeling of security, in communities kindred in political and legal tradition, and of a common allegiance. The question of military and naval reciprocity of usefulness has been touched on. To this is to be added the wider and grander sphere open to the Colonies, as communities and as individuals, as closer relations gain them increasing entry, and opportunity for activity, in the internal administration and foreign policy of a great established state like the United Kingdom. In the present threatening and doubtful question of the future of China are the elements of a world conflict, in which the British navy is one of the largest among several determinative factors. Its strength can be supported and enlarged by the conditions attendant upon federation, and the Colonies thus share in both the benefits and the distinction of influence upon great political issues; but what of weight or of prestige can they there display, if severally independent? They may receive the benefit of the open door, but not the self-

contentment of self-help. Self-dependence, as distinguished from nominal independence, is to be found in federation, not in separation. As time passes, it can hardly fail that the Premier and Government of the Australian Federation will be greater in position and wider in activities than the corresponding officials of the several states; and in like manner a man will be larger in his own eye and in that of the world as a citizen of Australia than as belonging to a particular division of the Commonwealth. The federation of the United States exalted irresistibly the name American far beyond all local designations. So Imperial Federation will dignify and enlarge each state and each citizen that enters its fold.

Imperial Federation proposes a partnership, in which a number of younger and poorer members are admitted into a long standing wealthy firm. This simile is doubtless not an exhaustive statement, but there can be little doubt that it is sufficiently just to show where the preponderance of benefit will for the time fall. The expenditure of the United Kingdom on the South African war offers a concrete example of the truth, doubly impressive to those who, like the writer, see in this instance great Imperial obligation, but little material interest, save the greatest of all—the preservation of the Empire. On the other hand, bearing in mind the spreading collision of interests throughout the world, it is hard to over-value the advantage of healthy, attached, self-governing colonies to a European country of to-day. Blessed is the state that has its quiver full of them. Under such conditions, and with the motives to union that have been presented, it is petty to fasten attention on comparative benefit to the exclusion of mutual benefit. Not by such grudging spirit are great ideas realised, or great ends compassed. Sentiment, imagination, aspiration, the satisfaction of the rational and moral faculties in some object better than bread alone, all must find a part in a worthy motive; not to the exclusion of reasonable interests, but to their ennoblement by marriage to loftier aims, seeking gratification in wider activities. Like individuals, nations and empires have souls as well as bodies. Great and beneficent achievement ministers to worthier contentment than the filling of the pocket.

Finally, the broadening and strengthening of British power by the progress of Imperial Federation is necessarily an object of profound interest to Americans. In many quarters it will find deep sympathy; in others, perhaps, jealousy may be manifested. For this there is no good cause. The American Commonwealth and the British Empire have had many jars in the past, the memory of which has not wholly disappeared; but more and

more clearly are coming into view the permanent conditions that from the first have existed, but until now have been overlain and buried by the wreckage of past collisions and disputes. In language, law, and political traditions, there is fundamental identity; and in blood also, though to some extent differentiated in each by foreign admixture. Coincidently with these, there is a clearly defined and wide belt of geographical separation between their several spheres, save the one common boundary between Canada and the United States. These constitute permanent factors, tending on the one hand to promote understanding, and on the other to avert misunderstandings. To reinforce these there is rapidly arising a community of commercial interests and of righteous ideals in the far East. In proportion to the hold which abiding factors such as these have upon the mind of the statesman, will be the light he finds to thread his way through the passing perplexities of revolving years. The tactical changes of front and redistribution of arrangements, which the incidental progress of events necessitates from time to time, will lack intelligence, coherence, and firmness, unless governed by constant reference to the things which cannot be shaken, and which bear to policy the same relation that the eternal principles of strategy do to the conduct of war.

A. T. MAHAN.

A CORONATION DUKE?

It has for many reigns been the custom of the political party in power to utilise the occasion of a Royal Coronation for the aggrandisement of its supporters and servants; in a word, to reward with titles, which are cheaper than cash payments, the work done for the party. Thus, on the coronation of Queen Victoria, on June 28, 1838, a long list of gentlemen who obtained advance in rank was published in the *Gazette*. What service some of them had rendered to the nation was not altogether evident, though it might be deemed invidious to mention names.

There was perhaps a time at some remote period in our annals when peerages were bestowed, not upon the servants of party, but upon those who had done real service to the nation. In those forgotten days the criterion of nobility was not how much money the aspirant had contributed to the election funds; not what fortune he had made in the brewing of indifferent beer, or in the manipulation of stocks; but whether he had fought for his country and made sacrifices for it; whether he had worked for British interests; whether he had given time and wealth to those things without which national greatness cannot exist. Under such a dispensation Carlyle would have been an earl; Professor Gardiner a viscount; and Mr. Smith, by whose unostentatious munificence the *Dictionary of National Biography* was carried to completion at great pecuniary sacrifice, a baron. It would, however, be futile in this age, when the peerage is one of the most useful instruments with which to muzzle the Press, by capturing the proprietor, to long for so Utopian a state of things. It may be conceded that by precedent the present holders of office have a perfect right to use the *Gazette* to reward those who have done them the best service.

This being so, it would seem an act of gross injustice not to reward the present titular leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons with, at the very least, a dukedom. For when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's record is examined, it becomes evident that to him more than to any man the present Ministry

owe their firm possession of office. And to demonstrate this fact, which is at times ungratefully ignored by Ministerial politicians, we have only to take the conduct of an ideal Opposition, and contrast it with that of the Parliamentary force led by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman.

What would have been the conduct of an ideal Opposition before and during the war? In the first place, on the eve of war, I think that it would have resolutely protested the unanimity of England. It would have warned Mr. Kruger in no uncertain terms that if he refused the concessions required of him, he would find that he had to deal with a united people. It would have tolerated no sophistries about a "little, weak, peasant people." It would not have cried out at the despatch of each gun and squadron to South Africa. It would, on the contrary, have cordially endorsed the Government measures, and thereby have deprived the Government of all excuse for inadequate preparations and armaments. The effect of such conduct would have been to give the Opposition the right to criticise with deadly effect when the preparations made proved altogether inadequate. The ideal Opposition would have carefully identified itself with the national cause, and would have scrupulously avoided conduct which would enable its opponents to brand it as anti-patriotic. It would, indeed, have followed the line adopted by the War Democrats in the United States on the eve of the Civil War. It would have clearly discerned the real meaning of the issues between the two disputants, and would not have steadily striven to disprove the justice of the British claims or the fairness of the British proposals. It would have eschewed what President Roosevelt calls "the uneasy, self-conscious vanity which misnames itself virtue, and which declines to co-operate with whatever does not adopt its own fantastic standard." This peculiar morbid temperament which disguises itself in the dress of "magnanimity," "humanity," "benevolence," and other misused terms, it would have left to the small handful of cranks and faddists of hysterical disposition to be found in any large party.

When war came, it would have criticised, not in a tone hostile to the nation, but in such a manner as to carry the conviction that it desired not to score a cheap advantage at the cost of the sufferings of the army and the humiliation of the race, but to improve the military management. It would, in fact, have behaved exactly as have Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith. It would have vigilantly watched the War Office, and would have been eager to labour for its efficiency. It would not have tolerated truckling to the enemy, and in such matters as the concentration camps, it

would have attacked the Government, not for doing too little for the Boer women and children, but for neglecting the wives and families of the loyal refugees. On such points as the conduct of our soldiers and of the enemy, it would have spoken with no uncertain voice. It would have declined to accept the idle and unsupported stories of British barbarity, and it would firmly and temperately have insisted upon the punishment of all such Boers as violated the laws of war. It would have striven to punish the pro-Boers who openly put questions day after day in the House of Commons, which are simply insulting to the nation, and which provoke the extremest bitterness among those who have lost kinsmen and dear comrades in the cause which is the cause of England and of right. It would have been British first and foremost, and being British first and foremost, its criticisms and efforts would have won support in the country and have been a perpetual stimulus to the Government. The writer is no admirer of our party system, which always tends to divide the nation into two camps, hostile to each other, even in war, when the whole national energy should be used against the enemy. But a party system is the basis of our Government as it stands at present, and, that being so, the weakness of one of the most important factors in that system, the Opposition, is a national danger.

Had the Opposition thus comported itself, it is quite clear that on two occasions it might have obtained power, with results which would probably have been to the good of the country. The fall of a Ministry which had mismanaged both the preparations for and conduct of a great struggle would have been a precedent full of warning to posterity. It would have been established that no Ministry which failed to show foresight and neglected its duty would be pardoned. And if the impeachment of the War Minister had followed, as it should, that warning would have been even more emphatic.

The two occasions on which the Opposition might have had matters all its own way were the winter of 1899–1900, when the Government tottered, and, had there been a resolute and patriotic party ready to take office, the present Cabinet must have fallen. The second occasion was after the revelations of the famous committee which has so generously whitewashed the Remount Department. Imagine the effect upon patriotic men of the criticisms of patriotic men, who were not suspected of desiring to aid the enemy with their speeches, and whose character commanded confidence, at a juncture when the gravest incompetence had been detected and defended by the Government on the

ground that it was quite excusable for officers and officials to be incompetent, provided only they were honest! This new conception of the qualities required in army administration might have been very sharply corrected by a hostile division had only the Opposition been of the right stuff. That it was not of the right stuff the Ministry owe to Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, and they may well feel grateful to him, though the nation will regard him with quite other feelings.

Let us now briefly examine Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's career, and see on various occasions what his services to the Ministry actually were. In the first place he gave them office. Even in those days of 1895 the Secretary of State for War—for that was the office he then held—was a believer, it would seem, in the singular doctrine which he has since enunciated, and which constitutes a new departure in the science and art of war, that it is necessary to be "kind" to your enemy. To such purpose did he prepare to show kindness that he did not provide the supply of cordite, without which we could not have waged a war, and the absence of which, had this country been attacked, would have meant national defeat and ruin. Unfortunately the House of Commons, which generally takes such a tolerant view of any delinquencies concerning the fighting branches of the King's service, was in a somewhat censorious mood. Mr. Bannerman was attacked by Mr. Brodrick. It seems that Mr. Bannerman, who, as we know from subsequent confessions of his own, is content as a rule to take his facts at second or third hand—since it is one of the special features of our Constitution that no man shall hold office who knows anything of the matter with which that office is concerned—came forward with an answer prepared for him by some honest but incompetent official, which positively failed to exculpate him. The result was that the Ministry fell, and that Mr. Bannerman retired into private life protesting against the "dirtiness" of the trick which had driven a War Minister from office because he wanted to be "kind" to the enemy and had left the British soldier without ammunition! His feelings were solaced with a G.C.B. for his service—to his country.

After a period of obscurity, in which his wealth made him popular with his party, the leadership of the Opposition, as the result of a comic prize competition in a wicked halfpenny journal, became vacant. The intestine conflict between Lord Rosebery and Sir W. Harcourt made it necessary to select some colourless individual, who would hold the balance evenly between the two warring sections of the party, the Imperialists and the Little

Englanders. That individual must be able above all to entertain the party. It is an ironical method of selecting a leader in a time of storm and stress, for in February 1899, when this choice was made, the "little cloud no bigger than a man's hand" was already on the horizon. Still we do not think that the other side can throw any stones on this account. The first actions of the new chief favoured the hope that he would prove an expert balancer upon the fence. He urged his supporters to be a watchful and active—not a violent and reckless—Opposition. And so for a time all went well, and Liberals professed delight with their choice.

Emergencies are the true test of the statesman. The leader speedily found himself in a quandary with regard to Home Rule, and what with Lord Rosebery dragging him one way and the Irish members the other, it really was hard to keep his balance on the fence. So he solved the question by alternately falling off on opposite sides. First he declared to the National Liberal Federation on March 21, 1899, that "we will remain true to the Irish people as long as the Irish people are true to themselves." Then a little later he said, "I repudiate the necessity, the expediency, aye, and the possibility of any such promise (as to make Home Rule the first item in his programme)." This new and original method of first saying that white is white and then that white is black is in the sphere of party tactics what his new method of making war is in the field of military science. Need less to say a leader who talks in this fashion is never formidable to his opponents. To be a dangerous controversialist you must at least know your own mind, and not affirm opposite propositions in the same speech. It is amusing, or rather it would be amusing were it not so tragic, to wade through the mass of platitudes which in the earlier months of 1899 this politician retailed, and which were hailed by the awed Liberal Press with ecstatic admiration.

The cloud on the horizon grew and darkened, but Sir Henry remained blind. A great crisis was at hand, and he had seemingly not the slightest idea of what it was to mean. At Ilford, on June 17, he declared that the Outlanders had real and deep grievances, but though the Bloemfontein Conference had just broken up, because Mr. Kruger would make no concessions, he asserted in words which ought to be remembered for ever against him that "he could see nothing in what had occurred to justify either warlike action or military preparation." He overlooked the fact, which ought to have been perfectly clear to any intelligent man, that, diplomacy having failed at Bloemfontein to obtain the British demands, there remained only two

alternatives: to abandon those demands or to go to war. But he shared, with Mr. Balfour, the delusion that by some mysterious process of talk a solution might be reached. Both speakers should have remembered that diplomacy is only the adroit employment of the veiled threat of using force. The stronger and the readier our force, the more likely the Boers would be to yield. But clear thinking in these days is not expected from the British statesman.

As if to prove that this astonishing dictum as to the needlessness of preparation was his deliberate judgment, as if to disqualify himself and his party for future criticism of the Ministerial negligence, three days later he repeated it at the City Liberal Club. "I can see nothing whatever in all that has occurred," he said, "to justify either warlike action or military preparations." On the eve of the enemy's ultimatum he was still talking in the same strain. On October 6, 1899, he declared that all men were asking what we were going to war about, and either had, or affected to have, no idea of the real issue. In his usual muddled fashion he put everything down to the fact that the question of suzerainty had been raised, forgetting that it was the Boers who had raised it. Even when the Boer ultimatum had been issued, he still could not understand what had happened. His pathetic plaint at Manchester on November 14 was that "it was the first duty of the Government"—not to secure British interests at all costs, but—"to keep out of war." And with Nicholson's Nek staring him in the face he complained that the Ministry had mixed up "negotiations with warlike preparations in such a manner as to prejudice greatly the chances of a peaceful settlement." In other words he complained, not that the Ministry had made war unprepared, but that they had made too great preparations! His ideas upon diplomacy appear to be almost as original as his ideas upon the conduct of war. But the kindness which he did the Government is obvious. He spiked the heaviest piece in the Opposition artillery, and enabled the Ministry to throw back in their critics' teeth, when the charge of unpreparedness was raised: "But Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman declares that what preparations we made precipitated war. How could we have done more?" What a service to the Ministry! How grateful they must have felt to their brother mandarin! Surely they will now have the grace to recognise his invaluable aid.

It would be in vain to follow the leader through his speeches in detail, and to show how at every critical juncture he came to the aid of the Ministry by proving to the nation that the administration could not be entrusted to his hands without complete

disaster to the Empire. Thus, in the debate on the Address in February 1900, when there was something more than general dissatisfaction with the Government, he must needs rise in the House of Commons and repeat his infantile pronouncement that there was nothing in the summer of 1899 to justify preparation for war. A few days later he was talking about the impossibility of what he called "conscription," but what any instructed critic would have denominated compulsory military service. He may yet have to revise his dictum about the impossibility of this measure. When the House came to discuss army reform the true mandarin showed his character. Far from pressing vital reforms, his first concern was to defend the most incompetent of incompetent public offices. It would be impossible to find in his speeches, criticising the War Office proposals of 1900, a single suggestion of the slightest value. The truth, of course, is that the two front benches regularly play into one another's hands, and each being conscious of past misdeeds carefully abstains from directing determined attacks upon the other.

In the General Election of 1900, had the Liberal Party made efficiency its battle-cry, it might at least have exercised some influence for good on the Government, though with the record of the party, and with the damning epithet of pro-Boer which attached to it, success at the polls was out of the question. But men who had allowed the ammunition supply to run low could not very safely approach their adversaries with incompetence, and thanks to the tactics of the Liberal leader the Unionist party returned to power with a tremendous majority. With the recrudescence of the struggle in South Africa fresh opportunities came of stimulating the Ministry to do their duty. But Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman was now more and more occupied with the conflict which he was waging against Lord Rosebery for the leadership of the party, and was more and more tending to wobble off the fence on to the pro-Boer side. Already his mind was sadly exercised over the misdeeds of the British Army in South Africa. Being an ex-War Minister, he had naturally never studied war, and was quite unaware that in a struggle *à outrance*, in which one side breaks parole, fires from under the white flag, uses farms as bases of operations, and never shrinks from the utmost severity, the other side may be compelled also in self-defence to be severe. The destruction of a Boer farm threw him into paroxyms of indignation ; it seems to have been his sincere belief that though in war it is lawful to take life—to kill and to slay—it is illegal to destroy property. He had never studied the campaigns of the Civil War in America or the history of 1870–1, but it is easy and simple to

invent your own history as you go along, as that involves no trouble and research. This was his proceeding. He never, in all these explosions of virtuous rage against his own countrymen, had a word of condemnation for the enemy's atrocities or breaches of the customs of war.

Continually through all his speeches in 1901 there is one dominating idea: we must conciliate the enemy. We were to wage war with a sword in one hand and an olive branch in the other. How this *opera-bouffe* conciliation was to be achieved, he carefully omitted to explain. We were not to sacrifice the interests for which we were fighting, but we were to amnesty every one, and to set up our opponents with rifles, farms, stock, and heaven knows what, as the reward for assailing the British Empire, which he evidently regarded as a highly meritorious act. Yet we were not to give them independence. The same muddle of contradictory ideas which we have found characterising his policy at every turn peeps out from these incoherent utterances. For he knew perfectly well that the enemy persistently refused to be conciliated, and that they openly avowed their intention of accepting no terms which did not include independence. It was a simple godsend for the Ministry thus to have a red herring drawn across their track, and to be attacked with criticism which it was so easy to meet, when the most glaring military blunders were passing day by day unchallenged. All they had got to do was to ejaculate "pro-Boer" when the country at once turned a deaf ear to the Liberal leader.

To put the coping-stone upon his colossal mismanagement, Sir Henry must needs supply the bitter enemies of England on the Continent with a deadly weapon against the fair fame of England. When Miss Hobhouse's hysterical farrago of charges gleaned from the Boer women in the concentration camps, appeared, he eagerly accepted her version of affairs. Not a word did he say for the nation which had so generously supported the wives and families of its bitter enemies. In his speech of June 7, 1901, at the Holborn Restaurant, he declared that our policy was

> now we have got the men we have been fighting against down, to punish them as severely as possible, devastate their country, burn their homes, break up their very instruments of agriculture, and destroy the machinery by which food was produced. It is to sweep as the Spaniards did in Cuba—and how we denounced the Spaniards—the women and children into camps in which they were destitute of all the decencies and comforts and many of the necessities of life. . . . When is a war not a war? When it is carried on by methods of barbarism in South Africa.

This odious and untruthful charge was made, it must be remembered, by a man who had been War Minister. It was seized upon

and circulated abroad as the evidence of an Englishman against his countrymen; it was printed and distributed among the burghers in South Africa. What would this glib orator have said of war as waged by the American generals in the Civil War, with infinitely less provocation, when we read:

> The meat and vegetables needed for his command were taken by the Union General. Horses, mules, and waggons were freely appropriated; slaves also were assisted to escape from their masters. . . . The people were in the utmost destitution, large families being frequently for whole days without food; venerable persons of both sexes, sinking under the weight of years and infirmities, often walked fifteen or even twenty miles to procure food enough to prevent starvation. . . . The people were left entirely without subsistence. To prevent general starvation the Confederate commander (not the Union General) was compelled to distribute the rations of his soldiers among the wretched inhabitants.

This was war with a vengeance, yet no military writer of any standing condemns General Sherman for these measures. In his own grim words, "War is Hell," and those who make it must understand the fact. The greater the suffering the less its duration.

This speech was most welcome to the Government, as it came just about the time when the War Minister had deliberately provoked a foolish quarrel with a journal which, whatever its faults, at least was free from every suspicion of encouraging the enemy, because it had ventured to publish the truth about the Boer misconduct at Vlakfontein, and had then hit back when the Minister attempted to deprive it of news. Pro-Boer organs which had behaved much worse, and which had daily called in question the good faith of the Minister, were not touched, but this loyal organ was admonished by Parliament; Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, instead of standing up for that liberty of speech of which he is always prating, played the mandarin and said ditto to Mr. Brodrick. The feeling of the country towards him grew bitterer when it was seen that this humanitarian never uttered a word of condemnation over the ever-accumulating list of Boer atrocities. He followed up his tactical blunder by a speech in the House in which he stated it, as the one duty of the country, "to show a conciliatory and friendly spirit to those who have shown so brave a spirit against you." This was to be done during the war. Of course, such an utterance gave the Ministry exactly the opening they wanted. Up they got, and the magic word "pro-Boer" finished up the ex-War Minister with the new ideas on the subject of war.

To illustrate the knowledge which underlies all his utterances we may here refer to the fact that time after time he demanded

the publication of full information about the state of the Concentration camps. A couple of voluminous blue-books were issued to allay his thirst for information, but reading blue-books was not his forte. He proceeded to make a speech commenting upon these blue-books containing *the astounding admission that he had never read them, but had taken his facts from a newspaper summary.* No politician who cares for his reputation would take his facts at second hand, but this politican, it seems, does not care for his reputation. Another instance of the same ignorance of facts, which would be quite intolerable were we not so used to it in British public life, is the assertion made by him in the House of Commons that it was quite untrue to say that there would have been danger to the Boer women on the farms from the natives :

> I have not seen, he said, a single case of women and children in any farm, however outlying or remote and undefended, suffering anything from the natives. On the contrary—and I do not know whether it has struck honourable members as it has struck me—all through these many months the natives have stood closely and loyally by the Boers.

The "loyalty" of the Kaffirs is explained, as we know, by burnings alive and other pleasant eccentricities of brother Boer. But it is incredible that an ex-War Minister should not have known that the British authorities have repeatedly had to execute Kaffirs for outrages on Boer women. It is scarcely less surprising that this assertion of his was left unanswered in the House.

It is, however, a pity, from the Government point of view, that Sir Henry has overdone his part. Had he only maintained an attitude of comparatively mild pro-Boerishness, he might have prevented the rise of a new party which does promise to be extremely formidable to the present administration. By driving Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, Sir E. Grey, Sir H. Fowler, and Mr. Haldane out of the orthodox tabernacle, he seems to have created a new organism which will not be content to be pro-Boer but which will have the temerity to be national. If only he could have tarred them with a little of that pro-Boer liquor which he uses to bespatter our army it would have been infinitely better. No wonder that the Duke of Devonshire was fearfully annoyed when Lord Rosebery seceded from the organisation in which odious associations rendered him quite harmless. For in future it will be impossible to fling about the word pro-Boer in answer to criticism from the new Imperialist party. We do not find any Ministerial attack upon Sir Henry for this want of adroitness, but we suspect that it rankles very deeply in the Ministerial heart, and it may eventually prevent the leader of the Opposition from

obtaining the honour which he has really, when his career is studied, so richly deserved.

The secession of Lord Rosebery is all the more untimely, in that the Colonies have made up their minds that the old Liberal party is quite impossible, and this country would have had to bear in mind the fact that any return of that party, as it stood before the secession, to power, would in all probability have seen the break-up of the Empire. There is no mistaking Mr. Seddon's utterance :

> I am pained to learn that there are statesmen at home who at this juncture are protesting against the war, exposing our weaknesses, and thus encouraging the Boers to continue their resistance. Action of this kind is reprehensible in the extreme. Those who encourage the continuance of the war are the aiders and abettors of murder.

Here is a man who speaks out in refreshing manner what is in every loyal heart ; but what cruelty to poor Sir Henry! No wonder that his heart surges with indignation against the Empire. For now he knows that these speeches of his will be treasured up in every British land which has sent forth its valiant sons to fight and die for the national cause ; and that they will be mercilessly used against him and his on every opportunity. Truly "the fates are Jews with us when they delay a punishment," and exceeding bitter are the penalties of those who from factiousness or sympathy for the enemy desert their country's flag in the hour of danger. A dukedom, then, is his legitimate compensation for such tribulations faced in the Government cause.

OBSERVER.

THE INFLUENCE OF MR. RHODES' WILL ON OXFORD

NOBODY can doubt the noble purpose of Rhodes' will, or his affectionate generosity to his old University. Few Englishmen will deny his wisdom in aiming at a good understanding between all English-speaking peoples. Indeed, a wise and good intention pervades his whole will. But the question is not about intentions but about effects. The object of this article is to distinguish between the bequests which affect Oxford, and to contend that, on the one hand, the legacies to Oriel are an unmixed good, on the other hand, the foundation of Colonial, American, and German scholarships, tenable at Oxford, will be good or evil, according to the use or abuse of the gift by the University itself.

In his bequest to his "old college, Oriel College in the University of Oxford," the testator has been signally well advised. He has tried to rectify some of the errors into which Oxford has lately fallen in the fever of change. For over 400 years, every student was obliged to reside in a college or hall, for "the furtherance of learning and liberal discipline," as the Laudian Statutes said. But, largely through the influence of Balliol College and Jowett, a system of lodgings for undergraduates has arisen, and has produced many unforeseen consequences. It has led to the non-collegiate students, to unattached institutions such as Nonconformist Colleges and Halls for ladies, and to a kind of unattached population inhabiting the villas at the north of Oxford in order to get cheap education. It has in all these ways favoured the growth of the city to such an extent that the University, instead of governing the city, is beginning to find itself at the city's mercy. The system of lodgings has also loosened the hold of the colleges on their undergraduates, who neither come into college, nor dine in hall, nearly as much as they did formerly. The lodging system was the beginning of evils; and forty years ago, instead of relaxing the obligation of

intra-mural residence, the colleges ought to have made every effort to build, and for that purpose, to buy property in Oxford, when it was cheap. Now, the provision by Rhodes of £40,000 for building, and £10,000 more for repairs, will enable Oriel to enlarge itself, and, so far as one college can, to remedy some of the defects into which the college system has fallen by allowing its members to reside outside. Rhodes was right in his emphasis on the residential system ; but to make it effective students ought to reside, not only in Oxford, but inside a college or hall of the University. There is another defect of the college system, as it is, which his will is calculated to rectify. The tutorial system is no career. The last Commission, misguided by Lord Selborne, legislated on the basis of a condition of affairs preceding the agricultural depression, which they falsely regarded as a passing affair. They saddled the colleges with all sorts of extra-collegiate charges, limiting the fellowships and tutorial salaries. Even what they contemplated has been again curtailed by the unexpected continuance of depression in agricultural rents. Meanwhile, they countenanced marriage. The result is that many of the college tutors nowadays are married Fellows, with miserable salaries for their stations, uncertain prospects, and, in a word, no career. Rhodes is greatly to be praised for leaving £40,000 "as a fund by the income whereof the income of such of the resident Fellows of the College as work for the honour and dignity of the College shall be increased." Nor ought one to despise his fund "for the dignity and comfort of the High Table." Oxford halls have passed from the old-fashioned plain comfort of a prime joint, properly roasted before the kitchen fire, and placed before the head of the table, whose duty it was to see that his companions were well helped, to an inferior imitation of French cookery, prepared, carved, and served anyhow. College servants are bad waiters ; for example, they are in the habit of calling the attention of their masters by shoving the dishes against their left arms. What is more serious, if anybody dares to reside in college during the vacations, they often render him so uncomfortable that he goes down in disgust. The money left by Rhodes may help to arrest these evils, small as well as great, directly in his own college, and indirectly in the whole University by setting an example worthy of imitation. The things really wanted in Oxford colleges are more real residence, regular discipline of the undergraduates, better incomes for the tutors, more real comfort with less display, and a tighter hand over the servants. All these things are far more important than scholarships. For what is the use of paying a young man to come to Oxford, if you

are not going to house him, govern him, feed him, and teach him as well as possible, when he arrives ?

The residence at Oxford of sixty Colonial scholars, two scholars from each State or Territory of the United States, and fifteen German scholars, in accordance with Rhodes' will and codicil, must exercise an influence on the University. Their status, however, may be easily misconceived. By the terms of the will they are to be scholars belonging to definite localities outside England ; the persons who are to examine, elect, suspend, or remove them are the trustees, their nominees, and the German Emperor ; and the only connection with Oxford is that they shall be male students distributed among the colleges of the University. Oxford would be foolish to lose her head over this bequest. Such scholarships are not Oxford scholarships. There are many similar foundations belonging to public schools and colleges in Great Britain, tenable at the Universities. Like them, the Rhodes scholarships will on each occasion require the separate admission of the holder to the University and a college ; and his status, unless he gets a further college scholarship, will be that of a commoner coming up with a scholarship of another institution. The importance of understanding this limitation will at once appear from an example. There are Snell Exhibitions from Glasgow University, tenable at Balliol College, Oxford. When I matriculated at Balliol, a Snell exhibitioner at the same time was ploughed at the matriculation, with the result that I got the room in college which had been destined for him, while he, poor fellow, retired never to return. A Rhodes scholar will have to go through the same ordeal of matriculation by examination ; and his scholarship will not be so closely connected with a college as the Snell Exhibition is with Balliol ; unless, indeed, the colleges themselves make special provisions beyond those of Rhodes' will.

When the status of the Rhodes scholars is once understood, it will be immediately perceived that the University itself has no special concern with them. They will have to pass through the ordinary curriculum, beginning with Responsions. "Ay, there's the rub." It means that, coming from all parts of the earth, they must have already studied Greek, Latin, and mathematics. Oxford has now a unique opportunity of doing more good, without doing anything, than she has ever done by her own exertions. By simply adhering to her existing qualification, she will maintain and extend the study of Greek, Latin, and mathematics over the whole Colonial empire of England, and over the whole United States, wherever there are schools entitled to compete for the Rhodes scholarships. Such a unique opportunity is never

likely to recur. Will Oxford be wise enough to take advantage of it ?

On the other hand, this very opportunity involves a great danger. At the University a body, called the Hebdomadal Council because it meets every week, has contracted a habit of legislation which in fifty years has brought the University and its relations to the city into confusion. It happens that at this very time, and before the publication of Rhodes' will, an agitation has arisen in the Council to make Greek voluntary, in order to make room for modern languages, for the admission of students of natural science without Greek, and in the hope of imparting a technical and commercial education at Oxford thoroughly up to date. The advocates of this change will no doubt pounce on Rhodes' will. Though the testator has not said a word in favour of admitting his scholars without Greek, they will urge that Greek will be a bar to many candidates, and make the most of the argument, because the very existence of nearly two hundred young men, coming from the ends of the earth, but at present more or less unadapted to the studies of the place, cannot but have some influence upon the future of Oxford. The Rhodes scholarships will bring the Greek question to a crisis. Oxford will shortly find herself confronted by the following momentous question : Is she to extend her qualification of Greek, Latin, and mathematics over the world, or is she to allow the world to lower her standard ?

After an experience of some forty years as a learner and teacher in the University, I should like to offer some reasons for adhering to Greek. The best of all reasons is its intrinsic necessity in a really sound education.

If the highest aim of language is to express thoughts about things as perfectly as possible, then the Greek language has two advantages, which together bring it nearer than any other mode of expression to both thoughts and things ; namely, its flexibility and its concreteness. Its power of inflexion, its facility of composition, and its variety of syntax teach a man to express himself naturally, variously, and in the order of thought. Its preference for concrete terms, both substantival and adjectival, teach him to signify things as they are. In both these ways Greek is superior even to Latin, precise as it is. On the other hand, the modern languages of Europe are inferior to both Greek and Latin in these respects. While their inferiority in inflexion is a commonplace, it is not usually remarked that modern languages have a still greater defect—their tendency to abstract terms, which express not facts but our abstract way of regarding them. When the Greek says, καλόν ἐστι τὸ πρέπον, the modern says, "beauty is

fitness." Virgil's "obscuris vera involvens" becomes in our translation "involving truth in obscurity." We have, indeed, in a few cases managed to translate Greek concreteness, as in "The same thing cannot both be and not be at the same time and in the same respect;" or in "Things equal to the same thing are equal to one another;" or in "If equals be taken from equals the remainders are equal." But even after years of repetition these direct phrases sound strange to modern ears, and we are conscious that they are not like our usual mode of expression. Our tongues by a second nature run into abstractions. Our scientific books are full of "laws," "motion," "energy," "communication of motion," "transfer and conservation of energy," "gravity," "heat," "electricity," "life," "evolution," "selection," and a thousand abstract terms, so remote from the real bodies which possess these attributes, that it requires a strong effort to realise their concrete meaning, while most people are content to merely juggle with the words. We have here the chief reason of the superiority of the Greek mind. With far less experience and knowledge than ours, a Greek writer nearly always seems fresher and cleverer than a modern. It is because his words made a far better instrument for thinking about things. Here also is to be found the reason of the decay of modern style. As more and more men and women nowadays approach authorship from mere science and modern languages, their words get further and further from thoughts and things. If we now proceed to give up the Greek leaven, still instilled by the Universities, the human mind will decay with the decay of human language. We can think without speaking; but we cannot think well without learning to express ourselves in flexible and concrete terms.

Greek language, however, is not the only, or even the principal, part of the necessity of Greek in education at its best. The literature of the Greeks is, to say the least, inferior to none; and, without needing comparisons, it is, at any rate, the foundation of all the rest—of Latin literature, and directly or indirectly, of modern literature, including our own. It is the fountain of poetry. To content ourselves with a single instance, the Homeric epic, expressed in flexible and concrete Greek, is probably the very finest work of man. It inspired Virgil and Dante and Milton, who cannot be understood without Homer and Virgil. The histories, again, of Herodotus and Thucydides are the models of modern historians; and a careful perusal of the *Sicilian Expedition* would have saved both our statesmen and our generals many blunders in the conduct of the present Boer War, if they had only condescended to read it in the graphic and wise pages

of Thucydides. The Oxford School of modern historians, which centres round the names of Freeman and Stubbs, was brought up on the study of ancient history. Nor is science an entirely modern thing. Mathematics, as a series of deductive sciences, from arithmetic to conic sections, mechanics of solids and fluids, astronomy, acoustics, optics, natural history, biology, medicine, are all in their foundation Greek. Galileo, in discovering the parabolic motion of projectiles, and Kepler, in discovering the elliptical motion of Mars, were both aware that they were resting on the principles of Greek conic sections. Newton prided himself on using Greek geometry and its methods in the *Principia*. To this day, with the exception of the laws of motion, the main principles of the sciences are Greek, the terminology is of Greek origin, and, if a new scientific term is wanted, it is usually of Greek composition.

It is true that in experience of facts, in knowledge of laws, and in utility of inventions, the moderns have far outstripped the ancients. But mere science is not the main point. There is also a "Wisdom of the Ancients." Greek philosophy is essential to modern thought. The metaphysical theories of Plato and Aristotle are enshrined in Christian theology and engrained in modern philosophy. They must be reckoned with by anybody who deserves to be called a thinker on these subjects. Now, ours is an age in which men's minds are being driven back through science and life to the ultimate and universal problems of the relation of man to nature, and of both to God—the very problems of the Greek philosophers. We stand in danger of entering from too narrow approaches to these wide questions.. On the one hand, as physical science generalises its special principles, it is coming at last to the general principles of things, as we see in the writings of Haeckel, of Huxley, of Mr. Spencer; but, through approaching the world from its matter, such mainly material metaphysics are prone to materialism, or to agnosticism, or to phenomenalism. On the other hand, as literature becomes more popular, it tends, as we see in scores of novels, to mix up the loves and the lives of quite ordinary people with superficial opinions about the most profound secrets of the universe. The philosophy of the physicist is too narrow, the philosophy of the novelist too shallow, for the universe of things. The true correction of both is the inseparable study of Greek and modern philosophy. It is not that the Greeks solved everything; but they set every problem. Moreover, by the time of Aristotle, they had arrived at a solution, not, indeed, perfect, but near to fact, exceedingly judicious, and, above all, comprehensive; a solution

which has given the human mind an advantage in dealing with things in general which it never possessed before; a solution which, once lost, will be difficult to recover, because it is not the solution of to-day, though it has stood, and may again hereafter stand, the test of time.

The reader of Greek philosophy of the fourth century B.C., of Latin philosophy of the time of Cicero, of the Bible, and of the history of Christianity, can hardly fail to notice that they all contain a kind of common view of what the world is in itself, of its dependence on God, and of man's place in it; a view which is still the ordinary view, but threatened on all sides. In presence of this fact, the most vital fact of all human history, the wiseacres of our day, before they disturb our highest education, have to ask themselves two questions:

(1) Considering that Greek thought, Latin thought, and Christian thought were cast in one mould, do they suppose that they can dispense with Greek and keep Latin, or dispense with either and leave the Bible?

(2) Supposing that they were to dispense with ancient thought in search of a new solution of the problems of the universe, in whose books of natural science, in whose novels, in whose philosophy, German, or French, or English, or American, are they going to find anything like a principle, from which, as a common point, the new philosophy and the new religion are to make a beginning?

Give up Greek, and civilisation becomes a chaos. We have nothing to take its place. Without Greek in the highest education, men will not learn how to express themselves in natural concrete terms, will not study the beginning of any important subject or institution except Roman law, will not drink from the fountain of poetry and art, will not understand the origin and meaning of any great problems of philosophy, will lose their hold on Christian civilisation, and worse than all will not know where to begin, or what solution to put in the place of what they will have lost. Greek never was more necessary than now, in the present upheaval of thought. Oxford thus stands in a position of much responsibility. If she is wise, she will not be led away by small, and so-called practical, considerations such as that "this man's Greek is worthless to him," or "this man, or woman, does not want to learn Greek," or "modern languages are necessary to compete with the Germans," or "the Rhodes scholars cannot be expected to learn Greek." If such arguments mean that a few individuals are to dispense with Greek, they are not important enough to outweigh general considerations of true educational

principles : Oxford need not compass heaven and earth to make a few proselytes. If, on the other hand, they mean a serious change, they involve setting up a regular *modern side* in the University. That would involve a staff of teachers in modern languages, and in technical subjects, which does not exist; it would involve in the colleges a diminution of the salaries of classical and other teachers, who are already insufficiently paid for their position ; it would involve a cleavage among the graduates, and among the undergraduates, both of whom are already too much divided ; in a word, it would destroy what little unanimity of purpose and community of spirit still animate the whole University. In truth, the modern side, once started, would grow at the expense of Greek ; not because it would be better, but because it would be popular ; and because it would have the lesser educational advantage of encouraging a man's bent, without the greater educational advantage of correcting his faults. Meanwhile, Oxford would lose her essence ; for she can teach her existing curriculum, but could not besides teach modern languages and technical subjects, nor teach them nearly as well as they could be taught in large cities, such as London, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool. Is she then to change, in order to degrade a first-rate University from what it does best to a second-rate academy which could not compete with universities more recently founded in large cities ? Surely she had better continue to do her work in the world, and leave other universities to do the rest. A university may fritter itself away in trying to do too many things, like the man who—*πόλλ' ἠπίστατο ἔργα, κακῶς δ' ἠπίστατο πάντα.*

Deeper then than all small issues lies a momentous issue, which may potentially decide the future education of mankind. If Oxford alters her standard in order to admit students without Greek, she will revolutionise herself, lose a unique opportunity of extending her best influence, and imperil the future of Greek, Latin, and Christian civilisation everywhere. If she simply remains as she is and has been, *super antiquas vias*, then, without any effort, simply by the force of her essence, she will gradually extend the study of Greek, by declaring that nobody shall enter who has not enough Greek to have at least a starting-point for future self-education ; and with the study of Greek she will extend the power of really comprehending the universal truths of Greek, Latin, and Christian civilisation to the whole empire of Great Britain, and to all English-speaking people affected by the provisions of Rhodes' will. In this way, and in this way alone, would she make the scholarships, founded by the noble generosity

of Rhodes, a world-wide blessing. May we not go further, and say that thus she would be following out his intentions? His will, literally interpreted as it should be, means the maintenance and extension of the existing, not a revolutionised, education at Oxford. It expresses indeed a wish, which is reasonable so far as practicable, for the extension of the existing medical school. But it makes no conditions. It does not require that any of the scholarships should be medical; nor does it ask the University to modify its curriculum, so as to admit medical students, or any other students, without Greek, or so as to make it easier for them to enter. Nor does it attach any such condition to the previous examination of the candidates "in literary and scholastic attainments," any more than it requires it for the subsequent admission of the scholars to the University. On the other hand, the testator himself had gone through the existing curriculum at Oxford, without expressing in his will any dissatisfaction with it, or any thought of its being altered, so as to make matters easy. If he had thought so, he was the man to say so. If we are to infer anything, it would be that he thought it would be a good thing for colonists and others to go through the existing curriculum which he had gone through at Oxford. But, in reality, we do Rhodes injustice if we go beyond the plain facts that he remembered Oxford with gratitude, and repaid her with interest.

THOMAS CASE.

A PLEA FOR THE SILENCE OF THE NOVELIST

ONCE I said in my haste, following an august example, that it would be a matter of small moment if no more novels were written for the next fifty years. On leisurely reflection I am inclined to endorse that opinion, though half a century appears an excessive term of silence to impose upon our vast army of Scheherazades, many of whom, like the Arabian story-teller, tax their powers of invention and stimulate their flagging energies to the utmost to gain respite, if not actually from death—by starvation—at least from financial dissolution. But no more novels, say for twenty years, during which a generation might be reared with a taste for something nobler than novels, or at all events for the fine works of fiction that already exist and are so seldom read; or even for ten or five years, what a boon that might be!

It is not that all the tales have been told; they had all been told many times over long before letters were invented. They always will be told in some form or other in prose or in verse, in speech or in writing, till the end of time, and they will always, these same old tales, be pleasant to tell and pleasant to hear till the end of time, because they tell of things that can never grow old, of the relation of man to man, and of the relation of man to the seen and to the unseen that surrounds and moulds him. Also of the relation of man to his time, for, though you will say times change, yet man's relation to his time is constant. But surely man changes? Man never changes; he takes polish and mould, but continues the same for ever; the elementary passions are inalterable; every subtlest, most exalted, emotion of which we are capable is based upon them. But manners change? Aye, truly, but effect no alteration in the eternal human; they are but lines fretted upon durable stone or letters cut in beech rind, leaving the rock or tree beneath as before. Still, this perpetual changing pageant of manners is among the most variety-giving elements in the novelist's material, and the nice adjustment of the eternal

human to his casual environment makes no small part of the literary craftsman's skill.

No ; the tales may be told and re-told from every point of view and in every variety of detail and amplification, with every embroidery of thought and fancy and manifold beauty of setting, and never fail to charm, nor, if rightly told, to edify and instruct ; though amusement and not edification is the novelist's proper aim.

A good fiction writer must have a specially organised brain, of which in the nature of things there can be but few ; yet our tale-writers are innumerable. And, while the most gifted do their art injustice by hasty and therefore crude production, the Press teems with novelettes, newspaper-corner serials made by the yard, and magazine stories with nothing to recommend them beyond a knack of putting together what arrests the flaccid attention of vacuous and brainless indolence, unable to endure a second without external diversion from inward monotony. It is weariness to think of these productions ; the sight of the empty stuff piled on railway bookstalls produces moral and mental nausea. Some of the cheap periodicals fluttering on the stalls consist entirely of short stories, rarely enlivened by a spark of wit, a gleam of fancy, a glow of humour or a touch of life. The same may be said of many six-shilling and three-and-sixpenny novels turned off at the rate of three or four a year, made to sell and for nothing else. Some of these are very clever, many give token of much undeveloped power stifled by haste. Many show considerable knowledge, though rarely of human character ; others display a smart style, a ready buffoonery, or a pert flippancy in touching subjects that should only be approached with reverence and delicacy, which passes for wit and humour ; while others, clever in a way and always fluent, win favour by sheer vulgarity or indecency. It must be confessed that a large proportion of this great flood of novels are well put together ; they show a technical skill that accentuates their inherent want of vitality. They give token of special training. Lessons in the art of writing fiction are actually given to literary aspirants by professors, who make a living, or at least turn an honest penny, by this singular trade. It was a sad moment for literature when the notion that novel-writing was a lucrative craft first got about, thanks partly to papers by James Payn, suggesting the training of average middle-class youth for this simple, inexpensive and well-paid profession ; partly to the genial and large-hearted Sir Walter Besant, who never tired of representing the literary profession, and especially fiction, as a profession, like any other, to be learnt and practised as an exclusive means of gaining a livelihood by the moderately endowed,

such as swell the lower ranks of the medical, legal, and clerical professions. A man with no marked aptitude for his special profession and of general ability even beneath the average, may still be a respectable and useful lawyer, doctor, soldier, or clergyman, great numbers of which are needed to carry on the ordinary affairs of life, though exceptional power and even genius is requisite in the higher walks of these vocations. But, while the rank and file of most callings can do very well with industry, training, and moderate intelligence, no one wants a mediocre novel, poem, or picture; unlike the hard-working doctor in a difficulty, the hard-working novel-writer cannot call in a recognised head of the profession to disentangle a plot, supply a true conception of character, or give sparkle and music to a dull and dragging style. And a feeble novel is a serious evil.

No one should be trained to write novels and nothing else; the best training for a novelist, after the school of life, is the exercise of some other profession, and of course such knowledge of literature as is included in what is called a liberal education, the more of such knowledge the better. Nor should any write fiction in cold blood or of set purpose as a toil or task, for joy is necessary to artistic creation, but only when impelled by some strong inward compulsion, when he has characters to depict, a story to tell, or the need of disburdening himself of some message or imparting some irresistible gaiety concealed in the story. It is said that but for the need of money few would write, paint, sing, or act at all. Rather it seems that a strong bent to any art or craft creates a necessity for its active exercise that flags with time, more or less according to individual temperament, and is quickened by the stimulus of material and other rewards such as fall to the successful artist. When the stimulus is too keen and jaded or out-worked powers are spurred to over-activity by actual need of money for the day's wants—as is usually the case when literature is the only source of income—the work must be poor, the artist's talent enfeebled and his genius gradually atrophied. That spontaneity is a first condition of artistic creation, and that fine imaginative work can only be produced in an atmosphere of freedom and mental repose, is well known.

Still greater is the deterioration of art when pursued for gain. Money for its own sake, to furnish luxury and gratify pride, is a venomous thing; nothing corrodes so surely and debases so effectually. When a man sets himself to build up a fortune by honest commercial or industrial enterprise, he does no ill thing, providing that he plays the game fairly. He uses special powers to the end to which they are fitted and benefits mankind as

he goes; his joy is not so much in possessing wealth, which he may apply to noble and unselfish ends, as in playing a skilful and exciting game and exercising conscious powers of no mean order; it is well for the community that wealth should be produced; it is his part; his delight is in doing it well. Though even commerce with no end but gain is corrupting.

But when an artist, whose part is to minister to man's higher nature; to reveal the beauty of the visible world and of the relations between man and man and to trace out the hidden springs of action; and, in the novelist's case, to furnish wholesome amusement through the medium of imagination, fancy, emotion, and reflection; to turn fine-pointed satire upon human folly; to create heart-easing mirth by a genial presentment of sudden incongruities of character, circumstance, incident, and conduct; to inspire high aims, pure ideals and noble emotion; to widen our sympathies and enlarge our charity; to create living human characters and represent them in action not too much above or too much below reality, too commonplace or too elevated, and by the power of art to present a just and accurate, though never literal, picture of human life as it is, has been, or might be—when one so charged with high and sweet responsibility sets up gain as the first end of art, it is a kind of simony and the work must deteriorate. Of course fiction may furnish unwholesome amusement and evil mirth, inspire vile ambitions, ignoble ideals and base emotions, narrow our sympathies and destroy our charity, and yet present a fairly accurate picture of human life and character; but the picture will never be complete, the wit and humour never quite honest, the life and character necessarily one-sided; the writer's art and genius will be lessened and weakened by his moral limitations. Because all things evil tend to death and all things good are in the direction of vitality; because the main tendency of human life and character is right and noble, and because it is against human nature in the main to love what is morally bad and degrading. For God certainly made the world and he made man in his own image.

Yet he who ministers at the altar should live by the altar. Truly; and the loaves and fishes were ungrudgingly distributed; but those who came for the sake of them were sternly rebuked.

Some of the best work in the world is done gratuitously; roughly speaking, all political and public work in England is unpaid. Nor can such emoluments as fall to the lot of public men ever be a main object with those who take office. A considerable part of every medical man's work is gratuitous; pay is not what attracts men to the two Services; those who

devote themselves to the higher walks of literature, to philosophy, to scholarship, and to scientific research know well that in doing so they turn their backs upon wealth. On the other hand many fine intellects are lost to science, philosophy, learning, and literature, as well as to the arts, by the obligation of a bread-earning profession. No doubt these callings might be adequately endowed by the richest nation upon earth. And why should not fiction be endowed ?

Broadly stated, the present overflow of fiction is characterised by clever mechanism and mediocrity, facility of execution and poverty of matter, the natural result of inadequately gifted writers taking to fiction as a lucrative calling ; a rarer characteristic is excellent material crudely worked out, leaving great possibilities of character and situtation undeveloped, the equally natural result of haste. Everybody knows how to write novels in these days but nobody can. In the same way everybody can paint pictures yet nobody does—or next to nobody. For writers must keep abreast of the tide ; nobody has time to read what few have time to write. Even printing is now too hurried to be accurate. Authors beg to be allowed to correct their work and often in vain. Such trifles as unverified quotations, punctuation throwing whole periods out of meaning, lines inserted in wrong order, words transposed, false spelling, the endless array of compositor's blunders and emendations worse than blunders, are nothing to the man in the train, the woman on the pier, the boy in the baker's cart. Really fine works sometimes bristle with misprints rarely noticed by reviewers. The unkempt disarray of the reading vulgar seems to reflect itself upon works of power and distinction and the dignity hitherto associated with literature to be falling into the general decadence of the period.

Another note of hurried fiction and one still more significant of intellectual decay and degraded taste, is a lack of reticence concerning all that portion of our animal life upon which civilised intercourse agrees to be, except under grave necessity, entirely silent, a silence stricter and more characteristic of Teutonic than of Latin races and literatures, and most of all characteristic of our own.

It is not easy to account for the present undoubted vogue for what is so foreign to English character and taste. No doubt there is a corresponding laxity of morals just now in some classes, but not enough laxity to be an adequate cause. After all, it is a question of taste, more than of morals, and agrees with the decline of dignity and reverence and the free and easy, uncourteous manners that rob social intercourse of charm and life

of beauty in these democratic days. This taint, insensibly growing upon us all and lowering all our standards, in morals as well as in taste, together with other notes of the intellectual decadence of the age—love of ugliness and horror, and delight in all that degrades and is painful, absurdly called realism; as if nothing can be real that is not revolting or natural but dirt—this taint, it may be hoped, will not permanently stain our literature. In part a recoil from early Victorian prudery, it may be greatly due to excessive production; straining after what is new and startling, and then after what is newer and more startling, is inevitable and perhaps unconscious in the effort to attract attention in such a crowd. "The most daring writer of the day" is a selling epithet; "grapples with the problem of sex," another. As if sex were the newest modern discovery and had not discomfited Adam long before it put up the sale of the last novel. People will soon be tired, if not incapable, of being shocked by anything, but not before many minds have been indelibly stained and filled with ugliness and many lives made less tolerable than they might have been.

Yet realism, vulgarity, and everything that is third-rate in thought and style and subject, in all that is essential to art, will always attract the majority of readers, because in days of cheap education and cheap reading matter the majority will consist of the uncultured and unthinking, of those whose mental powers are atrophied by disuse or mechanical (not manual) toil and monotonous occupations, and of those who are just cultured enough to set some value upon letters and intellectual gifts, without being able to follow or grasp their measure; of such as read papers full of incoherent snippings from every writer under the sun and often almost meaningless without the context, under the impression that they are nourishing and training their minds. We all know what the populace loves in drama and music, and how insensible to beauty the masses appear to be, also what a perennial charm they find in vulgarity. It is doubtful if an education that can, by the necessity of things, go little farther than teaching to read print and manuscript, to reckon and to write, is a benefit; it unquestionably creates a demand for literature that is not literature. A far better education might be given without reading or writing by committing orally to children's memories passages of the Bible and Shakespeare and Milton and ballad poetry, and in like manner teaching history and things that bear upon practical life. Then, if the use of steam, except in simple domestic matters, could be suddenly and irrecoverably forgotten by the whole human race, and all but very simple machinery made useless—but this, perhaps, is Utopian.

Still, the charm of a world undefiled by advertisements, except the necessary and picturesque signs—like the bush over the wine-shop—suitable to unlettered, but not unintelligent, working people, and unvexed by the yell of the newspaper fiend, the peace of it! In sober earnest, knowledge gained more from observation and bodily experience, from the seen, the touched, the heard, and less from printed books and chalked blackboards, would tend to a far completer mental and physical development of children, especially of those of hand- and body-workers. Mind and body would act and re-act more harmoniously one on the other, brain and muscle would be better balanced; the long superiority of the clerk or pen-worker over the hand- and body-worker would disappear. The craftsman would approach the artist's level, the anæmic book student, half blind and ignorant of all that concerns the art of living, be known no more. Reading and writing, instead of being the earliest, might well be later rungs in the ladder of learning.

For the chief perceptible result of general primary education is a generation of ignorant and unthinking people, to whom the power of deciphering printed words is a doubtful boon. On the other hand, we have in the field a great army, every man in the ranks of which can read and write, an army of men whose abstention from every kind of excess and violence, hitherto deemed inevitable accompaniments to war, and whose humanity and self-restraint under difficult circumstances, besides filling all thinking minds with amazement and admiration, have helped to make the great Boer War a lesson to the world in gentleness, magnanimity and self-restraint, and an era in human progress. Many other causes, the greater care now given to the soldier's moral and physical welfare, the superior class from which he is drawn and the possibility the veldt affords of keeping drink from him, may be assigned for this; but the fact that he can read and write must not be ignored. Nor must we be too severe upon the scant benefit the civilian populace derives from reading, when we remember the splendid qualities of our reading and writing soldiers, who are at the present moment cheerily laying down their lives and facing every species of suffering and privation for us. But in addition to their mastery of the alphabet soldiers enjoy the great advantages of discipline and physical training.

In the event of this hastily desired temporary silence of the novelist becoming a reality, the novel manufacturer would probably disappear and betake himself to more remunerative trades, while the creator of character, the master of style, the builder of well-balanced story and harmoniously linked incident, the true

magician, under whose subtly woven spells enchanted palaces and gardens of exquisite delight arise unbidden—that is to say the maker or inventor as distinguished from the manufacturer—would take breath and recover waning strength after undue toil. No longer forced, his conceptions would mature silently, his humour mellow, his wit brighten, his imagination recover elasticity and strength of wing. The pageant of life, whether in tragic robe or comic mask, would unfold itself before eyes at leisure to observe and enjoy, and, preserved in memory, would silently impregnate brains that in due time would unconsciously reproduce the slowly developed pictures. There would be leisure not only to study but to assimilate the life of the past and of other countries and classes, time to enrich over-wrought minds by learning and meditation. Even the reviewer might be made something of. Relieved from the necessity of noticing ten novels a day in paragraphs of three lines each, he might be introduced to classic works of fiction and instructed in the elements of literature and first principles of criticism. People with views might convey them to mankind by some more suitable channel than that of fiction, the present conduit for everything, and this would be equally good for the views and the fiction. Readers would have time to discriminate and select from the enormous mass already before them, and many of the best works, at present hurried through or altogether passed over in the headlong gallop down the serried ranks of fresh publications now necessary, might emerge from undeserved and undesirable obscurity. The newly risen generation might be introduced to the immortals: to Scott, Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, all of whom, it is said, are strange to the young goddesses who cycle and play hockey and tennis and wear such an astonishing variety of hats and gowns, and to the young mortals, cigarette in mouth, who earn opprobrious epithets at wickets and goals, many hurts at polo and much satisfaction on golf-links, and who wear hats and coats of no variety at all. Even poetry might once more form part of the reading of the better educated classes in the vast spaces of leisure created by a few years' suspension of novel-writing, and in that case poetry might once more be produced by some "mute, inglorious" Tennysons and Keats, now keenly aware that little but preciosity, brutality, slang, and doggerel charms the public.

The young novelist of the future, instead of hurrying, crude, and untempered, into print and stereotyping his worst points and cheapest effects because they best please the unlettered masses, might store his mind, train his powers of expression and mature

his conceptions during that blessed truce to production, trying his 'prentice hand on works which in a few years he would gladly burn instead of delivering to the eternal damnation of print. Really fine novels are seldom written in youth. From thirty to fifty is the age at which most of the masterpieces of fiction have been produced, an age when intellect has matured, experience grown and observation developed, and before imagination has weakened or feeling grown cold. It is true that the finest works of Dickens are youthful productions; but Dickens is not so much a great novelist as a great humorist and master of fanciful grotesque. Nor have the greatest writers of fiction been prolific; Dickens, yes; but the later, out-written Dickens to the earlier is as lees to sparkling wine. Thackeray's really fine works are quickly counted; *Lovell the Widower* and the *Adventures of Philip* might be spared. How few are George Eliot's at her best, how few the whole of Hawthorne's!

After the collapse of many trashy magazines, the greatest good in the proposed silence might be the abatement, even extinction, of over-advertisement. That dishonest commercial trick, the boom, can only be applied successfully to work devoid of distinction; an element of commonness is essential to please readers only educated enough to like to think they are thinking and easily persuaded that they are. And while the boom almost forces such work upon the reading masses, it pushes true literature out of sight of the saving remnant; thus, puffing and booming, together with cheap and inferior magazines, have killed the idea of literature in average minds. But verbose commonplace and cheap effect might no longer content readers fed upon ripe fruits of genius, and neither perpetually importuned to swell prodigies of gigantic circulation nor tempted to dissolve their intelligence in endless scraps of anecdote and startle their lethargic imaginations by prurient and realistic detail. There might be a literary renascence in England; and even reading would become a means of education if it gave the power of enjoying literature.

But, in the event of such a silence, how would poor Scheherazade keep alive, or is there any Fund for the Support of Silent Novelists?

MAXWELL GRAY.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, *April* 11, 1902.

WITH the hope of obtaining some party advantage Representative Richardson, of Tennessee, the leader of the minority in the House of Representatives, was willing to publish to all the world his belief that the Congress of the United States is a corrupt body, willing to be bribed, and had in effect been bribed, and to demand that certain very flimsy charges, made in such a way that on their face they bore their own refutation, should be investigated. The House adopted the proper course and appointed a committee of investigation as the quickest and easiest way of proving the absurdity of the accusation. The examination of the charge made by Captain Christmas that money had been improperly used to secure the passage of the bill to purchase the Danish West Indies is still in progress, but enough testimony has been taken to show how absolutely unwarranted is the assertion and how untrustworthy the man who makes it. The whole thing was so flimsy that it needed but to be pricked to collapse.

It is difficult to understand whether Christmas is a knave or a fool; whether he was trying to swindle the Danish Government out of half a million dollars by representing that he had to bribe members of Congress, or whether he was innocent enough to believe all that was told him by the cheap hangers-on in Washington who are always looking for victims, and to whom a five-pound note is a magnificent fee. Christmas is a person of no consequence and need not be seriously considered, but Richardson is a man of different type, and cannot be so lightly dismissed. He is an American, and therefore ought to have some regard for the national honour. Christmas as a foreigner was not hampered by any such considerations. Richardson is a member of Congress, an old and experienced member, formally designated by his party associates to be their leader on the floor. The charge of wholesale bribery of members is not one that he should lightly father, or one that he should bring

to public notice without careful scrutiny as to the character of the man making it. If Mr. Richardson had made even a casual inquiry he must have seen that Christmas was so ignorant of American legislative methods that if he really bribed any one he simply threw away his money. The House of Representatives has no more to do with the ratification of a treaty than has the House of Commons, so it would have been as sensible for Captain Christmas to have bribed members of Parliament as to have bribed members of the House of Representatives. The Senate alone can ratify or refuse to ratify a treaty. Where a treaty requires an appropriation both Houses must act, but it always follows as a matter of course that after the ratification of a treaty the House makes the necessary appropriation. For the House to refuse to do so would be to violate a national compact, and that has never yet been done. Yet Captain Christmas pretended that members of Congress must be bribed and Mr. Richardson did not repudiate the insinuation.

It is very curious—at least, it seems curious to a man who has closely observed the workings of Congress for a great many years—the suspicions entertained in Europe of the honesty of members of the American Congress, and yet perhaps not so curious when one knows that the country at large does not regard the members of the national legislature as being above reproach. I believe I do not misrepresent when I say that the average man who knows very little of Washington, who seldom if ever comes to Washington, and who judges of politicians by what he reads in the newspapers and from what he sees of his municipal or state officials, sincerely believes that Washington is a sink of iniquity and a den of corruption, that everybody is "on the make," and that men obtain a seat in Congress or accept an appointment in the Government service so as to profit by their illegitimate opportunities. I say this because I notice that when friends and acquaintances come to Washington, whether it be from near-by Massachusetts, where the standard of intelligence is very high, or from far-off Montana, where the standard of intelligence is not so high, they all are possessed of the same belief. They all talk about the lobbyists, whom their fancy pictures swarming about the corridors of the capitol, and they all believe that the lobbyists are hand and glove with the statesmen and divide the spoils with them. If you tell one of these visitors that the average member of Congress is honest, scrupulously honest so far as money matters is concerned, and that the dishonest, corrupt man is the rare exception, your friend is apt to look at you not only incredulously but also pityingly. Alas, he says to himself, L. has gone the way of all

the others and has yielded to temptation. He used to be honest at one time ; now he is not only dishonest but he joins hypocrisy with his other vices and prates of honesty to conceal his own nefarious doings.

Now, as a matter of fact, there is very little personal dishonesty among members of Congress. There are very few men whose votes are actually purchasable. Among the 400 odd members of Congress are the usual proportion of scoundrels, about the same percentage that you find among the same number of clergymen, or lawyers, or doctors, or merchants. Some men are born dishonest ; some men become dishonest by their opportunities ; some men think that it is more profitable to be dishonest than to remain honest. But the average of personal honesty in Congress is high.

There is, of course, party dishonesty, which is quite another thing ; and there is the man who has been sent to Congress to represent a special interest or corporation, who is really as much the agent of that interest or corporation as its lawyer, and who earns his salary by being absolutely faithful to his masters. Party dishonesty consists in making, for example, a tariff to suit the requirements of the men who contributed to the campaign fund or in framing legislation so as to benefit a special class. But the individual member of Congress does not benefit by that ; he does not receive money for his vote, and he salves his conscience by making himself believe that it is all for the good of the party, and the party is supreme, no sacrifice is too great to make for it. The man who comes to Congress simply to look out for the interests of a great corporation receives his pay in advance. The corporation pays the money to run his campaign ; the corporation in the first place picks out the man it wants, and takes very good care that only the right man is nominated and elected. It makes very little difference whether the man is a Republican or a Democrat. He is a corporation man first and a party man afterwards. The man who is owned by a corporation is dishonest in one sense, but not dishonest in the sense that his vote is for sale to the highest bidder. While he is in Congress he remains loyal to his employer and is not a purchasable quantity.

The bribery and dishonesty in American politics, and there is perhaps more of it in the United States than in any other country, is not at the top but at the bottom, among aldermen and common councilmen and members of state legislatures. The alderman as a general rule is a saloon-keeper or a petty shopkeeper, who has to spend a good deal of money to secure his election, who can ill afford it, and who looks to his office

not only to recompense him for his outlay but to pay him a handsome dividend. This he cannot hope for legitimately. In some cities aldermen are unpaid, in others they receive a small fee for every meeting of the board they attend ; in a few cities they are paid a yearly salary, but the amount is always small compared with the expense of an election and the constant demands made upon them. The only way to get even is to steal—that is putting it bluntly but very concisely. Of course, there are exceptions ; it would be as absurd to say that every alderman is dishonest as it would be to say that every clergyman is a good man, but the exceptions are not to be considered in averaging a class. The average alderman is dishonest because he has to be.

Nearly every city has its Tammany, but New York is the only city to have gained such world-wide malodorous fame, because Tammany is so much greater and so much more picturesque than the smaller bands of thieves to be found elsewhere. The opportunities of an alderman are unusually great. There are franchises to be awarded and contracts to be let ; there are text-books to be bought for the board schools and supplies for the public departments ; there are innumerable ways by which the city can be swindled or private interests enriched. The syndicate that wants a profitable franchise can afford to pay for it ; the contractor who is anxious to lay sewers or pave streets is willing to divide a part of his profits with an aldermanic committee or board. The layman calls this stealing ; the professional politician looks upon it as one of the perquisites of his office, and has little compunction in taking his tithe.

Philadelphia is as much a Tammanyised city as New York, with a council that simply scorns public opinion and openly defies it. The following from a Philadelphia Republican newspaper—the council is Republican—shows the contempt the council has for the people it is supposed to represent :

> Like a drunken crew of buccaneers dividing their spoils at the end of a cruise, councils celebrated the official end of their term on Thursday by passing the Market street subway grab amid an uproar of loutish hilarity. There was not the slightest pretence of consideration for public interest. Even the reading of the bill was drowned in the noise made by the exultant gang, and members who asked for information or proposed amendments were pelted into silence with any missiles the clownish crew could lay hands upon. Cannon crackers were exploded, desk lids were slammed, and the meeting of Philadelphia's municipal legislature turned into a Bedlam by the hoodlum grafters of the machine.

The grand jury of St. Louis has recently been investigating charges of corruption among members of the municipal

assembly, which is the official designation of the common council, and has returned several indictments for bribery and perjury. In the course of its report the grand jury says :

A far-reaching and systematic scheme of corruption has been carried on for years by members of the municipal assembly. These members form what are called "combines" for the especial purpose of holding up prospective legislation until their demands in the way of money consideration are complied with. Instead of discharging the duties of the office for the public good, and in accordance with their oath, they become organised gangs for plunder, using their office to enrich themselves at the people's expense.

Our investigation, covering more or less a period of ten years, shows that with few exceptions no ordinance has been passed wherein valuable privileges or franchises are granted until those interested in the passage thereof have paid the legislators the money demanded for action in the particular case. No municipal corporation has ever had its most valuable franchises so recklessly and scandalously disposed of for a consideration which found its way, not to the city treasury, but into the itching palms of the public pilferers.

We have had before us, many of those who have been, and most of those who are now, members of the house of delegates. We regret to report that we found a number of these utterly illiterate and lacking in ordinary intelligence, unable to give a better reason for favouring or opposing a measure than a desire to act with the majority. In some no trace of mentality or morality could be found ; in others a low order of training appeared, united with base cunning, grovelling instincts, and sordid desires. Unqualified to respond to the ordinary requirements of life, they are utterly incapable of comprehending the significance of an ordinance, and are incapacitated, both by nature and training, to be the makers of laws. The choosing of such men to be legislators makes a travesty of justice, and deliberately poisons the very source of law.

The evidence showed that these men had received sums "ranging from £20 to £20,000 for their individual votes and influence." One of the officials boasted that he had made £5000 a year out of his official position, which paid a legitimate salary of £60 a year. Another official sold himself for £15,000, and then sold out to an opposing interest for £20,000. The reason why these enormous bribes can be paid is explained by the grand jury. A franchise ordinance was passed by the Assembly at an expense of £50,000, whereupon the owners of the concession immediately sold it for £250,000. A great deal more space of the *National Review* might be used in citing the separate acts of bribery reported by the grand jury, but it is sufficient to print this concluding paragraph of the report :

The evidence shows us that there are in this city men of seeming great respectability, directors in large corporations, and prominent in business and social circles, who have not hesitated to put up money for the purpose of bribing through the assembly measures in which they were interested. When

called before our body some have added to the offence of bribery the crime f perjury, and only escaped the ignominy attached to their infamous conduct by reason of the fact that the evidence, though satisfying to our minds, would not be admissible in the trial courts. While legal evidence may be lacking to bring upon them the penalty for their acts, yet they are morally convicted and damned by their connection with such debauchery. Some of these are as guilty as those against whom indictments have been returned, the only difference being that they have been more successful in covering their tracks.

The above very concisely strikes at the root of the whole system. It is cause and effect, and effect from the cause. Officials accept bribes because "men of seeming great respectability" are willing to bribe them; "men of seeming great respectability" are willing to bribe because they know their bribes will be accepted. So long as the affairs of a great municipality are placed in the hands of men "utterly illiterate and lacking in ordinary intelligence," men of low cunning and without conscience, who have it in their power to confer great wealth by voting franchises and awarding contracts, so long will jobbery and corruption be inseparable from the administration of municipal affairs. Some months ago I quoted the doubts expressed by Abram Hewitt and some leading newspapers, *apropos* of the effort then being made to overthrow Tammany Hall, as to whether popular self-government for cities was not a failure. The more one sees of it in America the more one is inclined to believe that the only way by which decent, honest, and economical government can be secured is by the appointment of a dictator who shall be liable to instant execution the first time that he is found stealing or subordinating the interests of the general public for the benefit of a favoured few.

The United States has set an example to all the world that all the world may admiringly wonder at. When owing to the circumstances of war Cuba passed out of the possession of Spain, and the United States took control of the island with the declared purpose of holding it as the trustee for the Cubans until such time as they should be competent to manage their own affairs, all the world believed, as did possibly a majority of Americans, that the United States was in Cuba to stay, and that while the Cubans might be given a certain share in the management of their own affairs, they would be always subject to the dominating control of the nation that had freed them from Spanish misrule. In other words, Cuba might enjoy autonomous government up to a certain point, and might be a quasi-independent state, but complete independence was not to be

thought of. The world now knows how unjustified this suspicion was. There was a very great temptation for the United States to remain permanently in Cuba, and had it elected to remain the world would have acquiesced in its decision and the Cubans would have been unable to offer successful resistance. But immediately preceding the declaration of hostilities Congress had adopted a resolution declaring that it was not the purpose of the United States to acquire sovereignty over Cuba. This declaration of principles has been solemnly adhered to. Cuba is for the Cubans so long as they prove themselves worthy of the charge committed to their hands. It is an act of noble self-denial on the part of a great nation ; it is a page in its history of which the United States may well feel proud.

Cuba owes an enormous debt to the United States. The brief time that the United States has been in occupation has done more to advance civilisation than the 400 years during which Cuba was cursed by Spanish misrule and tyranny and corruption. The Americans have practically eradicated yellow fever from the island, and made it as wholesome physically as they have morally. They have taught the lesson of justice and of honesty. They have infused into the sluggish Latin some of their own superabundant energy. From the time that the Castles of Aragon were pulled down and the Stars and Stripes raised is in actual time little more than three years ; in everything that goes to make for material progress and national welfare is the lapse of a century. There is only one other parallel in the history of all the world. That is Egypt under the master hand of Lord Cromer. What Lord Cromer and the British Government have done in Egypt General Leonard Wood and the American Government have done in Cuba. Both in Egypt and in Cuba the dominant characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon, the characteristics that have made the race what it is, have been the magician's wand to strike off the shackles of sloth, and inertia, and superstition, and the crushing weight of the decaying civilisation of the centuries, of the incubus of a so-called superior race that has lived in the past and blinded itself to the present. Anglo-Saxon grit, and resource, and energy, and honesty, have made the desert blossom like a rose, and built railways, and cleaned up festering cities, and taught the priceless lesson of exact justice.

The United States will retain certain garrison posts in Cuba and establish naval and coaling stations and supervise the foreign relations of the latest member of the family of nations, which is perfectly proper and absolutely necessary in view of the proximity of Cuba to the American mainland and its

geographical position, but in all other respects Cuba will be as free as the United States itself, with its future destiny in its own hands and its own salvation to be worked out in its own way. It is an experiment in self-government that the world will watch with a good deal of interest. The Constitution of Cuba is closely modelled on that of the United States, and the spirit of the new Constitution as that of this country is to put all power in the hands of the people. There are acute observers in the United States who do not believe a free Cuba can have a long life as the Cubans by temperament and training are unfitted for self-government and can only be kept in order by the strong hand. Time will show whether these fears are justified. If they are there is only one ending. Cuba will be annexed to the United States and will form another American colony in the Caribbean Sea.

Occasionally an American newspaper drops its attitude of regarding the American system of government as so perfect as to have been the wisdom of the gods rather than the poor handiwork of man, and is honest enough to indulge in a frank confession, which is always entertaining and frequently informing. This from the *Charlotte Observer*, the leading Democratic paper of North Carolina, is not without interest to English readers who have been so often told by Republican and Democratic newspapers during the last three years of the frightful crime they are committing by crushing out the liberty of the innocent Boers:

> This talk about the consent of the governed is, when you get to the bottom of it, mostly rubbish. We people of the south, for instance, who have for years been cheating niggers at elections, and kept it up until we concluded that it was cheaper to disfranchise them by legal enactment, now shed crocodile tears on account of the woes of the Filipinos and cry aloud that all just government derives its authority from the consent of the governed. Rot! The south didn't consent to the government that it got for several years after the Civil War. The southern niggers are not consenting to what they are getting now. We talk about the consent of the governed and taxation without representation, when these arguments run our way; but we forget how often these principles have been violated in our own country to-day with our approbation and as the result of our own acts. Consent of the Governed! Taxation without representation! Rot!

It has remained for an Englishman, Mr. Moreton Frewen, to do justice to the memory of the late Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, and to make the American people understand how unjustly accused he has been. Mr. Moreton Frewen was in this country at the time of Mr. Altgeld's death, and between the

two men there had long existed an intimate and sincere appreciation of the other's many fine qualities. The newspapers devoted much space to biographies of the former chief executive of Illinois, the leading incident in his career being the pardoning of the anarchists who had been sentenced to life imprisonment for their supposed connection with the riots in Chicago when a score or more of persons were killed. Mr. Moreton Frewen pointed out, what seemingiy the newspapers had never known, or if they had known it they carefully suppressed the facts, and certainly the public at large did not know it, that the Governor was induced to grant the pardon because of a petition presented to him signed by a large number of the leading citizens of Chicago ; especially the city's foremost bankers, merchants, and other capitalists. One of the signers of this petition was Mr. Gage, at that time the president of a prominent bank in Chicago, more recently the Secretary of the Treasury. The fact that Mr. Gage signed the petition was not generally known until Mr. Moreton Frewen made the fact public, or that other men of equal prominence and high standing among the class to whom the anarchists were most bitterly opposed asked that clemency be shown. Another interesting fact made public by Mr. Moreton Frewen is that the men whom Altgeld pardoned were proved at the trial not to have been in the vicinity of the explosion. They were convicted upon "general principles," and because of their known sympathies with the cause, but not because it was clearly proven that they were *particeps criminis*. Chicago at that time was panic stricken, it was clamouring for blood and insisted that terror be struck to the hearts of the anarchists, and to appease the clamour victims were found. Governor Altgeld believed that justice required that these men should be pardoned, and because he pardoned them he was denounced from one end of the country to the other and declared to be an anarchist and as guilty as the men he pardoned. The prominent part that Altgeld took in Mr. Bryan's first campaign had much to do with that candidate's defeat.

The ship subsidy Bill which passed the Senate earlier in the month is still pending in the House, and has been roundly denounced by many leading newspapers and public men, and on its surface appears to be a Bill principally for the benefit of the American line, which is owned and controlled by the Standard Oil and J. P. Morgan millions. The granting of a subsidy to steamship lines, according to the provisions of this measure, is simply the Republican doctrine of protection carried to its most extreme limit. Manufacturers have been given a bonus, in the

form of a tariff, to enable them to undersell foreign competitors and prevent the invasion of the home market by foreign manufacturers, and the shipowner now asks for the same gratuity from the National Treasury and for precisely the same purpose. Ostensibly the Bill will promote foreign trade, stimulate the building of American ships, enable American goods to be carried under the American flag and induce Americans to become sailors so as to provide a reserve in time of war. It is not easy to understand how these results will be achieved by the passage of the Bill, but it is quite easy to understand that the American line will be able to pay much larger dividends to its owners for which the general public will be taxed.

The chief bonus is given to vessels of 10,000 tons or more, making over 20 knots an hour, and as the American line is practically the only company owning vessels of this class this section is really for its benefit. Its compensation from this source alone, it is estimated, will be about £350,000 a year, and in addition it will receive a heavy postal subsidy for carrying the mails. That company, one newspaper points out, now "gets over $500,000 for carrying about half as much of the United States mail as is carried by the Cunard Company, to which the United States Government pays only about $200,000." Another indefensible feature of the Bill is a subsidy of one cent per registered ton for every 100 nautical miles sailed on both outward and inward voyages up to a limit of 16 voyages a year. There is no requirement as to the cargo carried. Any vessel built in the United States and owned by American citizens can sail simply for the sake of the subsidy, and doubtless it will be found more profitable for shipowners to earn the subsidy than to carry cargo.

The will of Cecil Rhodes has made a profound impression in the United States, all the more profound because of a tinge of remorse. Day after day, week after week, month after month American newspapers have vituperated Cecil Rhodes and linked his name with that of Mr. Chamberlain for the responsibility of the South African War. Cecil Rhodes owed nothing to this country, America had contributed nothing either to his vast wealth or his undying fame, and all that America did for him was to hold him up to the scorn of the world and contemptuously charge him with having plunged the nation into war for his personal gain. Like other great men Cecil Rhodes was not understood (in the United States at least) until he had left behind him the clash of petty strife and passed beyond the flings of small men unable to comprehend a master intellect.

It was a revelation to the United States to learn that Cecil Rhodes had a deep and abiding conviction in the greatness of the United States and believed that the future welfare of the world was inseparably linked with the solidarity of the two English speaking peoples. Great as he was in life his death showed him to be even greater. He knew that a political or formal alliance between Great Britain and the United States is impossible now, perhaps always impossible, but he had the prescience that taught him that the two nations could be drawn closer together by the common tie of education gained at the same source, and that nothing binds men in dearer comradeship than the devotion and loyalty to *alma mater*. The throwing open of Oxford to the young men of America will make them understand what they can learn in no other way, that there is much in the English character that is admirable, much in English institutions and sentiments and methods that can be advantageously transplanted to this side of the Atlantic ; it will give Englishmen a better comprehension of the typical American of the rising generation and show that England may learn from the younger race. This contact cannot fail to have good effects on both, and it only requires national prejudices to be beaten down for the best that is the heritage of both peoples to be known to each other. This is the view entertained by educators and public men, this is the hope expressed by men who, like Cecil Rhodes, have worked in a much humbler sphere to make the American understand the Englishmen better, and to make the Englishmen take a more tolerant view of the American. Despite the thousands of Americans who visit England and the hundreds of Englishmen who visit America the two nations do not really know each other. If they did there would be more comprehension of each other's idiosyncrasies, more charity, and less friction.

The attempt now being made by the agent of the Boers in this country to induce the Federal authorities to prevent the shipment of mules and horses to South Africa may or may not succeed, although it has been the unbroken policy of this Government from the earliest days to permit its citizens to sell any and all supplies to belligerents, but if it does succeed, and if Great Britain is no longer able to obtain American animals, it simply adds another blunder to the long list of blunders that has characterised the whole conduct of the war. The British Government must have known of the pro-Boer feeling existing in this country, and ought to have realised that there was no necessity for increasing this feeling by calling attention to the

fact that Great Britain was principally depending upon the United States for its remounts. And there was no necessity for it. There was no necessity for sending over a score or more of officers to act as purchasing agents and to supervise operations, or for having the animals delivered to them in New Orleans and then placed on board transports under the direction of British officers. A contract might have been entered into with responsible persons, Americans, for the delivery of animals on board ships in the harbour of New Orleans or elsewhere, or for that matter delivered in Cape Town, which would have given very much less opportunity for criticism. Nor can one quite understand the wisdom of sending over a major-general and his aide-de-camp, whose arrival is heralded by the announcement telegraphed throughout the country that he has come to the United States to inspect British property and to supervise the operations of the officers of the remount department stationed in this country. And to cap the climax the statement is made that twenty Sikhs are *en route* to assist in the collection of horses. For what are they coming? To attract attention by their dress, to collect a crowd, to forcibly remind every man whose sympathies are on the Boer side that England is relying on the United States for remounts, to arouse racial antagonism, and perhaps to incite some reckless or desperate man to assault them and lead to an international difficulty that may prove embarrassing to both Governments? It is all so unnecessary. There are any number of cowboys who understand all about horses and mules who could be engaged for this work, who would do what was required of them properly, and probably in the long run could do it better and cheaper than it can be done in any other way. At all events it would have been a more diplomatic way of doing things, which is perhaps the reason why the other method was adopted.

A. Maurice Low.

CONCERNING HERBS AND BEASTS

An ancient book, bound in brown leather and tooled with care : a book now worm-eaten and fallen from its high estate. *Speculum Mundi* it is called, "being a serious discourse of the causes, continuances and qualities of things in nature," printed Anno Dom. 1643 by Roger Daniel, Printer to the Universitie of Cambridge, and dedicated to the Duke of Richmond of the day, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, to whom the author "by continuing the Dedication of this unworthie work wishes the continual increase of his Grace's renown upon Earth and Happiness in Heaven hereafter."

Erstwhile, without doubt, a precious book, much conned and considered by the Welsh squire who owned it. Notes written in an ink now pale brown with age adorn its margins, and here and there are crosses marked with vehement pen, as though to emphasise the truth of the words set down. Mighty pins, whose heads and points are fearful to look on, hold the yellow age-stained leaves together, and within, upon the cover of the book, is written in the sharp and stilted hand of other days, the owner's name :

John Wynne, hys Booke
God gave him Grace thier on to Looke.

It is another John, one surnamed Swan, who writes the book ; and, being an old fellow of a determined and whimsical personality, he thus proceeds to introduce himself and the purport of his work to his Gentle Reader : "Although I go not about to teach the learned, yet the ignorant may be instructed in what before they knew not ; yea, the learned may also be occasioned to call to mind something which for the present has either slipt or slept their memories." And lest any man should dare to doubt these facts that he would tell, he states also that "though I be no Stoick to tie God's mightie hand to second causes, yet I verily believe that all things are not beyond the course of nature which seem to be extraordinairie."

Therefore, oh Gentle Readers, be ye learned or be ye ignorant, in all good faith and in exceeding penitence for your foolishness in allowing these strange facts to have slipt or slept your memories, take heed I pray you all these extraordinairie things, which good Master John Swan would have you know, concerning the Heavens above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth! Much has he to tell of clouds and mists, of flying dragons and of the men and women of the sea; strange tales of birds and beasts and fishes and of the magic power of precious stones, and vastly is he concerned with the strange properties of herbs and plants, and of them does he at great length discourse. He speaks also of astrologie and of the terrible accidents that do succeed eclipses: of the politicall significance of comets: of how, that children born at the turn of the new moon, do seldom live; how wood cut for timber before the moon is full, will soon be rotten; and of how the brains of mice do wax and wane, with the waxing and waning of the moon, being ever less when the light of that horned lamp is furthest from the full. Soundly he rates they who do not agree with him in his belief.

Senseless is he who (without blush) denies
What to sound senses most apparent lies,
And such is he that doth affirm the starres
To have no force on their inferiours.

And now, having reduced thee, Gentle Reader, from senselessness unto a proper and reasonable frame of mind, John Swan proceeds to act the part of showman to the universe, as it appeared to him in the days when Charles the First was King. For thee, he bids the seasons wander by, and in very charming language does he introduce the four moving Spirits of his most pleasant comedy.

First appeareth Spring—"that pitiful and kind-hearted Cherisher, clothing the earth with sweet new liveries. Around her head the choristers of the rebounding woods do then begin to tune their sugared throats, bidding good morning to the day, and morrow to the morn. . . . Next cometh Summer, Mother of plentie, and daughter of bountie. Yellow, as gilded ears, her hair, and her lap full of every kind of graine, to enrich the weary labourer and feed each hungry soul. . . . And then that kind-hearted prodigal, Autumne, who giveth away so freely, that in conclusion there is nothing left him. . . . Look after that at Winter, who cometh in with palsie pace, through the gloomie mists of night. Old and hoarie-headed, he doth but shake his

hairs, and trees and herbs, instead of leaves, are peri-wigged with snow. . . ."

Mention is also made of a certain spirit, who must be of a retiring nature, since his reputation is slight and he is known to few. Yet is his task one not to be despised. He may be described as the Heaving Angel, and he is responsible "for the ebbes and flouds which keep such regular alteration as they do day by day. . . . He stands in a certain place of the world, and sometimes heaves up the earth above the waters, sometimes constraining it to sink below them. In an ebbe, he heaves it up; and in a floud he lets it sink."

But alas for the Heaving Angel! His renown is but short-lived and evanescent, for John Swan, though he gratuitously drags him forth from obscurity into the glare of publicity, pushes him aside contemptuously, as but "the Mad Phancie" of some unknown poet, and so dismisses him and passes on!

Having thus peopled his stage according to his liking, listen while he tells of the "Herbs hot and drie and moist and cold, and of Herbs of more than ordinairie properties"—and lest ye should dare to under-rate their value take to heart the following verse:

Good Lord how many gaping souls have scap't
By th' aid of herbs, for whom the grave have gap't;
'Tis not alone their liquour inlie tane
That oft defends us from so many a bane,
But even their savour, yea their neighbourhood
For some diseases is exceeding good.

"First," he says, "I began with *Basil*, whose seeds being mixed with shoemaker's black, do take away warts. We in England, though we seldom eat it, yet greatly do esteem it because it smelleth sweet and comforteth the brain. But know that weak brains are rather helped than holpen by it; for the savour is strong, and therefore much smelled into procurath the headach; and hath a strong propertie beyond all these, for a certain Italian, by often smelling the *Basil*, had a Scorpion, bred in his brain, and after vehement and long pain he died thereof. I pray thee, Gentle Reader, bear in mind this tragic tale and have a care, lest thou, through over-indulgence in one sweet smell, should turn thy brain into the unwilling hostelry of a too lively Scorpion! Be discreet in thy generation, and setting on one side the pot of treacherous *Basil*, gather to thyself great armsful of *Never-dying Borage* (so called because of its fair blew flowers, ripe seeds and buds may all be seen on it at once) and bravely plunge it into wine, where," saith Master Swan, "it cannot but be good

and comfortable and pleasant for the brain and heart ; it increaseth wit and memorie, engendereth good bloud, maketh a man merrie and joyfull and putteth away all melancholie and madness." Gather also the *Purple Mallow* for 'tis a mitigatour of pain ; and if thou stampest the leaves with honey and anointest thyself therewith never more shalt thou be stung or molested by wasps, or any of their kind. *Sage* also take, for "it hath many virtues and a great desire to make a man immortall."

Sage makes the sinews strong, the palsie cures,
And by its help no ague long endures.

A little vinegar sprinkled upon its leaves lying upon coals, and so wrapped in a linnen, and holden very hot unto the side of those that are troubled with a grievous pain, taketh away the pain presently, and also greatly helpeth the extremitie of a pleuresie.

Wild Rue is an enemie to the toad, and therefore a great enemie to Poyson ; and if any do eat fasting twenty leaves of *Rue*, two drie wall *Nuts*, as many *Figs*, with one graine of *Salt*, nothing that is venimous shall that day hurt him : it being also an excellent preservative against the pestilence.

Garlick, Rue, Pears and Radishes will make,
With Triacle and Nut
An antidote which will fell Poyson stake
And doore of danger shut.

Hard indeed it is to imagine any Poyson which would not be overcome by such a decoction, whatever might be the fate of the luckless patient ! Indeed, 'tis an open question whether John Swan's faith in the efficacy of all his remedies is altogether as supreme as he would have the world believe, for thus writes he later, in a moment of candour, of another of his own medicines :

"This syrupe while 'tis good for rheums, and the fore-named maladies, while some of it cures, *others it maketh worse*. For we see that the use is too frequently turned into an abuse, and the remedie is proved a disease, and all through a wanton and immoderate use." . . . Comment here were vain !

More pleasant to the ear, eye, and to the taste would be :

Fernell, Vervine, Rose Celandine and Rue
Do water make which will the sight renew,

and "put in a man's eyes will open their windows and let in more light." And yet more charming this Conserve which is good to comfort the head and heart. "Take the buds of red

Roses, somewhat before they are ready to spread, cut the red part of the leaves from the white, shake out the yellow seeds, then take the red leaves and beat them very small in a stone mortar, and unto every ounce of *Roses* put three ounces of sugar, by little and little, in the time of the beating, and beat them all together till they be perfectly incorporated. Then put it in a glasse, and set it in the sunne for a season and it is made."

Gentle Reader, art thou a Damsel, loveless, forlorn, never courted or beloved by mortal man, or art thou some luckless Swain, whose lady-love has played thee false—whiche'er thou art, go gather, secretly, at break of day, some of the herb called *Sowbread*. Reck not its ill-sounding name, but make it into little flat cakes and these take inwardly. So shall all men and women love thee greatly and the world be at thy feet! A simple remedie this, to achieve so great an end. Disdain it not, I pray, because of its simplicity!

Again I ask, art thou ever peevish and childishly foolish for thou knowest not what? Then, says Master Swan, take to thyself the berries of an herb called *Herb-True-Love*, crush them to a powder, and drink of it half a spoonful morn and night. Which thing is not an allegory, but a sober serious fact! Know too, that *Thyme* being made into a powder is good for such as be fearfull and melancholie and troubled in mind, if it be taken in a honied vinegar which is called Oxmel. If still thy temper continues dull and melancholie, yielding not to the sweet influence of *Thyme*, for thee grows the flowers of *Rosemarie*. These shalt thou also stamp into a powder and bind them to thy right arm in a linnen cloth and this powder (by working upon the veins) shall make thee right merrie and lightsome.

Or does it chance that thou art a wretched wight who liest awake in the long watches of the night, calling in vain for sleep? Arise out of thy bed and make to thyself a garland of *Vervin* and set it on thy throbbing brows; thus crowned, sleep shall be thine, sound and secure!

Is thy friend exceeding sick or sorrie and like to die? Go thou into the garden in the early dawn, and break great boughs off the *Willow-tree*—"These with their leaves may well be brought into the room, and set about the beds of them that are sick, for they mightily cool the heat of the aire and so cannot but be wonderfull refreshing to the sick patient." Pause not to consider the feelings of the modern doctor, who, armed with clinical thermometer, and scientific saws, cometh in to find his patient's bed decked out with great branches of the *Willow-tree*—for such way cowardice lies! And I beg of thee worry not thy mind as

to any disinfectants he may bid thee adopt; chew rather while yet fasting the leaves of *Sorrel*, or the root of *Angelica*, and thou wilt find that it preserveth wonderfully.

Contagious aire, ingendering pestilence,
Infects not those who in their mouths have tane
Angelica, that happie counter bane.

Dimly at times does one suspect in worthy Master John a trace of cynical humour which he would fain disguise. Mustard, he says, is marvellous good for the voice of she who would sing clear, but it hath moreover another good propertie which must not be forgotten; and this it is:

She that hath hap a husband bad to burie
And is therefore in heart no sad but merrie
Yet if in shew good manners she would keep
Onyons and Mustard seed will make her weep.

A good propertie—mark that!

Is not the same quizzing spirit his, when he writes, with scarcely a dividing note of punctuation, "*White Brionie* boiled in oil scoureth the skin and taketh away from a fair damsel's face all wrinkles, freckles and scarres, making her exceeding fair to look upon, 'tis also a plant profitable for tanners to thicken their leather hides with."

Hyssop is an herb which farre above all the rest
Gives a good colour and complexion mends,
And is therefore with women in request.

So too are *Cummin seeds*. "Wash with the seeds sodden in water, and thou shalt have thy heart's desire, yet use it not too much for then it breedeth palenesse."

That John Swan was no friend to *Tobacco* may be surmised from his exceeding churlish references to the fragrant weed. "The physical and chirurgicall uses are not a few," he says, "and being taken in a pipe it helpeth aches in any part of the body. But beware of cold after it; neither take it wantonly nor immoderately;" and here follows a poem which he entitles:

"*A LESSON FOR SWEARING, SWILLING SWAGGERERS.*"

To quaffe, roar, swear, and drink Tobacco well,
Is fit for such as pledge sick healths in hell.
Where wanting wine and ale and beer to drink,
Their cups are filled with smoke and fire and fumes and stink.

The gentleman does not mince his words. Almost one might suspect him of wishing in this guise, to gibbet some forward friend who has dared pollute his house with the hated fumes!

Of a surety, we here get a side-light on the human nature of the writer!

But to continue. "The leaves of *Waterpepper* rubbed upon a tired jade's back, and a good handful or two laid under the saddle, doth wonderfully refresh the wearied horse and causeth him to travel much better, and note that this is to be done so soon as he beginneth to tire." And against this statement the original owner of the book has set a cross, as though to emphasise that this thing he has tried himself and found succeed.

Strange are the qualities of *Betonie*, for while it helpeth the bitings of mad dogs, by drinking the juice thereof, it hath also this strange propertie pertinent to it, that "if fell serpents be enclosed round about with it, they fall at such odds that they kill each other presently." And among men the same *Betonie*

Breaks friendship's ancient bond
Tho' Willow-wort makes wonted hate shake hands.

Soothing is *Willow-wort* for men and beasts, and is of such strange virtue that when oxen at the plough are striving and unrulie, let it be put into their yokes, and presently they are appeased and quieted. The smell of *Mint* stirreth up the mind, and must therefore be good for students. "Good also (adds friend John, with splendid irrelevance) against the biting of Scorpions; a valiant venime and courageous plant." Deadly, on the other hand, is the juice of *Wolf-Bane*. He that is wounded with an arrow, knife or sword dipped therein *dieth incurably* within half an hour after! Yet nevertheless, so great and deadly poisoner as it is, it cures the burning bite of stinging serpents, if it be taken and applied to the place grieved. Thus all unconsciously was John Swan with his *Wolf-Bane* (whose Latine name is *Aconite*), the forerunner of all the school of homœopathists that was to come. . . .

But other herbs there are, stranger yet, of which he still would speak. One *Nyctilops* is an herb, which in the night shineth afar off, and above all other creatures it at first sight scareth Geese! Another called *Crowfoot*, which at the sight thereof moveth a man to laughter; and yet a third, the herb *Snap-draggon*, which being hanged about a man's neck preserveth him from being bewitched, and maketh him gracious in the sight of the people; and a fourth, which applied to anything lockt and shut, will presently open it, or being cast into an armie in the time of Battel, will cause the soldiers to be in feare and runne away! Nor must the herb *Moly* be forgotten, for of it Enchanters make great brags!

But strangest perhaps of all, are the secrets and reports concerning that herb the *Moon-wort*. 'Tis highly esteemed by Alchymists, because it seemeth a very proper thing for them, and peculiar for their use in making of silver! And if a horse tread upon it, he loses his shoe and is freed from locks and fetters. And here Master Swan giveth the following strange narration to strengthen his case:

"I remember what a friend of mine of Good Credit once told me, that his Grandfather had a close, wherein it was common thing to find their horses unfettered in the morning, although they were fast shacked over night; he named the place, but I have now forgotten it. Here do I suppose might grow some of this herb to work these feats."

Oh Moon-wort tell us where thou hidd'st the smith
Hammer and pincers thou unshoest with.
Alas! what lock or iron Engine is't
That can thy subtil secret strength resist?
Sith the best Farrier cannot set a shoe
So sure, but thou with speed canst undo!

Almost one can see the old man shake his head as he comments warily: "These things are strange!"

Thus much of "the greene, gallant, rich, enameled robe with which Earth clothes itself in braverie and putteth on its own rich liverie." What now of those precious stones which lie hidden deep within the earth, "those bodies without life, though some suppose," John whispers doubtfully—"that once they too had life—and died!" It may be news even to the most cunning jeweller to know that though that most precious and hard stone the *diamond* yieldeth not to stroke or hammer or fire, yet if he hath a goat in his possession, and to her give a feast of *parsely* washed down by wine, and then so soon as she hath eaten and drank slay her straightway and unmercifully—and then "take her blood being yet warm and into it throw the *diamond*, it shall become soft and plastic as clay"—but beware, oh enterprising Jeweller, thou stint not thy victim first of her fill of wine, for otherwise will her death be of no avail, and thy diamond, still gleam and glitter at thee, with bright and shining facets!

Of a surety he who would make his life a joyful thing should take care to be well acquaint with the magic power of precious stones! Their true value would he then set upon the *Calcedon*, and the *Rubie*, two stones "which do expell sadness and fear and also hinder ill and fearful visions and dreams in a man's sleep." He would cause an *Onyx* to be set in a ring, knowing that it

"restraineth anger, stoppeth bleeding at the nose, sharpeneth the wit, and maketh men cheerfull and merie,"—various but desirable things! He would not disdain the humble *Amethyst*, for it hath power to resist drunkenness, and he would set a proper value on the *Sapphire*, which more than any stone helpeth against the stinging of serpents, poyson and pestilence. Nor would this wise and cunning fellow waste his substance in the purchase of alarum clocks and such like inventions of the Evil One, for he would be aware that "gold waxeth exceeding cold towards daylight, insomuch that they who wear rings of it may well perceive when the day is ready to dawn." By all which facts it will be seen that he who neglects not gemmes and jewels gains a great advantage over his fellow men!

Another cure for drunkenesse is set forth by John Swan, when dealing with the fowls of the aire, and it is this:

"The egges of an *Owl* broken and put into the cups of a Drunkard or one desirous to follow drinking, will so work him, that he will suddenly loathe his good liquor and be displeased with drinking." He, on the other hand, who "would greatly help digestion, should take the skins of a *Raven* well tewed and dressed with the feathers on it and wear it next his own skin!" Consider, Gentle Reader, the amazing discomfort thereby entailed, and thank heaven on your bended knee that you have not been fated to suffer John Swan as your consulting physician-in-ordinary! Far less unpleasant certainly would have been the skinne of the *Otter* worn in stocking-soles, good for palsie, megrim, and other pains in the head.

Much as nowadays were the birds which men eat in the days when Charles the First was King, though to-day it were needless to warn against the *Mallard*.

> *Good sport it is to see a Mallard killed,*
> *But with their flesh your flesh should not be filled;*
> *The Capon, Hen and Chicken, Partridge, Quail,*
> *The Heathercock wholesome, the Dove, the Rail,*
> *The Pheasant, Woodcock, Lark, and Thrush be good,*
> *And all that do not much delight in mud.*

To turn, however, from food, to the more poetical subject of the Migration of Birds: listen, I pray, to that which he would tell concerning *Swallows*. He quotes as his authority one Oleans Magnus, who thus writes: "Although the writers of many natural things have recorded that *Swallows* change their stations, going when winter cometh, into hotter countreys; yet in the Northern Waters Fishermen often-times by chance draw up in their nets an

abundance of *Swallows*, hanging together in manner of a conglomerated masse. In the beginning of Autumne they gather themselves together among the canes or reeds ; where providing themselves to sink into the waters, they joyn bill to bill, wing to wing, and foot to foot. For it is observed that at that time having finished their sweet singing, they descend in such a manner, and quietly again after the beginning of the Spring they fly out thence and repair their former nests." "This," saith Master Swan, "I confesse is strange," but being a prudent gentleman he does not gainsay the facts, choosing rather to close his chapter on the *Swallow* by uncontroversial and dainty verse :

Flying she sings, and singing seeketh where
Sh' her house with cunning, not with cost, may rear.
Her little beak she loads with little straws,
Her wings with water, and with earth her claws
Whereof she mortar makes, and therewith all
Aptly she builds her semi-circle wall.

Thus much of birds. Very strange and very terrible are certain of the beasts which Master Swan knows to roam about the earth, and they have most strange qualities. The *Hyena* for instance, "which hath such a strange power of incantation, that a touch of his shadow makes a dog not able to bark," or that fierce and cruel beast the *Lion*, "whose bones sound hollow, insomuch that some affirm fire may be struck out of them as from a flint, and sometimes he being too fiercely exasperated to anger, they are in such a heat that they even burn him up, and kill him." A clear case this of spontaneous combustion !

Somehow, it has never occurred to one to look upon the *Ferret* as a "bold and audacious beast," or to think of the *Squirrel* as having a "stately mind" because she tarrieth always on the tops of tall trees. Yet so Master Swan describes them, when telling strange tales of the world he knows : that wonderful, seventeenth-century world where *Dragons, Griffons, Unicorns, Sus and Mermaids* all live and move and have their being. Perhaps of all these beasts the *Su* is the most terrible. "It lives in the new-found world, farre into the south, and is a strange, cruell, untameable, impatient, violent and bloudy beast—of very deformed shape, monstrous presence, and a great ravener ! . . . She hath a mightie great tail, fierce talons and a cruel look." Truly an awful apparition to meet in the course of a country walk, either in the Old World or the New ! Very unpleasant too 'twould be, to come unawares upon a *Gorgon*, that "fearfull and terrible beast, that hath eyelids thick and high ; eyes of a bloudie colour,

and a long hanging mane, by reason of which his looks are fearfull. . . . As for his meat it is deadly and poysonfull herbs, and he sendeth forth a horrible and filthy breath, so much, that such creatures as are drawn in that aire, are grievously afflicted, and losing both voice and sight, they fall with deadly convulsions." . . . Distinctly undesirable it is to be even sighted by a *Cockatrice*, that creature of most dubious origin, for "the beams of his eyes do corrupt the visible spirit of a man, and so the man dieth. His hissing likewise is said to be as bad in regard, that it blasteth trees and killeth birds—and if anything be slain by him, the same also proveth Venomous to such as touch it. . . ."

Well, too, is it for the cautious and peace-loving man to avoid both *Dragons* and *Griffons*, for "the *Dragon* hath wings in bignesse like to rammes, and in his chaps divers jaws of teeth of blew and green colour," and the *Griffon*, tho' his wings be somewhat white, yet hath a purple body and crooked talons and fierce eyes!" Perchance in the Klondyke is he still to be found, for "he is greatly adicted to desert places, where he diggeth up gold and giveth repulse to those that come near him! Some doubt," adds Master Swan dubiously, "whether there be any such creature, which for my part shall be left to every man's libertie." . . .

"But above all," he says, "the *Mermaids* seem to me the most strange. Some have supposed them to be devils or spirits in regard of their Whooping noise that they make. For (as if they had power to raise extraordinarie storms and tempests) the winds blew, seas rage, clouds drop presently, after they begin to call." And hereinafter follows the exceeding pitiful and pathetic tale of one "sea woman who was taken up in the streights of a broken dyke in the year of our Lord 1403. She would often try to steal back into the sea, but being carefully watched she could not. Moreover she learned to spinne and perform other pettie offices of women, but at first they cleansed her of the sea mosse which did stick about her. She would obey her mistris (and as she was taught) kneel down with her before the crucifix; never spake, but lived dumbe and continued alive fifteen years. Then she died." . . .

And one word more, Gentle Reader, and this of warning, before thou and John Swan and I part company. Does it behove thee to entertain thy friends and comrades at a goodly feast, then in prudence (for having friends of a surety thou hast also enemies) possess thyself by fair means or foul, of the horn of a *Unicorn*. "For know that it hath many sovereigne virtues and with an admirable dexteritie expelleth poyson insomuch that being put

upon a table furnished with many junkets and banqueting dishes it will quietly descrie whether there be any poyson amongst them," and thus will the wicked man be discovered, and thy feast end in no tragedy !

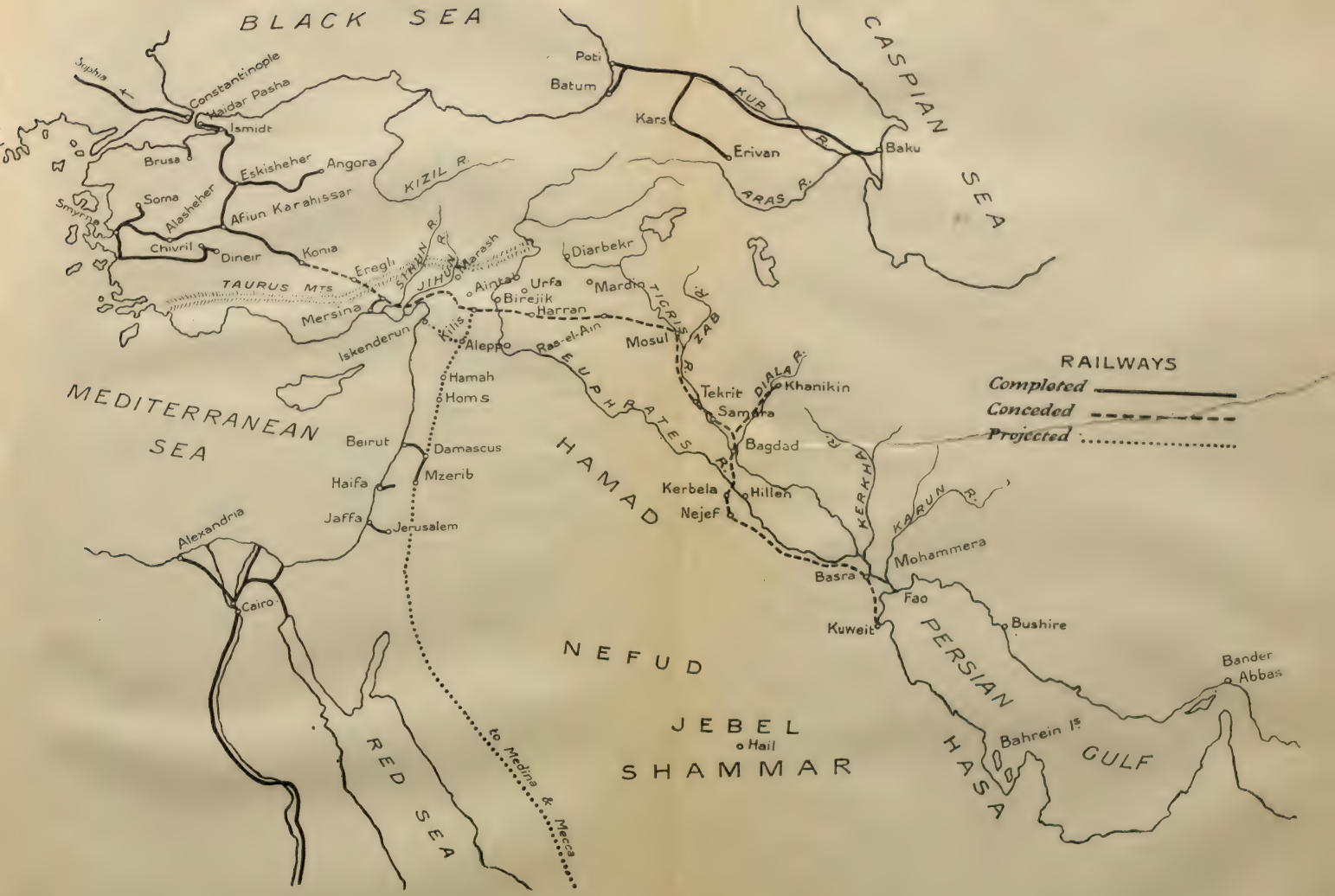
Be grateful, Gentle Reader, for this social hint, knowing that John Swan's only wish is to commit this, his prose endeavour, to the use of such as are worthy of his mean service. Or to quote him for the last time, "take therefore in good part what's thus intended for thee ; so shall my pains not quite want their recompense nor thyself be branded with the filthie mark of foul Ingratitude.—Farewell."

EVA ANSTRUTHER.

THE BAGDAD RAILWAY

THE announcement that a concession has been granted to the Deutsche Bank for the construction of a railway from Konia to Bagdad with certain branches and possible extensions, recalls from oblivion a long story of futile effort in England. For about half a century there was no scheme more insistently pressed upon British Cabinets, the House of Commons, and the public, than that of establishing a steam route to the Persian Gulf and India, by way of Mesopotamia. Born almost with the birth of railways, the project died a lingering death with the consolidation of British control over Egypt and the destinies of the Suez Canal. Two remarkable men, among many others, spent their lives in making it feasible, and appealing to official and private interests in this country; but neither General Chesney nor Sir William Andrew could ever make the "nation of shopkeepers" more than lukewarm in a cause that promised no sure commercial return, or excite successive Secretaries of State to overcome the passive resistance of the one Power chiefly concerned, and ignore certain underground opposition in European chanceries. And that although full advantage was taken of such successive menaces to the British position in Asia, as were offered by the Russian conquest of Trans-Caucasia, the Indian Mutiny, the several stages of the Russian advance into the Khanates, and the Egyptian Rebellion; and although the enthusiasts for the scheme dealt at critical moments not only with Gladstone and Granville, but with Clarendon, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, and Salisbury.

It is a story in three chapters, all equally barren of practical result. Chapter the First—an interesting record of abortive attempts made from 1835 to about 1845 to promote navigation on the Euphrates up to the latitude of Aleppo. Ere this was proved impracticable for one part of the twelvemonth, and precarious for the other part, owing to the marshes which draw off the lower waters, and to the rapids and banks which obstruct the upper, public enthusiasm, aroused by visions of cheap and easy


BLACK SEA
CASPIAN SEA
Sophia
Constantinople
Haidar Pasha
Ismidt
Brusa
Eskisheher
Angora
Soma
Alasheher
Afiun Karahissar
Smyrna
Chivril
Dineir
Konia
Eregli
TAURUS MTS
Mersina
Iskenderun
Poti
Batum
Kars
Erivan
Baku
KUR R.
ARAS R.
KIZIL R.
SIHUN R.
JIHUN R.
Marash
Ainteb
Urfa
Birejik
Harran
Diarbekr
Mardin
TIGRIS R.
ZAB R.
Mosul
Kilis
Aleppo
Ras-el-Ain
EUPHRATES R.
Hamah
Homs
Beirut
Damascus
Haifa
Mzerib
Jaffa
Jerusalem
Alexandria
Cairo
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
HAMAD
NEFUD
JEBEL SHAMMAR
Hail
RED SEA
to Medina & Mecca
Tekrit
DIALA R.
Khanikin
Samara
Bagdad
Kerbela
Hillen
Nejef
KERKHA R.
KARUN R.
Mohammera
Basra
Fao
Kuweit
Bushire
PERSIAN GULF
HASA
Bahrein Is.
Bander Abbas
RAILWAYS
Completed
Conceded
Projected

water transit, had been wasted, together with much precious time, during which the Porte was without suspicion or fear of the scheme.

Chapter the Second opens about 1851, with the promotion of a private company to make a through line from the mouth of the Syrian Orontes to the valley of the Euphrates at Jaber, and thence to the Persian Gulf at Kuweit. This company, under the lead of Mr. Andrew, Chairman of the Delhi, Punjab, and Scinde Railway, and using General Chesney as its advisor and surveyor in chief, actually obtained from the Porte in 1856 a concession and a promise of a 6 per cent. guarantee on the capital to be expended. But the guarantee was never secured, the company did not fill its subscription and the concession lapsed. To this failure two causes chiefly contributed. Not substantially backed by the British Government, a private company came with nothing in its hands of sufficient value to induce Turkey to clinch an agreement, under which a railway should be made with its head on the sea a thousand miles from Constantinople. There was in fact, the same drawback to this, as to all serious British schemes, that a terminus in Syria was a part of its case. Only the "wild cat" projects of Calais-Calcutta, and Calais-Pekin railways, put forward in the forties and early fifties, took the Ottoman capital into consideration. At the same time the Company could not show sufficient cause to the British public why capital should be embarked in a line, laid without promise of British official guarantee through a precarious inland region, and presently to be competed with by the Suez Canal, definitely projected in 1856. Tardy recognition of the interest of the Sultan led indeed to an amended project in 1863, wherein the Company promised to bring their rail-head ultimately to the Sea of Marmora. But by that time French influence had waxed strong in Syria, and the Porte had become suspicious of any British route to India which might lie through its territory.

Chapter the Third and last tells the story of foredoomed efforts to induce the British Government to carry the scheme through as a national undertaking, and as a counterweight to the completed Canal, whose danger as a route for troops was painted in vivid colours. Agitation, vigorously prosecuted from 1869, led at last to the appointment of a Select Committee of the House in 1872. This reported favourably on the Seleucia-Kuweit project, estimating the cost at £10,000,000. But the House received unfavourably a report not warmly supported by the Government, afraid of complications with France, and unwilling to put the necessary pressure on the Porte. Thereafter dissolution

set in, slow but sure. There were two rallies. The first took place after the publication of the Cyprus Convention, and resulted in the formation of a "Euphrates Valley Association" in 1879, with the Duke of Sutherland for President, and a strong committee, including the name of Midhat Pasha. The second was on the outbreak of the Egyptian Rebellion. But that Rebellion was to prove the beginning of the end, and it was this event that gave the real death-blow to British interest in a Euphrates Valley Route to India. For neither the Syrian coast nor that of the Sea of Marmora seemed any longer desirable points of departure to the sole occupiers of Egypt.

Since the early eighties there has been only one scheme of a trans-Asiatic railway that has attracted attention in this country, and this took Egypt as its base. It was proposed that rails be laid from Ismailia to Kuweit, under agreement with the Shammar Emir of Nejd, and through territory with which neither the Porte nor France have any practical concern. The scheme was absurd. Even if difficulties from scant water and superabundant sand, far greater than those which taxed so sorely the contractors for the Trans-Caspian railway, could have been overcome, there remained the vital question of policing a line, open for more than five hundred miles to Bedouin *razzias*. It is most doubtful if even so strong a hand as that of Mohammed Ibn Rashid could have rendered it secure. With Hail under the weaker rule, that has succeeded to his, it is certain that neither mails nor passengers would be trusted to a trans-Arabian line, unless it were guarded day and night like a route of the Tsar.

Twenty years ago we had a monopoly of this matter of a trans-continental route to India. It was for us and us only to pursue it or let it drop. Turkey both would not and could not make a line ; and no other European Power but Russia, who was making her own railways elsewhere, had a vital interest in new routes to the Far East. But in these twenty years the situation has changed greatly, both as regards Turkey and the Powers. Now the former is instant in her own interest to have a railway to Bagdad ; while certain Powers would go very far out of their way to facilitate its extension to the Gulf, the better to impair the British monopoly of that sea, and to serve their own imperial and commercial interests in the East. We are face to face, therefore, with a wholly new aspect of the question. What we would not do once, others are willing, nay wishful, to do now. If their resources prove equal to their hopes, a still shorter cut to India than exists already will be created, whether we desire it or no. We may,

indeed, stay the rail-head short of the sea ; but we cannot prevent it reaching the fluvial waterway at Bagdad, or even at Basra—*if their resources prove equal to their hopes.* With the history of the Euphrates Valley Scheme in mind, one must insist on that condition. The hopes of the projectors refer not to one scheme, but to two ; first a railway to Bagdad, second an extension thereof to the Persian Gulf. The chances of these two schemes are not equal. Let us consider the first.

Technically, the German Bagdad Company's scheme is at this moment no nearer realisation than was the project of the British Euphrates Company in 1856. A rough survey only has been made of the proposed route ; the Ottoman guarantee, though promised, is not secured ; and the capital sum is yet to find. But, practically, it is in a far more hopeful position. For, in the first, place, though this, no more than our scheme, is a Government project, it is in the hands of nationals, whose embassies back private commercial enterprises in Turkey as our own embassy does not. In the second place, the two most powerful financial influences at Constantinople, the Deutsche Bank and the Imperial Ottoman Bank, are main parties to it. And in the third and chief place, the attitude of the Porte towards this project is such as it has never been to any British railway scheme.

A vital distinction in the behaviour of the Sultan's Ministers towards our railway ventures and those of other nations is not a thing of to-day only. A tale used to be current concerning the last effort made by the British Directors of a short Levantine railway to promote an extension eastward. All went smoothly as far as Yildiz. His Imperial Majesty glanced at the dotted line, and remarked that obviously there was a slight error. The eastward passes were wholly impracticable. What the engineers, of course, had intended to indicate was an extension westward. He would be happy to further their project, when the altered map should be submitted to him. The Directors took their leave, and presently resigned in favour of a French Board.

The tale possibly has been well invented to explain why in fact no British railway has succeeded in passing the mountain barriers which shoot inland from coastal Turkey-in-Asia. In Anatolia one British line, after reaching Dineir, at the head waters of the Maeander and the foot of the western escarpment of the plateau, more than a dozen years ago, was unable by the most persistent efforts to overcome Palace obstruction to its extension eastwards, while a German line was pushed rapidly across the head of its advance. The other British line also reached the foot of the plateau at Alasheher ; but there it stayed, so long

as its direction was British. Transferred to a French Board, it has climbed to Afiun Karahissar, and joined the internal German system. In Syria two railway projects were passed by the Porte about the same time, and the works were inaugurated within one week. The first sod of a British line from Acre, or Haifa, to Damascus and the Hauran was cut on December 12, 1892, and four days earlier, on December 8, the first sod was turned of a French line, surveyed from Beyrout to the same points over a much more difficult route. The last was opened to Damascus in 1895, and a little later to Mzerib. The first is still waiting the withdrawal of official obstruction, having made roughly some twenty miles of track. And now we hear that France has been assured of a monopoly of all future railway projects in Syria.

For many reasons the Ottoman attitude to this new Franco-German scheme is quite other. The Sultan has no reason to fear, and much reason to forward it. In the dual control of the line by two rival nationalities, neither of whom has an interest in the East worth comparison with the British or the Russian, he sees no danger to his own Imperial rights before the ninety-nine years shall have elapsed, after which he will presumably have the right to acquire, under conditions, the fee simple of the whole concern. Nor is his attitude passive only. The part played by the Dedeagach-Salonica line in the Greek War of 1897 has disposed him actively to favour strategic railways. Witness his personal solicitude for a Damascus-Mecca line, which has less of piety in it than of policy, and is really designed to put the Fifth Army Corps into easy communication with the most vital but most uncertain of the Caliph's possessions, and almost in touch with the Seventh Army Corps in the Yemen. There is no doubt that any concession-seeker, prepared to complete that line and rivet it to the trunk Bagdad road by links through Homs, Hamah and Aleppo, will be sure of a very favourable reception by His Majesty. Now the proposed Bagdad line is of not less strategic value. Having its rail-head at Haidar Pasha, it will directly serve the vital centre of the Empire and link the Sixth Army Corps to the First, and so to the Second and Third as well; and when ere long the Fifth shall have been connected by a Damascus-Kilis line to these other four, the Sultan's hold on the coveted, but elusive, peninsula of Arabia will be found to be enormously strengthened.

Add to this that a Bagdad railway has long been contemplated at Stamboul. Though this is a new concession, it is granted to a Company well established in Ottoman favour, in order that a line, already in existence, may be extended in a direction expressly

foreshadowed in the terms under which that line was originally made. As long ago as 1871, when the short line from Haidar Pasha to Ismidt was constructed, it was regarded as an instalment of a trans-continental system; and when the construction of the extensions to Angora and Konia was undertaken, after the acquisition of the Ismidt railway by the Deutsche Bank in 1888, it was on a distinct understanding with the Porte that these were to be further instalments of a Bagdad railway. Therefore the Konia line has been worked since 1895 with only an insufficient service, obviously designed to meet only temporary ends.

In comparing the prospects of the Bagdad scheme with those of the abortive Euphrates schemes, it must be remembered further that the Deutsche Bank has no international complications to face. Russian and French opposition have equally been conciliated by the adoption of the Konia route, instead of that by Angora. For thus, on the one hand, the line will be connected with the French rail-heads in Asia Minor, and, on the other, it will not offer any strategic menace to the Armenian frontier. Nor, again, while it is the shorter route by 450 kilomètres, does this encounter any natural difficulties not superable at moderate cost. There are only two mountain ranges to be scaled and two second-class and two first-class rivers to be crossed. The first range is the Taurus, to be penetrated by the Gulek Pass, the "Cilician Gates." At its start from Konia the line will find itself already at an altitude of 3500 ft., and the summit of the Gulek Pass is no higher. Thereafter there is a fall to within a hundred feet of sea level at Adana, and the rise to the summit of the second range, the Giaur Dagh, will be about equal to the Tauric descent, if the Arslanli Bel, above Bagché, be the selected pass. A short tunnel, however, through the narrow crest above Hassan Beyli would obviate nearly 1000 ft. of this climb, and of the subsequent descent to the plain of the Kara Su, the northernmost tributary of the Orontes. The two second-class rivers will be encountered near together after leaving Adana. The first, the Saris, or Sihun, subject as it is to great and sudden floods, will need a bridge near a quarter of a mile long. The second, the Jihun, or Pyramus, is less wide, but deeper and more rapid. The two first-class rivers are the Euphrates and the Tigris. The first is to be crossed some distance below Birejik and near Jerablûs. The bridge will be, it is said, half a mile in length, and the midway piers must be set in a very rapid stream. The Tigris need not be crossed at all if, not Bagdad itself, but its right-bank suburb prove to be the engineers' objective. But since a branch to Khanikin, on the Persian frontier, is an essential part of the

proposed system, the Tigris will probably be crossed by the main line between Tekrit and Samara.

For the rest, the route lies over very easy country from Konia to the foot of Taurus, from Taurus to the Giaur Dagh, and from the Euphrates to Bagdad—in fact, for three-fourths of its whole course; and the interval of rolling hill and valley between the Giaur Dagh and the Euphrates should present no serious difficulty. The line will follow the Kara Su valley till it can round the southern butt of the Kurt Dagh; and the ridges dividing the three basins, which must be crossed thereafter, are not above 700 ft. higher than the beds of their main rivers, the Kara Su, Afrin, and Kowaik. The Cilician Plain and the upper valley of the Kara Su are marshy, but not seriously so; and probably the engineers will have more difficulty with deficient water and blowing sands on the section through Harran and Ras-el-Ain to Mosul, than with mountains, rivers, or marshes at any point.

There is a crux however, and it is financial. The Deutsche Bank constructed the Angora and Konia railways on an annual guarantee of 15,500 francs per kilomètre, which sum represents about 7 per cent. on the construction outlay. The Porte has promised for the Bagdad Extension the sum of 12,500 francs per kilomètre, with 4500 added for working expenses. Since the estimated expense of construction is 200,000 francs per kilomètre, this guarantee would seem to promise about 6 per cent. on the initial outlay, and a certain further percentage on the expense of rolling stock and working.

Can the Porte, however, find adequate security for the very large sum for which, under this agreement, it will be liable? To guarantee the Eskisheher-Konia Extension it charged the tithes of the province of Trebizond. Now it has to secure an annual payment of about four times the amount then needed—in fact, of about a million sterling. We must suppose that such groups of financiers as are represented by the Deutsche and Ottoman Banks know their business. On the one hand, they would not accept insufficient security, nor, on the other, would they have concluded this agreement unless aware that some sufficient security could be assigned by the Porte. But, since almost every kind of Imperial revenue in the Ottoman Empire is already hypothecated, we shall be curious to hear what this security is to be.

Supposing, however, unimpeachable security for the Ottoman guarantee to have been found, there is a very large capital sum to find. In appealing either to private or to public confidence, the promoters will have to face certain questions. In the first place, is their estimate of the expenses of construction so reliable

that the guarantee, being a fixed sum, may be assumed to represent the estimated percentage? The possibility of a large margin of error can the less be excluded in this instance, since the surveys of the engineers up to the present moment seem to have been very summary, and their estimates to have been based on the construction expenses of the Angora and Konia lines. In making these latter railways, however, neither mountain-chains nor large rivers had to be dealt with; and now that they are made, they are confessedly not capable of carrying heavy or express traffic. It is reported that the Konia directors contemplate strengthening their line, but only, as the report significantly added, *if an additional guarantee be forthcoming from the Porte.*

In the second place, over and above the guarantee, what returns are there likely to be? As the route is now laid down, it will be very hard to make any convincing show of the commercial possibilities of the Bagdad line. In the preliminary German publications, put out as *ballons d'essai*, great emphasis was laid on these. But whatever their value, it must be pointed out that the route is no longer to be what it was then to have been. Those publications represented that the line was to enter a rich oil-field at Eregli, and after tapping the cereal wealth of the Aleian plain, was to be conducted to the great towns of Commagene, Marash and Aintab, which between them have 100,000 inhabitants, and are the centres of rich districts. Beyond Euphrates the main line would touch in succession Urfa, a busy place of 40,000 Armenians and Turks, and the market for a population of four times that figure; Diarbekr, larger than Urfa, and situated in a still richer region; and Mardin, of less importance as a town, but, lying in a wider stretch of fertile lands. After crossing the Tigris, the line was to have followed the left bank, through the rich lowlands of Zakhu, to the head of the Mosul boat-bridge, and thence to have been deflected inland through Erbil to the fat upper basins of the Tigris affluents, and the naphtha deposits of Kerkuk. Receiving a branch line from Khanikin in the Diala valley, it would have carried the Persian traffic down the right bank of that stream to Bagdad, and especially the large number of Shiah passengers who annually make pilgrimage to the holy places of the Ali cult, bearing many thousands of their dead to be laid in earth near Ali, Husein, and the Imam Musa.

With the route, however, now adopted in the agreement between the contracting parties, nearly all this dream of tapping a lucrative local commerce and developing it tenfold, melts away. From the Giaur Dagh eastwards, the most direct route whereon a railway can be easily constructed, worked and

protected, has been adopted irrespective of populous centres or rich lands. After rounding the Kurt Dagh, the trunk line is to attain the Euphrates as soon as may be, ignoring Marash and Aintab on the one hand and Aleppo on the other, and touching no centre of more importance than the Armeno-Circassian township of Kilis. From the east bank of the great river its track is drawn, as with a ruler, through the little settlements of Harran and Ras-el-Ain to Mosul. Urfa, Diarbekr and Mardin are to be left lying far away to north, and the region to be traversed is a thin pasture land, bordering on the condition of steppe, and almost wholly nomadised. Mosul is a considerable town, indeed, but it is evidently to be visited rather because the line can be more easily and securely worked to Bagdad down the bank of the Tigris than that of the Euphrates, where floods are more uncertain, and Bedouin less under control. While the Tigris Shammar have become largely *fellahin*, the Euphratean Anaze, who have the Hamad desert at their back, have remained intractable. Beside the Tigris, the line will run through sheer desert, whether on the right or left bank, to Bagdad.

Why these changes? Has it been determined, in consequence of such criticisms as Dr. R. Hermann uttered in the *Deutsche Rundschau* last spring, not to rely on the commercial argument?* In his article, entitled "Die beschränkte Bedeutung des Bagdadbahn, und ihre Gefahr," he pointed to several facts which, in his opinion, should give pause to the dreams of the Colonial Party. Leaving India for the moment out of the question, he asked why the Bagdad line should succeed in diverting trade from the sea, when the Salonica railway has failed conspicuously to supersede the steamer route from Trieste, and the Ismidt-Angora line cannot tempt the local traders to discard horse, mule, and camel transport. Neither this latter line, nor the Konia branch, has arrived, or seems like to arrive at a paying status; and the revenue of both has shown no elasticity of late. As to the Bagdad Extension, it can expect no trade returns in Cilicia, which already has its outlet to the sea, and only exports about £10,000 worth of stuff.

We may add to his criticisms in the light of new facts, that next to no local return can be looked for in North Syria and Mesopotamia. The down-stream exports of Mosul will doubtless be floated to Bagdad on rafts in the future, as in the past. The railway may carry in return the up-river goods to Mosul, but their whole annual value at present is under £20,000. To hope to compete with the great waterways lower down is quixotism. The 25,000,000 *hectares* of Babylonia may conceivably blossom abun-

* May 1901, p. 337.

dantly once more, after huge expenditure has been incurred on drainage where there is little land fall, and on the restoration of a vast ruined irrigation system, not a hundredth part of which is now in working order, but the railway will get but little good of these rich lands at any time. The cereals, wool, dates, liquorice, gums, and indigo, which are carried now by water to Basra and Mohammera, will not pay railway rates, even if destined for Europe and not for India, which is really the chief market for all this region. Still less will the new line carry the Gulf pearls, for which the fishery centre is not at Kuweit but Bahrein, and the distributing market is Bombay. Hermann puts no faith in the golden dreams of Teutonic colonisation of Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, and Babylonia. Climate, land poverty, scarcity of water, will always militate against their realisation, and subordinate the attractiveness of these lands to that of other open areas, *e.g.*, in America.

We doubt, however, if any such criticisms have really influenced the promoters so much as consideration for the Porte's interest, as understood by the Porte itself. The primary object of desire at Stamboul, as we have said already, is the construction of a strategic line to connect the *corps d'armée* in Bagdad with the garrison of Constantinople, already linked by railways to the two corps at Adrianople and Monastir. The shorter the route adopted, the nearer will these army corps be brought to one another, and the less will the guaranteeing party have to pay for the boon. The best economic interests of the Empire do not often affect the practice of the Porte, and in "supping the soup" the Ottoman Government seldom hesitates between immediate and remote gains.

The Porte's attitude towards the Bagdad railway, however, does not necessarily imply a similar attitude towards an extension to the Gulf at Kuweit. That extension will involve a fresh set of considerations. On the one hand, though no doubt the Sultan would find it useful to have an iron link between the head-quarters of the Sixth Army Corps and the detached posts which protect the perilous Arabian fringe, from Kerbela to the Hasa oasis, this is a matter of vastly less importance to him than the linking of the Sixth Army Corps to the First. And, indeed, any such advantage would probably be more than counterbalanced locally by the increased demand made on the Bagdad corps to police a railway on the farther side of the Euphrates. For from Kerbela to Kuweit there would need to be an extra series of military posts, if traffic was to be insured against the Bedouins.

On the other hand, the expense of construction, and therefore the liability of the guarantor, would be rendered very heavy by the bridges over which the Tigris and the Euphrates must be recrossed, as well as by the heavy embanking and bridging which the flood marshes would necessitate west of the Hindia channel. And last, but not least, there is the certainty of intervention by Great Britain, were it sought to assert Ottoman Imperial authority at any point on the bay of Kuweit. British action in the Gulf last autumn left no room for doubt as to what would be British action in future, by whomsoever Turkey might be supported; and a recent Ministerial declaration has only confirmed the impression left by that action. Under existing conditions the terminus of any Extension will have to be the riverine port of Basra, with all its unhealthiness, its impossibility of wharfage for ocean steamers, and its disadvantage of lying within the bar of the Shatt.

Moreover, although an extension to Kerbela and Nejef would be a very natural complement to the Khanikin branch, a very large part of whose traffic will ultimately be bound for those cities, this traffic by itself would hardly return adequate interest on the large additional outlay involved by the natural difficulties already alluded to. And if it would not, it is instructive to recall what Baron von Siemens declared with emphasis in January 1901 on behalf of the Deutsche Bank—that this organisation has no idea of sacrificing itself to political or patriotic ends.*

It seems improbable, therefore, that the Gulf extension can, or will, be made, except at the pressing instance, and with the co-operation, of some Government other than the Ottoman. The only Governments sufficiently interested to take decided action would be, on the one hand, the German, on behalf of its commercial colonial policy in Asia and the already existent stake of its nationals in Turkish railways; or, on the other, the British, whether desirous to strengthen the Ottoman Empire or to obtain an effective voice in the control of an overland route, which, though not of immediate importance to the Farther East, might become so in certain eventualities—if, for example, a rival European Power were to acquire control of it, or it were proposed to link it with the Indian railway system. As things are at present, and are likely to be for some time to come, in the Persian Gulf, the German Government would have to reckon more seriously with opposition from Great Britain, than the British Government with opposition from Germany; and it is,

* Hermann, *op. cit.* p. 340.

therefore, more probable that the Kuweit Extension, if ever proceeded with, will be made through the co-operation of the latter than of the former Government. But there is little enough immediate prospect of its being pressed by either.

That part, then, of the new trans-continental railway scheme which might touch us nearly, is at this moment remote from practical politics, and will so remain unless we take active steps on our own account. The other part, which in all likelihood is about to be realised with little delay, does not promise to affect our interests very sensibly. We cannot be indifferent, of course, to any project which may increase the value of either the Ottoman or the German factor in the Eastern Question; but we may safely disregard croakings concerning strategic danger offered to India by a railway which will set troops down at a point over 500 miles up a river navigated with difficulty by small stern-wheelers and unfortified. Nor even in peace time will our Eastern possessions feel the Bagdad railway to any appreciable extent. As a commercial route, involving, as it will, a double transfer of freight—at Bagdad and at Basra—it can hardly hope to compete with the Suez Canal. As a passenger route, to supersede the Red Sea, its prospects have been as unduly magnified in German publications as those of the Euphrates Valley route were magnified in English prospectuses. It has been prophesied that it will carry 90 per cent. of the Indian passenger traffic. For our part, we shall wonder if it carries the fourth of that. The time occupied in transit from Constantinople to Bagdad will be about 120 hours, unless the new permanent way be of a very different character to that of the existing section of the line; and the proverbial heat of the Red Sea is no worse than the windless reek, varied by simoon, which, for a great part of the year, prevails in Mesopotamia and the Persian Gulf. Even for the conveyance of the Indian mails, we venture to prophesy that the Bagdad line will not be used until security and regularity of running can be guaranteed to a degree not hitherto attained upon railways in Turkish Asia.

D. G. HOGARTH.

HOME THROUGH SIBERIA

Habarofska, May 20, 1901.—I started from Shanghai with a vague hope that, arrived at Vladivostok, I should be able to take a through ticket, and thus be guided as to the direct route. All I knew was that from Vladivostok to Habarofska you travelled by train in something like thirty hours, from there to Blagovestschensk—the scene of last summer's ghastly massacre—by steamer, then by another smaller steamer to Strētensk, thence to Irkutsk somehow by train, and that from Irkutsk twice a week there was a train *de luxe* to Moscow with every comfort. In the first instance, it took me a very long time to get from Shanghai to Vladivostok, the comfortable Nippon Yusen Kaisha line finding it only worth while to run one boat instead of two, trade having fallen off owing to the very high preferential duties the Russians have put on against English and American goods—twenty-two cents on a pound weight of paper, which might cost eight cents, and twenty cents on each pound weight of canned peaches, and the like. There was not a room to be had at Vladivostok—this is said to be its normal condition, but a large new hotel is building—and as all the steamers from Habarofska up the Amur were already booked for ever so long, I at once presented my letter of introduction to the Governor, General Tchitchagoff, an ideal Russian general, tall and slight and delightful. He strongly advised my waiting till I could hear of a place in a steamer; but, I urged, some one might fall ill and leave a vacancy at the last moment, and in reality I had not so far got anywhere to wait, for the steamer was naturally going away again; so then he telegraphed that I was leaving by the train next day, and that either room must be found for me on a steamer, or, if that were impossible, in an hotel, for at Habarofska, too, they were said to be all full. "You will be met by the head of the police," he added, and I at once felt quite safe. "But at Irkutsk," I pleaded, "might I not get into some difficulty?" "You could not get into any difficulty at Irkutsk. At

Strētensk perhaps. But I have already telegraphed to Strētensk that an officer shall meet you there. You speak French and German? Ah, that is all right. The captain who meets you at Habarofska is a German." Every one had told me that with French and German I should get on perfectly, but they would really be much more useful in England than in Eastern Siberia. We do at least print our *menus* in French.

Vladivostok is finely situated, but if it is exactly like Constantinople—its harbour is called the Golden Horn—Constantinople must be a great deal less beautiful than I have believed. It is a terribly dusty, windy place, with a number of fine new buildings, and during two months, at least, of summer is said to be all fogs. It is also *full* of Chinese and Coreans, by whom everything done is said to be done, and 1500 more Chinese were just arriving in a steamer. They came from Shantung, known of late as the German province, one of the poorest and most ignorant parts of China. I did not find it the least interesting, any more than the line of rail thence, at first skirting the sea, with rather pretty views, then through very desolate flat country, after that through woods of fir and silver birch, gradually becoming hilly. At the stations, on the other hand, the people were full of interest. There was always a row of women selling milk and bread, with fair madonna faces, and clothed in deep red and white cotton gowns, with handkerchiefs tied over their heads; and groups that looked like emigrants camping out beside their worldly possessions, but I was told that they were only people come into market. From the train would spring out a dusty tangle of soldiers, some looking very fierce in round fur caps, rather like our Grenadiers' bearskins cut short and rounded, only the fur standing out in fierce shocks all round their faces, some in white summer clothes, some in winter coats. Then there would be Coreans, Chinese, Japanese, and smart-looking Russian officers. We passed the station where the general who lately commanded in Peking is quartered, and saw officers coming in with those huge Chinese red leather pockets covered with gilded Chinese characters and bats, signifying happiness.

Habarofska, situated among hills on the right hand of the Ussuri, just where the Amur makes a great curve to receive it, is so like a Canadian town on the Pacific coast that it seemed quite odd to see all the men in Russian uniform, always driving as fast as possible in two-horse droskies, with coachmen in long, black, full-skirted, sleeveless coats and red shirts, and rather coquettish little high hats with very narrow twirled brims. The worst class of the very mixed population, I was told, are the Armenians,

though, as in all this population of 18,000 there have been only two murders in the last three years, this does not seem to be saying a great deal. My informant, of course, was the head of the police, who received me standing very erect in a beautiful white uniform with a long grey overcoat, such as every Russian officer wears there; and Habarofska is nothing but a large garrison town, or a village of generals, as my friends there called it.

What I understand less than ever after coming this way is the idea of the irresistible wave of overflowing Russian population, that must sweep down and engulf Manchuria, seeing this country is hardly peopled at all, and that so far it is quite the other way, the overflowing population of China and Corea brimming over and doing all the work done in Eastern Siberia. Even in this British Columbian town there is a strong Manchu element, the roads are as wide as in Peking, also full of ruts, so that driving in a drosky moves one about more than walking. The roofs of the churches and many of the public buildings, though not of glittering tiles as in Peking, are at least painted green, and when the people go into church they offer candles and light them before the different images, and *k'o teo*, or prostrate themselves, and knock their heads upon the floor as they do all over China in Buddhist temples. Of course, I remember now seeing this in the Russian church at Geneva and in London, but it looks more exactly the same thing when one sees a peasant or soldier do it with just the same dumb, dazed expression the Chinese so often wear.

Last year all the soldiers went away to China, so that arms were served out to civilians to defend themselves, and the people at Habarofska think those at Blagovestschensk must have been panic-stricken to have committed such a dreadful massacre. No officer responsible for it has committed suicide since, as the newspapers reported, and it cannot have been General Gribsky's fault, the Governor, he is so well known as the kindest of men. They say: "It was not our men who were cruel in China. It was the other nations. Oh, you have no idea what the Germans are!" And first one, then another, says: "Our soldiers used to write home, and I have seen their letters—'Dear Mama, you will not believe what dreadful things are done here. The Germans make the Chinese dig pits, and then order them to get inside and cover them up all alive.'" God knows if this is true, but certainly many English soldiers and sailors have told me how they marched behind the Russians, and found everything killed—women, babies, dogs, cocks—everything slashed at and nothing living left. Moreover, another lady tells me all the soldiers who went from here

were either Bouriats—that is, Mongols under Russian rule—or the outcome of mixed unions between Russians and Mongols. The soldiers at Vladivostok looked like this, and as dirty as possible. The soldiers at Habarofska look clean, and so good-humoured, as if they had been sucking sugar ever since they were born.

All the tidily dressed little girls going to school—and of course they are all going to school—look for all the world like little Canadian girls going to school; but the boys do not look at all like Canadian boys, for they are in the Cadets' School, dressed like little soldiers, and already well drilled, so that they blushingly put their feet together and make the most beautiful bows. It is the peasant women's expression, however, that strikes me the most: they look for the most part as if they had thought and felt so much, and were women of great width of character.

A law that strikes me as curious is that no Russian may return into the Russian dominions, if he has changed his religion. Thus the vilest of the vile may, but not Roman Catholics or Protestants from conviction. When I taxed the waiter here with not understanding my Russian because he was Japanese, he said, "No! Russian." It was impossible to believe that, and it turned out he was a Corean. "But I am Orthodox, I am Orthodox," the poor fellow repeated.

I at last succeeded in getting a place in the third post boat of the season, sailing May 21. Never was any one more astonished than I when it was granted to me. People were weeping for places, the whole traffic having been disorganised by twenty-seven nurses, coming back from the China War, having been suddenly precipitated on to the last already overfull post boat. Simply out of idleness I walked on to the *Baron Korff*, found that it was a splendid large boat, and after examining all the accommodation, no one interfering with me, saw the usual group of captain and agents sitting round a table, and asked if I could have at least a corner anywhere. It was contrary to their rules, they said, to put up any one in that way, but in the end they gave me a place, and I took care to pay for it there and then, that there might be no mistake.

Blagovestschensk, May 27, *Whit-monday.*—I believe it was partly the horror I felt at the very name of this city, that made me come this way. It was difficult sitting under the trees on the promenade by the river, watching the Sunday crowd, to believe that these people—these—only last summer drove all their Chinese servants and employés on to impossible rafts on the river and drowned

them to the number of 5000. "If it had not been their own faithful servants no one would have said a word," said a Russian lady. "But that they should do that!" "It was all a mistake. No one intended it," said a most kind-hearted Russian official. "I cannot think how it occurred. The only way I can explain it is that there must have been a mistake about a telegram. General Gribsky telegraphed to the Governor at Habarofska, when the Chinese on the opposite bank of the river attacked the Russians, asking for instructions, and the Governor telegraphed back, 'In war, burn and destroy,' and they did not notice the 'In war,' and just drove into the river all the Chinese in Blagovestschensk, and when the poor women threw their children on to the shore begging them at least to save their children, they killed the children with their swords. It was never intended at all. No one ever meant that."

Walking along by the river side watching all the holiday makers it seemed impossible to believe in the scene, in which the very people I saw must have been the actors. Over there on the opposite shore I could with difficulty discern some ruined remains of what had been Sahaline. We had already on the four-days voyage up passed by two ruined Chinese villages, or towns, burnt last summer—I did not see Aigun—it is supposed the people from them may have escaped into the interior of Manchuria, but it is noteworty that Jules Legras in 1898, in his charming *En Sibérie*, writes of all the cultivation he sees being done by the hands of Chinese, and the Russians consoling themselves even then, in 1898, by saying: "Bah! One fine day we will drive them all out."

The evening lights and placid green reflections make of the Amur a very pretty river, but although we have passed the wooded hills of the Khine-ghana, through which the river winds for about twenty-five miles, greatly narrowed, yet there is nothing so far to make one specially wish to see it. Though one evening the many islands, the diversity of channels, the hardihood of the pairs of wild ducks, who would hardly trouble to rise even when we were quite near, together with the sweet songs of some other birds—unknown—and a long drawn-out beautiful sunset, altogether constituted a scene of great charm.

It is touching to see house after house with all its garden in its windows. But in spite of a certain appearance of wealth, this place illustrates somewhat strikingly the statement, which I had not realised before coming here, that there is in Siberia neither nobility nor aristocracy. Had there been any leaders among the people surely the massacre of last year could not have been

committed, even had a governor *misunderstood* another governor's telegram.

I happened to hear of an amateur who sold his photographs, and, as I continued to praise them, he said at last he had others, and then produced a set full of interest—the steamer that was stopped by the Manchus at Aigun, forty versts below Blagovestschensk, and fired upon, thus beginning the war in those parts, as the Russians say ; the service held upon the first steamer sent out with Russian soldiers to fight against the Manchus ; the first steamer to break the blockade after no steamer had come up river for nineteen days. There it was, all dressed with captured Chinese flags, bringing back sick and wounded, and all the people of Blagovestschensk crowding on to the Bund and into the public garden to welcome it, evidently full of joy. "There were not less than 4000 killed at Aigun, certainly," said the photographer gravely. But the surgeon-major of a Cossack regiment said to me afterwards, "Why it was a big city—27,000 inhabitants—and they were all killed—all ! Look at this photograph of General Gribsky, the Governor ; he is, you know, the Attaman, the head of all the Cossacks of the district, and holds a quite exceptional position. Oh ! you think him handsome. He is certainly. But do you not think there is something very cruel in his face ?" There was certainly. A ruthless man he looked ! There was a picture of the religious service held at Sahaline. "After the destruction of it ?" I asked. "A thanksgiving service for its being now a Russian post." Even its name blotted out and changed into Ilinsky Post, and there, of course, was Gribsky, the Governor, prominent ! "And four Popes assisted !" remarked a Russian naval officer, in a tone of great contempt for them, when he saw the picture. "You know Gribsky has been reprimanded, very decidedly reprimanded, by our Emperor," said another. I have since heard that General Orlov, in command of the expeditionary force into Manchuria from the west, was also reprimanded, and that he used to append to his telegrams, "I entreat to be allowed to spare the peaceful inhabitants." There was still another photograph, taken by Gribsky's order, of the ruins yet smoking, and a party of ladies of Blagovestschensk in the foreground gone over to enjoy the spectacle. There was also a photograph of the ruins of Aigun, and of course others of the Cossacks as they came back in the winter, wearing Chinese caps or clothes, or anything they had been able to get hold of ; as also of the volunteers who had been called out to serve. I had not realised before that all these Cossacks of the Amur, having been transported here by Government, have had lands assigned them,

and are one and all bound to serve for four years, some time or other, before they are forty. And those who serve have nothing given them, and have always to be ready, at two hours notice, to go anywhere, do anything, so, naturally, it must be very difficult to control them. It is, however, evident from these photographs that at the time these massacres were considered religious duties rather than things to be ashamed of and passed over in doubt and uncertainty as now.

Curiously enough I see no drinking, and think sadly how much one generally sees amongst Europeans on even the shortest voyage in China.

Irkutsk, June 13.—Some of the cliffs are very fine. Khorsakoff's, on the top of which all the Cossacks of the district assemble and give the Cossack Hourra when a Governor passes, I was assured was 800 feet high. The evening of our second day out from Blagovestschensk we passed the wonderful burning mountain. The river took two right-angled turns and on the left or Russian bank there was a white cliff with yellow screes of broken fragments, and every here and there, in somewhat interrupted lines under the highest parts of the cliffs, smoke coming out through coal blackened by burning. I am told it is coal not quite formed, that burns by reason of the pressure. Among the fir-trees behind clouds of smoke were rising. The Russians declare there is no sulphur there, nor any connection with the naphtha springs we passed the night before, but without seeing them.

Our new steamer is altogether too crowded for comfort, whilst all the steamers we meet seem full to bursting of emigrants from Little Russia, coming to be given lands, and as a rule people say, *not* to work upon them ; but we met one that for a while seemed to make the whole river grow sadder. It was just then a very still, peaceful scene, and there came floating down the river from the west a steamer, that at once attracted my attention by something stiff about the way in which the soldiers stood on the deck in front, and then I saw there were other soldiers standing equally stiffly aft, and gradually I became aware the passengers were within a cage as it were ; first, a compartment of women, all trying to look out ; then a larger compartment of men, equally full, and all trying to see out too, but all alike behind a grating. It seemed to darken all the scene to think of human beings who thus have to be treated like wild beasts. On our own steamer we have a man whose walk made me pity him. "Whenever you see a man take those little steps, carrying his hands in front like that," said the Cossack doctor, "you may know he has worn a

chain for fifteen or twenty years, and has had his hands chained in front too probably." It is sad! But, seeing what human beings walk about without chains, I am not for unchaining all the others at once. If only the right ones get behind the bars! In any case it is pitiful. And those caged men and women, with soldiers on guard fore and aft, steaming in a splashing stern-wheeler down the long, lovely reaches of the Amur, will remain a memory for ever.

From Strētensk to Irkutsk the railway journey is so arranged as to tire the strongest. The last day, the fourth, be it noted, we were told we should arrive at Lake Baikal at 3.30 A.M., and then the customs would come and examine all our little things, so most ladies said they should not undress, but we did not get on to our steamer, the *Angarā*, till after eight. Those were a tiresome four hours. Then when we arrived at Baikal Station on the other side of the lake we were kept waiting for three mortal hours with *nothing* even to eat by way of amusement, for every one had eaten everything they could at the excellent steamer restaurant. In all stations one sees crowds of people wearily camping round their worldly possessions, but now my first-class fellow passengers were brought down to the ground in like manner, for there was not room for half of them in the little waiting-room. And they all seemed to grow cross in the process. It is trying. With difficulty you collar a porter, count your things over with him, with difficulty keep up with him whilst he goes always a very long way with the lightest, then watch over them till he returns with the others. Then you watch and watch till you can engage another porter for the train, count the things over with him, and there you wait, and keep an eye upon them and upon him for three mortal hours, never knowing in the least when the final moment will come at which you stand two deep, owner and porter, in line, always it seems to me like so many tigers ready to spring on the tardy train. "Do you not see, Madame, there is my sword?" "Pardon, but is not coupé for ladies written outside?" Every man's hand is against every man for the minute. Only afterwards comes the "I hope you are comfortably seated, &c." I did not sit on the floor brooding over my bags like my friends at Baikal, being too much interested in the prisoners, who had been travelling by the train we were to get into, behind barred windows and guarded by soldiers with very blunt bayonets. They were going all ways, for some had got down out of our train at Verkhne Oudinsk, among them a Chinese. I felt so sorry for him, I asked leave to talk to him, and there seemed to be no objection, only I heard the sergeant always asking what I said, and it was quite a

little lesson to hear the translation. What struck me most, however, was the change in the man's expression. He looked a sullen, very hang-dog sort of Chinaman, but after a little chat I should have been quite ready to have engaged him as a servant on the strength of his very bright, pleasant countenance. The hang-dog look was there again, however, as the poor fellow was marched off. He would not tell me what he had done or was supposed to have done; but I noticed he had almost no worldly possessions, whilst some of his Russian fellow prisoners had a great many, some beautiful rolls of rugs with fine new straps. A number more prisoners crossed the Baikal with us, and then the train, that was to take us away, arrived with three carriages full. So, instead of watching my possessions, I was seeing the prisoners helped out of the carriages—the men are almost always helped, for the carriages are very high, and with their feet shackled by heavy chains they can hardly manage the big step. They have a very disfiguring dress, but the ugliest part is having half the hair shaved off both head and face. The women also have half their heads shaved, but they keep them covered with shawls. They all looked a very dreadful set, and when the men went jumping along to get their food with their chains clanking it almost made me laugh, it looked so funny, though I had been near crying over them for some time before. For it is an awful thought, these numbers of human beings entrained this way and that in chains and guarded for fear of the harm they would do if let loose. After photographing them I went to the end of the jetty and enjoyed the wonderfully bright green lights in the clear waters of the Baikal Lake. The shimmering waters were wonderfully translucent and vivid, the mountains on the side we came from had much snow upon them, and the lake is a fine lake, but the bit we saw does not approach for beauty the Lake of Geneva, nor half a dozen other lakes I could name. Just where the Angarā flows out to join the Yenisei and so proceeds to the Arctic Ocean really is a fine bit. But I have seen no scenery yet specially worth coming to see, unless the fantastically varied Shilka would be in favourable weather—we saw it dimly through the smoke of forest fires. The Angarā, however, greatly fascinated me. The formation is conglomerate—rather new and loose—with coal. Two young engineers, who had been five days camping out on the Taiga after big game, had found indications of a gold mine, and were greatly excited, thinking what a splendid site it would be with water carriage at the door. But it is a very difficult river to navigate, so strong a current, and with very little water, seeing how widely it spreads out. In any other country

but Siberia we should have arrived at Irkutsk by noon ; as it was, we arrived just after sunset, and, alas ! before doing so, between us and the river we saw overturned a great locomotive and tender, where a freight train had been smashed up a few days before and six persons killed, as I was told. I have made no comments upon the railroad, knowing my own ignorance, but could not help noticing that the bank had been cut away to let the train run along by the Angarā, and instead of having been sloped it had been cut perpendicularly, even in some parts leaving the top overhanging. We had to wait whilst a recent fall of earth was cleared away; it had been only a few stones that had fallen and turned the engine of the freight train off the lines. Any day a big accident may occur. One cannot understand how it should not have done so already. Perhaps it has. It certainly will, unless some steps be taken to cut away the overhanging bank. There is not even a cow-catcher on the engine. We killed a cow, and were pulled up short in consequence once. There is no pilot-engine going before to see that all is in order for the train. Some high official is supposed every month to go over the lines. I was assured he had not done so for a year.

We have now to wait from Tuesday evening till Friday night, or rather Saturday morning, 12.30, for the express, and even at the booking-office here they have no time-table, and at first tell me I shall not arrive at Moscow till Sunday week, then say, "No, it must be Saturday week, for trains arrive at Moscow Tuesdays and Saturdays, and you cannot arrive on Tuesday. Oh ! the hour? Seven o'clock by Petersburg time, I believe. Well, that will be about the same as at Moscow."

In all these Siberian cities the museums are a great pleasure, serving as illustrated handbooks to the locality, and, the young curator being kind enough to devote a morning of his holidays to me, I learned more than I otherwise could have done, for it seems so absurd that all Irkutsk should have gone out of town for the summer just as if it were Naples or New York. I suppose, whenever I arrive at Nova Zembla, I shall be told people have gone away for the hot weather just as in other places. Here everything is already shut up till mid September, and a great part of it is being rebuilt. When there is the new bridge over the Angarā, leading from the grand new station to the new hotel, travellers will probably find the place quite different ; but not as different as it must be now from what it was, when prehistoric men, whose relics I saw at the museum, lived just here where Irkutsk now stands, through the ages of stone, of bronze, and of iron, using nephrite whose edge is still sharp for axe-heads, and

carving mammoths' teeth cunningly. Such mammoths, too, to judge by their enormous tusks! When I saw the lumps of beautiful blue lapis lazuli from the south of Lake Baikal I wished I could have gone for an excursion or two there. When, however, I saw the large elks with many-branched antlers, and the dreadfully fierce-looking wild cattle with their curiously flattened horns, that are still wandering about Lake Baikal, I was not so sure. But the people always interest me most, and there were models of a couple from Yakoutsk, apparently the original Turks, with Turkish ornaments and accessories all round them. Then there were decadent Bouriats with wizened cheeks and battered-looking mandarins' hats, and Mongols, and another race, closely approaching both, and again so like the Tartars. Truly these museums are a revelation as to the number and diversity of races that Russia is trying to govern, and show, as I did not understand before, at how many points her interests and those of her subjects come into contact inevitably with those of Manchuria, China, and Thibet.

But the chief feature of Irkutsk is the multiplicity of churches, and the Russians are evidently sufficiently akin to the Chinese to know how to place their buildings so as to be an ornament to their surroundings. These churches, with their many green-roofed domes and delicate green spires shooting heavenwards, look as if they were but the natural efflorescence of the groves, among which they are so often placed. For the rest, the city has mostly wooden foot pavements, and is apt to be hidden in a cloud of dust. But from the hill behind the station Irkutsk, seen thus from afar, looks wonderfully beautiful, even more so than Moscow, and there is one feature inside of it that gave me great pleasure—it is the number of young women, generally with cropped heads and unduly big waists, but evidently brimming over with good spirits. I wished so much I could talk to them and hear their ideas, for undoubtedly they are full of ideas. I shall always think of Irkutsk as the city of merry young women. And if girls in such good spirits cannot help a city forward in the right direction I do not know who can.

I have written so much of the difficulties of the journey as to pass over many of the emotions aroused by it. Before reaching Lake Baikal we crossed by a fine bridge a river, that had been for some time impressing me by its air of grandeur and mystery. When I learnt that it was the Selengā flowing into the Baikal from the sacred city of Urga I felt that my interest in it was accounted for; though even to myself I cannot quite explain the fascination it exercised from the first. The captain who brought

us across the Baikal in the *Angarā*, a strong steamer built by Armstrong, had been with Captain Wiggins up the Yenisei. We met the big *Baikal*, which takes three trains aboard, but ours only took us as passengers like any ordinary steamer. And neither is really strong enough for the lake, my captain said. He was the first Russian I had met who could really talk English. He talked it well.

Before entering upon all the comforts of the International Express, I must add that I at least have seen nothing of those terrible insects of which one hears so much, and that sanitary appliances are decidedly better than I have found them in Southern Europe; nowhere yet, however, have I had bedclothes offered me, nor got them when I have asked for them, nor, I am sure, should I have liked to have used them if I had.

Crossing to England. June 2.—The train *de luxe* from Irkutsk to Moscow in nine days and nights all but five hours is very comfortable, and all its excellent patents work perfectly, the route also is much fuller of interest than I anticipated, and certainly Siberia is far more beautiful than the portions of Russia, Poland, Germany, and Holland I have since traversed. Only on the fourth day do the steppes begin, and even then there were almost always trees. Till then the country had been quite park-like, clumps of silver birch and fir or scattered trees placed as they would be in an English park, and the grass green and full of flowers, hardly any of those dreary stretches of burnt trees, that so disfigure the Canadian Pacific Railway, whilst the Taiga or virgin forest beyond looked much less virgin and savage than it does in Canada. I shall not easily forget one forest glade all rosy with single pink peonies. As a rule, the flowers were yellow lilies and purple columbines in great profusion, together with very bright blue forget-me-nots and orange yellow globe-flowers, and meadow-sweet. But there were innumerable others. The great interest, however, was the huge rivers and the bridges over them, and the overcrowded trains we met or passed full of such extraordinary types in such varied national costumes. I unfortunately missed seing the Ob, the biggest river in Asia, but I sat up next night to see the Irtish, at Omsk, with the longest bridge. Before that on our second day out we crossed the Yenisei, a very fine-looking river, with low but very striking cliffs on its left bank, where we crossed it near Krasnoiarsk; and the Admiral's Flag Lieutenant, who shared my lavatory with me and had been stationed there in a schooner, told me how fine the scenery was round about. Again on our seventh day we passed the grand Volga with enormously long rafts like serpents of huge tree trunks

winding about on it, and many steamers, and huge tanks for the naphtha oil they bring up to Batrak from Batum—these tanks are said to be five times as deep below the earth as they stand up above it—and besides that we crossed the pleasant-looking Tom and many other rivers, but the most delightful was the White Ufa, which we followed down from the exceedingly pretty Ural—on our sixth day—from where it was quite a brook to where it cut through defiles on and on till at last rafts floated upon it, and then steamers, and it became a workaday river. The ascent of the Urals is perfectly delightful; they look as if one might spend pleasant weeks among them making excursions along their lovely roads. We passed by a bath, where people go for a Koumiss cure, Davlekanovo, full of Tartars in costume. Before that we passed a Khirghese town, Petropawlovsk, and every now and then met parties of Mohammedans with women partly unveiled and very haughty, and all the time there were quaintly costumed peasants from Little Russia and Great Russia crowding east to get the lands the Government gives to those who go. And one train we passed made one think a great deal. It was like all the others, so over full; and all the front carriages were full of men behind bars; men who had served their time as criminals in Siberia, and were going back now pardoned, but still as criminals under a guard. And behind them were carriages full of their wives and children and grandchildren, for many of them had been thirty years in Siberia. A lady from Irkutsk told me how her cook had only served six years but was always begging her to get a written permission for him to go back. He has married in Siberia and got a child, and his wife keeps a servant and is quite by way of being grand, and he, I was assured, looks quite like a fine gentleman when not cooking, but when he goes back it must be behind bars and guarded, and in company—such close company too !—with all the other criminals. It seems hard. How difficult it must make it to settle down into any new way of life at home !

At Kurgan and Slatoust, on either side of the Urals, people all rush out to buy specimens of crystals and the less precious stones, knives and swords, or ironwork, or worked alabaster, or nephrite. It was quite a relief to buy something besides milk. There had been, so far, no luxuries of any kind. That must make it hard for people to live. Near Krasnoiarsk I was told that the people of late had stolen the woodwork of the bridges several times, so as to make work for themselves, there being none to be had. But whether what I am told is true I never know.

The last two days after crossing the Volga were the least

interesting; but even then, as one drew near to Moscow, Russia seemed a very pleasant country.

From Vladivostok to London I travelled for twenty-six days, but had besides compulsorily to spend fifteen days in delays —forty-one days altogether. The trip from Nagasaki to London, including four days at Nagasaki, cost me only £58, hotels and all, and for that I got two days in marvellous Moscow and a day at Berlin too, where, what with the birds singing and all the linden-trees in flower, I had the most delightful taste of spring in Europe to add to the kaleidoscopic series of impressions, that I only hope I shall retain, but of which already one is pressing another out of my brain. For, as I write, there rises up before me a confused vision of long-haired priests, with Christ-like faces, of good-natured, kindly, foolish-looking soldiers, of crowded prisoners, of beautiful Slav faces, of huge rivers, of millions and millions of silver birch-trees, of butterflies waking to life in clusters of a thousand or more at a time, of Cafghans, of Khirghese, of Yurtas by the way, of gipsies going to the Amur, Little Russians and Great Russians, and busy, go-ahead Berlin, of Moscow with its pictured walls and august faces, that made me thrill with emotion even after my nine days' train, of far-away Vladivostok and the courteous, kindly head of the police at Habarofska, of Chinese smiling friendlily at me as I greeted them, and Coreans—said to be such hard workers outside of their own country—and all the way not one single English man or woman till yesterday. It seems strange, and, what is worse is, I do not think we are wanted either.

ALICIA LITTLE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DIPLOMATIST

MY FIRST POST

In September 1849 Lord Palmerston nominated me to an Attachéship at Washington. I was first put to work in the French Department of the Foreign Office, of which James Murray (afterwards Assistant Under-Secretary of State) was the head. One day, at the end of October, Forster, one of the most amiable of the Senior Clerks, sent for me to his room, I forget under what pretext, and I found there with him a carefully dressed gentleman of middle age, with delicate features, prematurely white hair, and emaciated, slightly bent frame. "This," said Forster, in introducing me to him, "is Mr. Abercromby, her Majesty's Minister at Turin." I was being "trotted out," as it afterwards appeared, and met with approval, for a few days later I heard to my great joy that my destination was changed, and that I would shortly have to go out to Turin with Mr. Abercromby, instead of to Washington with Sir Henry Bulwer.

. . . . . .

I started for my post early in November, spending a few days at Nice, with my relations, on my way thither.

. . . . . .

* It was a long, weary drive from Coni to Turin, the *Corriere* rumbling into the Piedmontese capital at last in the raw, foggy dawn of a November Sunday. I was glad to tumble into bed for a few hours at the Hotel Trombetta, but, after breakfast, at once sallied forth in quest of the Legation, which then occupied part of the Palais La Cisterna at the corner of the Rue St. Philippe and the Rue Madonna degli Angeli. When I was ushered into my chief's library, I found him on the point of reading the Morning Service (there being no English chaplain or congregation at Turin), and feeling somewhat shy and ill at ease, I was not sorry to have to drop on my knees without further ceremony. I fear I

* Written almost entirely in the years 1873–76.

paid but little attention to my devotions, for, in the midst of them, there came crashing down the street a military band (next to the Austrian, the Sardinian bands were of rare excellence) playing—how strange it seems that, at this distance of time, I should still remember it—the march out of Verdi's *Macbeth*. The band passed by, and, the short service being soon over, I was introduced to Lady Mary Abercromby* and to my fellow Attaché, de Salis. The Elliots are a remarkably swarthy, Southern-looking race, and Lady Mary had the family complexion and dark, lustrous eyes which at once beamed on me with kindness. Indeed, I never had a truer or more valuable friend than she proved to the raw, inexperienced youth I still was at this time. She was gentleness, tact, delicacy, and sound womanly sense personified. A clever, though somewhat ridiculous, American lady once said of her in my hearing that she was "a singularly well-balanced woman," and allowing for the oddity of the expression, it well described a nature in which both heart and head happily combined, neither encroaching unduly on the realm of the other. Of my first chief and his wife I shall ever preserve a grateful recollection. Abercromby was thoroughly amiable and considerate, and treated me from the first as one of the family. Among other traditions of a former age, he kept up the good old habit of having his staff, which consisted of Lettsom, de Salis, and myself, to dinner with him every day—a custom more honoured now in the breach than in the observance. *Autres temps autres mœurs;* the patriarchal element has disappeared from diplomacy no less than from other walks of life.

De Salis looked after me for the rest of the day, making me acquainted with some of the junior members of the Corps Diplomatique—such as the Belgian Secretary, Pycke van Petteghem, and the Spaniard, Ligués y Bardaji—and taking me to the theatre in the evening. I can see the house now with its utterly foreign, Italian aspect as though it had been yesterday, although of the performance I remember nothing. In my juvenile self-consciousness I myself was to myself "the star" of the evening. Was not this my first appearance on the public stage, in the character of no less a personage than an *Attaché d'Ambassade?* I recollect the wife of a distinguished diplomatist once saying to me that she knew of only two really enviable positions in the service—those of an Attaché and of an Ambassadress. I can never hope to test the delights of the latter station, but cannot help indulging in a retrospective smile of pity and amusement at thoughts of the intoxication with

* (*Née* Elliot) eldest daughter of the second Earl of Minto.

which I was filled by the former—*Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus!*

From my new colleagues I heard little that was favourable of the native society, but prudently resolved to judge of it for myself. At first, of course, I lived mostly in the diplomatic set, which contained many pleasant elements. The Prussian Minister, Count Henry Redern, a somewhat pompous type of the old diplomatist, in striking contrast to his charming, lively Austrian wife (a Princesse Odescalchi), kept the best house in the place. The Rederns were soon rivalled in hospitality by my kind friends, the Apponyis, who came, about this time, to renew the diplomatic relations that had been broken off by the war which ended on the field of Novara. The French Minister, when I first arrived, was Prince Lucien Murat, whose beautiful and accomplished daughter afterwards married the young Duc de Mouchy, but who, personally, was not remarkable for much dignity or refinement. Nevertheless, I recollect a neat, though singular, reply he made one day to Count Apponyi, who, when encomiums were passed on the nerve which young Joachim Murat, then quite a boy, had shown in riding a very unmanageable horse in the public promenade of the Valentino, observed that pluck was to be expected of one who bore his name. "Oui," replied the father, "il en est du courage comme de la goutte; il saute une génération." This son of the brilliant Hussar King of Naples had the foolish weakness to wear habitually the very unbecoming uniform of colonel of a Legion of the Paris National Guard, which made him somewhat ridiculous in the eyes of Piedmontese military society. He soon resigned his diplomatic appointment, and was succeeded first by Ferdinand Barrot (a brother of Odilon), and then by Hys de Butenval, one of the most physically hideous but most amusing of Frenchmen. We had, too, a Portuguese Minister of the name of Lobo de Moira; a stout, quick-witted Southerner, who was excellent company, and was as popular at Turin as he afterwards became at St. Petersburg, where he died a few years ago.

I have not yet spoken of my own immediate colleagues of the Legation. De Salis left Turin and the service so soon after my arrival that my acquaintance with him was but short, but he was much liked by all who knew him.* The paid Attaché, William Garrow Lettsom, was my first teacher, as it were, in the routine of diplomatic work—a very efficient and kind one, although with him the bitterness of hope deferred and the sense of ill-requited

* Count John Francis de Salis, who was the head of the English branch of the great Grisons family, died some years ago on his estate at Hillingdon near London. His son has succeeded him in our diplomatic service.

service had done their best to sour a most amiable disposition. He was many years my senior, and at heart hated the profession that had used him so ill. His passion was astronomy, and his nights were mostly spent in serene contemplation on the towers of the Palazzo Madama in company with the illustrious Plana. He retired on a pension not long ago, after holding for ten years the post of Chargé d'Affaires and Consul-General at Montevideo.

Much the most notable character of the Legation was its First Secretary, Dick Bingham, a man of great parts, but of violent passions and utterly ungovernable temper. He was at daggers drawn with Abercromby, whom he systematically opposed in everything. In politics he was Austrian to the backbone, and spent the best part of his time at Milan, in the intimacy of Radetzky and his staff. In order to understand how distasteful this was to our excellent chief, it should be explained that Abercromby was a Whig of the Whigs, the son-in-law of Lord Minto, "of the sentimental journey," * and that both by his sympathies and by his instructions, he was bound to the Liberal movement, which had already turned despotic, priest-ridden Piedmont into a fully developed constitutional State, and was ere long destined to make it expand into united and independent Italy. But if Bingham's public attitude irritated Abercromby, his private peccadilloes with still better reason shocked our chief's propriety and sense of decorum. Poor Dick's pecuniary obligations were numerous and his creditors rabid. The walls of the Legation were nightly covered with such uncomplimentary inscriptions as "Bingham *ladro, assassino, trufadore,*" and so forth, which, however carefully effaced in the morning, invariably reappeared the next day. For my own part, I own that I had a real liking for my dissipated and eccentric colleague, whom I saw at rare intervals, but who, besides being the best possible company, was extremely good-natured to me. I have a vivid recollection of his gaunt, Don Quixote type, fierce looks, and black wig surmounted by a broad-brimmed Panama straw hat. I shall never forget my dismay and his rage when, having one morning occasion to speak to him about some Chancery work, and rashly entering his bedroom without sufficient warning, I discovered him sitting up in bed with spectacles (which he never wore in public) and a skull as naked as my hand. He swore at me terribly, but

* The witticism is Mr. Disraeli's, if I err not, and referred to the special Mission to the Italian Courts with which Lord Minto was charged in September 1847, and which certainly not a little contributed to raise the hopes of the Italian Liberals.

snatching up his Panama hat, clapped it on and then coolly listened to what I had to tell him. He generally stalked about armed, and, I firmly believe, would have shot a man down as soon as look at him. In his youth he had fought a celebrated duel at Madrid with Grouchy, a son of the notorious Marshal, the circumstances of which he used to relate with great gusto. As usual a woman—a Spanish great lady—was at the bottom of it. His chief, Addington, had sent him away to Italy to keep him out of mischief, but, before starting, Dick had bound his French rival over on his word of honour not to go near the lady during his absence. A kind friend wrote to apprise him that the promise had been broken, and he forthwith returned post haste, only to be *mis aux arrêts* by Addington and kept a close prisoner in the Legation. There happening one night to be a gala performance at the opera-house, Addington was induced to relax his rigour and allow poor Dick to go to it. He reached the theatre late and only found one stall vacant. "I took my seat," he said, "and after that can remember nothing more. I found the fellow sitting next to me, and all I know is that I was pulled off him by sheer strength just in time to save him from being strangled." Bingham, who later on became Minister to Venezuela, died in London not long ago; I have a vague idea that he had so far altered his ways as to have given up spending money and taken to lending it. Of such types as his our decorous service has for many years been entirely free.

The Abercrombys were both in delicate health and therefore did not entertain much; but they kept an excellent cook and gave occasional dinners which were admirably served, and Lady Mary was at home every evening to those who chose to drop in according to the pleasant Italian custom of the place. Their house was mostly frequented by persons belonging to the Liberal party, although they were much respected by society of all shades and opinions. Here I met the men who had stood in the van of the Liberal cause and had chiefly contributed to bring about the new order of things, such as Cesare Balbo and Massimo d'Azeglio, as well as the Cavours and the La Marmoras. The party whose watchword still was "Italy for the Italians" had received a desperate check at Novara; but their faith in the future remained unabated, and the Liberals of Piedmont, like Russia after her Crimean disasters,* were trustfully biding their time and husbanding their strength for a renewed effort; meantime keeping as firm a hold as ever on the affections and sympathies of their

* "La Russie ne boude pas, elle se recueille."

own immediate countrymen. The crushing defeat at the hands of Austria had not been followed by any reaction at home; neither the dynasty nor the country allowing themselves to be turned by this reverse from the path upon which they had resolutely entered. The Piedmontese, indeed, gave ample proof at this time of those eminent qualities of sound political sense and patient, indomitable tenacity with which they were in due course to leaven and energise the heterogeneous elements that go to make up the Italian people. The only, self-appointed, victim of the national disaster was King Charles Albert himself, who, in a sombre fit of dejection, laid down his crown and withdrew to Oporto, where he shortly afterwards died of a broken heart. It is not to be supposed, however, that social life at Turin had not been affected by these grave events. There was a marked schism between the Liberals and the *Codino* (retrograde) or Opposition party which, with a good many exceptions, numbered in its ranks the bulk of the old aristocracy. Their unshaken loyalty to the House of Savoy kept the *Codini* within certain bounds, and made of them *frondeurs* rather than active Oppositionists, but they were none the less charged by their adversaries with a leaning towards Austria and with an undue subserviency to the Church, which, till quite recently, had been all powerful in Piedmont and was of course bitterly opposed to the Liberal movement. Although Abercromby's avowed Liberal sympathies were very repugnant to the Opposition, Lady Mary herself was so generally liked that her *salon* became a neutral ground for persons of all parties. Here, then, I also became acquainted with the powerful *Codino* families of d'Arvillars, Revel, and Boyl, with the Marquis Scarampi, the wittiest member of the influential club of the *noblesse*, and with Cardenas, whose trenchant pen did good service in the columns of the clerical organ the *Armonia*.

The aspect of the highest Piedmontese society at this period was both curious and interesting. By certain traits it greatly reminded me of the Faubourg St. Germain—only a Faubourg St. Germain that had not withdrawn from the field and still kept its hold on the Court and Government. The aristocracy were alarmed and discontented by the progress and spread of Liberalism even in their own circle, but as yet they boldly, and, in appearance, successfully maintained their supremacy and their exclusiveness, though in reality they were fast losing ground and being swamped by the irresistible tide. The *noblesse* of Piedmont come of a warlike stock, and from St. Quentin to Novara have freely shed their blood in every quarrel in which their restless, grasping masters have been engaged. A tablet in their club at

Turin proudly records the names of those among them who fell in the campaigns of 1848 and 1849. Their example at the head of the army had been the more praiseworthy because they fought in a cause which they disliked and for principles they both dreaded and despised. A proud and poor race, with whom loyalty was a passion and military honour the *summum bonum*, many of them were burly, stalwart men, of rough speech and stiff gait and manner ; shy and distrustful of strangers, but kind and true when once the ice was broken. The ladies, on the other hand, were charming, and singularly refined in appearance. Indeed, I never lived in a society that, for its size, could show a greater number of pretty, high-bred looking women. Madame de Carpenet, the Marquise Scati, the exquisitely lovely Madame de Lovensito, Madame de Ternengo, the piquante Comtesse Mestiatis—what a gallery of beauty they make up in my recollections of those days ! In my eyes the Piedmontese ladies would have attained perfection but for two failings—their love for their native dialect and their passion for that indigenous fungus the white truffle. It was somewhat trying at first to hear such uncouth sounds uttered by rosy lips fragrant with a perfume which all too closely resembles that of garlic ! I grew to like, indeed to find a bewitching cadence in, Piedmontese, but to the disenchanting tuber no power on earth could reconcile me.

Turin has a reputation for dulness of which, having seen it through the bewitching medium *de mes vingt ans*, I am not competent to judge. To me it seemed a city of delights, and, like the veriest of "Giandujas," * I was quite content to pace its broad streets and shady porticoes, to sip my morning chocolate at the Café Suisse, lounge in the afternoon in the Rue du Po, and eat ices in the evening at the "Canton d'Fiorio.† I know few more striking and charming views than those from the Collina, especially the prospect as one looks down upon the city from the hill of the Vigna della Regina ; and, for one of nature's grandest displays, commend me to an October sunset watched from the Piazza d'Armi, when the blue shadows come creeping up from the Lombard plain, while—in a hemicycle of 130 miles from Monte Rosa to the Col de Tende—the mountains, peak after peak, seem to light their watch-fires, bidding, as it were, a peaceful good-night to the fair land they guard, till at last, with a great leap, the sun vaults over Monte Viso, leaving it quivering and suspended in mid-air like a pyramid of fiery cloud. Nowhere is the outline of the great chain of the Alps more beautiful than

* The national nickname of the Piedmontese.

† "The corner of Fiorio," the principal café of Turin.

as seen from Turin, and I felt early drawn towards those glorious mountains, as though I divined what happy, though all too short, days were in store for me among them in after years.

Deaf to the warnings of my colleagues I plunged into native society and never had cause to regret having done so. The Benevello family was among the first with whom I became intimate. I sang a good deal with Cecilia Benevello, afterwards Marquise del Borgo, and was enrolled in the youthful band that gathered at night at the house of her widowed elder sister, the Marquise Doria de Cirié—"la Pomposa," or "la Grande Marquise" as she was termed—most amiable and simple-minded of creatures, with her Rubens-like carnation and wealth of tawny locks. Her *salon*, with its band of juvenile admirers—mostly young lieutenants of the Guards and other crack regiments—had been mischievously nicknamed *la scuola infantile*. Here, too, one was sure to meet some of the prettiest women in Turin, such as the *mignonne* Comtesse de Ternengo and the handsome but noisy French wife of De Sonnaz, now a cavalry general of some renown, and nephew of my friend *Madame la Gouvernante* of Nice. This small set was none the less pleasant for being a little "fast" or, more correctly speaking, slightly *régence* in its tone, for though anything but straitlaced in manner and conversation, there was about it none of that offensive familiarity or absence of courtesy which is too often seen in the gayer circles of the present time. Indeed, the company assembled in the old-fashioned boudoir with its lovely rococo ceiling and panellings, and genuine eighteenth-century furniture, rather carried one back to the days of Louis Quinze, and only some powder and patches and a few embroidered coats were wanting to make the illusion perfect. A faint perfume of *ancien régime* and old-world gallantry still lingered about the Turin *beau monde* of those days. Alas! poor "Grande Marquise!" on her, too, the pains and pleasures of this world were to close a very few years later. These Turin coteries are, or rather were, very difficult of access. Every one in them was somehow related to every one else, and *tout s'y passait en famille*. In no society that I have known was the genus "cousin" more numerous or of a more dangerous type. As a rule, foreigners were but charily admitted to these family gatherings, but when once received they were so most heartily. The two leading political *salons* of the day were those of the Comtesse de Robilant, who had stood very high in favour with the late King Charles Albert, and of the Marquise d'Arvillars—a woman of pungent wit and a perfect type of great lady of the old school, who was *Grande Maîtresse* of the Royal Household

and was supposed to be deep in the councils of the ultra-Conservative party—a party which, having formerly leaned on Austria, still had marked Austrian proclivities.

The theatre plays as great a part in life at Turin as elsewhere in the Peninsula. At the Regio, which is one of the finest of Italian houses, we had Madame Barbieri Nini, an admirable singer, with features so repulsive that she made it a condition never to appear for the first time before a new audience excepting as "Lucrezia," winning her way to all hearts under the mask which in the first act conceals the Borgia. We also had Baucardé in the prime of a most glorious tenor voice, as well as Fraschini with his high clarion notes. I can well recall to mind the sensation made by the first-named of these two tenors in the *Ballo in Maschera*, then given almost for the first time; while Fraschini, the following year, brought down the house in Donizetti's *Poliuto*. Few people now could sit through one of those operas with pleasure or even patience. The Regio was likewise remarkable for the excellence of its ballets, and, between the acts, a sight not to be forgotten was Massimo d'Azeglio, sage and statesman, mobbed behind the scenes by a crowd of little *danseuses*, and his pockets rifled of the bonbons with which they were known to be well stuffed. But the best fun we had was not at the stately Regio, but at inferior theatres such as the Carignano, the d'Angennes, with its French company, or the plebeian Teatro Gerbino, where the best seats cost a *muta* or eightpence. When I say "we," I mean the set of contemporaries, chiefly colleagues, with whom I mostly went about. A curious character amongst them was an excellent fellow of the name of Hill, a gigantic ex-Dragoon Guard, who was a natural son of Lord Berwick—for many years our Minister to the Sardinian Court—and a Genoese lady. With the rest of us he patronised little Citterio, a minor ballet-star of the day, whom the *plebs* of the pit and galleries at the Carignano persistently hissed because she came from Milan and was said to have had an Austrian admirer. One evening the fight grew so hot that the passage at the back of the box we occupied was invaded by our adversaries, when the door suddenly opening disclosed Hill's giant frame in pugilistic attitude. He addressed them in the purest Piedmontese vernacular, garnished with a few British expletives, and it was quite delightful to see them slink away, leaving us masters of the situation.

When I first arrived, the Court was in deep mourning for King Charles Albert, and even for some time afterwards continued very quiet and lifeless. King Victor Emmanuel, as is well known, hates all display and ceremony, and his consort, patient, much-

tried Marie Adelaide, led a life of austere piety and retirement till her early death in 1855. The most popular member of the Royal family was the King's brother, the Duke of Genoa, whose marriage with Princess Elizabeth of Saxony was the occasion of the only Court festivities that took place during my stay. A great breakfast was given at Stupinigi—a palace some distance out of Turin—to which we diplomats were all asked—a dull, solemn affair, as was likewise a ball given later at the palace at Turin. This breakfast, by the way, produced a duel between Count Piatti, a Lombard *officier d'ordonnance* of the King, and the Codino Count Cardenas, who, as I have already said, was one of the ablest contributors to the clerical newspaper the *Armonia*. The latter had made some disparaging remark as to an Austrian refugee like Piatti venturing to escort Comtesse Apponyi to her seat at the breakfast-table. The affair ended in a slight wound received by Cardenas, but it kept the town on tenterhooks for several days. At the Court ball I remember being struck by the King's too evident look of boredom, and being still more disgusted with his bad taste, when asked what he thought of one of the loveliest of his subjects, the Marquise de Lovensito. She was simply radiant that evening, dressed to perfection in clouds of white *tarlatane*, fresh from Paris, and in the opinion of all who were present it was impossible to conceive of a more refined and faultless style of beauty than hers. His Majesty, however, when consulted, merely shrugged his shoulders and growled some coarse remark. The *Ré galantuomo* is certainly not conspicuous for taste or refinement, but it would be unfair to judge him by ordinary standards. Never had man a harder bringing up. His father's dislike of him was notorious. "Le roi ne lui parlait que la cravache à la main"—to use the words of one who knew—and he was kept in schoolboy subjection till the day on which he was called upon, at twenty-nine, to ascend a throne shaken to its base by Custozza and Novara. No wonder if the rougher, grosser part of his nature got the upper hand. At the same time, although he had known little kindness, he was himself far from unkind, and touching stories are related of his tenderness for his youngest crippled child, Prince Odo. Very different was his brother, the Duke of Genoa, Charles Albert's favourite son. Tall, good-looking, well-bred, every inch a prince, he was beloved by the army and the nation, and his premature death was a real loss to the dynasty. I saw a great deal of the gentlemen of his household, and a gallant band they were: Victor de St. Marsan, carried off by cholera a few years later in the Crimean campaign, Laval, Léon Doria, and others. They all worshipped

the Duke, who had, they said, but one defect—curiously untidy habits and a marked aversion to ablutions and clean linen!

Many were the anecdotes I heard at this time of King Charles Albert from officers who had served on his staff in 1848 and 1849. His harsh, gloomy, self-contained nature made him unpopular, but invested him with a certain tragic grandeur not unlike that of Schiller's Wallenstein. In his youth he had been steeped up to his lips in treason, and he preserved to the end the reticent, distrustful ways of the confirmed conspirator. On the other hand he was, by all accounts, absolutely fearless, and of a disdainful courage not always pleasant for his *entourage*. At the siege of Peschiera he was riding at a foot's pace along the *glacis*, in a most exposed position, and soon got under heavy fire. His escort, perceiving this, quickened their speed into a trot, when they were checked by a stern: "*Au pas, Messieurs!*" from their grim, impassive master. This dauntless bravery no doubt endeared him to his troops, but he otherwise seldom found a gracious word to say in recognition of good service. At Goito, for instance, one of his intimates, General de Robilant, riding up to report on a decisive and critical strategic movement which had just been successfully accomplished, received, by way of recognition, a plain "Bon jour, Général! Avez vous de bonnes nouvelles de la Comtesse?" It should be added that there were special circumstances that made the above dry greeting singularly thankless, not to say cynical. The King was, however, notoriously indifferent to the feelings and susceptibilities of those who served him.

The winter and spring passed away and most of my friends left town. The Abercrombys had taken a house for the summer at a place called Caluso, in one of those lovely valleys that come down from Ivrea and Aosta, where I used to go and stay with them for a few days at a time. As a rule, however, the routine work of the Legation tied me down to Turin, where I had a small lodging in the Maison Seyssel, Rue Madonna degli Angeli, not far from the club. At this establishment (a very comfortable one, by the way) I mostly lived, and there fell in with a rather shady set of men, considerably older than myself, who gambled a good deal and drank not a little. The most orderly of us come into this world with a certain stock of wild oats, and I sowed a good portion of mine at this time. *Il faut que jeunesse se passe.* Amusing, though unprofitable, company some of my friends certainly were; three of them as perfect adventurers as ever came out of *le beau pays de France*. Paul de Juigné, Breteuil, and Perrot de Thannberg made up this trio, or *liederliches Kleeblatt:* the first two very well born, the latter of doubtful parentage.

Juigné and Thannberg had joined the Sardinian army just before Novara, and having "left their country for their country's good," continued on at Turin with nominal appointments on the *Etat Major*. Juigné later on expiated his youthful errors as a volunteer in Algeria and the Crimea, while Thannberg, I believe, afterwards took to profitable speculation in Portugal. As to Breteuil—who was by way of being on a visit to his sister, married to the distinguished Piedmontese General Biscaretti—I know nothing of his after fate, but he certainly was one of the most accomplished rogues I ever came across in polite society. He lived entirely by his wits, and the most curious part of it was that he seemed to have none. He so successfully put on a simplicity bordering on idiocy, that he became the habitual butt of our set, a favourite amusement of ours consisting in getting him to take the most impossible bets to be paid for in iced champagne. It being very sultry weather—for the dog-days at Turin are worthy of the tropics—we thought it good fun to quench our thirst at our friend's expense, till one fine day he levanted *sans tambour ni trompette*, leaving us to settle his bets and club account, and to get over, as best we could, the loss of any little advances we might have made him on the strength of his innocent ways. The principal Turin shopkeepers had shown even greater credulity than ours and were very hard hit indeed.

About this time it was that I was introduced to the Marquise Ippolita d'Adda, as fascinating and remarkable a woman as ever crossed my path. By birth a Trivulzi, of one of the greatest Milanese houses, she had separated from her husband, after a short and unhappy marriage, and taken up her abode at Turin where she lived in great affluence, but met with a cool reception in society. Although the Piedmontese ladies thought fit to give her the cold shoulder, she was so wonderfully pretty and high-bred, so full of natural cleverness and charm, that to know her was to succumb to her attractions. We met nightly at her house after the theatre, keeping frightfully late hours and frequently not separating till daylight, after noisy suppers at which she presided with infinite tact and decorum, herself touching nothing but water and keeping us in perfect order. I never saw greater skill in the management of a wild crew of young and not over-scrupulous men. Of course we were all desperately in love with her, while she carefully abstained from marking a preference for any of us, excepting perhaps St. Marsan and Robilant. Her nerves must have been the finest tempered steel, for, after sitting up all night, she would go for a long ride in the cool of the morning, then snatch a few hours rest, and by three in the

afternoon be ready to receive her impatient court, looking as fresh as a rose, her hand as cool as ice, and her violet eyes as bright and clear as the summer skies they reflected. Truly a very Circe. Grave, saturnine, Charles de Robilant,* a hero of Novara, who, when his left hand had been shattered by a round shot, coolly walked to the ambulance where he was amputated seated on a camp stool—lifting his hat as he passed the Royal staff and shouting "*vive le Roi !*"—Robilant, whose impassiveness nothing could disturb, lay at her feet a devoted slave ; so, too, in a lesser degree Victor de St. Marsan, the flower of Piedmontese chivalry, destined ere long to be laid low by cholera in a Crimean grave. I, too, was enthralled with the rest, and grieve to relate that I signalised my twenty-first birthday by a grand banquet given at Trombetta's in honour of the enchantress at which I did not preside with as much self-possession and dignity as might have been desired by my well-wishers.

Enough, however, of this record of youthful folly. In August, when the hot plains had become unbearable, I made a trip to Aix-les-Bains with St. Marsan, attracted thither in a great measure by the same allurements, and from thence went with the Marquise, the Kutusoffs (my old Nice friends), Robilant, and Greppi †—a fellow refugee of the lovely Marquise and the most ill-used of her admirers—by the Lac du Bourget and the Rhône to Lyons, returning by way of Geneva in the diligence. This was my first visit to a city and a country since endeared to me by many recollections.

A life of dissipation and excitement told upon me in the long run, and a severe chill I caught in November (just a year after my arrival in Turin) induced an attack of my old enemy bronchitis, and brought me to dire extremity. Under Providence I owe my recovery to George Keith, kindest of fellows, who was Abercromby's private physician, and living in his house. He treated me with great skill and nursed me with unremitting care, and, when it was possible to move me, travelled with me down to Genoa, whence I went on to Nice to avoid the rigour of the Turin winter. Keith has since achieved considerable distinction at Edinburgh in the eminent school formed by the late Sir James Simpson. When I reached Nice I was still so weak and my cough was so severe that my lungs were believed to be affected, and my friends betrayed by their looks how serious were the fears

* Afterwards Italian Envoy at Vienna, and Ambassador in London, where he died.

† Count Greppi has since filled various important posts in the Italian diplomatic service.

they entertained. Wonderful, however, are the powers of recovery in youth, and wonderful too was the effect of the Nice climate of those days. Ere long I was up and out, and able to take long rides in the company of Augustine Fitzgerald and his wife, and one of the most accomplished of horsewomen, Lady K. With us rode Devlet Kildeef (Devil-kill-devil, as we called him), a huge harum-scarum descendant of the Khans of Crim Tartary whom the Russian service had only half tamed, and Felix Meyendorff, an astute youth of that race of Baltic nobles who have had so large a share in the government of Russia since the days of Peter, and whose unenviable distinction it later on was to offer a marked slight, when Chargé d'Affaires at Rome, to a Pontiff * whom even his bitterest enemies are wont to respect. Pleasant rides among the hills, with my lady leading us helter-skelter up and down the most breakneck places. Where she led, who would not have followed ? Surely a pretty Englishwoman looks nowhere better or more at home than in the saddle, and this one seemed the very queen of them all.

But as I look back now to this winter-time at Nice, it is another and a very different figure that rises up and fills my thoughts—that of the dear old man † who had brought me up and had stood me in a father's stead. Had I the skill to portray him, I would use none but the softest, most delicate tints, for in this veteran of our greatest naval struggles, who had landed with Abercromby in Egypt, had fought at Maida, had forced the Dardanelles with Duckworth, had followed Sir Sidney Smith in his adventurous career, there dwelt a soul as tender and gentle, a mind as pure and unselfish as we are wont to associate only with the most perfect of womankind. Precious to me, therefore, is the recollection of the last winter I spent with him at this time ; I still weak and ailing, but he fast breaking up, yet far more thoughtful of my condition than of his own heavy load of trouble and ill-health. Some years later I met with him again in fiction, and, with strange emotion, traced the same tender yet valiant heart, the same simplicity, the same unselfish, over-confiding nature sketched to the life by the great novelist in that most pathetic of his creations, the elder Newcome.

In April I had to return to my duties, retracing my steps by the Corniche to join the Abercrombys at Nervi, near Genoa, where they had wintered. I had now with me one of the most excellent servants I ever knew, Emmanuel Perrini by name, whom I had

* Pope Pius IX.

† Admiral Arabin, the husband of my father's sister, with whom I was staying.

engaged at Nice, and who for years after faithfully served me in many a clime and country.

Of all the beautiful Ligurian seaboard no point is more lovely than Nervi. The garden of our villa sloped down to the shore, where it was bounded by one of the numerous old martello towers which stud that coast and carry the mind back to days when the pirate barks of Barbarossa harried the land, and Doria's avenging galleys sallied forth against them from the neighbouring Genoa. Behind the house rose hills "wooded to the peak," with many a white casino gleaming though the trees, and tiny chapels set in olive groves. From thence the view embraces a vast expanse of sea and coast from distant Savona to the bold and beautiful promontory of Porto Fino looming close at hand. Down below, along the shore, the high road from Chiavari and Spezzia runs past old, dilapidated villas with painted fronts peeling in the blistering noontide, past Quinto with its Palazzo Spinola, past the beach and tiny harbour at Quarto, whence, nine years later, Garibaldi and his *mille* were to embark for the conquest of Sicily, till it reaches the gates of the proud city then still sullenly smarting under the recollections of its recent siege and capture.* Six weeks spent among these scenes, and the quiet, even tenour of life beneath the hospitable roof of my chief, restored me to full strength, while the gentle influence of my hostess helped to calm down what feverish excitement I had brought with me from my winter round of gaiety. In June we all returned to Turin, and much of my time during the ensuing summer was again passed with the Abercrombys at a country house they had taken at Pessione on the line of railway to Alexandria. I was soon to lose their kindly converse and friendly guidance. In November 1851 Abercromby, who had been made a K.C.B. and become Sir Ralph, was appointed to the Hague, and he and Lady Mary soon left Turin for their new destination.

* After the disaster of Novara, the city of Genoa was seized by insurgents who drove out the garrison and proclaimed the Ligurian Republic (April 3, 1849). A few days later Genoa surrendered to General la Marmora.

HORACE RUMBOLD.

GREATER BRITAIN

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR—THE BOERS IN CONFERENCE

It may be remembered that in rejecting the officious interference of the Dutch Government in the South African War, Lord Lansdowne, the British Foreign Minister, pointed out in his Note (January 29), to Baron Gericke, the Dutch Minister in London, that one reason for refusing to recognise the Boer delegates in Holland was that it was understood that all governing powers had been vested "in Mr. Steyn for the Boers of the Orange River Colony, and in Mr. Schalk Burger for those of the Transvaal." These were the proper persons to initiate negotiations, which must be commenced in South Africa through Lord Kitchener, "who has already been instructed to forward immediately any offers he may receive for the consideration of his Majesty's Government." The correspondence between the Dutch and British Governments was mailed to Lord Kitchener, and it is computed that it reached Pretoria and was transmitted to the neighbourhood of Roos Senekal, where Mr. Schalk Burger and his *entourage* were encamped, in the early days of March. Mr. Schalk Burger's application in the middle of that month for "a safe-conduct through our lines and back in order to see Mr. Steyn with reference to the possibility of peace proposals" may therefore have been the result of Lord Lansdowne's suggestion. Nothing, however, had transpired with regard to the Boer request, and the public were completely surprised to read a telegram dated Pretoria, March 23, stating that "the members of the so-called acting Transvaal Government, consisting of Messrs. Schalk Burger, Reitz, Lucas Meyer, Krogh, and Vanderwalt, arrived in Pretoria to-day from Middelburg by special train under a flag of truce." The "Government" continued their journey to Kroonstad the same day, accompanied by various British staff officers. It is superfluous to say that according to our old friend "Rumour," the "Transvaal delegates are in favour of a general surrender to end the

war." It proved easier to seek Mr. Steyn than to find him, and after several days' wandering in the neighbourhood of Kroonstad it was announced that "Mr. Schalk Burger's efforts to open negotiations with Steyn have hitherto been unsuccessful." Apparently that elusive individual, accompanied by De Wet, had crossed the main line to the West, as things had become too hot for him in his own hunting-ground. Ultimately, on April 2 communications were opened with Mr. Steyn, who was in company with Generals Delarey and Kemp.

A week later, *i.e.*, April 9, the Boer "Governments" and the principal guerilla leaders assembled in conference at Klerksdorp, all the arrangements being undertaken by the British authorities, who had, meanwhile, sent a special train to bring in General Botha. The extent to which forms and ceremonies were preserved is indicated by the statement that "the representatives of the late Orange Free State Government have been provided with quarters in the old town. Delarey, as representing the Transvaal, has joined the Transvaal Boers in the new town," also that "the tent in which the conferences are to take place has been pitched midway between the old and new townships near the Spruit." On April 10 the Boers held another conference, and on the following day the whole party left for Pretoria, the Transvaalers in one train and the Free Staters in another to interview Lords Kitchener and Milner. We have no knowledge as to the present frame of mind of the conferring delegates, and opinion is much divided as to the ultimate issue of these "negotiations," but it is noteworthy that among the Boer papers lately captured by Colonel Grenfell were copies of two addresses of welcome to Steyn and De Wet signed by Delarey, Liebenberg, and others. Though undated, their reference to the duration of the war as having lasted two years and five months shows that these documents were presented on the occasion of the recent visit of Steyn and De Wet to the Western Transvaal. Steyn is grandiloquently apostrophised as a leader whose "deeds and words have greatly encouraged and strengthened the Burghers"—possibly in contrast to the deeds and words of other leaders. "We thank God for your manful and steadfast attitude. We pray also that it may be granted you to come forward as the head and leader of United South Africa." Nor is a captured proclamation issued by Mr. Schalk Burger on January 23 in the Leidenburg district, any more encouraging to the optimists, as the acting President of the Transvaal appoints Mar h 29 to be observed by the burghers as a

day of intercession "for the restoration of peace and the independence of the two Republics." The air was naturally thick with rumours during and after these conferences at Klerksdorp and Pretoria, but the Government very wisely declined to make any statement until Mr. Balfour made the following announcement in the House of Commons on April 18:

Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener have had two conferences with the Boer delegates.

At their request Lord Kitchener, while refusing an armistice on military grounds, has agreed to give facilities for the election and meeting of representatives of the various commandoes to consider the position.

The Boer leaders have left Pretoria for this purpose, and it is not believed that communications can be resumed within less than three weeks.

The *Daily Mail* claimed to know day by day the exact state of the "negotiations" between the British and the Boers, and when taxed as to the source of its information declared that at the proper time "we shall be able to give convincing details of one of the most interesting achievements in the history of journalism." According to this version, which has been to some extent confirmed by subsequent telegrams from the correspondents of other newspapers in Pretoria, the course of the discussion was as follows: The first demand of the Boers was for an armistice during the negotiations, which was peremptorily refused by the British Cabinet at its meeting on Tuesday, April 14, and it was believed in official circles that this refusal would be followed by an announcement of the collapse of the Conference. However, the Boers accepted the refusal, so the discussion continued. The view taken by the British Government throughout was that "there could be no treaty, convention, or settlement, as after the Crimea, or the War of 1870–1; it was simply a question of terms to be given by the victor to a beaten foe upon surrender." Lord Milner transmitted the British terms to the Boers, who stubbornly resisted our attitude on the subject of amnesty, the banishment proclamation, and the date of the restoration of responsible government, as well as the Boer representation on the Executive Council. The Cabinet refused, however, to budge an inch from the position they had taken up, and for the moment there was a dead lock. On April 17, the position, according to the *Daily Mail*, was as follows:

The Boer delegates met again yesterday—Thursday—at Pretoria, when this decision of the Cabinet was laid before them, practically placing them in the position of agreeing to peace on the British terms or of rejecting them and terminating the conference.

In the interval, however, their general disposition had undergone a change. They displayed a much more reasonable attitude, and Lord Milner was

empowered to grant them one or two seats on the Executive Council, subject to the approval of his Majesty's Government and pending the restoration of responsible Government.

The *Daily Mail* is also responsible for the following statement: "As a result of the conference we understand that the Boers practically agree to accept the British terms; some details—which should not create any real difficulty—remaining to be settled." We are likewise informed that Mr. Chamberlain's statement made in the House of Commons on January 20, represents the attitude of the British Government: "We decline to be bound at the time of surrender to any special conditions which may embarrass us in the future." Subsequently, as we know from the official statement in the House of Commons, the Boer leaders decided to submit the British terms to the fighting commandoes—presumably the burghers only—and there the matter rests for the present, though there is no rest for Rumour which is making the most of a glorious opportunity.

A PESSIMISTIC FORECAST

A very pessimistic view of the peace negotiations is expressed by a correspondent of the *Morning Post*, Mr. John Stuart, who, on leaving the Memorial Service at St. Paul's held in honour of Mr. Rhodes, was accosted by a certain Dutch Africander, who thus discussed the Klerksdorp meeting: "'Mark my words, man, there will never be peace in South Africa.' I was bowled out. 'But you——,' I said, pointing to the cathedral. 'Ah,' he replied—'as for me! . . . But the Dutch Reformed parsons . . .'" Two factors will militate against any settled or secure peace: (1) the intention of the Boer leaders that any present pacification shall be temporary; and (2) the bitter hostility of the Dutch Reformed clergy to any power which threatens their influence. The present action of the Boers was foreshadowed in a letter addressed by Mr. Schalk Burger to Mr. Steyn on March 21, 1901—already published in a blue-book—in which he said: "If we are convinced that our last resources are exhausted, our last strength broken, we must bow down and surrender to the enemy, no matter how bitter this cup may be to us." But he would have terms.

I keep to the decision to surrender unconditionally if this must happen, which, I trust, God forbid. No, let us keep our nation unsullied, to receive no favour from this cruel enemy, that the gulf which exists through the former and this cruel war [may] remain and still widen. "Where there's a will there's a a way," and, *if we are not exiled*, we can, by exerting our strength, form small committees, and supported by loving gifts from Europe, again build up our country and people, to advance our language and religion, to

educate our children, and to keep alive our oppressed national spirit, and to cause it to come to life again. This is my ideal.

The correspondent suggests that this italicised sentence affords the clue to the pro-Boer resentment against the banishment proclamation. "Here, anyhow, we see a germ of a policy, and an ideal which the pro-Boers are doing their best to encourage by clamouring that we should give such terms as will provide a fulcrum, if terms can be said to provide a fulcrum, for the next Boer revolution." Within a month of the date of the above letter, Mr. Steyn saw Mr. Burger, and on April 10, 1901, the question of surrender was discussed, "but it was decided not to ask for an armistice for the purpose of consulting the people until the Boer cause was at its last gasp." A month latter, however, May 10, the Boer Government believed the time had come to appeal for this armistice, and in a letter to Mr. Steyn, Mr. Reitz declares:

Not only is our nation becoming broken up in the manner above mentioned, but it will also certainly come to pass that the leaders of the people, whose personal influence has hitherto kept them together, will be looked upon with suspicion by them and lose all their influence, and, in consequence, *all hope of the resuscitation of the national sentiment in the future will be lost.*

According to this view, if the Boers surrender, it will simply be to carry out Mr. Burger's policy, and will transfer the struggle from the military to the political arena, for there can be no illusions as to the meaning of "small committees" and "loving gifts from Europe."

Such then are said to be the views of the fighting Boers, while the views of the pious Boers were expressed on December 11, 1900, by the Rev. W. P. De Villiers, the spokesman of an insolent deputation chiefly composed of Dutch priests, who thus addressed the High Commissioner:

There is a deep-seated feeling, in the minds of our Colonial Dutch, at any rate, that no lasting peace can be established unless the former Republics are given back their independence. There may be some sort of peace, some superficial acquiescence in that state of things, but there will be no hearty co-operation and goodwill, but instead ill-will and race feeling will prevail, and for generations it may go on prevailing.

Perhaps the most active clerical agitator is the Rev. Andrew Murray, whose attitude is thus described by the Rev. H. A. Du Plessis of Lindley, who it may be remembered went in all good faith on a peace mission among the clergy of Cape Colony, where, however, he obtained very little support. Mr. Du Plessis reported his conversation with this firebrand as follows: "The Rev. Mr. Murray will not be satisfied with anything less

than the independence of the two Republics. I have tried in all possible ways to convince him of the untenableness of his position, but he is immovable. The others simply pipe after him. The condition of these spiritual teachers is bad." Mr. Murray himself wrote to Piet de Wet, the brother of the guerilla (who for a long time past has cast his influence on the side of peace and is now enrolling a Burgher Corps), in the following canting terms: "I would willingly have my right hand cut off if that could promote peace, but I am continually waiting upon God to see whether He could give me light in anything that I may do for the well-being of my people. As far as I can judge, the way which you propose is not that which will lead to an honourable and desired peace. Prayerfully yours." Mr. John Stuart is so bold and rash as to close his letter with the following prophecy:

> The leaders mean treason; the clergy, who have a vast hold over the women, mean treason. If peace follows these negotiations, which I am inclined to doubt, it will be a peace that can only be maintained by the most stringent precautions, including exile—whereby we may prevent the formation of small committees and the distribution of loving gifts from Europe, probably in the shape of arms landed at Inhambane—including, too, a compulsory and active scheme of education whereby the influence of the Dutch priesthood may be doused. But chiefly by the retention of troops and the establishment of well-equipped British Volunteer forces. All the same, my firm conviction is that if peace be concluded now, our columns will be driving the country again within five years.

We would reply to this with another prophecy. If Lord Milner is allowed a free hand, unhampered by the Home Government, to work out the settlement on his own lines, there will not be another South African War during the present generation.

RECENT MILITARY OPERATIONS

If the past month has been satisfactory to those who believe that the war can be closed by "negotiations," it has been no less satisfactory to the other school, who are convinced that the conflict can only be concluded by the destruction of the Boer forces—*i.e.*, by superior tactics, superior shooting, greater mobility and weight of numbers on our side. It is possible that the mere initiation of negotiations by the Boer leaders may have had a depressing effect on their followers, which we should follow up and press home to the utmost. There has certainly been a steady increase in the number of Boers put out of action every week, for whereas Lord Kitchener's report of March 24 recorded a total "bag"—the word is so expressive and so

harmless that we make no apology for using it—of 163 ; the following week, ending March 21, the figures rose to 276 ; on April 7, 271 Boers were accounted for ; and on April 14, 265 ; while on April 21, 362 were killed, wounded, or captured. This gives a grand total of 1337 for five weeks, and an increased rate in spite of the declining number in the field. It is no less satisfactory to find that at last the War Office seems to be abandoning that foolish optimism which has cost us so much in blood and money throughout the war, for we find the Under-Secretary of State, Lord Raglan, informing a meeting early in April : "Whether the coming winter would see the finish of the war he could not say, but he believed that after the end of this winter the military operations would be reduced to a very small amount, and the actual fighting remaining to be done would be more against gangs of dispersed and broken men than against such forces as we had hitherto had to deal with." It is understood that all past official estimates of the number of Boers in the field have now been frankly abandoned. The slate has been cleaned, and the new number written upon it is said to be eight to nine thousand fighting men. Then again, while the reinforcements, which there is every reason to believe Lord Kitchener has requested, as they are certainly required to make an absolute certainty of winding up the war during the present winter, are not forthcoming, it must be owned that the Government are making, for them, a creditable effort. They claim to be landing 20,000 fresh troops and a substantial supply of horses during the present weeks. In addition to the substantial reinforcements from the mother country, the colonies, with that splendid enterprise and devotion which has marked their attitude throughout the war, have again come to the fore, and between them are arranging to send contingents aggregating 5000 men, of whose quality it is unnecessary to speak, as it has been demonstrated upon every battlefield in South Africa.

Recent correspondence with regard to these further contingents is somewhat instructive, for it offers a most agreeable contrast to the snubs which used to be administered (not through any fault of the Colonial Secretary, but by some of the Jacks-in-office who had the upper hand in the early stages of the war) on any suggestion of colonial co-operation. Mr. Seddon, the Premier of New Zealand, whom we are glad to observe is now on his way to South Africa, where his presence will be of the utmost value during any further negotiations that may occur, appears to have been the leader of this latest colonial movement

by offering, on behalf of New Zealand, a tenth contingent of 1000 men. On March 18 Mr. Chamberlain telegraphed to Lord Hopetoun, the Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth, as follows:

The patriotic action of New Zealand in offering tenth contingent of 1000 men has strengthened hands of his Majesty's Government in their efforts to bring the war to an early conclusion. Contingent has been gratefully accepted and large reinforcements are being sent from here. His Majesty's Government do not desire to press for further offers, but if your Government should wish to follow example of New Zealand we should gladly accept reinforcements of 2000 men on same terms and conditions as last. The contingent if offered should consist of unmarried men.

To which Lord Hopetoun replied on Marth 20: "My Government informs me that Government of Commonwealth gladly accede to request contained in your telegram of March 18 and will despatch reinforcements consisting of 2000 men; conditions same as before." The thanks of the Imperial Government were conveyed in the following terms on March 21: "His Majesty's Government warmly appreciate patriotic action of your Government in offering further reinforcements and gratefully accept this valuable addition to forces engaged in South Africa." On the same day Mr. Chamberlain sent an identical telegram to Lord Minto, the Governor-General of Canada, to that to Lord Hopetoun, and received this reply a week afterwards: "Referring to your telegram of March 18, my Government are of opinion that, if so desired by his Majesty's Government, 2000 mounted troops can be raised in Canadian Dominion on same terms and conditions as colonial corps which sailed in January last, and Department of Minister of Militia will undertake to carry out the work as in case of that colonial corps." On the same day, March 25, Sir Henry M'Callum, the Governor of Natal, on behalf of that gallant little community, sent this telegram to Mr. Chamberlain: "Adopting suggestion of Commander-in-Chief South Africa my responsible Ministers have decided to assist Imperial forces by increasing total number of Natal mounted troops in the field by an additional 500. Colonial Government will defray costs of pay and allowances." The recruiting for these various forces has proceeded with the greatest success throughout the colonies, nowhere more so than in Canada; any want of enthusiasm on the part of the Laurier Government is abundantly supplied by the Canadian people. Among the French Canadian Officers whose services have been accepted we note the name of Colonel Boulanger, and still more significant is that of Captain Papineau, a grandson of the leader of the great

Rebellion of 1837 and a relative of M. Bourassa, the leading pro-Boer. May not the presence of Papineau foreshadow a future in which the grandsons of Botha, De Wet, and Delarey will be volunteering for service with the British Army in China, Germany, or elsewhere? The Canadian Contingent will consist of 2000 men; Australia also sends 2000, and New Zealand as we have seen 1000.

There has been a considerable amount of fighting during the last few weeks, three serious engagements having taken place in Delarey's sphere of influence with serious results to his commandoes, which have lost in killed, wounded, and captured no less than 500 men. The first of the encounters consisted of a skilfully prepared drive, for which General Ian Hamilton (Colonel Wools Sampson being his Intelligence Officer) seems to have been responsible as he has for some time been in command in the Western Transvaal. "This combined movement, undertaken by columns of mounted troops only, without guns or impedimenta of any sort," according to Lord Kitchener's telegram, was commenced on March 23. The columns started from Commando Drift on Vaal, Klerksdorp, and Vaalbank on Lichtenburg blockhouse line, "travelling rapidly during the night," and reached a position on a line from Commando Drift through Swartbank, Gestopfontein, Geluk, to Lichtenburg blockhouse line. The net result of this sweeping movement was the capture of 179 Boers all told and five guns, but, according to the *Times* correspondent at Kekewich's headquarters, "Except for the re-capture of the five of the six guns, with a full complement of ammunition, taken from Lord Methuen's forces, the results were not very satisfactory, owing to the escape of a large number of Boers who were within the area of the drive." There has been considerable congratulation on the fact that British forces were shown to be able to travel eighty miles in twenty-four hours, but according to the same correspondent "the distance covered by the troops during the night before the actual driving began prevented the pursuit from being pushed home as it might have been," while "the immense extent of our lines robbed the column in pursuit of the main body of Boers of the support necessary to bring off a big *coup* which had been admirably planned." Reuter's Klerksdorp correspondent gives a somewhat different version, according to which General Liebenberg, commanding the main body of Boers, sneaked through our lines, with several hundred men, "by adopting the formation of the British column on the move, and so being mistaken for a British force," while Kemp with another

considerable force "escaped round the British right flank, which had no time to close up owing to the extreme haste with which the operations had to be performed."

The Boers now decided to try and bring off a *coup*, possibly with the object of influencing the "negotiations," and finding a small British column under Colonels Cookson and Keir detached from General Walter Kitchener's force reconnoitring near the Hart River in the Western Transvaal, a furious attack was delivered under the leadership of Kemp. Our force was nearly caught napping, but Colonel Cookson was able to hastily entrench a position on the right bank of the Brakspruit, only fifteen miles South of Tweebosch, the scene of Lord Methuen's recent disaster. Damant's Horse were posted on our right front, and the 28th Mounted Infantry, who seem to have borne the brunt of the fighting, on the right flank, while the 17th and 27th Mounted Infantry with Kitchener's fighting Scouts protected the left flank. Last, but by no means least, the Canadians, under Colonel Evans, held the extreme front, and the Royal Horse Artillery Mounted Rifles the rear. The Boers opened with three guns and a pompom, and a general attack was made from all sides. There was the usual stampede of mules, but fortunately without the usual consequences, and our men steadily held their ground. The Boers particularly pressed their attack on a farm house held by the Royal Horse Artillery, who repulsed them with a steady rifle fire. The Canadians in front were attacked by strong numbers, but gallantly repelled every attempt made by the Boers to get through. One party (under Lieutenant Bruce Carruthers) fought until all were killed or wounded. The last man, though mortally wounded, emptied his two bandoliers, and then broke his rifle to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy. The fighting continued all day at one point or another, the Boers being repelled everywhere, and ultimately, in spite of the personal efforts of their leaders, Delarey, Kemp and others, declined to renew the attack, and at nightfall they retired with an admitted loss of 127 killed and wounded. The third action in the Western Transvaal took place on April 11, between a British force under Colonel Kekewich and a Boer force of 1500 under the indefatigable Commandant Kemp, the latter again taking the offensive. According to Lord Kitchener's laconic telegram, "Fight very hot while it lasted; enemy were repulsed by Yeomanry, Scottish Horse and South African Constabulary, who fought admirably. Enemy left on the field 44, including

Commandant Potgieter killed, 34 wounded and 20 unwounded prisoners." According to Reuter the enemy were lying in wait for Kekewich's column not far from the scene of the attack upon Cookson, and as our scouts topped a rise in the ground, "then the enemy, who were evidently awaiting their arrival, in a long line and close formation, galloped through them shouting. The scouts were unable to stop the progress of the enemy, who came forward right on to Kekewich's main body." Our men immediately dismounted and received the attack with an effective rifle fire, but so impetuous was the advance that some of the enemy got within forty yards of the line. "The attack, however, never had a chance of succeeding." Indeed, the correspondent surmises from its nature that "the enemy supposed that Kekewich's column formed part of a thin driving line through which they hoped to break by a rapid solid rush." Besides killing the Boer leader, Commandant Potgieter, we had the satisfaction of taking two guns and a pompom, and it is said that Delarey has now only one left. Some pro-Boer enthusiast should write a letter to the *Times* calling upon Lord Kitchener to redress this inequality by handing over some of our guns with the requisite ammunition.

We must also note Colonel Colenbrander's successful attack on Commandant Beyers' laager in the Northern Transvaal, which resulted in the capture of the laager and 130 prisoners, though Beyers himself with a few followers succeeded in making his escape.

TWO COURT-MARTIALS.

Two court-martials, recently held in South Africa, one on the so-called "Australian" officers and the other on Kritzinger, have attracted a certain amount of attention, the former causing no little excitement, which was allayed, however, as soon as the War Office condescended to publish the facts. From the official statement it appears that last July and August an irregular Colonial force called the Bushveldt Carbineers, "recruited in South Africa but including other Colonials," but in no sense "Australian" save that Australians might join it, was engaged in the wildest part of the Transvaal about 80 miles north-east of Pietersburg. The military authorities learnt in October "that grave irregularities on the part of certain officers of the corps had taken place within the previous three months," and as the result of a court of inquiry five officers were tried by general court-martial at Pietersburg last January, "and were found guilty as principals or accessories in twelve murders." Two of

these officers, Lieutenants Handcock and Morant, were sentenced to death, and were subsequently executed, while Lieutenant Witton, though also found guilty of murder, was condemned to penal servitude, having acted "under influence." Lieutenant Picton was cashiered for manslaughter, while Major Tenahan, the commanding officer, was convicted on a charge of "by culpable neglect omitting to make a report which it was his duty to make," and dismissed. The official statement adds: "No doubt exists as to the guilt of the accused, whose plea in extenuation that a member of their corps had suffered ill-treatment at the hands of the Boers was not sustained by the evidence at the trial." The case set up by the defence was that the executed officers had been goaded beyond control by the treatment which their superior officer, Captain Hunt, had received from the Boers. According to one account his face was trodden on by hob-nailed boots, and after death his body was mutilated. Such an atrocity would inflame any man's mind, but the fact of the atrocity was not satisfactorily established, and according to a member of the 4th Victorian Contingent who served in the Bushveldt Carbineers, Lieutentants Morant and Handcock shot several surrendered Boers before the death of Captain Hunt without any court-martial. The episode is a painful one, but it is of no great importance except to show the even-handed justice of the military authorities, which was further emphasised in the court-martial of Kritzinger, who was tried on several capital charges, but was acquitted, apparently owing to the production of an intercepted letter in which the accused deprecated the late Commandant Scheepers' action "in burning houses in the Camdeboo district, and generally proved himself to be a humane man." Thereupon the court found the accused not guilty on all four charges of murder, and there ensued a touching little scene, "Kritzinger on being released walked out of court, but was immediately brought back again, and every member of the court, including the prosecutor, shook hands with him."

CORRESPONDENCE

A PROTEST

The Duke of Rutland having written to say that "he entirely disapproves of the line adopted by the *National Review* on Foreign Policy," we wrote inviting him to amplify his objections, and received in response the following vigorous protest :

March 14, 1902.

Sir,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 11th in which you explain the reasons of the policy advocated by the *Review* with respect to Germany, and ask me why I dissent from them.

My answer is simple. Germany has done us no harm, has no interests opposed to ours, and from her geographical position, and the genius and valour of her people, must always be a most powerful factor in European politics. To quarrel with her would therefore be, in my eyes, a crime and a blunder.

But the real object of the new policy is obviously not so much the weakening or destruction of Germany as the aggrandisement of Russia, and to that I entertain an insuperable objection.

We are, according to the new Policy, to throw the weight of our influence in the Near and the Far East into the Russian scale, present her with countries at present independent, and accept as the Jackal's reward her promise not to invade India.

Half a century's acquaintance with Foreign Policy leaves me in no doubt as to the folly and injustice of the line taken by the *Review*.

I am, Sir,
Yours obediently,
RUTLAND.

We shall content ourselves with the observation that the *National Review* has never sought to pick a quarrel with Germany or to "aggrandise" Russia. But we do believe (1) That Germany intends to challenge and aspires to destroy British supremacy at sea, and that we should prepare for this struggle ; (2) That a definite understanding with Russia would be less likely to promote her indefinite expansion than the

orthodox policy of drift of which we have had fifty years melancholy experience ; (3) As there is no adequate cause of conflict between Russia and Great Britain it would be to the interests of both nations to close a feud only profitable to others.

A SUGGESTION

We have received a letter from a distinguished New Zealander, from which we make the following extract:

I do hope that when a suitable opportunity presents itself you will use the great influence you possess in impressing on English public opinion the necessity of doing something to draw the Empire together in peace time as well as in war. Speaking for New Zealand we have given ungrudgingly of our best in this time of stress. We have sent away our eighth contingent, and a ninth is in camp ready to go. We are not asking or looking for any reward, and at present we do not feel that we are doing more than our duty. Still I can see that there will be a feeling of great disappointment, even of mortification, if, after the war is over, we find that there is no opening for New Zealanders in the Army and Navy, or in the Civil Service, and if the present disabilities against colonial barristers practising in England, or colonially ordained clergymen taking duty in English parishes are still maintained. We shall then assume that only in time of war when you want help to defend the Empire do you regard us as members of the Empire and not merely inferior dependencies. In that day Kipling's line:

" Ye fawned on the younger nations for the men who could shoot and ride "

will come back to us. At present we repudiate the suggestion it contains, but then we shall ask ourselves whether the poet was not a seer after all.

THE

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

The Shipping Trust.

THE subject which has excited the greatest interest, not to say agitation, in political and commercial circles during the past month, is the lately formed North Atlantic Shipping Trust, embracing the principal British, German, and American steamship companies. The birth of this gigantic monster, familiarly, if not affectionately, termed "the Combine," was announced so long ago as April 19, but its full significance has taken a considerable time to sink into the mind of a public not over quick in grasping a new conception. It may be frankly admitted that the longer it is looked at the less it is liked by many eminent Englishmen whose views are entitled to consideration on all questions affecting our maritime supremacy, as, for example, our distinguished contributor, Admiral Fremantle. But candour also compels us to admit that on the whole the subject has been discussed in a manner more calculated to generate heat than light. There has been a good deal of wild talk to the effect that "Great Britain has become a mere annexe of the United States," that we have suffered an "intolerable national humiliation;" we are invited to read "the handwriting on the wall," &c. &c. There has hardly been any serious examination either of its international, political, or economic aspects, to say nothing of its alternatives. John Bull has been too flustered to stop to think, and his Government having been caught napping, not for the first time, is alarmingly anxious to show that it is now awake. We cannot pretend to discuss this far-reaching event with the fulness its importance demands; but we would earnestly beg the reader's attention to its bearing upon our Foreign Policy, which is not the least important, though one of

the least appreciated sides of the subject. A writer in the *Times* (May 22), with "exceptional sources of information with regard to the attitude in political circles in Berlin towards questions of vital importance to the relations between the United States, England and Germany," lifts the veil from one of the most mischievous international intrigues of our time, the existence of which can be corroborated from several reliable sources. His communication is endorsed and enforced by a powerful leading article in the *Times*. Every one acquainted with the careful and conscientious methods of our leading journal is aware that it never publishes sensational statements until assured of their accuracy, and unless their publication is required to serve some national object. In the present instance, it is surmised that the *Times* was animated by the desire of preventing the British Government from taking some thoughtless step calculated to injure British interests and to gratify our ill-wishers, of whom the most vindictive and dangerous are our Teutonic kinsfolk. One might have hoped in view of recent events, that surely in vain the net would be spread in the sight of any bird should the German Government again attempt to play the part of the fowler for the British bird. But unfortunately our statesmen are so unwary and the trap is so craftily baited that they rarely fail to fly into it. The *Times* has rendered a great public service in revealing the snare.

Germany's Opportunity.

The anonymous correspondent of the *Times* opens with an expression of astonishment at the failure of Englishmen to observe the manner in which Germany is exploiting the apprehensions excited in England by the North Atlantic Shipping Combination, "with a view to sowing distrust and jealousy between England and the United States." The consolidation of cordial relations between the two Anglo-Saxon Powers has for a long time past, been notoriously "one of the bugbears of the rulers of Germany," and consequently one of their diplomatic objectives. "Throughout the South African war the American agencies of the official Press Bureau in the Wilhelmstrasse have contributed largely to foster the pro-Boer feeling in the United States, and especially among German-Americans by a lavish distribution of pro-Boer literature 'made in Germany,'" the effect of their efforts being attested "by the minatory language of German-American Republicans, who threaten to throw off their party allegiance in order to punish the Administration for its refusal to espouse the Boer cause." Every one with any serious know-

ledge of American affairs—a category which, unfortunately, does not include the principal purveyors of news from the other side of the Atlantic—can corroborate the assertion that this propaganda has made a serious impression upon the American masses. But so far the Germans have failed to Germanise the Administration or to poison "the best public opinion" of America against us. It is satisfactory to learn, *e.g.*, that Prince Henry of Prussia, on his recent fishing trip to Washington, "was not a little struck by the reminders he received, both in some of the speeches he had to listen to at public gatherings and in private conversations with leading citizens, that, however much America appreciated Germany's overtures of friendship, she was not going to forego her friendship with England *pour le roi de Prusse*." Nor was the German semi-official campaign of misrepresentation and mendacity against Lord Pauncefote successful in shaking the position of the British ambassador either with the official or unofficial world of Washington.

The Kaiser's Intervention.

The German Government had therefore been completely foiled so far in their desire to drive a wedge into Anglo-American relations, but they do not lightly abandon political projects, and they believe they have at last discovered the means of attaining their end. According to the writer we have quoted, the alarm caused in England by the creation of the new Shipping Trust gave official circles in Berlin an opportunity of which they at once realised the value. The German Press, which, in spite of all official disclaimers, is as well disciplined as any regiment of Pomeranian Grenadiers, received instructions to represent "the Combine" as "a formidable blow dealt by the Americans to British shipping, and to depict in glowing terms the preferential position which the German lines had secured for themselves in it as a proof of the vigilance with which German interests were safeguarded by a paternal Government." This time, however, the powers that be were not content with a mere Press campaign. It will be no surprise to well-informed persons to be told:

> There is excellent reason to believe that certain exalted personages have not hesitated to exercise directly the influence which they enjoy in the highest quarters in England in order to strengthen the impression that the Americans are really aiming at the destruction of British shipping supremacy, and to contrast with the patriotism of the German shipowners who have subordinated their financial interests to the national interests of the Fatherland the selfishness and supineness of the British shipowners, who have thought only of making a good bargain for themselves.

In other words, while our devoted friend the Kaiser is presenting bronze statues of Frederick the Great to the United States, addressing gushing letters to the American President and ordering his journalistic cohort to extol the immense advantages derived by Germany from the German-American Shipping Combine, he is endeavouring to induce the British Sovereign to put pressure upon the British Government, and through the Government upon British ship-owners, to break up the Anglo-American "Combine." If report speaks truly, his Imperial Majesty's altruistic efforts are seconded by an unusually active ambassador in London, charged with the double duty of discounting Count Bülow's insolent speeches—of which we have had another specimen during the past month—and keeping in touch with any British newspapers ingenuous enough to be imposed upon. The calculation underlying the German campaign is sufficiently simple, but unfortunately the British public are still simpler. The astute German realises that :

If England can be nettled into taking up a hostile attitude towards the new combine a breach will have been made in the very stronghold of Anglo-American friendship—namely, in the American world of business—and if she can only be tempted still further into exercising reprisals there will be, instead of a community of interests on the Atlantic, a regular shipping war between England and America, in which Germany would be by virtue of her share in the combine the actual ally of America.

Such a contest would evoke all the old ill-feeling and jealousy between America and England which the wiser influences—by which we do not mean the Anglo-Saxon gushers, Englishmen who are more American than the Americans or Americans more British than the British—on both sides of the Atlantic have been steadily working to remove during the last few years, and Germany would find herself not merely in her favourite *rôle* of *tertius gaudens*, but would also reap an abundant harvest of political and commercial advantages.

Food Supply.

The writer closes his timely warning with an instructive observation upon the military aspect of the Shipping Trust.

What the Intelligence Department of the German Government grasps and what people in England do not appear to grasp is the important bearing of a community of interest between England and America in the carrying trade of the Atlantic on the issue of any future war between England and a Continental Power or Powers, *a war which the Germans are being taught to look upon as inevitable, if not imminent.* (Our italics.)

Upon this we have only to observe that we should prefer to see the food of Great Britain grown under the British flag and its inflow into this island insured by an adequate navy rather

than by any foreign combination, however well disposed. It is the duty of the people of this country to force their Government to face this problem, though pending its solution we appreciate the intelligence of the German Intelligence Department in regarding the Shipping Trust as a possible factor in the Anglo-German war, for which one of the parties is rapidly preparing while the other slumbers. The leading article of the *Times* driving home its correspondent's indictment of the German Government (happily christened the *Agent-Provocateur* by the *Spectator*) has made a great impression not only upon all serious students of foreign affairs in this country, but also upon diplomatic circles abroad, which are singularly sensitive to the pronouncements of Printing House Square. Let us trust that it marks the close of that humiliating and perilous chapter in British diplomacy during which our Foreign Office has been content with the ignominious *rôle* of cat's-paw to the Berlin Foreign Office. No one has ever been able to explain how or why we came to adopt such an attitude, but its effect is writ large across Europe. England is despised in Germany and hated everywhere else. According to an American maxim: "Some people can be fooled all the time, and all people can be fooled some of the time, but all people can't be fooled all the time." We venture to commend this aphorism to the pundits of the Wilhelmstrasse, as, in the interests of such relations as may be possible between England and Germany, they would be well advised to realise that a sufficient number of Englishmen are acquainted with their methods and alive to their objects to make it uncomfortable for any British Government to continue the traditional policy of subserviency to Berlin. Unfortunately the German Government have been allowed to wipe their boots upon us so often that they refuse to regard us anything but a doormat. The intrigue against the Shipping Combination should however complete the work which was commenced by the German pro-Boer campaign, so that finally the eyes of the man in the street and even those of the man in the Cabinet will be opened to the deep-seated and determined hostility of the Berlin Government as well as the mass of the German nation. As the *Times* incisively points out:

When official Germany has an end to gain, it is not always very particular, as the recent shameless campaign of pro-Boer slander sufficiently shows, about the means it employs to gain it. The German Government encouraged, and the Imperial Chancellor, *who is the recognised exponent of the Emperor's will* (our italics), frequently stimulated that campaign by his public speeches, for purposes of which any student of the literature of the German Navy League can judge for himself. The German Navy League, whose membership has nearly doubled during the South African War, and now numbers upwards of 600,000

adherents, has for its main object not only to secure popular support for the enormous increase of the German Navy, but also to educate public opinion for the "naval Sadowa" that is to come. The Germans know perfectly well that the estrangement of the United States and Great Britain is almost a condition precedent to any "naval Sadowa."

Apotheosis of Protection.

We trust that the reader may be disposed to approach the Shipping Combination from a pro-British point of view and will disregard the "friendly" suggestions or counsel appearing in Continental newspapers, some of which, as has been shown, are suspect. This remarkable development, for that it is remarkable cannot be gainsaid for a moment, is not a plot to undermine or annex the British Empire but is simply an inevitable sign of the times, long foreseen and foreshadowed by those despicable beings who indulge in "intelligent anticipations," such as the *Daily Mail*, which has repeatedly predicted a Shipping Trust during the past year. Signs of the times, however, are not visible to ostriches which keep their heads buried in the sand, or to politicians who pooh-pooh everything that has not actually occurred. It has been dinned into two generations of Englishmen by their professors and their editors that no Protectionist country could ever become a formidable commercial rival to a Free Trade country, as the greater cost of production in the former puts it hopelessly out of the running beyond its own borders. In season and out of season it has been repeated *ad nauseam* by the *Spectator* and other orthodox organs that so long as the Americans were so foolish as to pursue a benighted and mediæval policy of commercial restriction, so long Great Britain had nothing to fear from them, and that our anxiety would only begin as soon as they commenced to pull down their Chinese wall and adopt the sacred principles of free exchange under which every country produces what it is most fitted to produce, and consumes what it is most fitted to consume. This was the British bagman's millennium, conceived in what Mr. Bowles has wittily described as "the age of universal peace and glass exhibitions," but which, unfortunately, has never captivated the bagman elsewhere. The insular doctrine that we must remain supreme because our ports are open to all surplus foreign produce for which there is no home market, never had any foundation in reason, and has been completely falsified by events. The extraordinary power and prosperity of the United States, of which the shipping combination is the latest indication, is quite as much due to the fact that she has surrounded herself by a fiscal barrier and refused to be the dumping-ground of other countries—thus keeping the home

market for the home producer—as to the fact that there were no internal fiscal barriers. Behind her much-derided Chinese wall she has been able to develop formidable industries which could never otherwise have come into existence, and to-day, being impregnable at home, the American manufacturer and capitalist is able to emerge and attack the neutral markets and compete in lines of business of which we have previously had a monopoly. The abundance of national wealth, of which the mere surplus is a menace to the commerce of the world, is directly due to the policy of protection.

Alternative Plans.

It was only to be expected that the business interests of the United States, having absolutely assured their industrial position at home, having organised their land transport, and finding themselves in possession of a superabundance of wealth seeking new outlets, should turn their eyes towards the Atlantic Ocean, which presented the appearance of a British pond. From the American standpoint it is scarcely surprising that our maritime monopoly should excite the spirit of competition and challenge, at any rate in the North Atlantic. The population of the United States to-day is nearly eighty millions, who, in spite of an immense sea-board, have no serious Mercantile Marine. Consequently, while American produce is brought down in American railways to American harbours, in nine cases out of ten it is transferred from American docks into British bottoms, a state of things in which the enterprising and ambitious American was not prepared to acquiesce, all the more as he felt that the disappearance of his shipping was a mere accident of the Civil War, prior to which the Stars and Stripes were to be seen on almost every sea. Of late years the entire community has been strenuously working to wipe out the last traces of that devastating conflict, and "the revival of American shipping" has long been one of the most popular political cries in the United States. Opinion, however, was divided as to the *modus operandi*. The Spread Eaglers—whose views lately found expression in a speech by Mr. Shaw, the flamboyant Secretary of the Treasury (the American Hicks-Beach), who, in a "high falutin" speech avowed himself an advocate of "the largest merchant fleet ever kissed by ocean breezes"—wished to sweep the Union Jack from the ocean. Whether this was to be effected by such legislation as the Shipping Subsidy Bill, dear to the heart of Mr. Cramp, or by purchasing isolated English lines at knock-out prices, as the Germans have done in at least two instances, was not quite

clear, but the Jingoes of the Shaw type were quite as anxious to injure England as to benefit their own country. "To Hell with John Bull" is their slogan. When, however, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, the "Carnot" of American finance, fresh from the victorious organisation of the recent railway "Combines" and Steel Trusts, came to look into the matter, he seems to have said in effect, "It may be sound politics, but it is not good business to start a commercial war in the Atlantic." And an alternative scheme was proposed whereby the existing Companies, whether British, American, or even German, were to enter into a partnership founded on "a community of interests." Such is, we believe, approximately the true genesis of the Shipping Combination, and whether the British get as much as they ought to out of the arrangement will simply depend upon their ability, energy and determination. It does not appear to be generally known, that so far from the German lines refusing to enter on the same terms as the British, the directors both of the Hamburg-American line and the North German-Lloyd were anxious and eager to do so, and the contracts were practically completed when the German Government got wind of the transaction and interfered. The legend of the patriotic German directors refusing to be tempted like their baser British brethren is purely fictitious. Our Government appears to have remained wilfully ignorant of the whole business until it was a *fait accompli*.

The Agreements.

The "provisional agreements" entered into by Messrs. Ismay, Imray and Co. and others, representing the Shipping Companies, with Messrs. J. P. Morgan and Co., dated February 4, were published on May 9. From the principal document it appears that the Anglo-American Combination, termed "the Corporation," with a capital of 34,000,000 sterling, acquires control of the White Star, Dominion, American, Atlantic Transport, Red Star, and Leyland lines. For the time being the Cunard Company stands out, but this is probably only a question of terms, and does not we imagine for a moment indicate any superior patriotism or foresight on the part of the Cunarders. We are unable to express any opinion as to whether the vendors have made a good bargain for themselves, but the White Star shareholders have approved the Agreement by the necessary three-fourths of the shareholders. The valuation of the various properties disposed of is ten times the net profits of the respective companies in 1900, subject to certain deductions, and the payment for the White Star property is to be "25 per cent. in

cash and 75 per cent. thereof preferred stock at par, and a sum equal to 37½ per cent. thereof in common stock at par" of the Corporation. The syndicate does pretty well for itself, securing no less than $77,500,000 in securities, of which $27,500,000 represents profit. There is also a builder's agreement between Messrs. Harland and Wolff and Messrs. Morgan and Co., whereby the Belfast firm bind themselves not to build for other shipowners than the parties to the foregoing agreements except the Hamburg-American line. On the other hand, the "Corporation," while free to place orders for vessels, &c., in the United States, undertakes that all the work required to be done in the United Kingdom shall be executed by Messrs. Harland and Wolff. The self-denying ordinance on the part of the latter, which has naturally excited some comment, according to the loquacious Mr. Pirrie, the head of the firm, "merely embodies a principle we have always recognised, and an understanding that has always existed between my firm and our clients—viz., that we should not build for those whose interests clashed with each other." The difficulty of forming a sound opinion upon the probable effect of this colossal scheme may be illustrated by the outcry of Mr. Cramp, of the leading American shipbuilding firm: "American capital will be used to develop English shipyards, the capacities of which will be increased and their prestige heightened; they will be enabled to turn out better work, and to construct for their own Government greater and more powerful warships, which will be used against the United States if occasion arise."

"Wake Up!"

The published agreement contained no reference to the status of the three White Star vessels which are included in the Admiralty list of reserve merchant cruisers, for which they receive a beggarly subsidy of about £20,000 a year apiece on the Navy Estimates, or to the five other steamers which are scheduled without further subsidy as being at the disposal of the British Government in the event of need. Under the arrangement between the British Government and the White Star Line, the Admiralty has also a right of pre-emption, but the purchase price was fixed extravagantly high, probably in order to impress the shareholders. This right of pre-emption has, of course, not been in any way affected by the present agreement with Messrs. Morgan and Co., and were it advisable, the British Government would be clearly entitled to exercise their option, and buy up the eight White Star steamers, but it would be exceedingly bad business on their part, as they would merely be

transferring the sum of some four millions from the British exchequer into the pockets of the "Corporation," who would spend the money in building superior vessels. The annual subsidies, however, stand on a different footing as they have recently been renewed for another three years, and there is no reason why they should not be again renewed; all the more so if it were possible to make some arrangement with reference to the number of Naval Reserve men serving on these steamers. Nothing is said in the agreement upon the question of the flag, but it is understood that British ships are to remain under the British flag, German ships under the German flag, and Americans under the Stars and Stripes. We do not believe in the threatened wholesale transfer of British ships to the American register which excites so much alarm in some quarters, as it would arouse immense opposition in the United States, when attempted on a large scale, but our Government should endeavour to secure and perpetuate the national status of the British ships and of all ships built in our yards. But the most important duty of British statesmen, is to act on the Prince of Wales' advice and "wake up." The old *laisser-faire* and *laisser-aller* shibboleths, the general slackness and shirking of responsibility must be resolutely put on one side if we are to maintain our position either as a great industrial or as a great maritime Power. Under the present *régime* the commercial classes in this country from the manufacturer to the shipowner, are placed in the intolerable position of being forced to fight single-handed against their foreign commercial rivals, actively supported by their Governments and not infrequently subsidised. One immediate new departure is imperative and we trust it may be raised at the coming Imperial conference. The time has come to link up the British Empire by means of subsidised lines of fast cruisers, otherwise we shall see our Mercantile Marine gradually transferred to other hands, and the doom of Great Britain as a Sea Power will be sounded. Instead of crying over spilt milk let us see how much unspilt milk we can save.

The Coming Conference.

It is obvious to the onlooker that British statesmanship has a golden opportunity of displaying its powers at the coming Conference between the Imperial Government and the Colonial Premiers, to be held in the early days of July. But it cannot be said that the omens are altogether favourable to positive achievement. Take, for instance, the two principal "common concerns" which are peculiarly ripe for discussion and decision—viz., Imperial

defence and commercial relations. We have had, on the one hand, the official announcement that the Colonies are to be bluntly invited by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to consider the advisability of making some contribution towards Imperial defence, a proposal which, it is understood, they are likely to reject in the form in which it will be presented. The knowledge which the Colonies have lately acquired of the business capacity of the War Office has made them extremely anxious that none of their money shall be spent by that department. That is an intelligible apprehension which is more than can be said of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's recent vindication of the attitude of his Government against the Opposition leader in the Dominion Parliament, who complained of Canada's reply to Mr. Chamberlain's invitation to discuss Imperial defence. In the course of his speech the Premier declared that there was "a school in England and in Canada, it was even represented in this Parliament, which wanted to bring Canada into a vortex of militarism, now the blight and curse of Europe." This is surely a very inadequate reason for declining to discuss the policy of organising the defensive forces of the Empire so as to ensure their effectiveness in case of need. The speaker, who, be it remembered, was accorded a medal by the Cobden Club as a tribute to his orthodoxy, made a no less important and much more satisfactory statement on the subject of commercial relations :

> He was going to England, to discuss them on the invitation of the Imperial Government, and he could not conceive that Mr. Chamberlain would invite the Colonial representatives to discuss that subject unless the British Government had something to propose. There was now a duty on wheat and flour which placed Canada in a position to make offers which she could not make in 1897. A step had thus been taken which would make it possible to obtain preference for Canadian goods.

We entirely agree with Sir Wilfred Laurier that it is superfluous to broach the question of commercial relations in London unless the London Government has something to propose and is prepared to take a forward step. But if we are to judge from the pusillanimous tone adopted by Ministerial speakers in the recent debates in the House of Commons on the Corn Duty, doubtless due to the depressing influence of the by-election at Bury, one of those infinitesimal incidents which loom large in the mind of the Mandarin, most of our Cabinet Ministers remain under the paralytic influence of the economics which were beginning to get out of date twenty years ago. They are far behind Sir Wilfred Laurier. Nor is the education of the Opposition more advanced, and it is grievous to mark the relapse of the Liberal Imperialists into Provincial Radicalism.

Mr. Chamberlain's Opportunity.

As a set-off to the dismal utterances of his colleagues, it is a positive pleasure to quote the great speech delivered by the Colonial Secretary on May 16 at the annual meeting of the Birmingham Liberal Unionist Association. Mr. Chamberlain at any rate realises that we are entering upon a new era, in which early Victorian economics are as much out of date as bows and arrows in modern warfare. He pointed out that the position of this country is a cause of anxiety to statesmen and careful observers, as there is a general intention abroad by means of "hostile tariffs, the pressure of bounties, the pressure of subsidies. . . . to shut out this country as far as possible from all profitable trade with those foreign States, and at the same time to enable those foreign States to under-sell us in the British markets." This policy has assumed huge proportions, and the old ideas of trade and free competition have changed :

> We are face to face with great combinations, with enormous trusts, having behind them gigantic wealth. Even the industries and commerce which we thought to be peculiarly our own, even those are in danger. It is quite impossible that these new methods of competition can be met by adherence to old and antiquated methods, which were perfectly right at the time at which they were developed. At the present moment the Empire is being attacked on all sides and in our isolation we must look to ourselves.

Whatever the Mandarins may say the statesman realises that we must draw closer our Imperial relations by "the ties of interest, the ties of sympathy, yes, and the ties of interest." He also realises, unlike the Campbell-Bannermans of the Opposition and the Campbell-Bannermans of the Cabinet, for there are plenty of the species everywhere, that there is not much time to lose :

> If by adherence to economic pedantry, to old shibboleths, we are to lose opportunities of closer union which are offered us by our colonies, if we are to put aside occasions now within our grasp, if we do not take every chance in our power to keep British trade in British hands, I am certain that we shall deserve the disasters which will infallibly come upon us.

From the discordant utterances of British statesmen it is manifest that the success of the Colonial Conference depends entirely on the energy and will-power of one man. The British Empire looks to Mr. Chamberlain to signalise the close of the South African War by placing its commercial policy on a more reasonable and businesslike basis, and we decline to believe that he will be deaf to this appeal. Far better that he should leave the Government and raise a new standard than allow the Colonial Premiers to return to their homes with the conviction that the mother country rates her shibboleths above her children.

Mr. Chamberlain on the Education Bill.

Not the least interesting contribution to the Education controversy, which has held the field among Parliamentary topics during the past month, was the lucid and incisive letter addressed by Mr. Chamberlain to Dr. James Glover, an old campaigner, who was prominent in the great fight with Mr. Forster in 1870 in which Mr. Chamberlain was still more prominent. The main merit of the new Education Bill, as the Colonial Secretary points out, is that it provides "for the first time a single local authority charged with the superintendence and provision of both elementary and secondary education throughout the whole of England and Wales," London alone being left over for future consideration. This authority obtains "through a representative committee absolute control of the secular education in the schools." It will regulate the hours and curriculum of instruction, the salaries of the teachers, the nature of the appliances and the arrangement of the buildings, and although the actual appointment of teachers is in the case of voluntary schools referred to their managers, "the local authority will be able to veto the appointment or to secure dismissal if necessary on educational grounds." It gives effect to one of the main objects of the agitation promoted in 1870 by the National Education League, which "desired to see established in every district a local educational authority," though it opposed the creation of a body "elected under the cumulative vote, by which a stimulus was given to sectarian influence, and it expressed its preference for the Town Councils where they then existed over anybody elected *ad hoc*." In all these respects Mr. Chamberlain insists, "the present Bill is a great advance on previous legislation." He recognises, however, that the *gravamen* of his correspondent's indictment was that the Government were proposing "a new endowment of denominational education" by giving a preferential position to the voluntary schools. The Colonial Secretary has not changed his views since 1870, when he thought, as he still thinks, that the State ought to content itself with providing a secular education, leaving a fair field and no favour to the various denominations as regards the religious instruction of those who desired it. But however desirable this separation of religious and secular education may seem to him, he is obliged, as a practical statesman, to recognise that it will not be tolerated by his fellow countrymen, and it is therefore not a possible system. It was adopted and attempted by the second School Board of Birmingham, of which Mr. Chamberlain was chairman, but it "did not succeed," and was ultimately abandoned "owing to

the overwhelming pressure of the Nonconformists themselves, who refused to accept an entirely secular system." It would have no better chance to-day, and serious educationists have had to consider what could be substituted for it. So far back as 1891 the Colonial Secretary informed his constituents that the extinction of the voluntary schools was no longer possible, and he suggested that the utmost that could be asked of them was "that they should be content to receive on their Committees of Management some representatives of the ratepayers and parents of the children." By the provisions of the new Bill this representation has been secured, and though the managers of the voluntary schools may retain a majority on the Committee, full control is obtained "over all the arrangements for secular instruction."

The Education Debate.

At the beginning of May, in consequence of the pressure of the Unionist party, who felt that the Education Bill was being jeopardised by the protracted discussion of the Procedure Rules, Mr. Balfour consented to postpone the consideration of part of the latter in order to give the principal Ministerial measure a chance. This enabled the second reading of the Education Bill to begin on May 5, and, after four days' debate, its second reading was carried by the huge majority of 237 votes (402 to 165). This unfortunately does not ensure the ultimate passing of the measure, for we saw a previous Education Bill, in 1896, carried by an even larger majority on the Second Reading division, to be afterwards abandoned by its authors. We frankly own to being mystified as to whether the Government really mean business on the present occasion, or whether this great measure is to go the way of its predecessors. This element of doubt detracts considerably from the interest of the debate in the House of Commons, which nevertheless maintained a remarkably high level, some of the speeches showing great power and distinction. From such excellent efforts it is perhaps invidious to select, but among the most impressive contributions were those of Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane, Sir Richard Jebb, and Lord Hugh Cecil, the latter being a brilliant display of eloquence, which by common consent is pronounced to be one of the most remarkable Parliamentary achievements of our time. It was a triumph of sincerity and character as well as mere eloquence. When one sees how much is to be said in favour of the Bill by educationists of the calibre of Sir William Anson, the Warden of All Souls, and Sir Richard Jebb, the distinguished scholar who sits for Cambridge University ; while, on the other

hand, how moderate is the attack of the best men on the other side, who refuse to subordinate the interests of education to mere partisan considerations, we realise how deplorable would be the abandonment of this measure, though it stands in need of serious amendment, as the Duke of Northumberland points out in his article. Mr. Haldane declared that he should not vote against the Second Reading, while Sir Edward Grey admitted that if the measure were in the charge of Mr. Haldane, he (Sir Edward Grey) would be prepared to vote for it. It should be noted, however, that no one had a word to say for the local option feature of the Bill, and it is tacitly understood that if the measure is proceeded with this will be abandoned, though so far there has been no formal announcement to that effect. The most pathetic incident in the debate was the lachrymose appeal addressed to the Irish members by Mr. Lloyd George, who besought them not to desert their Radical allies, who had suffered so much in the cause of Ireland, but Mr. Redmond and his associates, being Ultramontanes, never allow any political considerations to interfere with the supposed interests of their Church, and helped to swell the Ministerial host.

A Lapse of Memory.

As we surmised last month, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has not been strong enough to withstand the pressure of bankers and others who objected to the twopenny stamp on cheques, the withdrawal of which was announced in the House of Commons on May 12. The community ought not to be ungrateful for the cheque episode, as it has afforded a certain amount of harmless merriment, especially when it was solemnly proposed that people should walk to the nearest post office to get back the second penny in the case of small cheques. Ministerial ignorance of the common affairs of life, appears to be inexhaustible, the latest display having been afforded by no less a person than the Lord Chancellor. It was sufficiently surprising, as the *Westminster Gazette* points out, that "Ministers were ignorant of the fact that the Boers rode on horses and shot with rifles, but little wonder that they could not aspire to this dizzying height of knowledge," for in a recent speech the Lord Chancellor "confessed to a depth of not knowing which would have been libellous had it not been his own confession."

> He [Lord Halsbury] had had no conception, and he did not think his friend the Chancellor of the Exchequer had any conception, of the number of cheques drawn below the sum which the chairman had mentioned. He regretted to say that after an experience of more than fifty years he did not think he ever drew a cheque in his life below £2, and he had a strong suspicion that his right hon. friend the Chancellor of the Exchequer never did. He

would say more, for, though a lawyer, he had not known that they could draw cheques for so small an amount, and he had been under the impression they could not.

Happily we are in a position to vindicate the Lord Chancellor against his own imputation, and incidentally against the strictures of the *Westminster Gazette*. He declares that he has never heard of cheques for under £2, but it so happens that the present writer is the proud possessor of a cheque for the modest sum of £1 10*s*.—endorsed by Lord Halsbury—acquired under the following circumstances. Irritated, it is credibly asserted, by articles in the *National Review* demanding a drastic reconstruction of the Cabinet and urging the inclusion of younger men, the Lord Chancellor decided to discontinue his annual subscription of 30*s*. to the *National Review*, and instructed his bankers to that effect. But through an oversight his bankers omitted to act on this instruction, and the subscription for the year 1900 was duly paid. On detecting the payment in his pass-book, Lord Halsbury, as a practical man of business, very properly requested us to refund the subscription. In order that there might be no further trouble, the proprietor of the *National Review* drew a cheque for the sum of 30*s*., made payable to "The Earl of Halsbury," crossed with the name of his bankers and the words "Account of Payee," which necessitated the Lord Chancellor's endorsement. This humble draft had the honour of being endorsed "Halsbury," was presented in the usual way for payment and lies before us as we write. So at any rate once in his life the Lord Chancellor came in contact with a cheque for a smaller sum than £2, and is in fact a more experienced man of business than he will admit.

A Great Book.

We do not think that the brilliant author of the *Times* history of the war, need apologise, as he does in the preface, for the long interval between the appearance of the first and second volumes. The former it may be remembered consisted of an exhaustive and lucid account of the political relations between the Imperial Government and the Dutch Republics prior to the Boer Ultimatum of October 1899. The second volume, dealing with the events between the issue of the Ultimatum and the battle of Colenso, has been published during the past month, and reflects the utmost credit upon Mr. Amery and those associated with him in his great enterprise. They have not only produced a book of surpassing interest, but one which is not likely to be superseded even by the official history of the war, which has been entrusted to the competent hands of Colonel Henderson. Although the present volume

has been written and rewritten with laborious care, it does not contain a dry page from the opening chapters, describing and contrasting the British and the Boer military systems, to the painful account of the disaster of Colenso, rendered now more humiliating than ever owing to information hitherto withheld from the public. Great as is the literary skill in handling an enormous mass of complicated and confused facts and keeping them in due subordination to the main narrative, the moral qualities of the book are even greater. The facts being established the inferences are driven home with a fairness but a fearlessness rare in any record of contemporary events and beyond all praise. Mr. Amery explicitly assumes sole responsibility for the criticisms upon all the great people whose proceedings are reviewed, and in the exercise of a sound judgment he has decided, as we believe in the best interests both of the army and of the nation, that blunderers shall not be spared, whether they be subalterns who unnecessarily hoist the white flag, or generals who collapse the first time they are seriously tested. Censure is no less necessary to the evolution of efficiency than praise. What is the use of declaring the capable General Z. to be a first-rate soldier if the incapable Y. has previously been described in the same terms?

Colenso.

The public will eagerly turn to the Colenso chapter, which is, in some respects, the most interesting, as it is certainly the most sensational in the volume. The Editor has had access to many fresh sources of facts, which he has utilised with skill and care, and, as there can be no serious attempt to challenge his narrative, it will make a good many people seem even more ridiculous than they did already. Let us hope it may extinguish the Buller agitation which has done more harm to our prestige, as a military nation, than any number of "regrettable incidents." After condemning the abandonment of the guns on that fateful December 15, 1899, which the historian declares to have been without justification, he points out that:

> Even supposing that the retention of the guns had doubled the casualties of the day, that loss should have been faced—not for the sake of mere prestige, but because at that moment guns were far more important than men. They were nearly half of Buller's field artillery; without them there could be no question of relieving Ladysmith. Weeks would elapse before new guns could reach Natal from England.

But the abandonment of the guns was followed by something worse, generally suspected, and now authoritatively revealed:

Just as in the hour of battle he [General Buller] had failed the men whom he led, so now in the hour of trial he was to fail his country, which had entrusted the fortune of the war into his hands. . . . He utterly lost heart. Not only did he despair of doing anything himself, but he despaired for others. . . . On the morning of the 16th he telegraphed to Lord Lansdowne that the relief of Ladysmith was impossible, that Sir G. White would be compelled to lay down his arms, and that he proposed to intrench himself in a defensive position near Chieveley. Then on that same morning, without waiting for a reply, without waiting to get the fullest information from Sir G. White as to the resources at his disposal, without consulting his senior officers, he sent a heliographic message to White suggesting the surrender of Ladysmith.

The *verba ipsissima* of the famous heliogram (we had always understood it was a flash-light message) are not given, but its real purport is declared to be as follows: "As it appears certain that I cannot relieve Ladysmith for another month, and even then only by means of protracted siege operations . . . . you will burn your ciphers, destroy your guns, fire away your ammunition, and make the best terms possible with the general of the besieging forces, after giving me time to fortify myself on the Tugela." When this ghastly message was deciphered and brought to Sir George White, he at first thought it must be a Boer forgery, as he could not explain it on any other ground.

Justice to Mr. Balfour.

Nor did General Buller's telegrams home cause less consternation, all the more as he had recently refused strong reinforcements—another new fact not previously known to the general public. As Mr. Balfour's apparent *insouciance* at the darkest moment of the war was a cause of irritation to his fellow countrymen and of injury to himself, it is peculiarly satisfactory to learn that he rendered valuable service at the most critical moment of the crisis. The spectacle presented by the War Office is not exactly reassuring, and abundantly explains and justifies the appointment of Lords Roberts and Kitchener without consulting Pall Mall:

The War Office, overwhelmed by the successive tidings of disaster, seemed almost inclined to acquiesce in his [Buller's] conclusions. For once the much-abused politicians showed themselves stronger men than the soldiers. Most of the Ministers had left town for Christmas. But Lord Lansdowne had stayed on at the War Office, and fortunately he had at his side, in Mr. Balfour, a colleague on whose firm support and courageous counsel he could rely at this critical moment. A message was immediately cabled to Sir R. Buller directing him to persevere, or, if unwilling to do so, to hand over the Natal command to one of his subordinates and to return home. . . . The contradictory

messages sent by Buller from before Colenso increased the uneasiness of the Government, an uneasiness quickened to instant decision by the news of his defeat and the clear evidence of his demoralisation.

The only other point we have space to mention is the corroboration by the *Times* history of the explanation given some months ago in this *Review* as to why Sir George White failed to co-operate with General Buller on the day of Colenso. "He (Buller) had previously announced to Sir G. White by heliograph that he would attack on the 17th (December), and the latter made arrangements to have a force ready to sally out and help the advance. But when the attack was fixed for the 15th, no information was sent to Ladysmith, so that White remained inactive."

The Value of Alliances.

The most important foreign utterances of the past month were the Emperor Francis Joseph's speech to Austro-Hungarian delegations whom he received at the Palace of the Burg on May 7, and the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister's subsequent survey of international affairs. After the customary references to the allies and the friendly relations existing with other Powers, the Speech from the Throne emphasised "our continued friendly agreement with the Russian Empire concerning events in the Near East as particularly calculated to fortify peace and order in this country." Count Goluchowski announced in carefully considered terms that "the Triple Alliance, which expires in the month of May 1903, was approaching its renewal, the three Cabinets having exchanged formal assurances as to their firm determination to maintain in its full value the treaty existing between them and to proceed in due time with the signature of the requisite documents." We do not take this as meaning more than that the present Governments of the three Powers desire and intend to renew their pact. There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and it is possible, though we admit, improbable, that during the next few months political or commercial developments may imperil the Triplice. These, it is understood, have been clearly realised by Count Bülow during his recent tour in Italy and Austria, and we shall we very much surprised if either he or his organs continue in that contemptuous attitude which they systematically adopt towards the unfortunate Powers whom Germany has succeeded in tying to her chariot wheels. Not the least striking characteristic of Count Goluchowski's speech was the "detachment" with which even he discussed "that eminently conservative pact

between the central European Powers," as he termed the Triple Alliance. He ostentatiously went out of his way to praise the Dual Alliance as being animated by no less peaceful intentions than the German combination. Count Goluchowshi proceeded to deliver a little homilly on the general value of international compacts. As an instance of the spread of this system he cited the recently concluded Anglo-Japanese Treaty affecting China and Corea, "which had followed in the footsteps of the Austro-Russian *entente*," both of them constituting agreements "dominated by the same conservative spirit as had led to the Alliances contracted by Austria-Hungary." Let us hope that this observation may not be wasted upon English writers, who have tried to make our flesh creep by depicting Japan as about to run amuck, in which we shall be compelled to join her. The motive power of the latest international instrument is the desire to place the peace and security of the Far East on an assured basis by entrusting the guarantee of the *status quo* to the hands of those competent to fulfil their obligations, in which respect it may be compared to the St. Petersburg Agreement entered into by Austria and Russia in 1897, which has had such a marked effect in preserving the peace of the Near East. It is evident that Vienna does not share the jealousy entertained in Berlin of the recent *rapprochement* between France and Italy, as Count Goluchowski ascribed it as a merit to the Triple Alliance that it facilitates "special agreements between individual Powers belonging to different groups concerning specific interests which affected them alone, and the settlement of which was thus not in any way opposed to the general principles which had brought about the union of the principal groups." Such action "could only be calculated to fortify the guarantee with which it was at present sought on all sides to surround the great work of peace." Alliances are to be supplemented by Agreements. That is the interpretation placed on the Austrian declaration.

The French Elections.

The First Ballots of the French General Election were held on Sunday, April 27, and the Second Ballots, as usual, a fortnight later. It was evident from the outset that the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry would gain a decided victory, as had been predicted by all competent observers. Readers of M. Cornély's admirable article in this number of the *National Review*, will realise how great was the Ministerial achievement considering the combination arrayed against them, the wealth it commanded, and the weapons it condescended to use. According to our brilliant contributor,

the working Ministerial majority which was estimated at 60 in the old Chamber, will be approximately 90 in the new one. The position of the Republic, which was critical three years ago when M. Waldeck-Rousseau became Premier, is now regarded as so assured that "the pilot who weathered the storm" deems himself entitled to seek a position of greater freedom and less responsibility, and is transferring his task to other hands. When, however, one observes the heterogeneous composition of the Ministerial Party, which comprises Republicans, Radicals, Radical Socialists, and Socialists, one cannot help feeling that a weaker man may be wholly unable to master the situation in the face of an Opposition which, though subdivided into Nationalists, Monarchists of various kinds, Republican Progressists, Dissentient Socialists and Revolutionaries, will be held together until the hour of victory by "the cohesive power of public plunder." The withdrawal of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, which was at first viewed with equanimity, is already beginning to excite misgivings, though as M. Cornély points out, he would constitute an invaluable reserve should the Republic again require him, and it cannot be that he alone can govern France. Among the conspicuous incidents of the recent elections were the hostility of the Metropolis towards the Ministry, the rout of the Anti Semites with M. Drumont at their head in Algiers, and the unwarrantable intrusion of Cardinal Vaughan, who ordered Catholic England to pray for the defeat of the French Government. His action excited considerable comment and no little irritation in Paris, which, however, was mitigated, when it was seen that Providence was on the side of the Republican battalions. It is surely advisable for Englishmen, of whatever denomination, to mind their own business during a foreign General Election. That Cardinal Vaughan should desire the triumph of the Clericals and Anglophobes, is scarcely surprising, however painful to those of his persuasion—of whom happily there are many—who, besides being good Catholics, are also good Englishmen.

Martinique Catastrophe.

There has been a calamity in the West Indies on such a scale as to forbid the use of adjectives. A bald recital of the facts is alone permissible. For the last fortnight of April and the early days of May, Mont Pelée, a long dormant volcano at the north end of the French island of Martinique, towering over the town of St. Pierre which nestled beneath it, had been belching forth clouds of smoke, but without apparently exciting any general apprehensions. The few who ventured to express any anxiety

were denounced in the official capital of the island, Fort de France, as "panic-mongers" or "pessimists." On May 5 the usual smoke was followed by an eruption of mud, which destroyed an adjoining plantation, killing twenty-three persons. But even this did not disturb official optimism at Fort de France, and efforts were made to prevent any exodus of the population from the doomed city. Suddenly, on Thursday, May 8, the entire community of St. Pierre, containing between 30,000 and 40,000 souls, of whom about 1000 were whites, were annihilated "by a terrible volcanic torrent, and by a combination of suffocating heat, noxious vapours, a shower of burning cinders, and a discharge of burning stones" from Mount Pelée. An eye-witness who subsequently visited the scene described St. Pierre as "a veritable cemetery," the whole population being buried beneath it. The same fate overtook all the shipping in the harbour, with the single exception of an English steamer, the *Roddam*, which fortunately had steam up and happened to be commanded by Captain Freeman, a man capable of rising to any emergency, however unexpected:

> The captain of the *Roddam* had seen that his only hope of safety lay in instant flight, and promptly the order was given to slip the cable, and the engine-room bells rung sharply for full speed. Before the engineer, who was on deck, could reach the engine to help his mate, he fell overpowered, and one by one the crew, fighting for their lives to keep the flames under and to save the ship, fell where they stood, to lie half buried in the hot ashes. The captain, in spite of terrible burns, stuck to his post, cheered the survivors on, and brought his vessel out of the hell of fire, giving as noble an example of pluck and endurance, and of promptitude in the hour of danger, as can be found in the records of the British merchant navy.*

Out of a total of twenty-seven men, only six, including Captain Freeman, escaped alive, and they are said to be the only survivors out of the 40,000 people who were in the town, district, and harbour of St. Pierre on May 8.

St. Vincent.

The news from Martinique was followed by the announcement that the Soufrière, the sleeping volcano in the neighbouring British island of St. Vincent, had also erupted, and as the facts came dribbling in, this country found herself involved in a common sorrow with France, though the loss of life in St. Vincent was not to be compared to that of Martinique. The eruption of the Soufrière though only known later, really occurred a day before that of La Pelée, viz., on May 7. An eye-witness, who went out with

* See account in *Times* of May 24.

some friends in a boat as soon as they heard that the volcano was overflowing, gives a most vivid account of the scene in the *Times:*

> The nearer we approached the grander and more terrible became the volumes of smoke which shot with incredible velocity towards the skies. The fantastic cauliflower-like roses which formed themselves at every point of the massive volume of smoke were not unlike the effects produced in a kaleidoscope, by variegated streaks of light. I confess my courage began to give way, and I could read fright on the faces of my companions. Still we rowed on.

Suddenly all hands on board were seized with panic, and the cry of "turn back" rose. No wonder.

> We could see in the distance before us a huge massive black cloud rolling with a terrible rapidity down the mountain side of the Soufrière and spreading itself with equal rapidity for miles over the sea to the eastward of the island. It was quite evident to me that some burning fluid, whether it was lava, or sulphur, or seething water, was flowing down the hill, throwing off as it hurried along the volume of smoke above mentioned.

Then "it began to rain," but "what kind of rain? Stones, lava, sulphur and dirt fell with a terrible force from the clouds gathered over our heads. We stuffed straw into our hats as a protection." The extent of the destruction is not fully known, but so far nearly 2000 people have perished in St. Vincent. The news of the volcanic disturbances in Martinique and St. Vincent have been accompanied by announcements from various parts of the world of "sympathetic" movements on the part of other volcanoes, and it would be hardly an exaggeration to say that a sort of terror has seized volcanic communities. So far science has been singularly silent, and is evidently reluctant to commit itself to any theory, either as to the causes or possible spread of the strike of volcanoes. The only serious remedy proposed for the stricken islands is the deportation of the entire population, but this can only be carried out with the consent of the people, and communities cling to the places they know. On May 18 both La Soufrière and La Pelée again erupted. Further destruction was wrought in St. Vincent; but there was no one left in St. Pierre to kill. This series of calamities has made a tremendous call upon the charitable world, which on the whole, has been nobly answered.

The Peace "Negotiations."

We have now been "negotiating" with the Boers for more than two months, but up to the moment of going to press (May 26) there is no authentic announcement as to the result. Our views on the subject have been exactly expressed by Mr. Seddon, the

New Zealand Premier, whose speeches in South Africa have been an inspiration and encouragement to all of us. At Johannesburg he declared :

The sacrifices in the war had been great; let not the sacrifice be nullified. The brave soldiers had done their duty; let the statesmen now do theirs. They would not do their duty unless they adhered to the policy which he had announced in New Zealand and which the British Government had announced —namely, unconditional surrender. To concede terms at dictation would only give opportunity for troubles in the future. That was the feeling of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and, he believed, of the great majority of their kindred in the mother country.

THE EDUCATION BILL

THE present position of elementary education in England is the result of a series of blunders perpetrated by successive Governments during the last half-century, and culminating in the paramount absurdity of free education. This was the straw which finally broke the camel's back. Nobody wanted it; nobody was grateful for it. It was based on false principles, because it was a practical denial of the fundamental truth that it is the duty of those who bring children into the world to do something at any rate for their minds as well as for their bodies. The excuse sometimes urged that free was the necessary corollary of compulsory education will not bear examination. We compel parents to feed and clothe their offspring, and according to this proposition there is logically no reason why free food and free clothes should not form part of the programme of some enlightened Minister of the future. It is a curious coincidence that so practical an expression of opinion on the part of the legislature that the maintenance of a family is an undue burden to be placed on fathers and mothers should have been followed by a decrease in the birth-rate, and affords a capital excuse for relieving them of the necessity for providing bread and butter, trousers and petticoats.

The immediate consequence of transferring the natural obligations of the parent to the shoulders of the taxpayer was the partial drying up of the flow of subscriptions to voluntary schools. Its degree varied greatly, but there was a general feeling that if those who had no children, and those whose children were being educated in other than elementary schools, were to be taxed for the benefit of people who were doing nothing for their own families it was unfair to expect them to give more than the State compelled them to give. From this blow the voluntary schools have never completely recovered. They have suffered most in parishes where they are side by side with school boards, because the school-board rate brings the circumstances more forcibly before the ratepayer than an imperial tax does before the taxpayer.

But on all sides ample proof has been given that the average citizen resents being asked to subscribe to an object for which he is also taxed. The result has been that fiscal has been added to administrative chaos.

All parties are agreed that something must be done, and the present Bill appears to be a bold and honest attempt to grapple with the situation. To imagine that it will place the education of the country on a thoroughly satisfactory basis would be to expect too much, for the errors of our system are too fundamental to be so easily remedied. But at least it promises to remove some of the more glaring anomalies.

In spite of the protests of Dissent the Bill appears to deal with the religious difficulty (so-called) in a fair and enlightened spirit. The share given to the education committee of the local authority in the management of schools will certainly tend to check the undue or injudicious exercise of clerical ascendency and influence, and if *odium theologicum* be increased it will be the fault of the sectarians. There is every reason to believe that that peculiar mental aberration known as the "nonconformist conscience," in spite of the exhibition of late of some of its strangest vagaries, afflicts only a few of our fellow citizens, and to hope that the bulk of the community, whatever their religious opinions may be, will give the measure a fair trial, and will find that any difficulties lying in their way—difficulties probably inseparable from the existence of an Established Church—will be diminished rather than increased.

In conferring on the ratepayer the control of the school boards the Government are to be congratulated on having re-affirmed the sound doctrine that he who pays the piper should call the tune, and truly we have had abundant proof in the history of many of these boards of the penalty awaiting those who ignore it.

It has long been evident that some authority between the Education Department and the Boards of Managers must be created, and it is not easy to point out bodies better fitted for the purpose than the councils of counties and boroughs. Ample elasticity has been afforded for dealing with the varying conditions of different localities, though it is possible that some amendment in details may be required in this portion of the Bill. Apart from these there remains, no doubt, the radical danger that councillors should be chosen on educational grounds rather than for their general fitness for the performance of their very various and important duties, and that religious and political topics should be imported into the elections. No greater mis-

fortune could befall local administration than this, but the obligation imposed upon councils to discharge their functions through a committee not necessarily chosen from their own body diminishes the risk considerably.

If control, whether direct or indirect, be conferred on local authorities it is essential that they should be made to feel their responsibilities by being compelled to provide out of the local exchequer some portion at any rate of the expenditure for which they will be so largely responsible. And one great advantage in the universal imposition of such a charge will be that the great railway and other public companies, which have hitherto in many instances so shamefully declined to bear their share of the cost of education, will find themselves in future unable to evade their obligations.

But herein lies a danger so great that it bids fair to outweigh all the merits of the Bill, and to render it an instrument for the destruction rather than for the preservation of voluntary schools.

Ex hypothesi more money is required to keep up the voluntary schools than they have yet been able to raise. The whole of this amount, plus the whole sum now raised by voluntary subscriptions, after deducting so much of the latter as is necessary to maintain the fabric, and to pay for any alterations and improvements the local authority under the stimulus of the Education Department may impose, is to be drawn from the pockets of the class admitted by most people to be unduly burdened already, and whose claim to consideration has in effect been recognised by the appointment of a Royal Commission on Local Taxation to inquire into their grievances and to suggest a remedy. To make the position still more grotesque the Government alleges the fact that the Commission has not completed its labours as a reason for throwing the whole of this burden on the rates rather than on Imperial funds.

What its amount will be it is hard to say. Nor is it easy to predict whether it will be fairly uniform throughout the country or not, much depending upon the arrangements made between the various local education authorities. But the accepted opinion seems to be that a general rate of 5*d.* in the £ will be required for elementary education alone and merely to maintain it at its present standard, 3½*d.* representing the school-board rate, and 1½*d.* the amount raised by voluntary contributions.

It is not likely, however, that a general rate of this kind will, as a rule, be attempted. Any proposal to spread the cost of board schools over areas which have hitherto been entirely unrated for educational purposes, and have made sacrifices to escape a rate,

will be strenuously resisted. The towns and the rural parishes where board schools now exist will therefore receive no alleviation of their present burden, and where voluntary schools are carried on alongside of them they will be saddled with an additional charge for their maintenance. The districts in which there are no board schools will have to endure a totally new impost, and even if it does not exceed 1½*d.* or 2*d.* it will, as a fresh drain on the tenant farmer, be keenly resented.

Now in view of the experience we have had, what hope can reasonably be entertained that under such a system as this, voluntary subscriptions will be obtainable for the up-keep and extension of school buildings? We have seen, as I have already said, that people will not contribute compulsorily and voluntarily to the same object at the same time, and further, that of all ways of raising money a rate is that which soonest dries up the flow of spontaneous supplies. And yet this is the method it is intended to introduce into every parish in England.

Nor does the evil end there. It would be bad enough if this new charge were a fixed one. But it is not. There is an invariable tendency in all representative bodies from the House of Commons downwards to spend. County councils have, on the whole, been so far wonderfully economical considering the temptations to the reverse, and the enormous difficulties in the way of a rigid control over expenditure. Their machinery is cumbrous however and costly, the establishment charges alone being necessarily heavy. These will be largely increased in every county of England as soon as the staff requisite to deal with the correspondence of several hundred schools is appointed, and there seems to be some doubt whether they have been taken into account in calculating the rates as given above. Locally, however, the dislike to an increased rate may act as a useful restraint, but who is going to hold back the Education Department? The most enthusiastic educationist has hitherto been restricted by the Treasury, but who will moderate his transports when he has the rates to fall back upon? Conceive Sir William Vernon Harcourt, in his sublime ignorance of country life, and indifference to rural interests as evinced in his late letter to the *Times*, checking the aspirations of some ardent President or Vice-President!

It may be urged that the position occupied by councils will enable them to exercise a powerful influence over Government, but so far as the counties are concerned experience hardly lends much support to this contention. There are several subjects county councils have much at heart which they have not

been very successful in inducing Ministers to entertain, such as the unification of bases of assessment, the regulation of motor traffic, &c. Nor have they been able materially to moderate the demands of central authorities. Sir John Hibbert informed the County Councils Association at its annual meeting the other day that the total expenditure of county councils in 1900 had increased over that of 1896 by £676,000. "The increase was chiefly due to money borrowed for the establishment of new or the extension of old asylums . . . largely for purposes over which we had *no control*. . . . We are *compelled* by the Lunacy Commissioners to provide much more generously for lunatics than we had to do in former years."*

Taking all this into consideration it is impossible not to foresee very great difficulty in obtaining voluntary subscriptions in future, and it is a point well worth the earnest consideration of all those who have the interests of education at heart. Many people say when criticisms are made on the Bill, "Oh! all that may be very true, but at all risks we must carry it through as it is the only chance of saving voluntary schools." The answer seems to be, "Will it save them? Will it not rather hasten their dissolution?" And the reply is simple. In some parishes where the schools have been maintained principally by one or two individuals (a state of affairs not very uncommon), things may go on in the future much as they have done in the past, though even here the reduction of rents which will ultimately be the consequence of the new rate will cripple donors whose income is derived from land. But where there is no one who can or will come forward as the *deus ex machinâ* county council schools are inevitable.

Some place their reliance on the desire of the population for definite, or, if you please, denominational religious instruction. That such a sentiment exists even among those who have not themselves any strong religious feeling is undoubted. And it is quite as certain that in the vast majority of instances there is at least no antagonism to it. But it would be a fatal error to suppose that this has been the most potent factor in favour of the voluntary system. A far more convincing argument is its cheapness, as any one who has canvassed a parish threatened by a school board knows very well, and this can no longer be employed when once this measure has received the Royal Assent.

There is only one way of avoiding the otherwise inevitable catastrophe. The greater part of the charge for education must

* The italics are mine.

be made an Imperial one, leaving only so much to be provided by rate as may afford a check on the local authority, and every increase of local obligations must be accompanied by a corresponding augmentation of Imperial subventions. If this be done the Bill may be accepted at any rate experimentally, but if it is not those interested in the welfare of voluntary schools will be extremely ill advised to support it.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

DER GROSSDEUTSCHE BUND UND MITTELEUROPA UM DAS JAHR 1950

THE GREAT GERMAN CONFEDERATION OF CENTRAL EUROPE IN 1950

THE PAN-GERMANIC IDEA

THE Pan-Germanic movement has not yet received in this country the attention it deserves. Yet it is one of the gravest signs of the times. It is animated by vague passionate sentiments shaped by material interests such as have always marked great religious and political upheavals. The idea of uniting under one Government all the German-speaking people on the Continent of Europe has haunted the imaginations of leading men in Germany for a long time. In 1813 and 1814 it was expressed in many of the stirring ballads which were sung round the watch-fires of Blücher's army. After the overthrow of Napoleon the Congress of Vienna created the Germanic Confederation. Those who looked forward to the formation of a united Germany were exasperated by this arrangement, under which a number of States, some of them extremely small, were joined together by a very loose bond. This feeling, and the irritation produced by the dull administrative methods which obtained in these States, provoked revolutionary and democratic movements from time to time, which culminated in the troubles of 1848. In that year the desire for a closer union between the various States of Germany was the sovereign passion of most of the leading men of the country. An attempt was made to elaborate a more or less centralised Constitution, and the Imperial Crown was offered to Frederick William IV., the King of Prussia. That Sovereign did not see his way to accept an offer which in reality was made with the approval of only a section of the people. Notwithstanding most deplorable weakness in the early days of the Revolution, he was resolved not to separate himself from the other princes of Germany, and he also shrank from accepting a Constitution which, unlike that of England, was not the development of national life, but a mere figment of the brains of pedants and professors who derived their constitutional inspirations and enthusiasms from the Revolutionists who framed the French Constitution of 1791. After the movement of 1848 had spent its force, a society in Germany, called

the "Nationalverein," became extremely active in endeavouring to unite that country under the hegemony of Prussia, and it received its direction from certain historians often called "the Gotha School," some of whom, such as Droysen, were really eminent men.

With regard, however, to many of these, the governing motive of their political action was to get rid of foreign interference in the internal affairs of Germany. This they considered could only be accomplished by the political reconstruction of the country under the hegemony of Prussia. I had the honour of knowing Droysen intimately. I revere his memory. I am deeply conscious that I have learnt more from him than from any other person. No historian or political writer of the nineteenth century had more practical instinct in affairs of state. His unrivalled knowledge of politics appears in his *History of Prussian Policy*, and especially in the part of that monumental work where he treats of the politics of Europe from the days of the Great Elector to the eve of the Seven Years War. Droysen was an enthusiastic Prussian. Devoted as he was, however, to his own country, he was much too great a man to cherish unreasoning prejudices against any other. He knew and appreciated the work done by the French scholars of his day to an extent which was very exceptional in Germany. He realised the value of the French factor in modern civilisation. He had no antipathy to Russia, and none of that German hostility to the Slav race, to which such bitter expression has been given by no less a man than Mommsen. Although his historical sense and knowledge of practical politics forced him to look askance at all attempts to introduce suddenly English institutions into Germany, he admired and understood our unwritten Constitution. He entertained for Prince Albert feelings of high esteem, and the illustrious Empress Frederick had nowhere a more discriminating, enthusiastic and loyal admirer. Besides Droysen there were many others who desired German unity under Prussian hegemony, but who realised that they would not render solid service to their own country by holding language and adopting a tone which would make it odious to every other. Reinhold Pauli was a prominent figure among them. His writings display not alone a profound knowledge of English history, but a keen appreciation of our country and its people. The same remark applies to almost all the Prussian historians and writers who flourished towards the middle of the nineteenth century. Dahlmann and Sybel were not enemies of England. Ranke was her sincere friend. Such men and many others who have helped to create modern

Germany would have greatly despised the histrionic methods and the tawdry rhetoric of the Pan-Germans of to-day. It is only just to many illustrious memories, both civil and military, to insist on this. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the actual attitude of Germany in international affairs is the result of the teaching and work of some who desired the reconstruction of the country under Prussian leadership and control. Theodor v. Mommsen is an instance in point. For some fifty years or more this distinguished man has been an Anglophobe. His political sallies against England would provoke a smile were it not for the deep regret which every educated English gentleman must feel that so learned an historian should show himself so wanting in the sense of proportion and in measure of language.

> Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
> Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

The most influential of the Anglophobes was, however, Heinrich v. Treitschke. This powerful man made it the task of his life to foster in Germany a passionate hatred for England. He was the first great writer in Germany to urge upon his countrymen to concentrate their efforts on the destruction of British maritime supremacy. He applied with marvellous skill the teachings of history to practical politics. He brought to his work an enormous wealth of knowledge, great enthusiasm, and a brilliant style. No man, not even Bismarck, has done more to form the Germany of to-day. Treitschke was the son of a Saxon officer to whom King John of Saxony was specially kind. But he was a renegade Saxon, and he thought it becoming to choose the hour of defeat to insult the king to whom he owed allegiance, and who was his father's friend. What manner of man Treitschke was may be illustrated by a passage from an article he wrote in September 1870. In this article, speaking of the privileges to be assigned to the Bavarian army in reconstructed Germany, he says: "If in Munich they wish to look on *their ugly blue uniform* as an inalienable peculiarity of their race, this surely will cause no difficulty." This is the language which the prophet of Pan-Germanism, the great preacher of the doctrine that England should be destroyed, thinks proper to use a few days after Sedan, while Bavarians who contributed so largely to the victory were still lying in thousands unburied on the field.

When Prince Bismarck was dismissed from office, Germany was in a state of extraordinary prosperity, and occupied an international position of exceptional power. Many Germans, however, of leading and consideration held that the time had arrived when

a policy of a more forward character, and involving persistent efforts for the expansion of Germany, should be adopted. In the year 1892 a remarkable little work was published, called *Ein Deutsches Weltreich*. This publication attracted very considerable notice at the time, and its appearance marks the commencement of the Pan-Germanic movement in its present form. The author insisted that Germany then stood at the parting of the ways. Some of her statesmen and politicians were of opinion that she should devote her energies to the development of her institutions, to the broadening gradually of the bounds of freedom, to the working out of schemes of social reform, to maintaining above all things the place in the world of intellect she had won in the early days of the nineteenth century. There were others who desired the development, with all its consequences of the German international power. The writer called upon his countrymen to adopt the latter policy, and work unceasingly for the union under one political system of all the continental branches of the German race. He appealed to them to cultivate in all the German countries of Europe the sentiment of a common origin and the desire for political union. He foresaw this propaganda might provoke international trouble and even a general war, but care should be taken that a European war should not break out before the minds of men in countries where the people were of German origin, were prepared to receive the Pan-Germanic idea. The actual pressing work on hand was to instil into all continental members of the race, without distinction as to whether they were High Germans or Low Germans, the importance of labouring with might and main to form a great Germanic confederation which would dominate Europe and become ultimately the supreme power in the world. A short time after the appearance of this little work the Pan-Germanic League, as it at present exists, was founded. This was in September 1894. Amongst its early members were several well-known men, such, for instance, as Dr. J. Wislicenus, of Leipsic ; Fischer, burgomaster of Augsburg, a man of very considerable influence in the Liberal party in Bavaria ; Dr. G. Mayr, who occupied a high official position at Strassburg ; several other officials, and many eminent persons of various sorts and conditions, among them Dr. Hasse, who represented Leipsic in Parliament, and who has worked up the society with the greatest energy and success.

In the year 1895 the League had only 7700 adherents. Since then it has progressed steadily, and it has now nearly two hundred centres actively engaged in propagating its doctrines, and what these are may be seen in the accompanying Pan-Germanic

map, published under the auspices of the League, and showing the future frontiers of the German Empire. According to the views of the Pan-Germans, the German Empire must comprise the whole of Austria with the exception of Galicia and the Bukowina, and must also include Trieste, Austrian Tyrol, German Switzerland, and Holland and Belgium, and even a portion of North-Eastern France. It is graciously proposed not to push the frontier farther north and filch any more territory from Denmark. The western frontier is to run from Dunkirk so as to include the whole of Flanders to the Ardennes, then to the Vosges, and then along the crest of Jura to Mount Blanc. On the south-west the frontier is to be formed by the Monte Rosa, the Simplon, the Splügen, the Septimer, the Maloya, the Bernina, the Ortler, the Adamello, and the chain of the Dolomites. The future frontier towards the south is the line of the Drave. Towards the east there is comparatively little change. This project will seem to many to be the wildest of dreams. It is nevertheless the end which the Pan-Germans always keep in view, and they are working steadily towards it.

Ever since the fall of Napoleon many Germans have cast eager eyes at Holland, and a movement for the practical absorption of that country into the German Empire is daily acquiring greater strength and more definite shape. Professor Ernest von Halle, in a book recently brought out by the official publishing house of the General Staff of the German Army, and of the War and Naval Department, makes this quite clear. The work is called *Volks- und Seewirthschaft*. It is dedicated to Admiral von Tirpitz, the Minister responsible for the German Navy. The writer is one of the ablest of the younger professors in Germany, and was remarkable for the ability and zeal with which he advocated the views of the Kaiser for the increase of the German maritime power. Professor Halle points out the importance to Germany of a union with Holland because of the position the latter country holds at the mouth of the largest German river. He argues with great force that it is difficult or impossible for Germany to acquire that supremacy on the ocean she desires as long as Holland remains outside the sphere of German influence. He shows that the German Empire must be able to erect its line of defence in a favourable position, and to protect it. Then, as Germany cannot permit an economically independent neighbouring State to have the power of closing one of the great highways of German trade, and as, in case of war, unobstructed traffic in the valley of the Rhine is of supreme importance to Germany, the absolute independence of Holland must come

to an end. Professor von Halle also contends that the position taken up in colonial questions by a number of the Great Powers, the actions of Russia and Japan in the East, the seizures by the United States both in America and in the immediate vicinity of the Dutch East Indian colonies, the impending Confederation in South Africa, the movement towards the Federation of the British Empire, are likely to injure Holland. He calls these spirits of evil from the vasty deep to frighten the Dutch and induce them to throw in their lot with the German Empire. The Dutch are particularly warned of the danger which they run from the supposed desire of Great Britain and the United States to take possession of their colonies. It is true that no evidence whatever is offered to prove that such a desire exists in England or America, but that is a mere detail, and the Dutch are quietly asked to renounce their independence because, forsooth, their colonies are threatened by England and the United States. The designs of Germany on Holland have been further shown in the usual manner during the illness of the Queen of Holland. The observations and tone of certain organs in the German press must have caused many to remember the language held in Germany when King Frederick VII. of Denmark died. It has recently been urged with significant iteration that Prince Albrecht of Hohenzollern, the acting Regent in Brunswick, is one of the nearest in succession to the Dutch crown. When I first called attention to Pan-German designs on the Netherlands, many really well-informed people were astonished. Nevertheless, the late Queen Sophie of Holland perfectly realised five-and-thirty years ago that, unless Prussian aggrandisement were checked, these designs would be formed. They are now openly proclaimed upon the house-tops.

It is most interesting to observe that some of the leading Swiss papers have been recently taking pains to point out to the Dutch that England is their enemy and that their true friends are the Germans. The language of most of the Swiss journals in this, and in all matters in which Germany is interested, shows the activity and power of the Pan-Germans in Switzerland. They are making in that country a steady and persistent effort to disintegrate the Republic.

The action of the Pan-Germans in Switzerland is, of course, limited to the German cantons, which comprise, however, about two-thirds of the whole country. The Zurich section of the Pan-Germanic League is one of the most active and progressive on the Continent. Many of the wealthiest Germans in that city belong to it, and supply it with money. As the great majority

of the Swiss newspapers live upon the news furnished from Germany, and as there are Germans or persons connected with Germany on the staff of almost every one of them, it is easy to understand the power and growing influence of the Pan-Germanic League. It must be remembered that the two principal towns of German Switzerland contain a very great number of German subjects. At Basel every third inhabitant is a German. Among the inhabitants of Zurich the proportion is not so large, but it is, however, startling enough, there being one German inhabitant for every four Swiss. The comparative inferiority in numbers of the Germans at Zurich as compared to Basel is compensated for by the fact that they hold most important educational positions in the former city. The Pan-Germans throughout Switzerland are untiring in their persistent efforts to hold up Germany as the representative of all that is great, noble, and heroic. They are continually pointing out to the puzzled eyes of bewildered mountaineers, very few of whom are able to form an opinion on these things for themselves, the advantages which they would derive from a more intimate connection with Germany. The Swiss authorities are too cowardly and too much afraid of strong German influences to stop this work, which is steadily undermining the fabric of their State. There can be no doubt that, in consequence of the great efforts made by the Germans in Switzerland, public opinion, which in 1870 was entirely on the side of France, has absolutely changed, and Germany has now nowhere greater or more enthusiastic admirers and imitators than in the Swiss Republic. The tendency of all this is perfectly clear. If things go on as at present in Europe for some years longer, the practical independence of Switzerland runs great danger of being extinguished. It is melancholy to have to contemplate such an end of so much that is venerable and great. The peril, however, is imminent. Although one hears nowhere louder protestations of patriotism and love of liberty than among the mountains and valleys of the old Continental home of freedom, the Pan-Germanic propaganda as it spreads turns the minds of the Swiss to material pursuits only. Under its blighting influence the modern Swiss is gradually losing the ideals of his ancestors, is ceasing to take an intelligent pride in his country, and is rapidly becoming indifferent to the position which a free and enlightened Switzerland should occupy in Europe.

While this steady work is being carried on by the Pan-Germanic League, and by various German societies working on the same lines, in Holland and in Switzerland, the members of the party

in Austria-Hungary are exceptionally active. The founder of the Pan-Germanic party in the Dual Monarchy is Herr George Schönerer, a Viennese, the son of a railway contractor, and an enthusiastic admirer of Prince Bismarck. The party of which he is the leader in the Parliament of Vienna is recruited almost exclusively as yet from the German districts in Bohemia. Previous to the last general election the Parliamentary group he led was infinitesimally small. At the last election its numbers were largely increased, but its Parliamentary strength inadequately represents its power in the country. It has numerous adherents and a still greater number of sympathisers in all the towns of Cisleithania, and it would have a very much larger number of members of Parliament were it not that in rural districts it has still no hold. One of the main reasons for its weakness in this respect is that, it is connected with, and indeed partly directs, the movement—the so-called *Los von Rom* movement—which has been started to persuade Austrian Catholics to renounce allegiance to the Roman Pontiff and to join one of the Protestant or Schismatical sects. The aim of this party is distinctly treasonable. Its leaders have openly proclaimed that its object is to bring about the absorption into the German Empire of the dominions of the House of Hapsburg.

The activity of the Pan-Germans in Austria, in their work of wrecking, is now well known to all persons who take an active and intelligent interest in European life. Even the most casual reader of any of the great newspapers cannot fail to have had his attention arrested by the attitude to the Austrian Crown adopted by the group of Pan-Germans in the Parliament of Vienna. The methods which they and their friends in Germany have selected to bring about the destruction of the Dual Monarchy have been exposed with considerable completeness by M. Chéradame in his work *L'Europe et la Question d'Autriche au Seuil du XX^e Siècle.* Although the author occasionally weakens his case by giving way to his feelings and losing the sense of proportion, and although he sometimes quotes as authorities in politics German writers who possess none, his work is most suggestive and full of facts. It must not be for a moment imagined that persons in high position in Germany are not active sympathisers in this Pan-German movement. This was proved at a trial which took place at Gratz in Styria in the summer of 1899. A Prussian clergyman named Everling was arrested early in May of that year by the Austrian police. He was mixed up with the *Los von Rom* movement. A pocket-book was found upon him, and in it an account of conversations with, and some letters from, high German dignitaries.

Two Austrian accomplices were prosecuted, and it was proved that the *Los von Rom* movement, with which Germans in high places profess to sympathise in consequence of its religious character, is in its tendencies hostile to the continued existence of the Dual Monarchy. But if any one wishes to observe how the Pan-Germanic movement is favoured in the highest places in Germany, I recommend him to read diligently a new German publication called *Deutsche Monatsschrift für das Gesammte Leben der Gegenwart.* This publication is under the special patronage of the Kaiser, for the furtherance of whose naval policy it was founded. It is a Pan-Germanic organ in disguise. Persons deeply implicated in the *Los von Rom* movement in Austria, which, it cannot be too often insisted upon, is Pan-Germanism in another form, are shown high favour in Berlin. The leaders of the Pan-Germanic League and those most active in promoting its ends boast everywhere openly that they bask in the sunshine of Imperial favour, though, of course, the League has to be denounced in the official world from time to time in order to save appearances. Its activity is at last becoming rapidly a source of anxiety to the Magyars in Hungary. This is clearly indicated by the tone of an article which recently appeared in a new Hungarian monthly which is published at Budapest and called the *Magyar Roezelet.* It is written by Baron Banffy, who was formerly Prime Minister of Hungary. Baron Banffy is evidently irritated and alarmed at the active and systematic fashion in which the Pan-Germans are working to undermine the Magyar State.

During the last few years the attitude of the Germans to the Magyars has been steadily changing, and the plans of the Pan-Germans as regards Hungary have become more clear. In an article which appeared in the leading Pan-Germanic organ in 1897, which there is reason to believe was from the pen of one exercising considerable authority, it was urged that the true policy to pursue as regards Hungary was to try and make an alliance between the Germans and the Roumanians. These latter are the most irreconcilable enemies of the Hungarian kingdom. After this alliance was concluded, the aim should be to secure some thirty or forty seats in the Hungarian Parliament for traitors to the Crown of St. Stephen. By this means it is hoped that the Magyar power will be reduced to such a degree of impotence as will make it easy at the proper moment to unite against it all the German settlements in Hungary. With a view of carrying out this policy the Pan-Germanic League recently announced a propagandist excursion to the German towns of Croatia and

Transylvania, where a numerous German population exists. This bare-faced movement against the unity and domestic peace of Hungary roused the greatest indignation throughout the Monarchy. In consequence of this irritation the proposed excursion has been given up on advice from high places. The object it was intended to further is, however, kept firmly in sight by those who organised it. The time seems to have come when Hungarians should consider whether the policy which they have followed in Cisleithania for five-and-thirty years, and which, in the days of Deák and Andrássy, was perhaps capable of a complete defence, should not now be revised.

The work of the Pan-Germanic League as regards Holland, Switzerland, and Austria-Hungary is far from being the measure of its activity. It is remarkable for the consistent hostility it displays to Great Britain. It is always ready to denounce to the authorities at Berlin any movement which may be displeasing to it anywhere. It supports enthusiastically the Government of Prussia in its wars with Polish children at Wreschen and Danish housemaids in Schleswig. In countries like Bavaria its work is directed systematically to undermine the feeling of loyalty to the Crown. In this respect it is undermining the fabric of the Empire itself. Loyalty is a very tender plant and one of slow growth. It is absurd to imagine that Bavarians in their hearts will suddenly transfer their immediate allegiance from their own ancient dynasty to the House of Hohenzollern. Attempts to make them do so only assist the forces of revolution. In politics, as in mathematics, great masses move on straight lines. The Bavarian who does not feel that his first duty for practical purposes is to the Prince Regent and to all that is symbolised by the blue and white colours will not, in the hour of difficulty and danger, sacrifice his interests or even his comforts to be true to Kaiser and Reich.

It is exceedingly difficult for the people of this country, from the circumstance that the German language is not widely known amongst us—at the present moment there is not a single Cabinet Minister who can read it with ease—to understand the intense animosity towards England which prevails in Germany, or to follow the plans advocated by persons of position and seriously discussed by men of light and leading for the overthrow of the British Empire. The various attempts made by our Government to lay this spirit of evil have tended to increase the hostility of the Germans towards us. By the Samoan Agreement Germany got possession of islands on which she set high value. She could not have obtained the concession of the Bagdad railway if

England had opposed it. The full meaning of this concession and the importance of the circumstance that the ultimate terminus of that railway is to be at a magnificent harbour at the head of the Persian Gulf is completely realised in Germany. Leading Germans nevertheless constantly assure us that nothing we can do will ever secure for us the friendship of their country. In the capitals of Europe and elsewhere German diplomatists systematically speak of England in language depreciatory and hostile. According to the German view, the issue between England and Germany is a question of *might*, like that which decided the relative positions of France and Germany in Europe in 1870. Germany, therefore, is now preparing to wage with England a similar war to that she waged with France. The Pan-Germans are its enthusiastic prophets, but every party or political group in the Empire, even the Socialists, are ready and willing to support every proposal to increase the German fleet, no matter how enormous the sacrifice may be. They do not conceal what they intend to do with that fleet when occasion serves. Great Britain is be overthrown. This was proclaimed many years ago by Treitschke. In the year 1884 he wrote : "We have reckoned with France and Austria. The reckoning with England has still to come ; it will be the longest and most difficult." He has succeeded in implanting into the hearts of his countrymen a hatred for England equal to his own. "Britannia delenda est" was the motto of Treitschke. He has now passed from this earthly scene, but others of consideration and power preach the same gospel. Men like Herr Albert Schäffle and Delbrück, who was the teacher of the present Kaiser, have more than once told the world in unmistakable language how the next great struggle of the Germans, which is to be fought out at sea, will be "a combat for the annihilation of England."

This movement of opinion in Germany against England, as I have often said before, is not of recent growth. The desire to overthrow the British Empire, and to substitute for it a great German dominion, was quite as strong in the days of Mr. Gladstone as it is at the present moment. The Germans begin, however, to realise that they cannot attain their end, and substitute an Imperium Germanicum for an Imperium Britannicum as easily as they hoped to do. They keep this object, however, constantly before their eyes. Hence the increasing activity of German diplomacy to make mischief between England and some Great Power. If, therefore, we desire to avoid a conflict we have to realise the possibility of its occurring. The necessity for increasing the Navy and establishing a naval base on the East Coast has been insisted upon so powerfully by Mr. Spenser

Wilkinson and others that there is no reason to allude to it further. It must, however, be remembered that a naval base cannot be constructed in a day. If it is not begun very soon it may not be completely finished by the time German naval authorities calculate that Germany will be able to deliver her assault on England. Next to the strengthening of our Navy, the most pressing work on hand is carefully to consider our relations to Foreign Powers. The alliance which has been recently concluded with Japan seems to indicate that Lord Lansdowne has emancipated himself from the tyranny of antiquated superstitions. We may therefore hope to see before long a considerable change in our relations with certain Great Powers. This is devoutly to be wished. A sound and consistent foreign policy is essential to enable us to defeat, without a desperate and bloody struggle, Pan-Germanic plans for the "annihilation" of England. It is equally necessary to facilitate the working out of the great scheme of Imperial Federation adumbrated some sixty years since by Sir William Molesworth, now associated with the memory of Queen Victoria and brought into the domain of practical politics by those demonstrations throughout the Empire of fervent and passionate, but steady and regulated loyalty to the Crown which marked the closing years of her splendid reign.

ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT.

ANOTHER "GRACEFUL CONCESSION"

WHILE the British public has been devoting its attention to ping-pong, cricket, and other congenial pursuits, an event of no small importance, whether from the political or the naval standpoint, has passed almost unnoticed. This is the visit of the German squadron, under Prince Henry of Prussia, to Irish waters. For the first time in our history, a foreign force, superior to any squadron which we have in commission in home waters, superior indeed to any individual squadron of any navy in waters outside the Mediterranean, has been at work upon our coasts, performing evolutions, learning the navigation of our harbours, and training for war. This force comes to-day as a friend, but we know enough of the openly expressed intentions, both of the German nation and the men who direct German policy, to understand that in the future it may come as an enemy. And as it is always present in northern waters, it is of the utmost importance that Englishmen should understand what exactly its strength is.

Prince Henry's squadron has for some days during the past month been lying in one of the fortified bases of our Navy, Berehaven—a base which it is not by any means desirable, from a national point of view, that foreign naval officers should be invited to explore and make themselves acquainted with. It had previously visited Lough Swilly, which is another of our fortified secondary bases, so that it clearly has an especial predilection for harbours which the British Navy intends to use in war-time. One would have supposed that, after the conduct to this country of Germans in the past two years, from Count Bülow downwards, the German Admiralty would have found it impossible to ask, and the British Admiralty impossible to grant, such a favour. It is not usual for navies to resort to the fortified harbours of other Powers, unless they are on terms of the closest friendship and alliance with those Powers, which we know is not the case with Germany. Our squadrons visit such points as Aranci Bay in Sardinia, the Gulf of Volo in Greece, Arosa Bay in Spain, but these are not fortified harbours, used by the squadrons of the Powers to which they belong as naval bases, nor are they owned by States which this country is perpetually menacing

with its wrath. A distant parallel to the German hardihood in making this request would be if England were to ask Russia to allow her to station her Reserve Squadron for a fortnight at Helsingfors, or France to allow her to exercise her Channel Squadron in Douarnenez Bay. And yet neither France nor Russia has shown the same hostile temper to England as has Germany, nor has either of them openly avowed the purpose of building a fleet to destroy the British naval predominance, as the Germans have done.

An examination of this German fleet in our waters, and a comparison of it with our Channel Squadron, will show how formidable the German Navy is becoming. Prince Henry has ordinarily under him eight battleships and three protected cruisers. Our own Channel Squadron at the date of his visit consisted of six battleships and nominally six cruisers, though of these latter several were absent from the squadron. One of the most inefficient has just been replaced by an armoured cruiser of powerful pattern, but, with the exception of this ship, the cruisers in either force can be dismissed as being of no great fighting value.

When the German squadron left its own waters it was composed of five new battleships of the *Kaiser* class and three older vessels of the *Brandenburg* type. But, on the way over, one of the best German ships, the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, which is fitted up to act as the Emperor's flagship, broke down, and had to be sent back for repairs; while at precisely the same time one of the battleships of the Channel Squadron, the *Mars*, was also temporarily disabled by the sad explosion in her fore-barbette, which killed two of the best and most promising young officers in our Navy. So that we could point no finger of scorn at our rival on this head.

It should be observed that the battleships of the German Navy are built in homogeneous groups of a size dictated by tactical considerations. Each group consists of five, of which four are for service in the fleet as a complete subdivision, and the fifth for duty as a flagship or in reserve. All the ships of one type or group are kept together in the same fleet. This indicates a system and method in the German plans which we should do well to copy. Our own Navy has several large groups of battleships, homogeneous in construction, but in not one single case are all the ships of one group in any one fleet. This is in itself a sign of faulty administration and defective staff-work in the British Navy which the public might note. There is no point or purpose in constructing large groups of ships, and then wasting the uniformity thus attained by carefully mixing up the various classes till the result is a collection of "squadrons of specimens."

The battleships of the Channel Squadron are of the *Majestic*

class, and are considerably larger than the German ships of the *Kaiser* class. At first sight they might seem much more formidable than the Germans. But on examination we discover these not very reassuring facts. In the first place, the German *Kaiser* class are, on the whole, newer ships. The first of them was laid down in 1894 and the last in 1898; the first of the *Majestics* in 1893 and the last in 1894, and when designed the Germans were in many ways better up to date than the British ships. If they are smaller, they are handier; they have many small points of advantage as against the British type, and though individually these points may not be of great importance, collectively they become very serious. Thus the Germans are half a knot faster; they have with one exception Krupp steel armour, which is much superior to the Harveyed steel of the British battleships; they have guns which fire their projectiles with a much higher velocity than the *Majestic's;* the rate of fire of their heavy weapons is again greater than that of the British ships; their boilers are a mixture of the water-tube and cylindrical, to which this country is now coming after many years of unsatisfactory experiments; they have triple-screws, which give greater manœuvring power and increased security against disablement; they draw less water; they have no wood about them, whereas the British ships have a great deal, and would be seriously incommoded by splinters, if not by fire, in action; and their torpedo armament is more powerful.

The batteries of the *Kaiser* class include many more guns, though as a set-off against this must be noted the fact that their big guns are much lighter than those of the *Majestic*. The two contrasted types stand thus in the matter of guns:

> Five *Majestics*, four 12-in., twelve 6-in., sixteen 12-pounders:
> Four *Kaisers*, four 9.4-in., eighteen 5.9-in., twelve 20-pounders.

The *Majestic's* big guns fire a shot weighing 850 pounds; the *Kaiser's* one weighing 330 to 475 pounds; but the rate of fire of the German guns is much greater than that of the British, so that, according to the statement of German officers, the German gun can fire two shots, or even three under favourable circumstances, a minute; while the British can only fire one shot in fifty seconds, and after four rounds have been fired this sinks to one shot in seventy-five seconds. The slow fire of our big guns is due to the fact that they have, after four shots, to be brought back every time to a fixed loading position, while the German guns can be loaded in any position, a fresh sign of bad work in our staff departments. The British guns must be taken off the target and moved back to the position to load; the German guns can be kept on the target while loading. It is certain that, under

such conditions the Germans would make the better shooting. Whether the greater weight of the *Majestic's* shell would compensate for her slower fire is a matter on which gunnery experts differ. The English think that it would; the Germans that it would not.

The smaller guns of the Germans are far more powerful than the British; indeed, though this matter is usually ignored, the difference in power is nearly as great as that between our old muzzle-loaders and our first breech-loaders. Moreover, the German 5.9-in. guns can pierce the Harveyed steel which protects the British 6-in. guns, while the British 6-in. guns cannot, at fighting ranges, hope to pierce the Krupp armour which protects the German 5.9-in. guns. Under such circumstances a duel between eighteen guns on the one part and twelve on the other could have only one result. It should be observed, as confirming what is said here, that the *Naval Annuals* for 1896 and 1899 give the energy of fire for the two contrasted classes as 394,000 foot-tons for the British and 576,000 for the German vessel. As against this great advantage which the Germans hold is to be set some weakness in defence. The *Majestic* has rather more armour and it is rather better disposed, though it is doubtful whether in practice this is not neutralised by the better quality and greater resisting power of the German Krupp mail.

On paper, then, four ships of the *Kaiser* class should be superior to four ships of the *Majestic* class. The fifth *Majestic* would be faced by the three German battleships of the *Brandenburg* class, and they should together be able to beat her. Thus it cannot be said that the position of the Channel Squadron, *vis-à-vis* this German Squadron, is at all satisfactory. Yet the Channel Squadron is indubitably more powerful than the Reserve fleet, which is our only other home squadron. The Reserve fleet is only concentrated and at sea four months in the year, an arrangement which may save expense, but which sacrifices the all-important factor of efficiency, so that it could not be expected to shape well in battle. The return of the *Mars* to the Channel Squadron will hardly offset the return of the fifth of the *Kaiser* class to the German fleet, and we really depend for our advantage upon the one armoured cruiser which has just been added to the Channel Squadron. Nor is the German advantage transitory. By the close of the present year the Germans will possess eight thoroughly modern battleships in their squadron, and as they are building fast, we shall very soon have to choose between withdrawing a great part of our fleet from the Mediterranean or enormously increasing our shipbuilding programme. In the years 1900–3 we shall only have laid down nine battleships to their eight.

From the political standpoint, which we have left to be considered last, the visit is likely to have unsatisfactory results. It is being used in Germany as an argument that the best way to make the Englishman civil is to kick him. "See," it is being said, "after all Count Bülow's abuse of Mr. Chamberlain, the English grant us something which they have never granted any other Power. Why treat them with civility when they are ready to show themselves so spiritless and undiscerning? We Germans have plainly told them what we mean in the preamble of our Naval Act, where we say that 'Germany must have a fleet of such strength that even for the greatest naval Power war with her would involve such risks as to jeopardise its own supremacy,' and yet, though we point not obscurely at our true aim, their Government thus kow-tows to us." The conclusion is obvious, that England is either asleep or afraid of Germany.

It is in every way most undesirable that such ideas should be allowed to implant themselves in German heads. Because the Germans are building an immense fleet and planning to take from us our naval supremacy, that is no reason why we should be uncivil to them, but it is a very sound argument against obsequiousness on our part. The truth is that Germany has picked a quarrel deliberately, and, so long as personal friends of the Kaiser's, such as Professor Delbrück, declare that "Germany . . . will make no terms of any sort with treacherous Albion," and so long as such pronouncements are received with enthusiasm by Germans, it is an enormous error for us to open our bases to German fleets or to sanction tacitly the exploitation of cold formalities by the German diplomatists.

These, with their usual astuteness, are representing the visit abroad as a counterblast to President Loubet's journey to St. Petersburg, and as a proof that they still have only to speak the word to obtain the British alliance. The day when such a thing was possible is for ever past. To remove all misconceptions in Paris, and to indicate to the French that our quarrels with them are over, it might be well to invite the French Northern Squadron to pay our naval bases a visit. It is certain that at this moment Germany is at her old game of using the bugbear of an imaginary British menace to smooth her own relations with France and Russia and obtain from them fresh concessions, of which we shall ultimately have to pay the cost. This game was tried at the date of the French expedition to Mitylene, and its failure on that occasion seems to open up the way for better relations between England and her great neighbour across the Channel.

IGNOTUS.

A FORGOTTEN CHAPTER IN ANGLO-RUSSIAN RELATIONS

EMPEROR NICHOLAS I. IN ENGLAND

THE temporary understanding between England and Russia with which the reign of Nicholas I. had opened was shattered by the Russo-Turkish war of 1828–9, and gave place during the following ten years to a policy of stubborn opposition on England's part to Russian ambitions. The Emperor himself was nevertheless much in favour of the re-establishment of cordial relations. He wished to see all the monarchical Powers united against the dangerous revolutionary tendencies of France ; and regarding the dissolution of Turkey as inevitable and imminent, desired to come to an understanding with England in the event of that catastrophe. With the express purpose of attaining this object Baron Brunnow was appointed in 1839 as ambassador at the Court of St. James, and Russia attempted by a series of concessions to dispel English suspicions and to win the confidence of the Government and people. Thus, by the Conventions of London of 1840 and 1841, she abandoned her right of isolated action with regard to Turkey, substituting for it the principle of concerted European action. But here Russian diplomacy met with complete failure. The desired exclusion of France from the "Concert of Europe" lasted less than one year ; the alliance of the two great naval Powers, England and France, was further strengthened on the succession to office of the Tory Government of Sir R. Peel, although at the same time the determined anti-Russian policy of Palmerston gave place to a "general desire for peace and friendship." But this slight improvement in Russia's relations towards England only damaged the former's position on the Continent, by leading to a *rapprochement* of Austria and Prussia with France.

Where Brunnow had failed the Tsar hoped, by his immediate personal influence, to succeed, and encouraged by the reception accorded to the Grand Duke Michael in 1843, resolved to take the first good opportunity of visiting England. An occasion for

opening negotiations was afforded by a speech of Sir R. Peel's at the banquet of the Russian Company on March 2, 1844, in which he expressed his hope of seeing the Tsar in England once again, and his desire for cordial relations between the two Powers. It was arranged that the visit should take place "about the end of May," but the plan and even the time remained secret until the last. The Emperor left Tsarskoe Selo suddenly, reached Berlin on May 26—Whit-Sunday—and departed from there on the following day.

Still nothing was known in England of his coming. It was only on Thursday, May 30, that intelligence was brought that his Majesty, after visiting the King of the Netherlands *en route*, would arrive in London on the evening of Saturday, June 1. The Court was taken wholly by surprise. Only twenty-four hours remained for preparation, and the situation was further complicated by the fact that the King of Saxony was expected on that very day. By the Queen's orders apartments were reserved for the distinguished visitors in Buckingham Palace. The Emperor landed at Woolwich at ten o'clock and reached London just at midnight. He declined to avail himself of the Court's hospitality, and drove straight to Ashburnham House, where the Russian Embassy was situated. From there he wrote an autograph letter to Prince Albert expressing his wish to meet the Queen as soon as possible.

On the following day, at ten in the morning, the Prince Consort presented himself to the Emperor and spent about an hour with him. At half-past one he drove again to the Embassy and accompanied his Majesty to Buckingham Palace. The Queen met her royal guest on the lowest step of the staircase. He lunched with the Royal family, visited the Queen's aunts, the Duchesses of Cambridge and Gloucester, and called on the Duke of Wellington. Dinner was served in the Palace, but the Tsar returned to the Embassy for the night.

On Monday, June 3, the Emperor devoted the morning to driving in Regent's Park and the principal streets of London, afterwards visiting several persons of rank. He met Lady Heytesbury, Lady Pembroke, and Lady Clanricarde, who occupied high positions at the Court, as well as Sir Robert and Lady Peel. The Duke of Devonshire, who had been special envoy at the Coronation, was invited to luncheon at the Embassy. At six o'clock the Emperor started for Windsor, where he again met Prince Albert at the railway station.

Four days were spent at Windsor Castle. The beauty and splendour of that ancient residence of the Sovereigns of England produced a delightful impression on his Majesty. "It is worthy

of you," he remarked gallantly to the Queen. Considerations for the health of her Majesty and the fact that the Court was in mourning for the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha precluded the idea of giving a ball in honour of the Emperor of Russia and the King of Saxony. But there was no lack of other entertainments for the distinguished guests. Reviews, excursions, and exercise filled up the mornings. In the evenings a numerous company assembled at dinner in the Waterloo Chamber of the Castle. The last two dinners were full-dress affairs in deference to the wish of the Emperor, who confessed to the Queen that he felt so "*gauche en froc*" to which he was unaccustomed. He was so wedded to his soldier's uniform, he added, that he hated to part with it; "as well strip off my skin."

Even at Windsor he would not abandon his Spartan habits. According to the biographer of Prince Albert, the first act of his servants on entering his sleeping apartments was to send to the stables for some bundles of clean straw wherewith to stuff the cloth bag that formed the mattress of the camp-bed on which he always slept.

Nicholas avoided political discussions with the Queen, although he spent the whole day in her company, but missed no opportunity of holding such discussions with Prince Albert and the chief Ministers, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, and the Duke of Wellington, who were among the guests at the Castle. These interviews were prolonged, sometimes lasting several hours. The Tsar's hearers were greatly struck with his candour and outspokenness. "I know," he said, "that I am taken for an actor; but indeed I am not; I am thoroughly straightforward; I say what I mean and what I promise I fulfil."*

On June 5 a great review was held in Windsor Park. The troops and the crowd of spectators cheered the Emperor enthusiastically. His Majesty left the Queen for a few minutes while he rode down the line. On his return he thanked her for the opportunity afforded him of renewing his acquaintance with his *anciens camarades*. Praising the smartness of the artillery, he turned to the Queen and said: "I beg your Majesty to count on my troops as on your own." The review ended with a march past the Queen and Emperor. At the head of the troops rode the old Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Wellington. Prince Albert led his own regiment, and saluted their Majesties.†

The following day was Ascot races. The reception accorded to the Tsar by the vast crowd of people was even more triumphant

* Baron Stockmar's *Denkwürdigkeiten*, p. 400.

† The Queen to King Leopold, June 11, 1844.

and clamorous than that of the preceding day. All eyes were fixed upon him. "Wherever he showed himself," wrote the Baroness Bunsen to her husband, "he was greeted with loud cheers. A good figure and a handsome face always please John Bull: it is a national weakness; besides that, John Bull felt flattered by this visit and mark of attention to his Queen and to himself." The Emperor caused great anxiety at the races by leaving his suite and walking alone into the middle of the crowd. Graf Orloff and Baron Brunnow tried in vain to follow him. Although he was marked out from the crowd by his height and brilliant uniform he had great difficulty in making his way in the crush. On returning to his suite and noticing their confusion he smiled and said, "What is the matter? These people will do me no harm." "But every one thought with horror," remarks the Baroness, "of what the Poles might have attempted." *

Closer intimacy raised the Emperor in favour with his royal host and hostess. He showed great attention and gallantry to the Queen, friendship and courtesy to Prince Albert, tenderness and kindness to the children. "These are sweet moments in our lives," he said, indicating the children to the Queen. He would take them in his arms, kiss them, and play with them. For Prince Albert he expressed the highest admiration. "One cannot imagine a finer-looking man," he said; "he has a good and noble face." To the Prince he expressed a hope that some day they would meet on the same side on the battlefield. Finally, his Majesty remarked to Lord Aberdeen that he would like to have a son like Prince Albert, and to Sir Robert Peel that he wished that every German Prince had the faculties and judgment of the Prince Consort.

On Friday, June 7, the Court returned to London. This time the Emperor stayed at Buckingham Palace. He paid several visits to the wives of Ministers and other ladies of position, called upon Lady Londonderry, Lady Graham, and drove in Hyde Park. Dinner at the Palace was followed by a brilliant Court at which two hundred and sixty guests were present. His Majesty remarked with a smile to the Queen that he was shy of presentations of persons unknown to him. But the presentations were made, the Queen herself introducing the ladies of the Court, Prince Albert the gentlemen.

On the same evening the members of the Corps Diplomatique were presented to his Majesty. Here arose a difficulty as to the procedure to be adopted with regard to Representatives of Powers

* Baroness Bunsen to Baron Bunsen, June 7, 1844.

unrecognised by Russia, and those with whom her relations were interrupted. This affected the Belgian, Spanish, and Portuguese Ministers. The Emperor consented to admit them, and was especially affable to the French Ambassador. But he confined his kind references to the Ambassador himself, and never mentioned the name of King Louis Philippe.

On the morning of June 8 the Tsar resumed his excursions in London, drove to the United Service Club, visited the Houses of Parliament, and then proceeded to Chiswick, where the Duke of Devonshire gave a brilliant *fête* in his honour. Another prominent member of the aristocracy, Lord Clanricarde, who had also been Ambassador at St. Petersburg, begged his Majesty to honour with his presence a ball arranged for the following Monday (June 10), but the Emperor declined the invitation as his departure was fixed for the following day. At Chiswick he met Lord Melbourne, for many years the leader of the Russophobe Liberal Party. At dinner at Buckingham Palace on the same day the Queen remarked that Lord Melbourne had personally the highest regard for the Emperor. "And I have the highest regard for him," replied the Tsar. "I value every one who serves your Majesty." He was greatly pleased with the reception accorded to him at Chiswick, expressing his admiration of the magnificence and luxury of the *fête*, and of the number of beautiful faces to be seen there.

The hour of departure approached. Taking the Queen's arm and conducting her to the drawing-room after dinner, the Emperor said: "This is unhappily the last evening that I shall enjoy your Majesty's kindness, but the remembrance of it will be eternally imprinted in my heart. Probably I shall never see you again." The Queen declared that he might easily revisit England. "You know how difficult it is for us to undertake such a journey," said the Emperor; "but I will entrust my children to you," he added, with a shade of sadness in his voice.

Saturday evening ended with a visit to the opera. Although the Queen and her august guests were not expected, they were greeted with ringing applause. In spite of the insistence of the Queen, the Emperor would not take his place in front of her until she took him by the arm and drew him forward amid the deafening cheers of the audience.

On the day of departure—Sunday, June 9—the Emperor attended Mass in the chapel of the Embassy; then paid farewell visits to the Prime Minister and the Russian Ambassador. At luncheon he again expressed his gratitude to the Queen in the warmest terms, and added: "I shall go away with feelings of the

deepest attachment to your Majesty and"—taking Prince Albert's hand—"to one who has been like a brother to me."

The parting with the Royal family was most cordial. Both guest and hosts were visibly affected. Their close intimacy had led to mutual appreciation and respect. "I learned to know the Emperor," wrote the Queen to her uncle, King Leopold, "and he has learned to know me."

Her Majesty's *Journal* gives the following touching picture of the leave-taking:

At a little before five we went down to wait in the Small Drawing Room with the children. Not long after the Emperor came in and spoke to them; then with a sigh and with much emotion, which took all the harshness of his countenance away, he said, "Je pars d'ici, Madame, le cœur gros: et pénétré de vos bontés pour moi. Vous pouvez être sure, Madame, de me voir en tous temps comme votre plus dévoué serviteur. Que Dieu vous bénisse." And again he kissed my hand and pressed it, and I kissed him. He kissed the children most affectionately, saying, "Que Dieu les bénisse pour votre bonheur." He wanted me not to go farther, saying, "Je vous en supplie. N'allez pas plus loin. Je tomberai à vous genoux; laissez-moi la conduire chez elle." But, of course, I would not consent, and took his arm to go to the Hall. At the top of the few steps leading to the Lower Hall he again took most kindly leaves, and his voice betrayed his emotion; he kissed my hand, and we embraced. When I saw him at the door I went down the steps, and from the carriage he begged I would not stand there; but I did, and saw him drive off with Albert for Woolwich." *

At Woolwich the Emperor inspected the famous dockyard and ships in course of construction. At seven o'clock he took leave of Prince Albert and sailed on the English vessel *Black Eagle*. At Gravesend he handed to Baron Brunnow, who had accompanied him thus far, the insignia of the Order of St. Andrew for the Prince of Wales. All the members of the English Court attached to the Imperial suite were presented with gold snuff-boxes and other costly gifts.

Before his departure the Emperor gave considerable sums to various patriotic and charitable objects. Apart from the prize which he had instituted for the Turf, he ordered sums of £500 to be sent in his name to the Dukes of Wellington and Rutland for the Nelson and Wellington memorials respectively. A like sum was set apart for distribution among the poor of the St. George's parish, in which the Russian Embassy was situated; £1000 was given to the Society for the Assistance of Distressed Foreigners, and £100 towards the maintenance of the Hospital for Foreigners.

The annual ball in aid of distressed Polish exiles resident in London was arranged to take place on the day after the Tsar's

* Theodore Martin, *Life of Prince Consort*, pp. 221–2.

departure. Bunsen was empowered to make a contribution in the Emperor's name, and to send it to the patroness of the ball, the Duchess of Somerset, with a letter explaining that Nicholas regarded the affair merely as an act of charity, not as a political demonstration.

Queen Victoria herself describes the visit of the Tsar as "a great event and a great compliment." All lost their hearts to the Tsar, not only the Court and Ministry, but even the Opposition.

I hope [wrote Lord Palmerston to Sir William Temple] that the Emperor of Russia will be pleased at his reception. It is important that he should go away with a favourable impression of England. He is powerful, and can do us an ill turn or a good turn upon many occasions according as he is ill- or well-disposed towards us; and if we can gain his goodwill by civility without any sacrifice of national interests it would be folly not to do so. I daresay, however, he will be very well received, for his person and carriage and manners are well known to be prepossessing.*

The unaffected simplicity and geniality of the Emperor charmed both Court and people. His appearance in public evoked enthusiastic cheers. But his most hardly-won victory was over the prejudices of the Queen herself, who, until she became personally acquainted with him, held a completely erroneous conception of his character, formed under the influence of certain *à priori* ideas then current in Western Europe. In a letter addressed to the King of Belgium immediately after Nicholas's departure, her Majesty gives in detail her first impressions of her distinguished guest. Here and there one catches a trace of the old prejudices, but the general tone is one of deep respect for the personal merits of the Tsar.

He is certainly a very striking man [the Queen writes]; still very handsome: his profile is beautiful and his manners most dignified and graceful, extremely polite, alarmingly so, as he is full of attention and politeness. But the expression of the eyes is severe, and unlike anything I ever saw before. He gives me and Albert the impression of a man who is not happy, and on whom the burden of his immense power and position weighs heavily and painfully. He seldom smiles, and when he does the expression is not happy. He is very easy to get on with.†

In a second letter to King Leopold the Queen remarks:

He was much affected at going, and really and unaffectedly touched at his reception and stay, the simplicity and quietness of which told upon his love of domestic life, which is very great. [And again] I will now (having told all that has passed) give you my opinions and feelings on the subject, which I may say are Albert's also. I was extremely against the visit, fearing the *gêne* and bustle, and even at first I did not feel at all to like it; but by living in the same house together, quietly and unrestrainedly (and this Albert, and with

* Lord Palmerston to Sir W. Temple, June 5, 1844.

† The Queen to King Leopold, June 4, 1844.

great truth, says is the great advantage of these visits, that I do not only see these great people, but I *know* them), I got to know the Emperor and he to know me. There is much in him which I cannot help liking, and I think his character is one which should be understood and looked upon for once as it is. He is stern and severe, with strict principles of *duty* which nothing on earth will make him change. Very clever I do not think him, and his mind is not a cultivated one. His education has been neglected. Politics and military concerns are the only things he takes any great interest in. The arts and all softer occupations he does not care for; but he is sincere, I am certain—sincere even in his most despotic acts—from a sense that it is the only way to govern. He is not, I am sure, aware of the dreadful cases of individual misery which he so often causes; for I can see by various instances that he is kept in utter ignorance of many things which his people carry out in the most corrupt ways, while he thinks he is extremely just. He thinks of general measures, but does not look into details; and I am sure much never reaches his ears, and, as you observe, how can it? He is, I should say, too frank, for he talks so openly before people, which he should not do, and with difficulty restrains himself. His anxiety to be believed is *very great*, and I must say his personal promises I *am* inclined to believe. Then his feelings are very strong. . . . He feels kindness deeply, and his love of his wife and children, and of all children, is very great.*

The Queen was much struck with the Emperor's ideas on the education of children and their relations to their parents. "One should instil into them," he remarked, "feelings of deep respect, but at the same time implant trust, not fear." His own education, he observed, had been extremely strict; he had grown up in constant fear of his mother. It was not without surprise that her Majesty heard from the lips of the Autocrat of Russia an expression of deep conviction "that in these days members of an Imperial house should strive to become worthy of their high position, so as to reconcile public feeling." This view found a deep response in the heart of Prince Albert, his biographer tells us.

In her letters to King Leopold the Queen returns more than once to descriptions of the Tsar's appearance.

He is not happy, and that melancholy which is visible in the countenance made us sad at times. The sternness of the eyes goes very much off when you know him, and changes according to his being put out (and he can be very much embarrassed) or not, and also from his being heated, as he suffers from congestion in the head. He never takes a drop of wine, and eats extremely little. Albert thinks he is a man inclined to give way too much to impulse and feeling, which often makes him act wrongly. His admiration for beauty is very great; but he remains very faithful to those whom he admired twenty-eight years ago.*

This last trait in the Tsar's character did not escape the notice of Baron Stockmar.

The Emperor [he writes in his memoirs] is still a worshipper of female beauty. He paid great attention to the English ladies who had before been

* The Queen to King Leopold, June 11, 1844.

objects of his respect. Taken in conjunction with his attractive deportment and gracious gallantry to the fair sex, this characteristic naturally conquered the majority of the ladies with whom he came in contact. Men praised the dignity, tact and punctiliousness that marked him in society.*

The short visit of the Emperor certainly made him most popular in the United Kingdom. Of this result of the tour Baron Brunnow wrote to Graf Nesselrode in the following way :

The visit of our August Master to England has crowned all our wishes and realised all our hopes. It is beyond my powers to give you a true conception of the deep impression which it has produced in this country. The Queen's expressions of friendship, Prince Albert's genuine solicitude, the confidential conversations with the chief members of the Cabinet, the cordiality shown by all sections of English society, and finally the sincere pleasure which his Majesty has felt at finding himself once more among a large number of people honoured by his gracious attention at the time of his former visit: all these circumstances have fully answered the expectations of our August Master.

The outward success of the Imperial tour was generally recognised by Foreign Courts. Baron Neumann, the Austrian Ambassador, expressed his satisfaction to Baron Brunnow. The Princess Metternich, wife of the Chancellor, entered in her diary that "the citizens of London, although at first indisposed to give the Emperor a good reception, ended by being reconciled with him and even showed enthusiasm." Finally, even so staunch an opponent of Russia as Guizot was forced to recognise the charm of the *Empereur-courtisan*, "who came with the object of showing his greatness and amiability, of captivating Queen Victoria, her Ministers, the ladies, the aristocracy, and the people of England." But the significance of the visit did not end with the personal success of the Emperor.

Political Negotiations.

Great political importance was attached by European opinion to the visit of the Emperor of Russia to England. We have already noted the hypothesis of the Head of the French Cabinet. Berlin lost itself in conjectures, and its perplexity was increased by the silence apparently maintained by the Tsar as to his own plans when passing through the Prussian capital. Bunsen, the close friend and adviser of King Friedrich Wilhelm, when writing to his wife, has nothing definite to communicate, but confines himself to statements of a purely conjectural character.

"What does the Tsar desire ?" he asks himself. "First, he wishes to annoy Louis Philippe ; secondly, to impress King Friedrich Wilhelm with his princely affection for the Sovereign

* See Stockmar, *Denkwürdigkeiten*, p. 400.

of the British Isles; thirdly, to obtain the favour of Queen Victoria, Peel, and Wellington, and to alienate them from France. This last is the only serious object. This is the motive inspiring the Cabinet of St. Petersburg; this is the foundation of Brunnow's policy."

In Bunsen's opinion this course was necessary if plans for the near future were to be realised. It was all-important for their success that England and France should not act in concert. With this idea the Emperor Nicholas would probably impress upon the English Ministers a truth of which they were already convinced, that he would never hold out his hand to France in order to conclude a defensive alliance, as desired by other Russian statesmen (?), for the partition of Turkey without consulting England or Germany. It is worth remarking that English and German Ministers and diplomats of the 'forties were strangely possessed with the fear of a Franco-Russian agreement on the Eastern Question, and more than once gave expression to their apprehensions in letters and in speeches.

But why? [asks Bunsen again] Why? Alas! the world is so divided into compartments that it cannot see the whole essence of things. England gives no conditional promises, undertakes no conditional obligations. Among her present statesmen there is not one who could evolve a far-sighted policy with regard to Turkey, or seize the hatchet by the handle. If there were such an one he would be compelled to defer his plans until the moment of the crisis, and would be unable to anticipate the future. So, finally, it was the caprice of an autocrat that inspired the idea of this tour, a bold idea in any case.*

Bunsen was mistaken. The object of the Tsar was both wider and more simple. It was, as already stated, to dissipate those anti-Russian prejudices which had taken root in the English Court, Government and public opinion, to inspire confidence in himself and his personal character, and by a frank exchange of views on the chief questions of European politics to try to establish a sincere and lasting understanding with the British Government. This wish was shared by Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen. Both laboured hard to remove all obstacles that might hinder the realisation of the projected visit.

While avoiding political discussions with the Queen, the Emperor Nicholas did not conceal from her that he had come to England with hopes of improving his relations with her Government. "Sovereigns," he once said to her, "should from time to time examine the situation with their own eyes. Diplomacy cannot always be trusted. Personal visits and conversations awaken feelings of mutual friendship and a recognition of

* Baron Bunsen to his Wife, May 27, 1844.

mutual interests. In a simple visit one can explain impressions, intentions, and convictions incomparably better than in a heap of letters and despatches."

Touching on the general state of Europe, the Emperor laid down that his chief task must be the maintenance of good relations with England, without prejudice to the interests of other Powers, "so long as things remain as they now are." Without going into details, and without asking the Queen's opinion on any point, he mentioned only the anxiety caused to him by the East and by the internal condition of Austria.

Far more circumstantial and communicative were his conversations with Prince Albert and members of the Cabinet. With them the Emperor subjected to full and adequate criticism all the essential political questions of the day, and if he did not always succeed in converting his hearers to his own view, yet he did not leave behind him the smallest doubt of his good faith, the purity of his intentions, the strength and inflexibility of his convictions.

The English Government, and to a still greater degree the Court, were perturbed by the rupture of diplomatic relations between Russia and Belgium. That young kingdom had from the first days of its existence enjoyed the favour of the Cabinet of St. James's, which looked upon it as its own creation. Besides this, ties of the closest friendship and relationship bound Queen Victoria and her Consort to their uncle the King of the Belgians. It was natural that advantage should be taken of the presence of the Emperor to raise the question of resuming the interrupted relations with Belgium. This idea was suggested to Lord Aberdeen by Baron Stockmar, the indefatigable guardian of the interests and concerns of the House of Coburg. At the request of the Foreign Secretary, Graf Orloff undertook to mention the idea to the Emperor.

His Majesty had a long interview with Lord Aberdeen on June 4, the day after his arrival at Windsor. Before the Minister could turn the conversation on to the subject in which he was interested the Emperor broke in, "You wish to speak about Belgium? Very good. Let us talk about it at once. We will sit down; I will forget that I am the Tsar, you will forget that you are a Minister of the British Crown. We will be simply—Nicholas and Aberdeen. So, you say that the Queen would like to see me on friendly terms with Leopold. I desire it myself, most heartily. I have always liked and respected the uncle of the Queen, and would be most happy to return to our former friendship; but so long as Polish officers remain in the King's

service it is impossible. Let us keep to my conditions and discuss the question not as Emperor and Minister, but as simple gentlemen. The Poles have been and still are rebels. Can a gentleman take into his service persons guilty of rebellion against his friend? Leopold has taken rebels under his protection. What would you say if I set up as the protector of O'Connell, and thought of making him my Minister? As for Skrzinecki—that is the smaller matter—he left my service some time before; but Kruszevski—that is a different thing, and wholly unpardonable. He was Adjutant to my brother Constantine. Leopold appointed him to a confidential position, promoted him to the rank of General. Could a gentleman act like that towards another gentleman? Tell your Queen that on the very day that her Majesty lets me know that the Poles have left the service of the King of Belgium, my representative will receive instructions to start for Brussels without delay.

"I have not recognised the Belgian revolution," continued the Emperor, "and I will never recognise it. Yet in course of time I recognised the Belgian Monarchy. I know how to keep my word, I respect treaties, and will fulfil them conscientiously. I count it my duty from henceforth to preserve the existence of Belgium as much as that of any other established kingdom in Europe. I desire the success of Belgium as I desire the success of all other Powers."

The matter stopped there. In face of the Emperor's categorical declaration the English Minister insisted no further. It was not until a much later date, in 1852, that Leopold, threatened by the ambitions of the newly restored French Empire, and finding it necessary to secure himself by the support of Russia, decided to remove the Polish officers from his service. True to the promise made to Lord Aberdeen eight years before, Nicholas immediately resumed his diplomatic relations with Brussels.

Equally positive and outspoken was the Emperor's expression of his views on the situation of affairs in France, and on the Government which had come into being from the Barricades of July. "Louis Philippe," he declared, "has done great services to Europe; I recognise so much. Personally I shall never be his friend. They say that his household is exemplary and deserving of all praise. But the man himself—what has he done? In order to establish and strengthen his position he has sought to undermine my position, to wreck my reputation as Emperor of Russia. I will never forgive that." A further hindrance to a *rapprochement* of Russia and France was, in the eyes of the Tsar, the very principle of the Government of July,

the principle of revolution, so immediately opposed to his own feelings and policy. But, having in 1830 recognised Louis Philippe, he would not seek to damage him by giving the slightest support to his enemies. "I am not a Carlist," he told Lord Aberdeen; "some days before the publication of the Edicts of July 1830 I cautioned Charles X. against any attempt to effect a *coup d'état;* I had him warned of the consequences. He gave me his word of honour that he had no thought of such a *coup d'état,* and forthwith he ordered the Edicts to be published. I will never support Henry V. When I was secretly asked whether he might visit me, I replied that I would receive him, but only as a private person. As such a reception might damage his cause in the eyes of Europe, and reduce his friends and partisans to despair, it would, in my opinion, be better to say no more about it."

The Emperor remarked that he disapproved of the "comedy" played by the Comte de Chambord in England; the Comte might keep to his conviction that he was the legitimate King of France, but to play the *rôle* of Pretender was folly. Passing to an estimate of contemporary statesmen, his Majesty added: "I do not like Guizot at all. He pleases me even less than Thiers. Thiers is frank, though a braggart; he is far less harmful and dangerous than Guizot, who has behaved so unworthily with Molé, the most honourable man in France." The Emperor did not regret the close alliance of England and France, but desired it to last as long as possible, although he had no faith in its longevity; the first storm in the Chamber would shatter it; Louis Philippe might try to stem the tide, but if he did not feel himself strong enough he would himself head the movement in order to save his popularity.*

Such a frank avowal of dissatisfaction with the order of things existing in France drew forth strong criticisms from Prince Albert, and Sir Robert Peel averred that the object of his policy was to secure the undisturbed transmission of the French crown, on the death of Louis Philippe, to the next legal heir of the dynasty of Orleans. "I have nothing to object to that," answered the Emperor; "I desire the happiness of the French above everything, but they cannot obtain happiness without tranquillity. They must not cause explosions beyond their own frontiers. Be assured, therefore, that I am not at all jealous of your good understanding with France; it can have nothing but good results

* Baron Stockmar's *Denkwürdigkeiten,* pp. 394–397, and Guizot, *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps,* vi. 210.

for myself and Europe. You gain by it an influence which you can employ with advantage."

"But," added his Majesty, "I came here with no political object. I wish to gain your confidence. I wish to teach you to believe that I am a straightforward, honourable man. That is why I show you what I think on these questions. The result which I desire cannot be attained in despatches."

Remembering that the former British Ambassador at St. Petersburg (Lord Durham) had not taken long to rid himself of his old prejudices against Russia and its ruler, Nicholas expressed a belief that he would be equally successful with his present companion and with England generally. "I trust," he exclaimed with some warmth, "that our present relations will destroy all prejudices. I value English opinion highly, but I do not trouble myself about what the French say of me. I spit up their words."

Why did the Emperor need the confidence of the English Government? Obviously not for the realisation of any selfish ambitions in the East, but for a peaceful solution of the Eastern Question through a general European agreement. The foundations of such an agreement were laid at Münchengrætz in 1833, when Austria and Russia bound themselves to common action in the event of the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire. Berlin adhered to the stated conditions, but success could only be regarded as guaranteed if England gave her consent. In that case France would be left with the alternative of subscribing unconditionally to the decision of the other four Great Powers, or of acting single-handed against them, and obviously without the slightest chance of success.

Just a year before the Tsar's visit to London, Graf Nesselrode had complained to Prince Metternich of the suspicions of the English Government, as founded on a traditional idea that Russia was striving to effect by force, or by intrigue, the disruption of the Ottoman Empire, in hopes of finding in its ruins a means for her own aggrandisement. To dispel this prejudice the Russian Cabinet asked Vienna to consent to communicating to the British Government the terms of the Treaty of Münchengrætz. Prince Metternich thought this unadvisable, as England might well ask why she had not been informed of the treaty immediately on the entrance of the Tories into power. He proposed that he should explain to London that Austria and Russia had at Münchengrætz solemnly pledged themselves to the maintenance of the *status quo* in Turkey. This proposal, far from satisfying Nicholas, was diametrically opposed to his wishes, and was consequently rejected.

The Emperor determined to undertake himself the arduous task of dispelling the prejudices of England and persuading her to go hand in hand with Russia in the East. From that moment the visit to London was definitely fixed.*

The Eastern Question was the chief subject of conversation between the Emperor and the Ministers of the Crown. Deeply convinced that the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire was inevitable and imminent, in spite of the efforts made by Russia and the other Powers to preserve the existence of the Sultan's dominions, his Majesty exerted all his powers to make the chief members of the Cabinet share his views. "Turkey is dying," he said to Lord Aberdeen; "try as we may to preserve her life, we shall fail. She is dying. She must die. That will be a critical moment. I foresee that I shall have to put my armies in motion. Austria will do the same. In that crisis I fear France alone. What will France want? I shall expect her in many quarters—in Africa, in the Mediterranean, in the East. Remember the expedition to Ancona. Why should she not do the same in Candia and Smyrna? In such circumstances, will not England have to move all her naval forces to the East? Then we shall have meeting in those regions a Russian army, an Austrian army, and a large English fleet. Powder-kegs near a fire! Who will prevent a spark from exploding them?"

In a conversation with the First Lord of the Treasury, the Emperor expressed himself still more openly and precisely. "Turkey is falling to pieces," he maintained. "Her days are numbered. Nesselrode denies it, but I am sure of it. The Sultan, though no genius, is still a man. Suppose that anything happens to him, what shall we see after his death? An infant and a regency. I do not want an inch of Turkish soil, but neither will I allow other Powers to appropriate a single inch."

His Majesty spoke with such animation, and so loud, while standing by an open window, that Sir Robert Peel hastened to close the window for fear that the Emperor's words might be heard in the street. He replied that England's position with regard to the East was precisely the same. His policy had not changed except in one point—Egypt. England would not consent to the establishment in Egypt of a strong Government which might refuse a passage to the Indian mail.

The Emperor continued:

At present it is impossible to determine what should be done with Turkey in the event of her decease. I shall do all in my power to preserve the *status*

* Despatches of Nesselrode to Graf Medem, May $\frac{8}{20}$, and of Metternich to Nesselrode, June 10, 1844.

quo, but we must look honestly and sensibly at the possibility of the dissolution of Turkey. We must arrange matters on a fair basis, arrive at a sincere and scrupulous agreement like that already existing between Russia and Austria.*

In saying this the Emperor seems to have had in mind the secret convention concluded with Austria in 1833 at Münchengrætz. By that treaty the two empires bound themselves to use all their forces to maintain the existence of the Porte, and in the event of the dissolution of Turkey to do nothing without a preliminary agreement. The mutual attitude of Russia and England on the Eastern Question was defined in almost identical terms in a memorandum which gave the substance of the negotiations in London between the Tsar and the Ministers of the British Crown. This memorandum was handed to Lord Aberdeen by Baron Bunsen shortly after the return of Nicholas to St. Petersburg.

Starting from the premiss that the preservation of Turkey, her independence and integrity, constituted a common interest for Russia and England alike, the Russian Note proceeded to the following conclusions:

(1) To try to prolong the existence of the Ottoman Empire in its present condition so long as the said political combination appears possible.

(2) If we (*i.e.*, Russia and England) see that Turkey must fall to pieces, then to come to a preliminary understanding as to the establishment of a new order of things that shall take the place of that now existing; and together to provide that the change effected in the internal constitution of that empire shall not threaten either the security of our respective possessions and rights as guaranteed by treaties, or the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe.

In the concluding words of the memorandum there is an obvious attempt to reconcile the policy of Nesselrode, cautious to timidity, with the personal views of the Tsar as to the certainty and proximity of the fall of the Ottoman Power. The memorandum could not fail to weaken the impression produced in London by Nicholas's far more categorical assertions. According to Bunsen, the Emperor told the English Ministers flatly that there were only two opinions about Turkey current in Russia: that Turkey was at death's door, and that she was already dead. "Nesselrode," his Majesty explained, "holds the former view; I the latter."

It cannot be gainsaid that the Russian diplomacy failed in its

* Stockmar, *op. cit.* pp. 396–99.

attempt to smooth away the apprehensions which those decisive words of the Emperor had raised in the British Government. It failed completely to dissipate the natural suspicions with which England regarded every move of Russia in the East. It gave fresh fuel to those suspicions by emphasising the contradiction between the flattering diplomatic phrases of the memorandum and the outspoken frankness of the Tsar's own speeches. Thus it annihilated the good results of that frankness, and destroyed the happy impression which is ever produced by a true word spoken with the consciousness of right, might, and dignity. There is no greater blunder in politics than to attempt to hide deeply-rooted antagonisms between the interests of two Powers by loose talk about "their identity (*sic*) of interests." A collision may sometimes be deferred for a short time, but it cannot be finally avoided save by a frank recognition of the existing antagonism. With such recognition comes the possibility of mutual concessions, leading not to the reconciliation of the irreconcilable, as diplomats are fond of saying, but to a nice adjustment of mutual interests and gains.

It was this object that the Emperor Nicholas had in view when he went to London. He was but partially successful, and arrived at an understanding only on the local question of Central Asia. This semi-failure must be attributed to Nesselrode's timid and specious memorandum, which destroyed the fruits of the Tsar's own candour. That the chief object of the Tsar remained unattained was shown only too clearly by the attitude adopted by England ten years later, her support of Turkey against our claims in the question of the Holy Places, and her active participation in the war resulting from that dispute.

SERGE TATISTCHEFF.

THE OUTLOOK FOR OUR MERCANTILE MARINE

THE British mercantile marine has "growed" like Topsy, and like Topsy, of recent years at all events, it has had to look after itself principally. No doubt it was formerly cared for and nurtured by the navigation laws, which were found to be too strict and galling, so that they were finally abolished in 1850; since that time it would have been left severely alone, every vestige of restrictive legislation being removed, but for humanitarians, like Mr. Plimsoll, who insisted on load lines, and with more or less success have agitated in favour of sufficient crews, habitable forecastles, and good food.

No doubt the shipowners have their complaints in the light dues and other matters, they see that foreign countries give bounties and subsidies, which they think will not be given in this country, and they demand more complete freedom from control, stigmatising even such necessary regulations as the Plimsoll mark as grandmotherly legislation.

This shortly is the position in which the British Mercantile Marine now stands, and complaints notwithstanding it has apparently prospered exceedingly, as the following figures show, to which I have added the figures for France, Russia, Germany, and the United States from the same return:*

MERCANTILE MARINE TONNAGE.

British (United Kingdom only)	1860	4,251,739
	1900	9,395,207
France	1900	1,037,726
Russia	1900	633,821
Germany	1900	1,941,645
United States	1900	826,694
British Empire	1900	10,550,094

The above return shows that our shipping has more than doubled in the last forty years since all traces of the navigation laws have been swept away, and that the tonnage of the Empire

* Return to the House of Commons, 1901.

is more than five times that of Germany, and ten times that of France.

At first sight this would seem very satisfactory, and we have been accustomed to congratulate ourselves on our enormous carrying trade, the annual value of our sea-borne commerce according to the same return being estimated at £1,355,173,847, about £350,000 of which is foreign, and it is scarcely necessary to draw attention to its national importance. Up to that year, at all events, this carrying trade showed little sign of reduction, and the shipbuilding industry was equally flourishing.

Indeed, 1901 was a record year in shipbuilding, showing an increase of more than half a million over the previous year.

The figures below are from Professor Byles' calculation, and speak for themselves :

Ship Building in 1901	1,797,000 tons
Foreign and Colonial building in 1901	857,000 „

It is fair to state that these figures include men-of-war, and that about 10 per cent. of the shipping tonnage built in the United Kingdom were to order for foreign countries ; but they are worth quoting as showing the extraordinary activity of the shipbuilding industry in this country, and the continued demand for more ships up to the close of last year.

The importance of the shipping interest to the Empire cannot be overrated. It is the bond which binds the scattered portions together, so that each British ship engaged in the carrying trade between the United Kingdom and the Colonies is part of a great band of union only cut by the sea, which we claim as a national heritage.

It has been truly said that the Empire is united mainly by sentiment, and here we have a visible sign of union which cannot fail to be appreciated both in the mother country and the Colonies, and which we should lose were their commerce carried under any other flag than the red ensign. But obviously this commerce has a direct value in freights, which mainly account for the fact that the country shows no signs of failure of revenue notwithstanding the large difference in value between our imports and exports.

Why then is there nervousness and alarm about our shipping trade, and what is the meaning of the frequent sales of British ships and even of well-known lines of steamers, of which what is commonly known as the Morganeering deal or "Shipping Combine," to which I refer further later, is only the latest development. The fact is that the Mercantile Marine of the United Kingdom is an overgrown giant unsound in every limb, and that

the huge column of figures which I have presented above is a Colossus with feet of clay, in imminent danger of collapse from its want of real stamina.

It is generally admitted by all connected with shipping that "something is rotten in the state of Denmark"; but whereas both the undue expansion and precarious position of our Mercantile Marine is mainly due to too little supervision, too feverish a haste to get through a voyage somehow, everything, crew included, being regulated on free-trade principles, the shipowner is only anxious to be relieved of all safeguards and restrictions which hamper him, as he believes, in his competition with his rivals.

Let me say at once that there is no doubt much truth in the shipowners' view as regards immediate advantage. It is undoubted that he has a grievance in the light dues which in this country alone are paid by the shipping interest. The Board of Trade regulations as regards boats and compartments in passenger steamers under the red ensign account for many of the steamers crossing the Channel being now under the French flag when formerly they were all English; and owners of foreign ships unencumbered by the Plimsoll mark are often able to overload their ships to their advantage over the British shipowner. But whatever may be done about the light dues, we are not likely to go back in matters connected with safety of life; and as we have seen the shipping interest has prospered in spite of these restrictions. The disease lies deeper, and would be only aggravated by the removal of the last two regulations to which I have referred.

Government interference may not have been always judicious; but the fault lies not in its being too great but in its being too limited, and not always in the right direction.

In naval and military matters we hear much of "the man behind the gun," or as Captain Mahan expresses it in his recent work, *Types of Naval Officers*, "the artist is greater than his materials, the warrior than his arms," yet in the British Mercantile Marine this has been almost entirely ignored. True the Board of Trade insists on masters' and mates' certificates and on certain provisions as to sleeping accommodation and food for the crew; but there the supervision of the *personnel* ends, and as the result ships are frequently dangerously undermanned, notwithstanding reports of numerous manning committees, the British seaman is being rapidly eliminated as being an expensive and troublesome article, and it has been truly said of many "British" ships that the only British thing about them was the ensign. These diseases are becoming more serious yearly; especially is the

British seaman disappearing, as ships seldom now take apprentices, the number which was over 15,000 when the navigation laws were repealed being now only 1600, most of whom are paying apprentices qualifying for officers.

The following return * shows how our ships were manned in 1860 and in 1900 :

1860 . .	157,312	British persons employed (not including masters).
1900 . .	174,532	British persons employed (including masters but excluding Lascars).
1860 . .	335	Lascars only.
1900 . .	36,023	,,
1860 . .	14,280	Foreigners only.
1900 . .	36,893	,,
1860 . .	14,615	Foreigners and Lascars.
1900 . .	72,916	,,
1860 . .	9·3	Proportion of foreigners and Lascars to every 100 British persons employed.
1900 . .	41.78	

The increase of foreigners and Lascars is very evident from these figures, but if we were to eliminate stewards, stewardesses and other "persons" of nominal British nationality, we should probably find a far larger proportion than is shown above of the working crews to be composed of men not of British race.

I have only space here in concluding this part of my subject to call attention to two papers by Commander Caborne, R.N.R., read before the Shipmasters' Congress in London in 1897 and 1899 respectively, Sir Charles Dilke being in the chair, and to the discussions following the reading of the papers, in which men well acquainted with the Mercantile Marine took part. From these papers I take the following :

Captain Froud, in the discussion of Commander Caborne's first paper, gives statistics of the crews of twenty-nine British sailing vessels sailing from various ports in England and the north of Europe. Of these he says that :

> Nearly 8 per cent. of the officers, one-third of the petty officers, and rather more than half of the other deck hands, were foreigners. In two of the vessels, with the exception of two or three of the officers, the crews were all foreign.

Captain Blackmore in the same discussion says :

> It is quite possible for a set of foreigners to come over to this country, put up an office in Cornhill, buy ships, and register them as private ship companies, and have masters and officers and seamen without a British subject having anything to do with the matter; and we know that there are ships sailing under these conditions. They are not the slightest value to Britain as a nation, and all the money earned in them is carried away and spent in foreign countries.

* House of Commons, 1901.

The statistics of desertions in certain ports abroad, such as the River Plate and San Francisco, are simply appalling. The Missions to Seamen have done good service for some years past in calling the attention of the Board of Trade to these subjects, and in endeavouring to supply the lack of good influences among British crews. Commander Caborne gives some interesting details as to how crews are supplied and got rid of. He tells us a shipmaster reports that the shipping agents at Baltimore put the crews on board at the last moment "like prisoners," and you take your chance as to whether they are "tinkers, tailors, soldiers, or sailors." Commander Caborne quotes letters, which were read in the House of Commons, from ship managers to captains, as follows: "Give your crew salt beef only and keep them hard at work. They will never agree to forfeit." . . . "We should like you to get rid of as many more men as possible." Naturally, under such conditions, men desert, and good men are scarce in the merchant service. We may well blush for such dealings, as Rudyard Kipling with his poetical insight tells us, "We may not speak of England, her flag's to sell or share." It is important to note that Sir Charles Dilke, in his concluding remarks on Commander Caborne's first lecture, said: "I am a strong free-trader, but . . . we should not be prevented from taking measures which might, on any other ground than national defence, savour of protection."

In this, as is well known, he is following the example of Adam Smith, who consistently supported the navigation laws as necessary from a national point of view, although contrary to free-trade theories.

The letter of Mr. Munro, who writes from the Merchant service Guild, Liverpool, in the *Times* of April 24, gives instances of the scandalous way in which our flag is used at times by foreigners, who, as he says, "hate us in their hearts," and he concludes: "Let our British Mercantile Marine be strictly and genuinely British, and, however unpalatable the truth, we shall then be able to the more correctly estimate the correct position, and deal with it accordingly."

I have, however, dwelt long enough on this subject, but it is an all-important one, as it is a principal item in the denationalising of so-called British ships, so that, speaking generally, though there are some bright exceptions, tthe Mercantile Marine is a sham, sailing under false colours.

In former days when Commodore Dance with his East Indiamen beat off the French Admiral Linois, the British merchant captain felt some pride in his nationality; he commanded a British ship, with a British owner, and she was manned by

English seamen. There could be no question then of a change of nationality. Now when, as I have shown, the so-called British ship is only English in name, the transfer is easy to another flag, and patriotism has no part in the transaction. Unless there is a change in these matters, shipowners bred up in cosmopolitan liberal ideas will neither be debarred by scruples or by other considerations from selling to the highest bidder ; but the danger is evident. As Mr. Ritchie, when President of the Board of Trade three years ago, told us, were the Royal Naval Reserve called out for service in men-of-war the ships would be "entirely manned by foreigners," and the transfer of the flag might in case of war take place automatically without the formality of purchase!

When I commanded on the East Coast of Africa, some fourteen years ago, many Arab slave-dhows flew French colours, for which privilege they had paid five francs at Mayotte; and whether by design or not this proceeding hampered our endeavours to repress the slave trade, so I represented this abuse to the French Commodore, who assured me that the flag would in future be granted "d'une manière plus sobre." I think that a more sober view should be taken of the way in which the British flag is now used, and that abuses, such as those to which I have referred, should not be allowed to exist any longer.

With the foreign merchant ship things are different. They are no doubt hampered by restrictions, but they are carefully nurtured and protected, helped by bounties and subsidies, and genuinely national.

The question of subsidies and bounties is a large one, and is being threshed out by Mr. Evelyn Cecil's Committee, which, however, has been blocked and not yet reappointed this year, though much of the evidence taken last year has been published. A valuable paper on shipping subsidies was read by Dr. B. W. Ginsburg in Glasgow last year for the Royal Statistical Society, which is full of information on this subject. I do not propose to follow him in his details, but his tables undoubtedly show that the peculiarly British commonplace that subsidies and bounties are not only wasteful but that they fail to attain their object, cannot be maintained. It is not intended here to give any opinion as to the policy of endeavouring to revive sailing-vessels; but undoubtedly the French have succeeded in doing so by means of bounties, as the following statistics given by Dr. Ginsburg show : Taking the three years, 1898–1900 inclusive, he shows that the sailing tonnage in England has decreased by a little over 500,000 tons. He does not give us similar statistics for France, nor has he been able to say the exact amount of bounties which have been given for sailing-ship building; but he shows

that there has been "a very large increase in the amount of sailing tonnage constructed in the country," no less than 705 vessels and 53,312 tons of French built sailing-vessels having been added to the French Register in 1899. The French give construction bounties, and bounties for navigation, amounting in 1900 to £648,000 according to Dr. Ginsburg.

France gives a speed bounty of £48,000 a year and a subvention of £219,000 a year to fast liners engaged in the North American trade. Germans give bounties in construction and heavy subsidies to liners as mercantile auxiliaries, the amount of which is not divulged; they also give large subsidies for mail steamers engaged in the Eastern trades, of which Dr. Ginsburg gives several instances. In England we give subsidies to the P. and O. and other Eastern lines, but our Atlantic liners merely get paid for mail matter carried, which amounts to £101,000 for the New York mails, though they are under contract with the Post Office for 104 voyages yearly. The Unites States Government gives its mail steamers engaged in the transatlantic trade about £2500 a trip, which works out, according to Dr. Ginsburg, at about £130,000 a year for a weekly service.

It is unnecessary to follow this much further, and there is considerable uncertainty as to the payments made by the Foreign Powers both for mails and mercantile auxiliaries, but Dr. Ginsburg gives a table of the Australian subventions as follows:

AUSTRALIAN SUBVENTIONS.

Company.	Subsidy.	Service.	Working out at, according to Sir Thomas Sutherland, per nautical rule.
Peninsular and Oriental	£85,000	Fortnightly	2*s.* 7*d.*
Messageries	£124,317	Four weekly	8*s.* 4*d.*
Nord Deutscher Lloyd	£115,000	„ „	6*s.* 8*d.*

In the above I have endeavoured to show that heavy bounties and direct encouragement is given by Foreign Powers to their Mercantile Marine, which our shipowners have tried to meet by reducing expenses and employing aliens, while they clamour for still greater freedom from Government interference. In this country, as is well known, we were the first to subsidise fast liners as "reserve merchant cruisers," but this has been followed and improved upon by France, Russia, Germany, and the United States. In England we are paying this year £63,000 for the services of eighteen liners belonging to the White Star, Cunard, P. and O., Orient, Royal Mail, Pacific and Canadian Pacific Railway Companies, and these companies engage to hold "at the disposition of the Admiralty, without further subsidy," thirty-one other vessels.

These vessels, then, are earmarked as "reserve merchant cruisers" in case of war; they are partially or entirely officered and manned by Royal Naval Reserve men of British nationality; and here, at all events, we might hope to find genuine British ships which would not be lightly transferred to foreign hands. Yet we know that the Inman Line steamers, which were in this category, were transferred to the American flag only a few years ago, and now we have the huge Morganeering deal, which is to take the White Star and other lines into the new shipping combine, probably in a few years time placing them under the shelter of the American flag.

But before considering the Morgan shipping trust, let me say a few words in support of the system of subsidising liners. Sir John Colomb represented (by a question which he asked in the House of Commons recently on this subject, eliciting the reply that over half a million had been paid in subsidies) a very general feeling in the navy that these considerable sums might be better employed in building ships directly for the navy.

I do not think so. Not only is the subsidy a great help to our Mercantine Marine, but these cruisers would in case of war be invaluable for certain purposes. This at least was the American experience in their war with Spain, when the *New York*, *St. Louis*, and other ships of similar class could always be depended upon as fast steamers. It was also the opinion of the late Sir G. Hornby, who had the Cunarder *Oregon* under him, commanded by Captain, now Sir Edward Seymour, in 1885. We should certainly require fifty large mercantile cruisers in case of war, if only to meet similar vessels of "the enemy." I think, then, that the policy is a good one, and as I have pointed out, it is chiefly in these large ocean liners that our Royal Naval Reserve is to be found.

I believe then in the reserve merchant cruisers, and I consider their loss would be a direct blow to the naval force of this country. This war has shown what may be demanded of our shipping interest, which has nobly answered to our requirements, large as they were. As Lord Selborne stated at the Royal Academy dinner, in the work of taking out 400,000 horses and 500,000 men nearly 600 British ships have been employed, no doubt of various classes from the ocean liner to the tramp, and he added "this unrivalled feat has been the work of that splendid Mercantile Marine, the continued enjoyment and possession of which by this country is inseparably bound up with its prosperity and its existence." Naturally, the ships trading to the Cape were best adapted for the work, and only a few of the Atlantic liners were engaged, but I am told that seven belonged to the "White Star" and twenty-one altogether belonging to the new shipping

trust, and eight to the "Cunard" lines, most of which have made several trips, so that had these vessels been under the Stars and Stripes, as they promise to be in the near future, we should have found it difficult to procure the necessary transport under the British flag.

I have dwelt much on the state of our Mercantile Marine, I have touched on the question of the subsidies paid by the Admiralty for a lien upon the merchant cruisers, and I now come to the all important subject of the "Shipping Combine." First we may observe that though we have to deal with a daring and surprising development of the situation in the intention now shown to capture the North Atlantic trade, it is only a further development of a process which has been going on for the last few years, and which, as I have endeavoured to show, the circumstances of our Mercantile Marine have lent themselves to all too easily.

We have seen in the last few years the Inman Line in the Atlantic whose ships were subsidised by the Admiralty as merchant cruisers, the Holt East Indian Steam Ship Company, and the Scottish Oriental Steam Ship Company in the Eastern trades transferred to foreign flags, while only recently the Leyland Line, though still sailing under the British flag, has been bought by Americans; and according to Mr. E. A. Beazeley, in his address to the Liverpool Steam Ship Association, "this is a process which has been going on, and will continue; over 2000 British steamships with a tonnage of 1,836,000 having passed into foreign hands since 1890." His remedy is greater freedom of shipowners from all restraint; like the drunkard he asks for more of "the hair of the dog that bit him." But I need not dwell on this here, it is enough that he agrees with my argument that there is every probability of more transactions of a similar nature in the near future unless the conditions are altered. Let me now consider the Morgan Shipping Trust and how it affects our Atlantic Ocean trade.

Being neither a financier, nor a shipowner, nor a manager of a shipping company, while clearly only a part of the agreements have been published, I do not like to speak too confidently on points of detail, but this much is evident. We know that a capital of £34,000,000 is to be raised, forming a corporation under American law, which is to be controlled from America, the American shareholders holding the greater part of the ordinary stock even though British investors may be the holders of the greater part of the capital. It does not appear to be contemplated at present that the White Star and other lines should cease to be British; indeed, we know that the ships subsidised as merchant

cruisers cannot be alienated for the next three years, but after that period we may be pretty certain that the Trust would wish to fly the American flag, and they would probably have prepared for the transfer some years before. I refer later to the agreement with Messrs. Harland and Wolff, and confine myself for the present to the arrangement between the Trust and the shipping companies. The "White Star," as we know, is the great supporter of our Royal Naval Reserve, and should the Cunard Company also join it is scarcely an exaggeration of the *Daily Mail* to speak of "the knell of the R.N.R." if these companies become American; yet notwithstanding the pledges given by the White Star Line especially to the nation, in making a point of manning their ships by Naval Reserve men, there does not appear to be any arrangement made as to their future, yet it will be very hard on these men to be obliged to choose between giving up their nationality and Naval Reserve retainer and becoming American citizens, or to be thrown out of employment and probably be ruined if they remain British subjects. How little of patriotism, of "the public good, the good of others" lies in this neglect? Those who think that "our country's welfare is our first concern" are clearly behind the times. It appears evident that the shareholders of the lines which have joined the Trust will make a good thing of it, and it does not seem to occur to any one to cry shame on them for taking a long step towards ruining their country. It is openly said, "We should all do the same were the offer made to us," and no one doubts that the shareholders of the companies concerned will ratify the agreement.

But if the patriotism of the owners of our great Mercantile Marine hangs so loosely about them, and if our capitalists cannot combine so as to prevent the United Kingdom from being a mere annexe to the United States, what is the use of soldiers and sailors sacrificing their lives for a country so disposed. Actions at sea involving heavy loss of life have been fought for the protection of our traders, yet here, as we have seen, the best of our ocean fleets are given away to secure a temporary profit.

What are the excuses? "The trade is mostly American, the railways in the United States are controlled by the railway kings who can thus regulate the trade," and so on. This is a good reason for making a shipping arrangement, for having what Mr. Pirrie calls "a community of interests;" but why could not the arrangement have been similar to that made with the German companies; and why did not our representatives act as if "our country's welfare is our first concern," and take steps to secure that the ships would remain under the British flag and that the Royal Naval Reserve was not injured.

Apparently there are no such reservations, or if there are they have been studiously kept in the background. We shall be told that no better arrangement could have been made, that the Americans held the winning cards, and so on, but this is not the case; Mr. Morgan knows that ships can be built cheaper and better, and worked more economically, in the United Kingdom than in America, so that it would seem that if there was to be a shipping combine stipulations could and should have been made securing the national interests. It is not necessary to assume that Mr. Pierpont Morgan and the astute financiers who are acting with him are actuated by hostility to this country, but they have a patriotic motive in wishing to have the power in their own hands, and I have no doubt that in due course they will use it to the advantage of the United States and to the disadvantage of this country. The spread-eagle speech of Mr. L. M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, reported in the *Times* of April 28 last, about the transfer of the "sovereignty of the Pacific from the Union Jack to the Stars and Stripes" shows the trend of American ambition. They are constructing a powerful navy, and their aim now is to have a large commercial marine. There are no doubt those who rely on American protectionist legislation as preventing the transfer to the United States of ships built abroad, but we may feel certain that if the Americans see that their object can be attained by a change of tactics they will not allow any economic theories to stand in their way.

I am told by easy optimists that "after all" it is only a matter of 250,000 tons, while others remark that in case of war, in which it is assumed that the United States would be neutral, it would be rather an advantage to have our food-stuffs brought across the Atlantic in neutral bottoms.

Let us examine these two excuses. As to the first, even should the Cunard Company not join, it is sufficiently serious, as it includes Australian Pacific ships as well as those in the North Atlantic, and they are, as I have shown, some of our best ships, and those on which we had a special "lien," so that it is rather like consoling a lady who had lost her diamonds by telling her that she has only lost a quarter or a third of her jewellery. The second argument is more plausible, but it places our supply entirely in the hands of a Foreign Power which might be unfriendly and raise the freights unduly without being actively hostile; besides that it proves too much, for if the argument is good we had better get rid of all our Mercantile Marine and trust to neutrals for our commerce, a course which would scarcely be seriously advocated, as it would entirely destroy our independence.

Let me now turn for a moment to the agreement with Messrs.

Harland and Wolff, which I do not like to stigmatise as I think it deserves. Messrs. Harland and Wolff have in their agreement put themselves entirely in the hands of the Morgan Trust; they are in fact a "tied house." Is it legal? This is a question which I am not competent to answer, but I know that it is unpatriotic, and it seems to me that though for a time it may keep their works actively employed, they will be made use of to establish the Trust on a sure basis till it can safely rely on American shipbuilders. In this I may be wrong, and it may be assumed that the managers of the great Belfast firm know their own business best; but I have said that it is an unpatriotic arrangement, and of that I have no doubt, for not only are they tied to a foreign trust, but as I understand they will not in future be allowed to build ships and engines for his Majesty's Government. It is true that except two small vessels the *Lizard* and *Bramble*, built in 1886, they have not built ships for the Admiralty, but they engined the battleship *Hannibal* with engines of 12,000 h.p. in 1896, and they have now the engines of the *Queen*, recently launched at Devonport by her Majesty, of 15,000 h.p. in hand, and the new engines for the *King Edward VII.* of 18,000 h.p., were ordered last month, so that they are among the principal firms on which we rely for our modern engines. I may remark here that if I am right in assuming that they cannot in future contract for engines for H.M. ships it is a serious loss, as the failure of Maudsley and Earle has materially diminished the number of first-rate firms usually employed to make engines for the Admiralty.

It may be thought that I have taken too serious a view of this "combine," and I admit that the general tendency has been towards combination in all trades recently, and that shipping combinations and rings have been the natural reply to cutting rates and excessive competition; but, as I have shown, our Mercantile Marine is in an unhealthy state, so that it may easily succumb to adverse influences; also the present case is not one of simple mutual accommodation or pooling of traffics, for while this country will receive and pay much of the money, the power will reside abroad. This, however, is not all. It is an open secret that American financiers have made offers to some of our principal shipbuilding firms who build for the navy, and it is difficult to see why this has been done unless the object was political. It is this, partly, which has caused me to take such a gloomy view of the recent deal, and I only wish that those directly interested and the public generally would unite to oppose its completion.

We may well ask why does the Government not act? and the question arises, what action can they take, to which I will refer

presently; but though it is easy to call the Government "invertebrate" and wanting in initiative, there is no doubt that if the Government acts prematurely, and before the "man in the street" is convinced, they are sure to be vehemently opposed and likely to have but lukewarm support from their own friends. Strong measures are now required, and, as I think, a new departure; the Opposition make no sign and are pledged to the old shibboleths. Lord Rosebery, though as he philosophically told us in his speech at Glasgow last year that we are apt to suppose that what was enough "for our swaddling clothes would suffice for our maturity," does not refer to this subject, and prefers to leave others to do the "spade work"; so that we drift on in spite of the *Daily Mail's* gibe at "Apathy and inaction." Let us see, however, what remedies are possible.

First, as it seems to me, we have a moral right to preserve the lien which the "White Star" and other companies have voluntarily given us on their ships, and in this national emergency a short Bill might be passed prohibiting their transfer to a Foreign Power without Admiralty permission. If Mr. Morgan only aims at a legitimate shipping combination this would not in any way injure the Trust, though it would secure our merchant cruisers and their crews of Royal Naval Reserve.

Secondly. Special inducements should be given to the "Cunard" and other important lines not to join the Trust.

Thirdly. As has been proposed by the Canadian Government and recently again referred to by Lord Strathcona, a fast line of steamers of twenty-four or twenty-five knots speed should be built, heavily subsidised by the Imperial and Canadian Governments, to run to Cape Breton or any suitable port in Nova Scotia from the United Kingdom. They would do the passage in four days, and if well subsidised could compete with the New York lines.

Fourthly. Though this would require the co-operation of the Colonies some parts of the navigation laws should be revived, and a preferential tariff arranged with the various portions of the Empire.

Fifthly. And this is perhaps the most important. Nominally the owner of a ship must be British, practically through the company laws and limited liability, though the ship may have been duly registered by British owners, all the shares may be held by foreigners. The remedy naturally is to prevent the Merchant Shipping Act from being made a sham, by making the Companies Acts inapplicable to shipping, and only allowing British shareholders to have any voice in the management.

These are a few suggestions, and it seems to me that all except

number four, which I am aware presents considerable difficulties, might be passed at once, and though there would naturally be some opposition to one and five they are both necessary, while if the navigation laws as regards manning were revived, accompanied by the restriction of our coasting trade between the mother country and the Colonies, our ships would recover their nationality, and though there might be some shrinkage the Mercantile Marine would be placed on a sounder footing.

I have left to the last the question of our cruisers and protection of our Mercantile Marine. That we are very short of cruisers there can be no doubt. We have now 156 cruisers built and building according to the last Admiralty return. Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby, in a speech to the Chamber of Commerce in London in 1888, estimated that we required at that time 186 for the protection of commerce alone—he did not include in this number those required to attend on the battleship squadrons. In an article which I wrote in the February number of the *Navy League Journal*, I calculated that we now require 300 cruisers for commerce protection and fifty to attend on the battle fleets; of these 350 it would be fair to allow that thirty might be armed "merchant cruisers" from the forty-nine hypothecated to the Admiralty as I have shown previously, so that the case stands as follows: We want 350 cruisers, and we have, or shall have, 156+30 or 186, so that if I am right we should require 164 cruisers more than we have at present adequately to protect our commerce and attend upon our battleships in case of war with a maritime power. The deficiency is a serious one, and it is fair to say that the Admiralty are doing something to meet it, no less than twenty-two first-class armoured cruisers being now in various stages of building and completion; but undoubtedly we have shut our eyes to the necessity for adequately protecting our commerce in case of war, and I have no doubt that our merchants and shipowners see the danger, and that it is one among many other reasons which tends towards the sale of British ships to Foreign Powers.

I do not want here to go fully into this question, important as it is, and it may be thought that I am making an unreasonable demand in asking for 300 cruisers when Sir G. Hornby would have been content with 186 fourteen years ago; but not only has our trade enormously increased, but the development of naval power in foreign countries almost entirely dates from the period at which Admiral Hornby's address was delivered. At that time, too, all the fastest and largest liners were British; now Germany can show eight reserved merchant cruisers of nineteen knots and

upwards, France five, Russia ten, and the United States four, while we have only five, our two fastest the *Lucania* and *Campania*, of twenty-two knots speed, being 1.5 knots slower than four of the German boats, the *Kaiser Wilhelm*, *Deutschland*, *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, and the *Kronprinz Wilhelm*.

If it is the case that our insufficient commerce protection has been an important factor in the transfer of British ships which is now being so actively carried on, it shows how dangerous it is in the attempt to economise to fail to provide for national necessities, as even in peace time the greater interests of the country may be thereby sacrificed. There are some, no doubt, who take the extremely narrow view that the loss of our Mercantile Marine would leave our navy with less to protect and more free for offensive warfare, but I would point out to them that sea power is the resultant of ocean trade adequately protected, and that a navy is a useless exotic unless there is a trade to protect. That the commercial marine is a valuable auxiliary for warlike purposes has recently been shown in the South African War, but pervading all seas as it does at present, it must be able to render direct service to the Royal Navy, both with intelligence and supplies in conducting naval operations.

I will now touch shortly on the food question, to which attention has been pointedly called recently, especially by Captain Stewart Murray, so far as it bears on my subject. He shows that we import 22,500,000 quarters of bread-stuffs, about half of which, or 11,000,000 quarters, comes from the United States. To that extent then we are dependent on the United States, and assuming that country to be neutral we may admit that there would be some advantage in our food-supply coming to us in neutral ships ; but as I have pointed out this presupposes that the United States would be friendly and not take advantage of the commanding position which it already holds, but which would be much enhanced were the carrying trade entirely in her hands. At present we receive only some 3,000,000 quarters from our own Colonies, according to Captain Murray, but the corn lands of Manitoba are said to be inexhaustible, and our policy should be to develop them and cornfields in other British Colonies by means of preferential rates, so that our food-supply might be in our own hands, carried in British bottoms, under the protection of the British flag. Hitherto we have not attempted to do this, and undoubtedly it would interfere with free-trade shibboleths ; but there are many sincere free-traders who, while regretting the necessity for a recurrence to what they believe to be economical heresy, would agree that, from a political point of

view in deference to the Colonies, and from Imperial national necessity we are bound to take some measures to minimise our dependence on foreign countries for our daily bread.

In the preceding pages I have endeavoured to direct attention to the danger of the shipping combine which is now practically completed. I have admitted that there are economical causes which have induced our shipowners and shipbuilders to take steps which I believe to be ruinous to British interests, and I have not shrunk from bringing home to my countrymen the unpatriotic character of similar deals. I have urged that the Government should take immediate steps to forbid the banns or take such measures as may be necessary to prevent similar transfers in future, and that the law should be amended so as to remove the causes which have made such arrangements the natural corollary of the policy followed now for many years past with regard to our Mercantile Marine. I can only trust that "in vain is the net set in the sight of any bird," and that the country will insist on some patriotism being shown on the part of those who have important interests in their charge, and on remedial legislation to preserve the independence of the British Empire from foreign control.

In Captain Mahan's article on Imperial Federation in this *Review* last month he ventured on the opinion that "the legislation of the Transvaal," under Mr. Kruger, was necessary to quicken Imperial Federation "into stirring life by contact with pressing occasion" for warlike purposes. May we not hope that Mr. Pierpont Morgan may open the eyes of the British public in a like manner, and do a similar service to us in our commercial capacity as a business nation.

As I finish my article Mr. Pirrie's statement appears in the *Times* of May 13, which I am bound to say seems to show that my fears as to the transfer of the "White Star" to the American flag, and the consequent loss of our merchant cruisers and Royal Naval Reserve men, are unfounded, so far as the immediate future is concerned.

It is impossible to doubt either the good faith or the ability of Mr. Pirrie; nevertheless, facts are stubborn things, and I have argued from the circumstances of the case as to the probable result of the Morgan deal, so that notwithstanding Mr. Pirrie's confident opinion that our national rights are safeguarded, and that we have suffered no loss of prestige, I shall, I fear, continue in my unbelief until the logic of events proves me to be mistaken.

E. R. FREMANTLE.

"THE DREAM OF A BRITISH ZOLLVEREIN": A REPLY TO SIR ROBERT GIFFEN.

FEARING that public opinion in regard to the federation of the British Empire, in so far, at any rate, as proposals to accelerate that federation by means of commercial union are concerned, may be taking a wrong direction, Sir Robert Giffen, in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century and After*, sets forth reasons why these proposals should be combated. In various parts of his paper he states them to be "inept," "mischievous," "dangerous," and "either impossible or [such as would] defeat the object aimed at," while their "advocacy itself," he says, "is hardly less mischievous." This is a serious indictment, coming, as it does, from so weighty a quarter; and if the idea of a British Customs Union, and the efforts put forth to attain it, deserve these damnatory epithets, the sooner they are abandoned the better for the British Empire in all its parts. It is proposed, then, briefly to examine the arguments employed by Sir Robert Giffen in order to establish his censures, and it will be found, I fear, that the term "ineptitude," which he applies to the proposals which he denounces, is not altogether lacking in the qualities of a double-edged weapon. For convenience sake I will follow his propositions, as nearly as possible, in the order in which he takes them.

The historical parallels which he adduces (pp. 694–695) to show that in the past there was no correlation between the ideas of political union and of mutual commercial advantages, are either no parallels at all or prove the reverse of the thesis expounded. What possible lesson can be drawn from a contrast between the internal state of France before and after the Revolution and the position of the British Empire now? The fiscal system of France in the earlier period was no system at all—a confusion of multifarious customs charges which had come down from feudal times, and which Colbert strove unsuccessfully to reduce to a uniform scheme by his edict of 1664. It required a

volcanic upheaval to sweep away all that confusion together with a whole social system : the precedent of France is about as useful as one searched for telescopically on the planet Mars. Again, it is stated that the political union of England and Scotland "began to take effect in 1603 by the Union of Crowns, but separate customs continued not only till the formal legislative union a century later but long after." Here, I think, Sir Robert Giffen's history is at fault, for the Act of Union provided—as a concession on the part of the English—for the establishment of free trade between the two countries. This is rather a proof that even in those comparatively unenlightened times it was apprehended that close political union was insecure without commercial union also. And surely Sir R. Giffen does not pretend to find a parallel of condition between the stormy relations which existed between the two countries in the seventeenth century, and the relations between the mother country and the Colonies now? To attempt to draw a single conclusion from premises so different is totally misleading. His allusion to Ireland is quite as inappropriate, the fiscal injustice of England to that country being an admitted historical fact. There is no more reason in holding up Ireland as an instance of commercial being posterior to political union, than there would be in requesting us to advocate now the policy of exploitation of colonies by and for the mother country, which, Sir R. Giffen tells us, was the ideal until modern times. Implicitly he admits that times have changed, but he will not in this matter apply his profound knowledge to the truth that ideas have changed with them. His "historical retrospect," his citation of reciprocal arrangements between other countries under special conditions (the Customs Union among Cape Colony, Natal, and the Orange Free State is singularly beside the mark, for who can tell what might have happened in course of time, even had there been no war), are merely a confusion of the issue—as one who might say he would not use steamboats because his great-grandfather did not, and because railways connect some countries not separated by the sea. The United States are only mentioned incidentally. The German Zollverein is lightly put on one side as insufficient proof. And so, arriving on totally false grounds at the conclusion that "the commercial union of the British Empire—in time—will follow [in the sense that it must not precede, and cannot help on] the political union," we are bidden to observe that the "extent to which mutual commercial arrangements will assist such an object will depend on special circumstances and the nature of the arrangements themselves, which are all matters for investigation."

If the investigation which follows had been directed upon what is, I believe, generally understood by sane political thinkers to be the idea involved in the expression "Customs Union," as applied to the British Empire, it would have been both more useful and more interesting. It is probable that Sir Robert Giffen wasted argument here for want of a proper definition of that idea. It certainly does not, or, at any rate, ought not to, mean what he seems to think that it does, *i.e.*, "Such a union for commercial purposes as exists between the different States of the United States, or the different provinces of the German Empire, in which the same commercial laws prevail, the same money exists for all purposes, *and above all there is a single customs barrier against the rest of the world** with all internal barriers abolished." A little later on he extends this definition into still more detail as follows: "The idea is that no province of the Union is to have a customs barrier against another part. Duties are to be levied in common. There must be a common purse, accordingly, not only for the customs duties which are to be imposed on articles imported from the rest of the world, but on similar commodities produced at home. In other words, the customs and excise revenue of each part of the union is to be dependent on the vigilance of the revenue authorities in every other part." The fact is, that with the exception of the abolition of all internal customs barriers—that is barriers set up by one component part of the Empire as against any other part—not only is nothing of all this essential to a British Customs Union, but a good deal of it is not, I believe, even contemplated by any one who has taken the trouble seriously to think about it. That the same commercial laws, and the same monetary system, should prevail throughout the Empire would be of great convenience and assistance, and there should be no insuperable difficulty in attaining those conditions throughout the Empire in the case of the first, and a large part of it in the case of the second, within a reasonable time, if the subjects are dealt with in a careful and statesmanlike manner on all sides. But neither common money nor a common commercial code, good as they would be, are essentials. On the other hand a common customs tariff, a common excise revenue, a "common purse," out of which "each State of the Empire would receive its share," are not only non-essentials but they do not enter into the matter at all. They are nice stuffing for a man of straw, which is complacently demolished by Sir R. Giffen, and at which I shall be quite pleased to throw stones too—for an hour's amusement;

* The italics are mine.

but they cannot form part of a serious discussion. The one and only essential for a complete British Customs Union is that there should be free trade within the Empire, and that certainly cannot be reached at one bound, and still more certainly not by talk and discussion only. The Empire grew up on *laissez-faire* principles, which may or may not have been wise in their day—that is beside the question. What we have to deal with is the result of those principles. The result is particularly incoherent and shapeless, and to set forth with the object supposed by Sir Robert Giffen of hammering it all into one mould without any gradual and careful preliminary kneading and shaping, would be to court disaster. So far as the mother country is concerned, she should, while always keeping her eyes fixed on the ultimate goal, proceed with patient and prudent steps, and be well satisfied as one post or another to guide her along the road had been reached and passed. Her children, by the education received at her hands, have grown up to be exceedingly independent, and, while encouraging every movement among them for closer and better relationship as among themselves, she had very much better concentrate her first efforts upon her own relations with them, and, until those are successful, in this respect mind her own business. Let her, that is to say, content herself with establishing free trade between them and herself as a primary aim, leaving free trade among themselves to be reached afterwards as a secondary aim. What customs duties they may meanwhile levy against each other need concern her but little; what customs duties they may levy against foreign countries need never concern her at all.

But this it may be, and probably will be, retorted is not a Customs Union, not a "Zollverein," at all—not even if the secondary aim is reached, still less if only the primary. That depends upon definition. Varying a definition, which I attempted in the *National Review* for March of this year, I would state it for a British Customs Union as follows: Free trade within the Empire, while every component part thereof should establish such a customs tariff upon goods imported into it from foreign countries as it may deem necessary to maintain, together with local internal taxation, revenue sufficient for its defence, maintenance, and good administration.* Even this goes further than is necessary at present. So far as the mother country is concerned, the "Customs Union" would exist when free trade between herself

* The variation is slight, but it seems to be necessary in order to avoid the misconstruction that a common customs tariff and a common system of internal taxation are implied.

and the Colonies had been established. If by "Customs Union" is to be meant the exact counterpart of the German "Zollverein," then the above definition is, of course, inaccurate, and another word must be found. It is not beyond the limits of possibility that it might come to mean that, but not for much time to come; and certainly it would not be practical politics to waste much time because two words in different languages did not mean the same thing. The definition being then established, most of the objections put forward by Sir Robert Giffen to a Customs Union must, I think, fall to the ground. The physical separation of the different parts of the Empire by the sea, for instance, affords no argument, so long as we have command of the seas, unless the implication is that free trade for an island is a delusion, which, although Sir Robert Giffen is not a very consistent free trader, is not what he appears to mean.

His next main objection that "unless each part of the Empire is to arrange its own tariff, it will be extremely difficult for it, if not impossible, to raise suitable revenue by means of indirect taxes," disappears also, with one exception, since each part of the Empire is expected "to arrange its own tariff." The exception is that for revenue purposes a tariff might have to apply to other parts of the Empire. But there is no difficulty here unless there exists a desire to create one. There may be a customs tariff imposed on goods coming from without the Empire. If the revenue so produced is insufficient, additional duties might be levied on goods whether coming from within the Empire or without it, which, to distinguish them from the ordinary customs duties, might be called *octroi* duties. An excise corresponding to these *octrois* could then be imposed as internal taxation, in which case the principle of free trade within the Empire would be in no way disturbed. This also disposes, I think, of his third main objection as to the difficulty of "pooling" arrangements among the different parts of the Empire, which are not necessary.

His fourth objection, namely, that difficulties may arise "from the uncertain political status of States and Provinces which form a portion of the Empire as far as the burden of defence is concerned, and which are popularly reckoned as within the Empire, but which are either not internationally recognised as part of the Empire at all or are subject to special arrangements by political treaties," is, to say the least, somewhat whimsical. What have the burden of defence or popular reckoning got to do with the matter at all? No sane man can wish to spoil all chances of a Customs Union (if so be he desires one), by attempting to drag into it countries which, owing to international obligations, should

be left outside it. And if some countries, which it might be pleasant to include, are not internationally recognised as part of the Empire, then they are not part of the Empire, and cannot be included, and there is an end of the matter. "How odd," exclaims Sir Robert Giffen, "a Zollverein of the Empire would look with large parts of it outside the Union, and especially a part like Egypt, the strategical centre of the Empire itself!" It would truly look a great deal odder with "a part like Egypt," which is not a part by any strain of international law, inside it. I share Sir Robert's inability to imagine how such difficulties as this are to be overcome; for to overcome difficulties which do not exist is indeed a task beyond the limits of human ingenuity.

His condemnation of "preferential arrangements" in the matter of tariffs is still more thorough than in that of a Customs Union, but is in no way better founded; while his description of "what is proposed in effect" seems to be inaccurate—although that may be due to a certain indefiniteness of expression. It is not, so far as I am aware, seriously proposed by any one that the mother country should tax colonial and foreign products differentially as a concrete part of the scheme, although this might be necessary in some cases for revenue purposes. The fundamental idea is that colonial products should be admitted free, and that foreign products should be taxed, thereby at once placing our fiscal system on the broader basis which Sir Robert Giffen admits to be necessary, and advancing by safe and rapid steps towards that free trade within the Empire which is meant by a British Customs Union. No doubt we should "walk warily"; any scheme which involves a departure by any country from its established fiscal system must be handled most prudently and carefully by the statesmen in whose hands lies the guidance of that country's destinies. I have already dealt with this subject at such length in the April number of this *Review* that I will not venture to discuss it again here, merely repeating that it is most unadvisable that the duties on foreign goods should ever be raised so high as to make them preventive, as Sir Robert Giffen imagines to be desired. At least no other meaning appears deducible from his repetition of the old argument—to which the epithet "obsolete" which he bestows on "fiscal ideas such as are involved in Protection" may be accurately applied—that "there is no prospect in reality that the Colonies, from which we import about £110,000,000 annually, and to which we export about £102,000,000 annually, would really for generations take the place in our trade of foreign countries from which we import £413,000,000 annually, and to which we export £252,000,000 annually." Coming from so expert a financier as Sir Robert

Giffen, such a misleading statement of the case is a little trying to the patience : the engaging and frank superficiality of a "Conservative Peer" in the *Contemporary Review* is preferable, crude as it is. The alternative which is thus implicitly set before us is that either we must persevere in our present system, to which again I venture to apply the word "obsolete," or that we must sacrifice the whole of our foreign trade in order to gain the whole colonial trade. To put forward such a statement is, if I may borrow a further phrase from Sir Robert Giffen, "surely to show its ineptitude." Does a serious economical thinker really expect us to believe, or to credit him with the belief, that a moderate protective, not preventive, tariff on foreign imports, would cause the whole, or even an important part, of our foreign trade to leave us? We are not the only trading nation in the world by any means, nor are the only useful economical lessons to be found exclusively in this country. It would be interesting to know how it is, if a lenient protective tariff is to cause the total disappearance of our foreign trade, that the exorbitant tariff maintained in other countries, such, for instance, as the United States or Germany, has not entailed the complete ruin of their foreign trade, which, on the contrary, has increased at a much greater rate, both absolutely and relatively, than ours. It is true that in the next phrase the author makes an attempt to palliate his sophistry by the assertion that even were the Colonies "to take the place of foreign countries to a very partial extent [it] would involve a complete revolution in the conditions of their industry, &c."; but this palliation is itself destroyed by the assertion a little later, that the Colonies ought to adopt universal free trade as their policy—a change on their part which would most certainly involve the complete revolution which is, apparently, deprecated.

Another objection raised by Sir Robert Giffen to preferential duties is that by reason of them each part of the Empire "is to divert a portion of its trade from the channels in which it naturally flows, a procedure necessarily involving loss, and it is to have the same trade afterwards within the Empire, only at greater expense." The first half of this phrase is fallacious, and the conclusion hypothetical. It is a complete delusion to suppose that the one-sided free trade which this kingdom follows, and which the occupants of professorial chairs love to worship, allows trade to run in its natural channels or anything, now, approximating to them. During about the first half of the free trade period this was, more or less, the case owing to special conditions then existing. Those conditions having changed, and continuing to change more and more, it has become, and will continue more and more to become, untrue. Trade, whether

with the Colonies or with foreign countries, has been, and is being, forced out of its natural channels, away from the United Kingdom, as a result of the protective policy of our chief rivals. We may sit still, act as if we believed that one-sided free trade is an immutable law of God for this country, and accept all the results with resigned fatalism; but neither fatalism nor sophistry will stave those results off. They are surely beginning to be patent enough in the transference of blocks of our industries to our "American cousins": what has been actually achieved so far in this way may possibly be exaggerated, but if the achievement be regarded as a sign of the times exaggeration is difficult. The Colonies perceive all this well enough, and beg us to advance a first stride towards free trade within the Empire by establishing with them a system of preference. With sublime self-contradiction Sir Robert Giffen, who condemns dealing with them on the *Do ut des* principle, insists that it would not pay us, that it might even involve some sacrifice, and that that would lead to disruption rather than to closer union: he, who declares that "it is surely most lamentable that colonial appeals to the mother country to federate should be mixed up with bargaining on the lowest level of any commercial transaction," rests a large part of his case on a basis of profit and loss. At one moment he is a free trader, at another—as when he advocates shipping subsidies—protectionist, at another, even, he appears to be in favour of preferential duties, since he is shocked at the clause in the Brussels Sugar Convention binding the mother country to levy the same duties on colonial sugar as on sugar from foreign countries. The discussion of preferential duties, again, is "mischievous" (p. 701), and at the conclusion of the article it "might be of advantage." The Colonies should be left free to adjust their own tariffs (p. 697), but should give way to the mother country when they discuss in council with her the question of Free Trade or Protection as the policy of the Empire (p. 703)!

To contradictions—and those noted above do not complete the list—are added fallacies in a fair sprinkling. It is bold, indeed, to pretend that free trade promotes peace and harmony after the explosion of hatred against this country which we have witnessed during the last two years. It is strange to hear that the trade of the Colonies flows in its most natural channels when they themselves indulge in protective tariffs, while our protected foreign rivals, by means of the advantage which their system affords them in competition with us, are steadily conducting that trade in artificial channels towards themselves. It is curious to learn that our Empire cannot produce all that it wants, as, for instance, iron ore (which abounds in Canada), tin (which abounds

in the Straits Territory), copper (which abounds in South Africa and Australasia), raw cotton (which abounds in India)—the words "and elsewhere within the Empire" could be added in every case.

One more "serious objection" to preferential arrangements with the Colonies put forward by Sir Robert Giffen is the "prospect of bad blood with foreign countries, especially with the United States." As I have recently endeavoured to maintain (*National Review*, March 1902), no objection could be weaker. We cannot allow the internal affairs of this Empire to be guided by the feelings of foreign nations. That would be a fatal principle to admit, a sign of such weakness that it must be a presage of no distant end. It may possibly be held that the term "foreign country" does not apply to the United States, and that the real end to be aimed at—the last and most splendid dream to be realised—is the complete union of the whole English-speaking race throughout the world. Those who hold this view would do well to reflect whether an exhibition of nervous weakness in one great section of that race is likely to conduce, or at any rate to conduce peacefully, to this end, and whether it is remotely probable that that section would patiently allow itself to be swallowed and digested by the other. They should ask themselves whether by pursuing their own course, as does the other great section, and considering what is for the best interests of the magnificent Empire which is their inheritance, while leaving others to take care of themselves, their dream may not become a reality far quicker than by action as from the weak to the strong. To me it does not seem doubtful that a great way towards that goal will have been passed when the federation of the British Empire has been accomplished, and that the first step towards political federation is commercial union.

Finally, I would observe that with some part of what Sir Robert Giffen says—with all, for instance, in the two concluding pages of his paper except the last few lines—it is possible to express cordial agreement: unfortunately he does not agree with himself. He appears to be striving to keep himself among those free traders who are "men who have kept the opinions of their youth and have failed to grasp realities," as M. Félix Faure said of Radicals, and yet to recognise the anomalies of which he is thus guilty. However that may be, when so accomplished a thinker as Sir Robert Giffen can only attack a policy to which he objects by such an array of self-contradictions and fallacies as that which he has brought to bear in this case, the ultimate, and even speedy, success of that policy is assured.

VINCENT CAILLARD.

LADY-SERVANTS

DOMESTIC service, if at present, not actually at a crisis, is steadily drawing nearer to one. Fewer and fewer recruits join its ranks from the old sources. In addition to the many signs of bad understanding between employers and employed that have existed for years, there stands out now the unmistakable fact that cooks, parlour-maids, and housemaids no longer present themselves in numbers to be chosen from. They show a tendency not to present themselves at all.

To the sociologist it should be a source of joy, a sign of national robustness and vigour, that the class which we are told used to exist in great content, ministering in dependence, to the comforts and luxuries of its richer brethren and sharing to a certain extent its material comforts, prefer the rougher life, the longer hours, the lesser pay of trades and professions, which offer independence and definite leisure. But the sociologist is probably a housekeeper too, and as such he does not rejoice. Certainly his wife does not. For we have not yet reached the ideal that Mr. Wells describes in *Anticipations*, that future where there is no washing-up: when apparatus and machinery do in our houses what the fairy hands did in the palaces of fairy stories. Some of us may not live to see it: some of us may not wish to live to see it. For machinery has its drawbacks. Though the fairy hands that did the work of palaces, did it with the perfection of machinery, yet they did it with an elegance, a grace and kindness which could not be attained by winding up.

Those who would like not to abolish domestic service, but to raise it to the rank and dignity of a skilled profession, will welcome the appearance of lady-servants.

For the practical purposes of life, the word servant needs no definition: but when the words lady or gentleman appear, the atmosphere is thick with definitions: various and contradictory.

From this confusion two facts emerge: (1) that the words "lady" or "gentleman" are applied by an impartial world to beings absolutely differing in essentials. (2) The authors of the defini-

tions are divided into two distinct camps and never will agree. Some lay most stress on external qualities, polish and grace of manner, some on internal mental and moral qualities, high and sensitive morality, grace of feeling. The man that Charles Lamb mentions in his letters, who liked reading Shakespeare because he (Shakespeare) was such a gentleman, and the members of the "enlightened aristocracy" who agreed in calling George IV. the first gentleman of Europe, would certainly never be at one in their definitions.

Certain it is that there have been great ladies and gentlemen in the past and probably may be in the present, to whom no one in any age would deny the title, and who have been much below instead of above the average morality. It is evident that ladies in the sense in which George IV. was a gentleman would not be valuable in domestic service. But there is also a widely accepted definition which lays most stress on certain moral attributes, on instinctive integrity, the habit of secret honour, self-control, self-respect. When these moral attributes are found in one who has neither birth, breeding, nor education, he is called nature's gentleman. The phrase nature's lady is not so familiar, but what it indicates is perhaps more so. Nature's lady would be invaluable in domestic service: indeed it is the stuff out of which the good domestic servant has been made in all ages. But it is becoming rarer in this profession: because the best section of the working class, the energetic, the understanding, the morally independent—that section out of which the best and most competent individuals emerge—avoid it. Factories now close at twelve on Saturdays and in most trades the tendency is to increase leisure, and to shorten the hours of work. It is not a wicked thing to desire independence. The fact remains that the best people are steadily drifting into trades that give it, and domestic service will be a miserable failure if its conditions remain unaltered.

I have always held that domestic service requires higher character and tone than most professions. There are in it more opportunities, almost encouragements to fail in duty. It offers liberally, daily opportunities, and temptations to deceive, to take advantage. To care for the things of others as if they were your own, to be economical with the money of others, to persist in work to some extent artificial and exceedingly monotonous day after day with steady zeal, requires a high stamp of character. Servants have to keep the straight path with few external incentives. They are not like the signalman and engineer who one day find themselves being tried for man-

slaughter, because they have been drowsy or have gently scamped their work. In domestic service there are frightful temptations to moral drowsiness. No weak and tottering character was ever yet kept straight in domestic service by the keenness and vigilance of the employer's eye ; and a very little cleverness will allow of deceit being practised comfortably and quietly for years. And as domestic service under its present conditions is like a family life kept together by artificialities, and so can be a hot-bed of petty crimes, of small meannesses, littlenesses, jealousies, hypocrisies, so the tact and large-mindedness required, cannot be exaggerated. And the bloom, the essence of good service, the grace, the willingness which make it a work of art, and one of the beautiful things of life, is a flower of character, and cannot be taught and insisted on, any more than adequately rewarded by wages.

It is said of the Turks that they have as kind hearts as most people, but that their want of imagination has made them deserve their reputation for cruelty. So with the employers of domestic labour, known as the "mistresses." They are gaining a bad character at variance with their good hearts ; they have wrecked the profession they manage in a way which would destroy any reputation for wisdom and kindness ; and yet as a class they have enough kindness and sense of responsibility to fit out millions of "model employers." But they have no imagination, or rather their imaginations are obscured by being encouraged to linger in mediæval and feudal times. For the ideals of domestic service are feudal and mediæval, and refuse absolutely to adapt themselves to the spirit of the modern world. A most pernicious idea, and one which must be mediæval in its origin, is that if work is hard, dreary and monotonous, the important thing to ensure the work being well done, is to bring life down to that level, to restrict interests, enjoyment, leisure, freedom. It is better for the work and better for the content of mind of the worker. We have given up this idea in other spheres. Political economists tell us that the great thing is to raise the standard of life of the working class, to make them discontented with the limitations of their life, to widen their sphere of interests and enjoyments. But the mediæval idea still determines the attitude of mind of the typical mistress, and is responsible for the conditions of domestic service. Employers are slow in seeing that if they want to encourage people of character and energy to enter domestic service, they must provide the conditions which attract people of this stamp. But instead of doing what they can to extend the interests and enlarge the freedom of domestic

service, they have gone, on principle, in the opposite direction. They have thought it their duty to improve and to discipline by guarding, restricting, repressing. They have been jealous and suspicious of leisure (quite apart from its economic difficulties); they have not encouraged opportunities for friendships and acquaintances, for keeping servants in touch with their class. Of course, the economic difficulties in a household in the way of arrangements of this sort are great; but these might be overcome; it is the attitude of mind of the employers that is really in the way. They discourage on principle. They have looked with jealousy and suspicion on the growth of interests and recreation for servants "as taking them out of their place," as making them discontented. The class of jokes which depends entirely on the inherent ridiculousness of the demands of servants for air, exercise and society, indicate the current state of mind on the subject. I call them jokes; because they appear in the pages of comic journals, so I suppose they are intended to raise a smile. But to those who don't smile, they appear as curious and significant instances of class stupidity—of that want of imagination in employers, who have done all they can to isolate servants as a class, and to lower the type of person who enters domestic service.

It is no mere aphorism, no empty invention of poets and theorists that healthy human nature, and the higher type of character require independence and the wide interests and realities of life. The fact has at all events got out of the range of theory now. The trades and professions (however hard and badly paid they may be) which offer most of what Charles Lamb calls life—"the time one can call one's own"—tend more and more to absorb the best of the working class. I have always been surprised that, considering the conditions of domestic service, there should be found in it so many individuals of a high type of character; but this will not be the case in the future. Domestic service will find it impossible to rival other professions if it continue to make regulations in a feudal and mediæval spirit, fed by observation of the worst of the somewhat inferior set it encourages to enter its ranks. They may be very numerous, and provide numberless instances to justify distrust and suspicion, but that is no reason why they should determine the conditions of what might be a dignified profession.

In other trades if the employer's imagination lag too far behind it is quickened by the demands of the workers. Trades unions, who have earned for themselves a bad name, have probably in their time made as many wise demands, which have

proved for the benefit of their trade as a whole, as silly and purely self-interested ones. But it is obvious that there would be great difficulties in organising a trades union in domestic service, as it at present exists. It is a profession in which it is impossible the work could be well done in the highest sense, if there is open and constant antagonism between employers and employed.

But I have great hopes that the union of lady servants (which calls itself the Guild of Dames of the Household) may do a great deal to effect quickly and without bitterness the changes necessary to put domestic service on a reasonable and dignified basis. If they are ladies not alone in the precarious sense of birth, but if they belong to the moral aristocracy of the world, they will undoubtedly make their value felt in doing the difficult and complicated work of the household, and their demands will appear reasonable and necessary to the imagination of the employer. If, in their ranks, they should include a few ladies of title with a taste for domestic work, these demands might be ceded with enthusiasm.

This is not the place to discuss the appropriateness of the title which this union of ladies engaged in domestic work has chosen. It suggests the idea that at their first meeting the term lady presented its usual difficulties. The guild states that "its object is to unite ladies engaged in domestic work for mutual encouragement and help, and to secure for such workers a recognised social position": it is said in one of the leaflets the guild publishes from time to time, that though, of course, "salary must be an important matter to the self dependent, it is less a question of money and labour that the dames have to consider than a question of suitable conditions of work." Its regulations state that members would receive wages under £18 only under certain conditions; and this is justified by another regulation which recognises training as necessary to all branches of the profession; they also state the minimum time required off duty, but as applicants for lady servants have a paper sent them asking what leisure they can allow, I imagine that the applicant who can give most, will, other things being equal, have choice of the best servants. Their demands at present are moderate, but in the right direction. The guild was formed only in 1900, and has had little time to prove whether it be a success or not. But in theory it seems to have every chance. It opens another profession to women of the higher class who have to earn their living. Women have been told, in season and out of season, for centuries, till they are somewhat weary of it, that their talents are best fitted for domestic work, therefore, it ought to be suitable

work; if they can obtain suitable conditions, it ought to be dignified work. The salaries compare well with the salaries of women engaged in secretarial, official, and even teaching work. It is certain that many women, utterly unfitted for teaching, which was the only work convention at one time considered possible to the technical lady, might have been happy and successful (under conditions which recognised their right to a certain amount of leisure and independence) in domestic work. Probably if Charlotte Brontë had had the choice of being cook or housemaid she would have preferred it to being a governess. She had no understanding of the ordinary child, as her books show, and probably made quite a bad governess. According to Mrs. Gaskell she excelled in domestic work, and was fond of it: orderly, exact, neat, and methodical, she could probably have reasonably claimed a large amount of definite leisure, and no mistress could have refused on the ground that she would make a bad use of it.

Reasonably and without undue friction ladies could effect the necessary alterations in domestic service, so that it might have in future that chance which is the test of any successful profession —the chance of attracting the suitable individual in any class of society. But the best cause can be wrecked temporarily and sometimes permanently by the wrong individuals. The qualities which should give a real claim to the title of lady may often be lowered into the obstructive qualities of mere gentility—the ugliest word and of paltriest meaning in the English language. All sorts of difficult and doubtful questions have to be solved by the domestic ladies. I see in the rules of the guild that at present they demand that rough work should be done for them. The principle in itself is the right one: that you must not expect the same person to do the rough unskilled labour and the highest skilled labour of her profession. But I hope it is not to be made a question of caste. I know ladies who have a taste for hard scrubbing and digging, and would resent on principle any such division of labour.

Above all I look to ladies to make possible another reform in the conditions of domestic service, which I think is absolutely needed to establish it on its right basis. This is the plan that servants should live out of the house, that they should have their own life, their own interests apart from their work and the surroundings and atmosphere of their employers; that they are responsible in their leisure only to themselves. Domestic service should be compatible with a servant living at home with her own family, or independently with a free social life of her own choice

(that idea which now appears to excite so much amusement in connection with domestic service). Servants, as a matter of fact, do now occasionally live out of the house of their employers; but it is exceptional, though in the cases I know, a success. If it became more general it would imply the existence of boarding-houses, which would be institutions in the sense that they would have rules and regulations for more or less of a common life, and would be under a superintendent with more or less authority. Such institutions for servants, established and run in the first instance by a superior class, whom the world might with a little difficulty recognise as the equals of their employers in birth and breeding, only differing in the accident of fortune, would establish the principle of independence, without having to struggle with the distrust and suspicion, and consequent defiance and isolation, which would be their lot, if started by the class from which the ordinary servant is now drawn. They would establish definitely the principle of independence in domestic service; they would make domestic service attractive to some who otherwise would not have entered it, and yet who might be admirably fitted for it; they would relieve employers of that sense of responsibility which, if they have any consciences, must necessarily be theirs, when they find under their roof human beings isolated in their lives and consequently limited in their interests, unduly dependent on them for their welfare and happiness.

Of course, there will always be those who as a matter of choice prefer to live in the house of their employers, who would choose dependence; and indeed there is always a great deal to be said for the right sort of dependence—for the ideal tie between superior and dependant. And there must be situations where the conditions of dependence are necessary, as in country houses and houses distant from towns; but the independence of certain members of the profession would improve the position and type of the dependant, as the independence of the high-school mistress has improved the position and type of the resident governess. I am told that the practical difficulties in the way of independence, and especially in the establishment of these boarding-houses will be enormous. Of course they will. There was no reform ever worked in human affairs that had not great practical difficulties to overcome, but the worst obstacles are those raised by the prejudiced or timid human mind. If domestic service is to be rescued from its unattractive isolation, if it is to secure suitable individuals of a good type of character, no matter from what class, it must be put on an independent basis, and this independent basis can only be secured by a change in the attitude of mind towards it and the

people who enter it. It is in the power of lady-servants to do much towards effecting this.

If it is not done, domestic service will drift slowly towards ruin. The exceptional households that attain success in spite of difficulties will become fewer and fewer. Some households will continue to exist, as has been their custom, amid the uncertainties, the wranglings, the frightful waste of human energy that the employment of inferior people as domestic servants always necessitates; the wealthier among us, who also desire spiritual peace as well as material comfort, will live in large hotels and flats, surrounded by the subdued whirr of the machinery that drives their countless appliances.

ELLEN W. DARWIN.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, *May* 13, 1902.

"THE issue in the Congressional elections this autumn can be defined in a few words. It will be the people against the Trusts. If the Trusts win next November, the issue of the Presidential election of two years hence will be the same, only in more accentuated degree. The people are getting tired of the tyranny of the Trusts."

This is the opinion of a prominent Republican statesman who has had long political experience, and who has taken part in many a hardly contested political campaign. Like other politicians, he has for some time been closely watching the trend of public sentiment. He believes he has caught the drift. His opinion is shared by other close observers.

It would be strange indeed if the conclusion of eight years of "McKinley prosperity" saw the defeat of the Republican party, if that defeat was due solely to that prosperity, if the Trusts, which owe their existence to the Republican party and Republican doctrine—for without the tariff there would be no great Trusts—were now to be the means of destroying the party that had warmed them into life ; and yet precisely that state of affairs may be witnessed two years hence. Throughout the country there is a growing feeling that the Trusts have spread out their tentacles until they hold every man and woman in their grasp, and can squeeze them as much as they please whenever the fancy pleases them and it is to their profit to do so. The academic stage of the Trust discussion has passed, and it is as a practical question that it is now discussed by the country, which sees only one side. That side is the prevailing high prices. "My people are tired of high prices," a Western Member of Congress recently said after a visit to his district. "They believe that Trusts of all kinds, big and little, are making too much money. The cost of living scares them. They want the Trusts hit by prosecutions in court, by tariffs, in every way that is open. If the people in other parts of the country are like those in my district, this is the one question now agitating the

American people." High wages and steady employment are lost sight of. High wages, these people say, are not high enough to compensate for the extortionate prices which the Trusts exact. The cost of living has increased enormously within the last year or two ; and while wages have gone up they have not kept pace proportionately with the advance in the necessities of life.

The remedy proposed for this state of affairs, a state of affairs burdensome enough now and threatening to become still more intolerable in the near future, is the enactment of legislation that shall effectively control and curb the power of the Trusts, and a revision of the tariff laws so that excessive profits shall be reduced to a normal level by foreign competition regulating the home market and forcing the domestic manufacturer to be content with a moderate profit instead of permitting him to rob the consumer at his deliberate pleasure. The Trusts—and I use that term generically and to include the great combinations of capital and the controllers of articles entering into the daily life of the people ; the things they eat and wear as well as the things they must use to enable them to produce—already see the handwriting on the wall. It is the last straw that is always the heaviest part of the burden, and while the country has been groaning under Trust exactions for some years past it was not until the price of provisions was advanced beyond a legitimate level that the country demanded relief. The suit now pending in Chicago will determine whether the Beef Trust or the people are supreme. If the men who compose the Trust can be reached by process of law, aroused public sentiment will be satisfied, for it will mean relief ; if the Beef Trust escapes from the law's meshes—and it would not be the first time that capital has found itself superior to law—the political party that has shown itself impotent to deal with a great evil will have to give place to a more courageous or a more ingenious party.

President Roosevelt, with the courage and boldness that has always characterised his public career, has not hesitated to lead his party in the right direction. It was on his initiative that suits were begun against "The Northern Securities Company" and the Beef Trust. It was a bold thing to do. It was throwing down the gage to the capitalists, the men who contribute to campaign funds, and without whose contributions a political campaign could not be waged, for money is the sinews of war in politics as in military operations ; the men who directly and indirectly control hundreds of thousands of votes, who are never scrupulous about exercising their authority, and whose power of coercion, and argument, and intimidation is always ranged on the side of their self-interest.

To say that the people no longer control a Presidential election would be to make a sweeping statement that no man ought to make without exact evidence to support his charge, and that evidence, of course, can never be obtained. It is, however, not an exaggerated or unwarranted charge to bring that the Presidential candidate who arrays himself against the great financial and commercial interests of the country stands a very poor chance of success. No Presidential campaign can be waged without the expenditure of large sums of money, and that money must come from great business concerns who can afford to make contributions of £10,000 and £20,000. The dollars of the working men are as ineffectual to combat this shower of gold as bows and arrows are against modern artillery.

In attacking the Trusts President Roosevelt has become "unsafe," a menace to business, as dangerous to continued prosperity and profits as a Bryan or an Altgeld. The contributors to campaign funds are not sentimentalists. The president of a great corporation, when he sends the corporation's cheque for £20,000 to a campaign committee, is not acting as the almoner for his stockholders. Political contributions are an investment that are expected to yield handsome returns. There would be no sense in investing in the stock of a political party or a political candidate unless there was a reasonable expectation that it would pay dividends. That was why corporation interests antagonised Mr. Bryan in 1896 and two years ago, and why he was hampered for funds. These same corporate interests are now looking askance at Mr. Roosevelt. According to current newspaper reports, President Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad, who with Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan formed the Northern Securities Company, which the President believes to be a violation of the law, and who is Mr. Morgan's partner in a colossal railroad amalgamation, "has sworn that Mr. Roosevelt shall not be nominated, and if nominated shall not be elected. Mr. Hill is represented by those who have talked with him," says one paper not given to sensational statements, "as being very angry at the President, and Mr. Hill has a great deal of political influence in the North-western States. Senators, Representatives, and whole State delegations to national conventions are under his control." Mr. Hill surely is not a man to be despised, and when one remembers the capital and votes controlled by Mr. Hill and his associates, that nothing is so clannish as capital, and that not even the most arbitrary and most powerful labour union is so quick to resent an injury to one of its members as the members of the "Capitalists' Union," a

small but select body of men who control all the transportation systems of the country, some of the greatest industrial enterprises and the money market—in a word, in whose hands centre the *business* of the United States, it will be seen how tremendous is the power of the "Capitalists' Union."

Men of the stamp of Hill and his associates are wrathful. Politicians, men in Congress and throughout the country, are in doubt as to whether it would be expedient to nominate Mr. Roosevelt two years hence. Many of these men at the present time are neutral, and are watching to see what the outcome will be. The President is still on trial. He has not yet served his period of probation. He has still to demonstrate that he has a firm grip on his party, that he is its master and not mastered by it. It has happened before this that a President has lost the support of the politicians and still retained the confidence of the country. That was the case of Mr. Cleveland. The politicians detested him to a man, but the people believed in him, and against the opposition of the politicians he was nominated for a second term and defeated. To-day it looks very much as if Mr. Roosevelt was distrusted by the politicians, but as if the people, the great mass of the people as opposed to the special interests, believed in him, believed in his honesty, and his courage, and his determination to do right, no matter what the consequences. And those are qualities that always commend themselves to the masses.

Some of the politicians who think that the President is too radical and too pedantically honest are suggesting that a "Conservative Democrat" would be a safer man to place in the White House at the expiration of Mr. Roosevelt's term. For the benefit of such a man, they say, a huge campaign fund could be raised. The corporations and the Trusts would contribute $10,000,000 or $20,000,000 if necessary, and with that amount of money at the back of them the election of their candidate would be assured. It might not be possible to prevent the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt, for the people have something to say after all in the nomination of a candidate, but his election could be prevented. If the moneyed interests should ally themselves against the Republican candidate, if that candidate should be Mr. Roosevelt, his defeat would be almost certain.

Meanwhile the agitation in favour of a revision of the tariff increases, which adds another perplexity to a situation not altogether without its complications. The President has been urged to attack the Trusts, especially the great Steel Trust, through the medium of the tariff. It has been pointed out to the President that the Trust is able to sell its products cheaper

in Europe than in the United States, and the reason why it is able to sell cheaper abroad than at home is that abroad it is not protected by the tariff, while at home the tariff is added to the cost and is paid by the consumer. The people, especially in the West, are hungry for tariff reform. Members of Congress, Republican Members of Congress be it remembered, steeped in Protection, representing Protectionist communities, staunch supporters of Protection, have not hesitated to denounce the Dingley tariff as being too high, and needing revision because of changed economic conditions that did not exist at the time of the enactment of the Dingley tariff, and to point out that if the Republican party goes into the campaign this autumn clinging to the Dingley tariff as too sacred to be profaned by the sacrilegious touch of the revisionist, defeat stares them in the face.

Thus Representative Roberts of Massachusetts—a Republican from a Republican State—said in the House the other day, referring to the Dingley tariff, somewhat rhetorically, it is true, but nevertheless voicing a very considerable sentiment in his own party: "Neither its greatness nor its results are sufficient to make it a deity before whom the American people must for ever bow their heads, nor dare to lift their eyes to the face of their god, much less to question his imperious will." And commenting on this speech the *Philadelphia Ledger*, one of the strongest Republican papers in the country, published in a State that gives overwhelming Republican majorities, says:

> There is little doubt that Representative Roberts . . . voices the sentiment of the country. He is neither a Democrat nor a Free-trader. It is not necessary for a man to be either of these to oppose tariff taxes that despoil the consumer to enrich Trusts. The district Mr. Roberts represents includes Lynn, one of the shoe-manufacturing centres. He is a member of the Boston Bar, has served several terms in the Massachusetts Legislature, and is serving his second term in Congress. Upon his re-election he had more than 8000 plurality over his Democratic opponent. When such men appeal for a just revision of the tariff it is time for Republican leaders to put on their thinking-caps.

There is little doubt, as the *Philadelphia Ledger* says, that Mr. Roberts has voiced the sentiment of the country, but it is a very serious matter for the President to recommend a revision of the tariff, which means an absolute dislocation of business until the new tariff schedules are known. It takes not days or weeks to make a tariff in the United States, but months. That is one thing in which the Old Country beats the New. The bridge contractor in the United States may be able to build faster than his British rival, but when it comes to turning out a Budget or a tariff Westminster can teach Washington a thing or two. If the Republicans should take up the tariff question,

and the Ways and Means Committee should sit during the summer, as has been proposed, the Bill would not be reported to Congress until next December, and at least three months would elapse until it became law. That is to say, for a period of not less than eleven months business would be disarranged, manufacturers would restrict their output, and merchants would limit their purchases, because they would be afraid to manufacture or stock up with goods that might be worth 10 or 20 per cent. below the prevailing market price by the reduction in the duty. The curtailment of output would mean a reduction in the number of men employed, a tightening of credits and a stringency in the money market. The political effects of a tariff revision are always to be dreaded, so that it is no wonder that political managers approach the subject with reluctance, nay, more than that, with fear and trembling. The Republicans are finding themselves between two fires. On the one side they are in danger by not revising the tariff, on the other they are in equal danger of disturbing business by taking up the matter. It is such a delicate situation that no one is quite prepared to say what ought to be done, that is, looked at from purely a political standpoint and without regard to the ethics involved.

The vote by which the Cuban Reciprocity Bill was passed by the House of Representatives the latter end of last month is significant of the discontent existing in the Republican party, the demand for tariff revision, the hatred of Trusts, and the regeneration of the Democratic party. In the West during the last few years the cultivation of sugar-beets has been actively carried on with such success that to-day there are millions of dollars invested in sugar-beetroot lands and factories, and the product is destined in a few years seriously to compete with cane-sugar. The proposition to rebate the tariff in favour of the Cuban sugar-planter aroused the opposition of the Western men, who feared that the Sugar Trust, which practically refines all the sugar used in this country, would be able to buy its raw material at a still lower figure and force down the price of beet-sugar. For weeks the contest waged with great violence, and finally the House passed a Bill reducing the duty on Cuban sugar 20 per cent., but at the same time repealing the countervailing duty on refined sugar, which is solely for the benefit of the Sugar Trust. This Bill could only be passed by thirty-two Republicans breaking away from party lines and voting with the Democrats, who, of course, were only too delighted to drive a wedge into the ranks of their opponents and to sustain Democratic principles by voting for tariff reductions. The revolt in the Republican ranks was due to several causes. It was

selfishness on the part of Western members who were fighting to protect a home industry and who were indifferent as to Cuba; it was the sentiment of tariff revision making itself felt; it was the opportunity to strike a heavy blow at the Sugar Trust, one of the most obnoxious Trusts in the country; it was an outward expression of the general discontent prevailing in the Republican party. On the other hand, the Democrats for the first time in years "got together." Their tactics were far superior to those of their opponents, who came out of the fight really beaten and very much demoralised.

Mr. J. P. Morgan's amalgamation of the Atlantic steamship lines has attracted as much attention on this side of the Atlantic as it has on yours. The American imagination is, of course, fired by this Napoleonic *coup*, and the American Eagle preens itself proudly when it remembers that its wings stretch from continent to continent and that it is master of the sea as well as the land; but men of less imagination and more prone to investigation are asking whether these huge Trusts will not break of their own weight; whether, in other words, it is possible to defy what has hitherto been regarded as a natural law: the law of competition. J. P. Morgan is to commerce what Cæsar and Alexander and Napoleon were to war—in one word, a genius—but the world only produces a genius at rare intervals. Unless there is another genius to take Mr. Morgan's place—and Mr. Morgan is a man well advanced in years—will the whole fabric which he has upbuilt with such marvellous ability crumble into dust, or is it built on such a secure foundation that it will survive the death of its creator?

The answer is yet in the future, but events of to-day must be of a character to cause Mr. Morgan and some of his associates uneasiness. The Billion Dollar Steel Trust, the Colossus among industrial corporations, is, according to a statement of a professor of economics of the University of Pennsylvania, Professor E. S. Meade, in a public lecture delivered in New York a few days ago, insolvent, although not bankrupt, and Professor Meade asserts that if the history of the steel industry should repeat itself the corporation will surely go into the hands of a receiver. Professor Meade's statement may or may not be warranted, but certain financial operations of the Steel Trust tend to throw some doubt on its position. The Company converted $200,000,000 of preferred stock bearing 7 per cent. interest into $250,000,000 of mortgage bonds bearing 5 per cent. interest. On the face of it this was sound financiering, as it was an apparent saving of $1,500,000 in interest charges, but the saving is more nominal than real, as provision has to be

made for the establishment of a sinking fund to redeem the bonds at maturity, so that the net saving is less than $1,000,000. But the explanation of the managers regarding this conversion reveals some extraordinary things. One object in converting the stock into bonds was to obtain $50,000,000 in cash, which is somewhat surprising, considering that only three weeks before this conversion was made the Company issued a balance-sheet showing a surplus on the year's operations of $24,500,000, and a reserve and depreciation fund of $15,400,000. In addition, it had paid its fixed charges on bonds, declared a dividend of 7 per cent. on the preferred stock and 4 per cent. on common stock, the latter, be it remembered, pure water. Still the Company found it necessary to raise $50,000,000 in cash, and a pretty steep price it had to pay for it. Mr. J. P. Morgan's banking-house, without which nothing is done in *haute finance* these days on either side of the Atlantic, attended to the details, and for their services will receive a commission of 4 per cent., or $10,000,000 ; and the Morgans charge almost as much for their accommodation as do the gentlemen who advance money on post-obits or do bills for impecunious youngsters with expectations.

Only one of two conclusions can be reached. Either the Steel Trust was so desperately hard up for money that it was willing to pay any price to obtain it, or else the Steel Trust has so much money and is making such huge profits that it can afford to be lavishly generous to Mr. J. P. Morgan. English investors in the stock of the corporation can find their own consolation. In the circular issued to the stockholders by the managers it was explained that at the time of the organisation of the Trust the subsidiary companies were committed to extensions involving $15,000,000, and that $10,000,000 were needed for "improvements." In other words, there is a floating indebtedness that can only be liquidated by being capitalised into a bond issue, and thereby increasing the fixed charges and increasing the risk of a reorganisation in case of a depression of trade the company should default on its interest payments. The $15,000,000 of floating indebtedness was either overlooked or else ignored when the Trust was formed ; the $10,000,000 needed for "improvements" is inexplicable in view of the large surplus and the equally large "improvement and depreciation" fund.

"The leading experts in the financial and industrial affairs of this country," to quote the *New York Sun*, a paper that believes in Trusts, and is extremely friendly to this particular Trust, are the managers of the Steel Corporation, and these men are supposed to stand for all that is wise and prudent and far-seeing in

commercial affairs. In view of that fact, it is presumption for a layman to criticise or to throw doubt on the wisdom of these great masters of their craft ; but I may properly introduce a quotation from Professor Meade's lecture as of sufficient importance to be pondered over by British investors who have manifested such delirious haste in investing in American stocks :

> Our conclusion, therefore, must be [Professor Meade said] that, unless prosperity is to be perpetual, the stockholders of the United States Steel Corporation, not merely those who hold the common stock, but those who bask in the sunshine of cumulative preference, are living in a kind of paradise which is sometimes said to be inhabited by persons of limited intelligence. It may very well happen that conditions will never again be as bad as they were in 1894, but they could be a great deal better than they were then, and still be bad enough to wreck the Steel Corporation beyond repair.

A propos of the Morgan steamship deal, I see that many English newspapers are, as Professor Meade says, "living in a kind of paradise which is sometimes said to be inhabited by persons of limited intelligence" by saying that there is no danger of British-built ships passing under the American flag because under American law American registry cannot be granted to a vessel built in a foreign yard. That is quite true when said of the law as it exists to-day, but there is nothing to prevent laws being unmade to suit particular purposes. It seems to have been forgotten that two British-built steamships, the *City of Paris* and the *City of New York*, were admitted to American registry and are subsidised by the American Government. When it is necessary to replace worn-out White Star and other British-built vessels with new ships, what is there to prevent Mr. Morgan from saying to Congress : "If you want these vessels built in American shipyards you must grant American registry to the ships now owned by the Steamship Trust, and you must subsidise them exactly as you now subsidise the ships that were built in England and once sailed under the British flag." The American shipbuilder will, of course, champion this proposition, because it will put a lot of profitable work in his hands, and the same argument that was used before Congress in 1892 will again be employed : "It will give immediate employment to a large number of men in our shipyards, and the committee feel assured that this Act will stimulate not only foreign commerce under the American flag, but shipbuilding by American shipyards." When that is done, what becomes of the theory entertained by some English writers that the sale of British vessels to the American Shipping Trust is a good thing because it will lead to the building of new ships in British shipyards ? Not much, I think. The new

ships will be built in American shipyards, and the one industry in which Great Britain now holds the primacy will have passed into the hands of its great Transatlantic rival.

The Philippines question is expected to play an important part in politics this autumn. A few weeks ago no Republican believed that there was any political capital to be made out of the Philippines, or that the country at large cared much what was being done. But, owing to the revelations of the way in which the war has been carried on, the stories of cruelty that are not denied, and the sentiment which the pro-Filipino speakers and press have been able to work up, the Republicans have become somewhat alarmed. In the Senate they have put forward their best orators to combat the Democrats. They admit that there has been a certain amount of cruelty always inseparable from the conduct of war, and that the "water cure" has been administered to the natives because that was the only way by which important information could be extracted, but that no worse cruelties have distinguished this war than were practised by the commanders of both armies during the Civil War, or by the Germans in 1870, or by the South to-day in lynching negroes. This reference to the Southern treatment of the negro brought a violent and vehement rejoinder from Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, who unblushingly declared that the whites of the South intended to keep the negroes in subjection by hanging them, or burning them, or shooting them, or using any other means that might be found necessary. Sectional animosities are being aroused, bitterness is being engendered, and no one can tell what the end will be. All the passions to which the Civil War gave birth, that were supposed to be dead, that were believed to be merely a memory when North and South stood together facing a common foe, when former Confederates wore the blue of the Union army and served under the men against whom they once fought, but with whom they then fought shoulder to shoulder against Spain, have once more been fanned into flame. It is not an edifying spectacle, but it is interesting.

A few weeks ago it was Germany with whom Miss Columbia was enjoying a mild flirtation, to-day it is France. The unveiling of a statue to Count Rochambeau eleven days hence has been seized upon by the French Government to revive the waning interest in the "traditional friendship" that has always existed between the Great and the Little Republic and to recall renewed attention to the priceless services rendered by France to the United States during the crisis of the Spanish War, when

all the world, with the single exception of England, was hostile to the United States, so lasting is gratitude and so keen is memory. The French Government expects that its delegation will be treated with as much ceremony as was Prince Henry and will be shown equal attention; but, alas, it is only princes who create a *furore* in a Republic. The French Embassy will be treated with official consideration, and will be officially entertained, but the people have none of that interest in the Frenchmen that they had in Prince Henry, and the "Four Hundred" are not scheming to have the honour of dining them as they schemed and intrigued for the presence of Prince Henry as a guest.

When the battleship *Illinois*, flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Crowninshield, is seen at the Coronation Review, Englishmen will see not only a very fine ship but a crew one-third of whom never saw salt water until they were enlisted, and who were enlisted a thousand miles from the sea. Until a few years ago sailors for the American navy were recruited on the seaboard, and if enough Americans could not be secured to make up the desired complement foreigners were taken. The desire has been to eliminate the foreigner as much as possible, because the qualities that distinguish the American, his superior education, fertility of resource and physique, were regarded as the ideal qualifications for a man-of-war's-man. Unable to find the requisite number of men in the coast cities, it occurred to a brilliant genius in the Navy Department that the fresh-water sailors of the Great Lakes ought to furnish all the raw material required, and in the country west of the Alleghanies was a nursery for deep-water seamen. The idea seemed to be so good that recruiting stations were opened in the West, and the experiment has more than justified the hopes of its projectors. The men are mostly native born, of superior physical endurance, and of higher intelligence than men of their class usually found on board war-ships. In the short time that was required to pass them from landsmen to A.B.s they evoked the warmest praise from officers who were closely watching the experiment. The fact that the West can supply "soldiers and sailors, too," that it can furnish men who can ride and shoot as well as men who can handle a ship and fire her big-guns, who taken from the decks of grain-carriers and ore barges are intelligent enough to become able-bodied seamen in a few months, emphasises the tremendous possibilities of the United States if it should ever become necessary for her to exert all her strength in a life-and-death struggle. The more one studies the present and the future of

the United States, the more one is convinced that the United States must be one of the greatest factors of the world's destiny.

A propos of the navy, it is noteworthy that, whenever public men make any comparison of American naval strength with that of foreign countries, Germany is always selected as the basis for the comparison. No one ever thinks of comparing the American navy with that of Great Britain, or France, or Russia, but it is always Germany that is cited, and this is not done entirely unconsciously, but "for the probable reason," as the Boston *Herald* pointed out the other day, "that it is believed that the ships of that nation, more than any other in Europe, are the ones with which it is possible our navy may on some future occasion have to contend." This is unkind after the visit of Prince Henry, but it accurately reflects public sentiment. Only a few days ago, when the Naval Estimates were adopted by the House, the chairman of the Naval Committee pointed out, ship by ship, the relative strength of the American and German navies, and gave as one reason for advocating an increase of construction that, unless the United States strengthened its fleet, it would in the next five or six years be hopelessly outclassed by Germany. No one thought it strange that such a pointed allusion should be made to Germany, no one asked why American construction should not keep pace with that of France or Russia, but, every one understood that Germany has to be watched, and that the best way to keep a watchful eye upon her is to build two battleships every time Germany launches one. For the present at least, or until other political events change the current of thought, the naval strength of the United States will be fixed by that of Germany, and every increase of Germany's sea-fighting force will be met by a corresponding increase on the part of the United States. Both Republicans and Democrats will agree to that policy. It is recognised that the Monroe Doctrine is in greater danger from Germany than from any other quarter, and the only way to ward off that danger is to be in possession of a fleet more powerful even than that of the aggressor. The American navy is an insurance policy, and the cost of building and maintaining a navy is looked upon as the premiums to carry the insurance. Soft words butter no parsnips, and even the visit of the Kaiser's brother and the Kaiser's honeyed phrases have not changed the belief of Americans that the validity of the Monroe Doctrine can be maintained so long as Germany fears the ships and the guns that make the Monroe Doctrine a stern reality and not merely an empty declaration.

A. MAURICE LOW.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DIPLOMATIST

EARLY DAYS IN ITALY AND PARIS

I should not easily have consoled myself for their departure* had they not been succeeded by that most genial of men and prince of chiefs, Sir James Hudson. Under this ablest, perhaps, and most successful of English diplomatists of our time it was my lot to serve for too short a period; long enough, however, to win my affection and make me look back to those few brief months with exceptional pleasure and gratitude. Sir James Hudson is too well known to require description, nor shall I attempt a task to which I could render but scant justice. An admirable portrait of him by a master hand is to be found in *Tony Butler*. It is sufficient for me to say that he was beloved by all who approached him, and that for sweetness and liberality of disposition, perfect charm of manner, playful—indeed boyish—humour no man with whom I ever stood in official relations equalled him. Withal as bold as a lion and "inflexible as steel." The magnitude of his share in the important transactions that led to the formation of the Kingdom of Italy is well known and generally acknowledged, although those transactions are perhaps as yet too near to us to be clearly and impartially judged. The skill displayed in them by Hudson will be better understood hereafter; in my belief he in a measure divides with Cavour the glory of Italian redemption. Indeed, he to a certain extent made Cavour, by giving him a lift into the saddle at the right moment. I can well recall to mind the satisfaction with which he announced to us that d'Azeglio was to be succeeded by Cavour as Prime Minister. He had largely contributed to the change, having, I think, no great liking for d'Azeglio, and having divined the genius and great statesmanlike qualities of the other man, and how admirably fitted Cavour was to carry out the policy they both had at heart. But it is when considering the difficulties with

* The departure of Sir Ralph and Lady Mary Abercromby, who were now transferred from Turin to the Legation at The Hague. See the May number of the *National Review*.

which he had to contend that the work of Hudson can best be appreciated. As an instance of these I may mention what he himself told me shortly after his arrival at Turin in November 1851. On taking leave of Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, who was hurrying him out to his post, he endeavoured to find out to what extent he would be justified in holding out to the Sardinian Government hopes of English support in case of emergency. For some time he could elicit nothing from Lord John beyond a general statement that he might assure the Cabinet of Turin of the sympathy of H.M.'s Government, of their "moral support." "But," said Hudson, "what am I to do if Austria takes to coercing Sardinia, if she threatens her with invasion, and so forth?" "Well," was the reluctant reply, "then you might send for the Mediterranean fleet to Genoa." He could extract nothing further, nor was he told what he was to do with the "fleet at Genoa" when once he got it there, though of course it was something to have wrested thus much from official reserve. He laughed, with a joyous laugh peculiarly his own, when relating this, and I cannot but think that the circumstance goes some way towards showing how great must have been his weight and influence with the Piedmontese Government and people, since, with so slender and almost illusory a backing, he was able to persuade both them and also the world at large that England stood behind Sardinia and was prepared effectually to aid and protect her. It seems to me that there are few instances on record of what I may call the personal initiative of a diplomatic agent achieving such success. Indeed it almost puts Kinglake's *Great Eltchi* in the shade, for Lord Stratford de Redcliffe really had the might of England at his back, as the event most fully proved. No doubt Hudson had with him the cordial good wishes of Lord Palmerston and the vague sympathies of the British public (what the latter are worth Danish and Franco-German wars have since shown), but I cannot but think that he gave a body to them as it were, and made them yield fruit beyond what could have been expected from anything so shadowy and unsubstantial. My opinions on these transactions are worth little, but they have at least the merit of impartiality. I am a Conservative by temper and conviction, and was at first an utter disbeliever in Italian unity. Even now, after its successful achievement, I regret and strongly disapprove some of the means by which that unity was brought about, but I cannot withhold my admiration from the skill, the boldness, the constancy of its authors, in the first rank of whom I would place my respected chief, Sir James Hudson.

The staff of the Legation was renewed at this time. Mad Dick was transferred to Naples, and was succeeded as Secretary of Legation by Edward Erskine, who later had to bear so terrible a load of responsibility in Greece at the time of the Oropos murders. Henry Capel Lofft came out as Unpaid Attaché with Hudson, and Barron was summoned from Florence to take up the duties of Paid Attaché in the place of Lettsom. He had been some months before lent to the Legation at Florence, which happened to be short-handed at the time, and had in fact never joined his proper post. He showed exceeding reluctance to leave Florence, though several times requested to do so, and I think the night of his arrival was the only occasion on which I saw Hudson thoroughly angry. We were all sitting at dinner with our chief at the Hotel Feder, when Barron was announced. "Show him in," said Hudson; then turning to him: "Mr. Barron," he said, "you appear to prefer Florence so much to Turin that it seems to me the sooner you go back there the better. Good evening!"

Beyond a flying visit to Nice (the last occasion on which I saw my excellent uncle), whence my brother William—who had entered the Grenadier Guards and was on leave from his regiment—accompanied me on my return to Turin, the winter and spring passed without anything worthy of special record. One of my great friends, Madame de ——, returned after an absence of several months, to her dreary home and her coarse, unsympathetic husband. Indeed, it is not without a pang that, even at this distance of time, I call to mind all the unhappiness she later on underwent, until driven to seek refuge in a convent,

> And thus wear out in almsdeed and in prayer,
> The sombre close of a voluptuous day.

It was no doubt well and wisely ordained that at this time I should have been removed from Turin and its perilous fascinations, and transferred to the Mission at Florence.

By some inscrutable Foreign Office arrangement our monthly Queen's Messenger was likewise the bearer of despatches for the Florence Legation, but did not take them on himself. Some junior member of the Legation at Turin was sent down for the purpose and brought back the Florence bag for home; a pleasant trip to which none of us objected. Being now permanently appointed to Florence, it was arranged that I should take on the despatches there, and I was furnished at the same time with instructions to the truant Barron to return forthwith to his proper

post and bring the bag for home with him. At the beginning of May 1852 I bade a reluctant and affectionate farewell to my chief and to the town where I had entered public life under such happy auspices, and was off in sorrowful mood in the train to Genoa, travelling thence by *diligence* to my destination through Spezia, Sarzana, Carrara, and Massa. I well remember passing through the picturesque mountain villages, with their marble workshops, where first I heard from peasants and postillions the liquid Tuscan tongue, so great a contrast to the Piedmontese and Genoese dialects with which I was familiar. I put up at the Hôtel d'Italie in the Borgo Ognisanti and went in quest of the Legation. Apparently there was none, or rather it was concentrated in the person of Barron. The Mission—vacant by the death of Mr. Sheil, and only recently filled up by the appointment of Sir Henry Bulwer, who was still in England—had no official residence, and the Secretary of Legation in charge, Scarlett,* was away at Pisa, and, as it turned out, seriously ill.

Barron received me with as much cordiality as lay in him, took charge of my despatches, promised to report my arrival to Scarlett, but expressed no intention of complying with the message I delivered to him from Hudson. On the third or fourth day he came to me with a bag of despatches and a verbal message from Scarlett, to the effect that he begged I would go back to Turin as bearer of them. I vaguely felt that there was something wrong about this arrangement, but was too inexperienced to fight out the point with Barron, besides being—to say the whole truth—little loth to return to my old haunts. When I reached Turin and told my story to Hudson, he was highly indignant, went to his desk, knocked off a hurried draft, and, handing it to me, said: "There! copy that and sign it!" It was a formal despatch to Lord Malmesbury (the Tories had come in shortly before),† in which I stated that I had obeyed Scarlett's instructions in coming back to Turin as bearer of despatches, but that I would at once return to my post, relieve Mr. Barron, and take charge of the Mission should Scarlett still be unable to attend to his duties. The document was written with Hudson's accustomed vigour, and was not calculated to do poor Barron much good. On my return to Florence, I went at once to Barron and inquired how matters stood. Scarlett was still ill, he told me, and had asked him to attend to the business of the Legation. I politely, but firmly, requested him to hand

* The Hon. Peter Campbell Scarlett, a son of the first Lord Abinger, afterwards Minister at Athens and at Mexico.

† This was Lord Derby's first Administration.

over the archives to me, and he, as firmly and politely, declined doing so. Here was a pretty predicament! I think I should not have moved further in the matter, had not one Gasperini, a kind of Chancery servant and drudge of the Legation, come to me, a few days after my arrival, and assured me that the settlement of some important questions in course of debate with the Tuscan Government—the Mather case, namely, and the case of the brothers Stratford*—was retarded for lack of any British representative with whom that Government could communicate officially, they well knowing that Barron did not properly belong to the Legation. I now thought it my duty to inform them that they might have the privilege of conferring with no less a personage than myself, and, armed with the despatch containing my appointment, proceeded to call on the Duc de Casigliano, at that time Minister for Foreign Affairs. Casigliano received me with great, though slightly ironical, politeness, and informed me that he had already concluded the matters in question with Barron. I left the Foreign Office somewhat crestfallen, and uncomfortably conscious that I had made an ass of myself and had been thought one. I felt it, however, incumbent on me to report home officially the course I had followed; and, having done so, deemed it only fair to Barron to let him see what I had written. He thanked me for my open dealing, and engaged on his part to show me anything he might write home respecting our controversy. I think I wrote two or three despatches, all of which I showed to him. We continued on good terms, and nothing further occurred till Sir Henry Bulwer's arrival some ten days later. We went to meet him at the station, and almost the first words he uttered in his blandest tones, as he feebly emerged from the railway carriage, were: "I understand, gentlemen, that there has been some little difference of opinion between you; I think the least said about it the better." We bowed in silent acquiescence. A week afterwards there came a Foreign Office despatch addressed to me (in reply to the letter dictated to me by Hudson), approving my intention of returning to Florence to take charge, sharply censuring Barron, and instructing me, in the event of Sir Henry Bulwer's arrival, to place the despatch in his hands. "I am very sorry," said I to Sir Henry, "but I cannot help referring to a subject on which you had enjoined silence."

* Mather, a young Irishman, had been brutally cut down by an Austrian officer, without any provocation, while following a military band through the streets of Florence. The Stratfords (illegitimate sons of Lord Aldborough) were accused of revolutionary plotting and had been arrested in arbitrary fashion. In both cases satisfaction was obtained from the Tuscan Government.

"Dear me!" he replied, "this seems to have been more serious than I anticipated; what have you written?" I went for my despatches, and, on my return, found Barron, seated with a bundle of drafts of *private* letters before him, which he silently pushed across the table to me. Such was his interpretation of the understanding between us that each of us should show the other what he had reported home, and, writing in a private form, he had been able freely to indulge in reflections on my attitude in the controversy which afterwards drew upon me some official censure. The whole incident is of course puerile in the extreme, and, looking back upon it, I cannot but smile in pity at my juvenile zeal and ardour. At the same time my worthy colleague's share in it has always seemed to me less creditable to his candour than to his training at the hands of Jesuit Fathers. I met Barron but seldom in after years. He has not been fortunate in his career, although possessed of no ordinary abilities. His financial reports from Constantinople, where he was Secretary of Embassy for some years, were models of their kind.*

I cannot say that I took a great liking to Florence during this my first short stay there. I was ill most of the time, and in a condition of nervous depression that precluded all enjoyment. Nevertheless, I became acquainted there with some pleasant people, and certainly society at Florence in those days, though hardly to be termed strait-laced, was superior to that which later on turned that charming city into a *refugium peccatorum*. One of the great merits of the place at that time was its extreme cheapness. I joined two or three young fellow countrymen in taking a spacious furnished apartment on the ground floor in the Piazza Maria Antonia, where we clubbed together and lived in princely style at fabulously small cost. Our *phalanstère* was for a short time composed of that delightful fellow, Reggie Capel,† who later on acted as a Queen's Messenger for a few years, and who with his wife, Mary Fazakerly, many years after did admirable work under the Red Cross in France after the terrible battles round Sedan; a Yorkshireman of the name of Weatherby, who afterwards entered the Austrian service; and the O'Donoghue, of whom no one at this time would have predicted the future political career. The O'Donoghue owned a coach with a team of screws with which he one day tried his best to do for us all—possibly as hated Saxons—in driving us back into town by the narrow, tortuous drawbridge and gateway known as the

* Sir Henry Winston Barron, Bart., was afterwards Minister at Stuttgart, where he died.

† The Hon. Reginald Capel, uncle of the present Lord Essex.

Porticciola (long since pulled down) and very nearly pitching us into the mill-race beneath ; as hare-brained a piece of coachmanship as I ever care to witness.

From this time dates my acquaintance with Charles Lever, whose pen, with all its brilliancy, gives but a partial idea of what a wealth of wit and fun there was in the man, what charm in his unctuous brogue, what a fascination in "the smile that expanded his mouth and showed his fine white teeth, the musical, ringing laugh that stirred every heart." * I see him now, riding into the Piazzone at the Cascine with his wife and daughters, all mounted on horses of variegated hues and graduated sizes—piebald, dappled, cream-coloured and chestnut, from the raw-boned old hunter down to the shaggy little Sardinian—the strange collection giving the whole cavalcade a decided look of the circus.†

There could be no more charming sight than that presented by the Piazzone on a fine evening in May. Here, in a smart barouche, are seated side by side a mother and daughter, both of such rare attractions that it would be hard to award the palm to either. The daughter, then barely sixteen, has since won for herself the renown of the most faultlessly beautiful woman of her day, while, as for her adventures and eccentricities, are they not chronicled in the book of the Second Empire ? Some years ago I remember Madame de Castiglione coming to London and being asked to a great dinner at Cambridge House, to which, in honour of her, Lady Palmerston had likewise invited Prince Napoleon and some of the great London beauties of the day such as her Grace of Manchester, Lady Augusta Sturt, and, I think, Lady Constance Grosvenor. The usual Saturday evening drum followed, and truly the staring at and mobbing of the lovely and somewhat fantastically dressed foreigner exceeded what is too often seen on occasion in London "good society." I remember dear old Lady Palmerston telling me how distressed she had been by the failure of her dinner-party. Plon-Plon and Madame de C., so it turned out, were not on speaking terms, while, as for the London beauties, they felt themselves so hopelessly "cut out" and extinguished in the rays of this surpassing loveliness, that they did not quite like it, and no wonder. For my part I declare that I never set eyes on more gloriously beautiful a creature, nor one who seemed to me so deficient in that indescribable attribute which is known as charm.

But—to return to the Piazzone—there are other faces here

* "A Sketch of Charles Lever," *Fraser's Magazine* for February 1873.

† Miss Mary Boyle, in her charming recollections recently given to the world, likewise notes the circus-like appearance of the Lever family.

worth noting besides Madame Olduini and her daughter—pretty women like Madame della Gherardesca and the fair but frail Marquise Pucci, the charming English sisterhood composed of Madame Baldelli, Mrs. White, and Mrs. Fleetwood Wilson; or men like the Poniatowskis, the Corsinis, Bentivoglio, &c. One feature there is about the gay scene which saddens even me with my *Codino* tendencies. The magnificent band, whose instruments crash and vibrate in the clear evening air, wear the white tunic of *Graf Kinski Infanterie*, and, riding in and out of the rows of carriages, are dashing officers of the Hungarian Hussars and *Toscana Dragoner*—Tassilo Festetics, Piré, Paul Metternich, and others. The Grand Duchy enjoys the full blessings of Austrian military occupation. Yet the Florentines seem not to care. They laugh and flirt and eat ices and talk scandal quite unconcernedly, and many of them are doubtless glad to know themselves safe from political trouble and revolution while 10,000 *Tedeschi* bayonets keep order, though it be order somewhat after the kind of that which "reigned at Warsaw," but let that pass! I find here none of the patriotic ardour of Piedmont, and can hardly wonder at Metternich's contemptuous saying that Italy was "but a geographical expression." The Austrian uniforms somewhat gall and vex me, and in my eyes *font tache au paysage*.

Of Florentine society I have but little to relate, for my residence in Florence was destined to be short. Of course I was taken to the house of Madame Ricci (mother of the Comtesse Walewska), whose *salon* was at that time the leading one of the Tuscan capital, and often went to the nightly receptions of that most entertaining and distinctly original of women, Lady Walpole, with whom the Austrians were in especial favour. But my health prevented my going out much. Even my chief I saw but seldom, for he was at the Baths of San Giuliano during the greater part of my stay, with that perfect pattern of private secretaries and most charming of men, Fenton, with whom it was to be my good fortune to serve again so many years afterwards.

It is well to speak kindly of the dead. My experience of Sir Henry Bulwer as a chief was decidedly pleasant. His eccentricities amused and his conversation delighted me. His unpunctuality, on the other hand, was sorely trying. It was a bore to be shut up waiting for orders all day long, and then to be dismissed with a request to come back after dinner, when he would certainly have something to be written out, then again to wait till late into the night, and finally to have to copy the same things three times over, thanks to endless alterations and emendations of style. But who could resist the sweet, plaintive tones in which you were

told "I am *so* sorry to give you all this trouble, my dear boy!" There certainly was something very fascinating about Sir Henry Bulwer, and, marked as were his failings, it was impossible to feel harshly towards him. He had the precious faculty of retaining friends once made; witness Lord Palmerston, who stood by and believed in him till the last. Yet, with all his brilliant gifts and abilities, Bulwer left no mark on the service in which he rose so high. His talents adorned it, but nothing more; while of the untoward results of his tenure of the Embassy at Constantinople a good deal might be said. This, however, is no place for entering on so difficult a question, and, as I said above, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

In July I applied for leave of absence, being advised to avoid the great summer heat, nowhere more trying than at Florence, and, starting for England, I lingered on the way for a fortnight under Hudson's hospitable roof. I found my late chief comfortably installed in the Casa San Giorgio, and his house the resort of all that was most interesting in the political world of the Piedmontese capital. Massari, who, I see, has just given us his account of the life of Cavour, was a daily guest, and brought with him a full budget of Parliamentary information. Hudson's *salon*, in fact, was a sort of lobby of the Chamber where measures were talked over and questions of policy discussed. I can bring to mind no other instance of a foreign representative participating as actively as did Hudson in the conduct of internal affairs. His personal prestige and influence were indeed exceptionally great, while who, of the survivors of that period, but remembers the cheery atmosphere and genial surroundings of his home at Turin?

From Turin I went on to Paris, staying there only a day or two, but long enough to learn that I had been transferred to the Embassy there. My brother William had now been some two years an ensign and lieutenant in the first battalion of the Grenadier Guards, and with him I spent the few weeks of my sojourn in London. He was so popular with his comrades, who had nicknamed him the "Crapaud" in allusion to his French education, that his rooms in St. James's Place became a sort of club-house much frequented by the officers on guard and others. A merry, heedless crew were the young Guardsmen of those days; little troubled with the sterner duties of their profession, and still less weening that they would ere long have to face the ordeal of that terrible Crimean campaign—Evelyn, of Wotton, surnamed "the child"; Beaumont Hotham, afterwards for many years Consul at Calais; Lord Balgonie, who died young after great promise of distinction; Arthur Hay (Lord Walden); my great friend and

kinsman, Cuthbert Ellison, whom a mysterious affection of the brain carried off in his prime—are those I best remember of the lot. Those were the days of old Vauxhall, of whitebait junketings at Greenwich, of many a wild spree well buried in the past. The doings of the Brigade were decidedly lively, and ruinous to slender purses like that of the poor "Crapaud." Among other temptations there existed in London in those days a number of private "hells," which have since, I believe, been more or less effectually suppressed. Notwithstanding an undeniable laxity of tone among the subalterns, the senior officers took care to enforce a strict sense of honour and truthfulness, even down to comparative trifles. In the first battalion of the Grenadiers, for instance, a book of "lies and fibs" was kept, into which any improbable statement volunteered by a member of the mess was mercilessly entered. One evening William had unwarily narrated that, riding round the rocks near the harbour at Nice on a stormy day, at a spot known as "Rauba Capéu,"* from its excessive breeziness, he had found there so strong a wind that, when rising in the saddle at a trot, he could hardly succeed in sitting down again! "Ring for the book," said Goulburn, who presided, and, the book having been brought, the story was solemnly registered: "Lieutenant Rumbold states that on a certain day," &c.

I joined the Paris Embassy under Lord Cowley towards the beginning of September. George Jerningham was the Secretary of Embassy; the paid Attachés were William Grey and William Stuart,† and Hedworth Williamson, William Tollemache, Evan Baillie, and Atlee (private secretary to Lord Cowley) made up the staff. I was in every way glad to find myself once more in Paris. The Delmars had returned, with my sister, to the Avenue de Marigny, and although they did not put me up, I dined with them when I liked and took a lodging in the Avenue close to their house. The life I now led was somewhat dissipated—the stereotyped Paris course through which most of us have passed at some time or other. We dined a good deal at restaurants, chiefly at the "Frères Provençaux," which since then has greatly fallen off from its ancient renown—sumptuous banquets ordered by William Stuart and Fred Ricardo, than whom I know no greater authorities in culinary matters. Of course I also much frequented the theatres, and more especially the Français, whither I was attracted by that paragon of *soubrettes*, Augustine Brohan, with whom I had become acquainted two years before at Turin and

* Niçard *patois*; literally "rob hat."

† The Hon. Sir William Stuart, K.C.M.G., son of the eleventh Lord Blantyre, afterwards Envoy at The Hague.

Aix-les-Bains, and whose silver-toned laughter and sparkling sallies made her a most seductive companion. No one has ever equalled her in such parts as the irresistibly humorous Dorine or Nicole of Molière, or the bewitching Suzanne of the *Mariage de Figaro*. Her pearly teeth and sunny smile lighted up those pompous, classic boards with unwonted brightness—she seemed the Muse of Comedy in person. She was at the same time much dreaded by her fellow actors for her cutting remarks. That very pretty simpleton, Mdlle. Théric, who was said to be high in favour at the Elysée, and whom she did not love, knocking at her dressing-room one evening, and saying, "C'est moi, ouvrez moi donc!" received the unkind reply, "Je ne suis pas une écaillière!" (an oyster woman).* She was equally outspoken with that eminent and pathetic actress, Madame Allan, who had come back from St. Petersburg, crowned with dramatic laurels, but grown to an enormous size. "Mes enfants!" she would say to Madame Allan's children, "si vous n'êtes pas bien sages, on vous fera faire trois fois le tour de votre maman!" The two Brohans—Madeleine, though singularly handsome, was not to be compared to her elder sister for charm and intelligence—were of Irish extraction, I believe, and Augustine certainly had all the Irish grace and those lovely violet eyes, with long dark lashes, seen to such perfection in the daughters of Erin. She was at the same time painfully short-sighted, and it is sad to think that she had to leave the stage comparatively early on account of her being threatened with total blindness. She then settled down at Ville d'Avray near Paris, where her house became the meeting-place of all that was wittiest and most agreeable in the Paris world of art and literature.

I was now elected a member of the *Cercle de l'Union*, then situated at the corner of the Rue de Grammont, opposite the Maison Dorée, but since more luxuriously housed on the Boulevard de la Madeleine. Originally founded as a mixed club for the convenience of both foreign residents and Frenchmen, the French element has by degrees become preponderating in it. It is exclusive, and noted for its savage black-balling, and though never a political club, Legitimist opinions are prevalent among its members. It has always had a reputation for comfort, good cheer, and dulness. I have none the less a weakness for it, and have spent in it many a pleasant evening. The late Lord Hertford used it a good deal, and, when in the humour, enlivened it by his witty sallies. He was almost the only Englishman I ever met

* *Huître* (oyster) is a common French colloquialism applied to dull-witted people.

who spoke French with perfect correctness and without a vestige of foreign accent, and he prided himself not a little on the accomplishment. It was amusing to hear his French friends tease him on that score. "Tenez! Hertford," they would say, "voilà un mot qui trahit un peu d'accent!" This used to vex him more than he cared to show. Lord Hertford was the strangest mixture of munificence and parsimony. He lived simply, and was never known to entertain a single creature. He would give thousands for a picture or a work of art, and to his marvellous taste and discernment the treasures of Manchester Square bear witness. His charities and acts of private kindness too were on a very ample scale. But he kept no carriage, and it was said of him that he never used the then new *coupés de remise* at two francs an hour, remaining faithful to the ancient, musty *fiacres à* 30 *sous*. The tyrant of the club was the Duc de Richelieu—"Sa Grâce," as they called him—a man very much overweighted by his name, who was the terror of both members and servants and a systematic black-baller. Its standing nuisances were ancient General Fagel, who had been Dutch Minister in Paris for nearly forty years, and who used coolly to take out his teeth at dessert and wash them in the glass by his side; and old Lockwood, the father of Lady Napier and Ettrick, who had an equally pleasant habit of spitting into his silk pocket-handkerchief and drying it at the fire in the morning-room! As a set-off against these, the club counted amongst its *habitués* many agreeable members, belonging to the best class of the French aristocracy, such as the Duc de Rivière, the Comte Lionel de Bonneval, Montfaucon, and foreigners like Spencer Cowper, Prince Lubomirski, &c. The French, however, seem to me not really to understand club life, or rather the absolute freedom and equality on which it ought to be based. Their clubs are pleasant *salons*, scarcely homes like ours.

The condition of things in France at this period was highly curious and interesting. The Empire was drawing near with giant strides; yet few believed in it, and all but a few reviled and ridiculed it. William Grey* offered one day to take me to the rooms of a friend of his on the Boulevard des Capucines, whence a good sight could be had of the solemn entry of the Prince President on his return from his momentous journey to Bordeaux, where he had for the first time openly spoken of an Imperial *régime* and proclaimed it to be synonymous with peace—a peace, as it afterwards proved, diversified by such episodes as the Crimean, and the Italian and Mexican campaigns. It was the usual French

* The Honourable William Grey, son of the second Earl Grey.

military pageant; the President, however, distinguishing himself by boldly riding alone, on a magnificent chestnut, several horses' lengths in front of his brilliant staff and escort. The public excitement was at its highest pitch, it being very generally believed that the legions massed all along the line of the Boulevards would there and then acclaim him as Emperor. It would be extremely interesting to know with what feelings the sight was watched by a lovely girl, of about five-and-twenty, who, with her mother, was standing at one of the windows of this bachelor apartment. The occupier of the rooms was Huddleston of Sawston, a Roman Catholic Cambridgeshire squire of good estate and very ancient lineage, hopelessly in love with his fair guest, who was no other than Mdlle. de Montijo—a few months later to become Empress of the French. The next time I set eyes on the beautiful Empress Eugénie she was in all her splendour, the hostess and centre of attraction of those delightful *Lundis de l'Impératrice*, the last fêtes to be given in the grand old palace which, together with the dynasty, was so soon to be doomed to destruction. Upwards of twenty years afterwards I had the honour of meeting her again, in the mean surroundings of an Amsterdam hotel, where she was undergoing treatment at the hands of the well-known *masseur*, Metzger. She then still retained great traces of her surpassing loveliness, with a look of settled sorrow and hopelessness not to be forgotten. Surely her lot in life has been one of the strangest; at once the most brilliant and most mournful of our time.

I was on the Place de l'Hotêl de Ville on the morning of that second of December—the day of Austerlitz—when the Empire was proclaimed. Never did so great an event bear so unreal an aspect in my eyes. As a child I had witnessed the *retour des cendres* of which Thackeray has given so graphic, but at the same time so remarkably vulgar, an account. I well remembered that bitter winter's day; the huge, top-heavy car with its black and violet draperies all sown over with golden bees, followed by the feeble remnants of the *Grande Armée* in their old-world, touchingly grotesque uniforms—wizened veterans overborne by the weight of immense helmets and monumental shakos—and guarded by the spruce sailors of the *Belle-Poule;* and having seen the great Emperor borne to his last grave, to me the Empire might well seem for ever buried with him. Since then, for the second time, the Empire has passed away like a dream—a fever-dream with hideous visions of bloodshed and defeat and bitter national mortification. Yet who shall be bold enough to say that it may not arise again a third time? It has strange and potent seduc-

tions, and Sedan, it is thought, may well be condoned by the nation which forgave Waterloo. For my part I am no believer in an Imperialist restoration. I cannot think that French *amour propre* will ever forget the cup of humiliation it was made to drain to the dregs in 1870. The First Empire fell under the impact of the world in arms and was never more glorious or more formidable than in its fall. Its splendid legend long survived it, and, as narrated by Thiers and illustrated by Vernet, kept for it a living place in the hearts of the people. The Second Empire crumbled to pieces in single combat, almost at the first touch of an adversary it affected to despise, while each succeeding day has revealed more of its delusive mirage and hollowness. Its restoration appears to me a moral impossibility.

A few days after the proclamation of the new *régime* Lord Cowley had an audience to present his credentials to the Emperor and he took with him, on the occasion, the whole of his staff. We stood in a row behind the Ambassador, and were much struck by the emphasis with which Napoleon, on receiving the Queen's letter from Lord Cowley's hands, said : "Je suis heureux, Milord, que l'Angleterre soit la première Puissance à me reconnaître." We all knew that Antonini, Minister from the Two Sicilies, had succeeded, by sheer importunity, in getting his Sovereign to recognise the Empire as soon as proclaimed, and that, alone of all the foreign representatives, he had presented his letters a day or two before. The *première puissance* must have been very galling to him. But then "Bomba" never was a Power, except it be the evil one.

After the formal delivery of his credentials, Lord Cowley had a long private audience, during which much was no doubt said of the desire of the new Sovereign to cultivate the most friendly relations with us. A thoroughly good understanding with England was the cardinal principle upon which Napoleon III. based his foreign policy, and it must be confessed that, while making skilful use of it for his own ends, as in the Crimean War, he was on the whole the staunchest friend we ever had on the French throne. Louis Philippe, too, at the commencement of his reign, had looked to the British Government for his main support against the great Continental monarchies, and more especially Russia, who gave him the cold shoulder as an unprincipled usurper. But, in the case of the Emperor, a sincere liking for England and English ways and ideas imparted a personal value and cordiality to the agreement with us. Nor did he ever play us false like Louis Philippe in Egyptian affairs and in the Spanish marriages. At the same time it may well be asked

whether this leaning towards us did not distinctly detract from the popularity of both sovereigns with their subjects, so strong was, and still is, the prejudice harboured by the great majority of Frenchmen against the old hereditary foe.

About Christmas 1852, just as I was getting into the full swing and enjoyment of Paris life, I was suddenly, and, I think, somewhat arbitrarily, transferred to the Legation at Frankfort. I was under the impression at the time that my chief might have contributed to my removal, but as I am not conscious of having done anything to offend him, and as, moreover, he and Lady Cowley afterwards always showed me great kindness and hospitality, I can only ascribe the change to one of those small jobs, not unfamilar to the Foreign Office, perpetrated on this occasion to please the friends of those who were appointed to Paris in my stead. For Paris, as Lord Palmerston used to say, "happens to be the only place that agrees with every one's health."

HORACE RUMBOLD.

ELEMENTARY EXERCISES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

THERE can be no doubt that the measure of contemporary support for contemporary art is becoming more meagre every year. The sales at the Royal Academy become fewer, the amounts realised smaller. What reasons for this estrangement between the artists and their public can the present exhibition offer to us ?

The most prominent picture in the first room is Mr. Dicksee's *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* (13). A beautiful lady, in beautiful flowing drapery, sitting a beautiful horse with very expensive harness, and by her side the love-wrapt youth : the knight wears a very elaborate suit of armour : everything in the picture is the best of its kind, even the briar-roses in the foreground would certainly take a prize if briar-roses were admitted into any well-regulated flower-show. There is no sign of haste or incapacity in any part of the picture. Yet why does one stifle a yawn and want to hasten away ? And if you stay it is never to give a thought to the doomed youth or to the lives wrecked by the fair enchantress. You try to fix your attention on the ill-fated lover, but the briar-roses or the crimson velvet caparisons, or the purple headland in the distance, claim it for themselves. Was the painter's attention, you begin to wonder, fixed on his central subject, or did he allow himself to be distracted by these subsidiary attractions ? Was not Mr. Dicksee's thought oftener concerned with the skill with which he could paint all the accessories of the romantic drama, rather than with the "belle Dame" herself and the infatuated lover ? If so, there is little wonder that our attention also wanders. For man has been a social animal now for quite a long time ; we are quick to follow each other's thoughts ; and when the thoughts of a speaker do not go with the words he is uttering, our social instinct is apt to warn us. However beautifully the actor declaims the words set down for him, if he allows his thoughts to wander, ours

wander too. And painting is just like talking; a painter cannot paint one thing for you and let his thoughts go elsewhere without his work betraying him.

In the largest gallery Mr. Gow has painted a scene from "The Virginians," *Washington's Farewell to the Army* (182). It is rather a large canvas, the scene is crowded, and the whole of it is painted with consummate skill and unwearied dexterity. But there is nothing to fix the attention. The eye is fretted with the equable realisation of every element of the complicated scene; the posts of the landing-stage, the wooden steps, the shipping in the distance attract quite as much attention as the figures of the old general and his devoted staff. Mr. Gow does not seem to me as self-conscious as Mr. Dicksee; he really seems interested in all the things that go to constitute his spectacle. But it is the interest of the antiquarian. He is devoted to everything that belongs to his favourite period, the cut of each coat, the design of each uniform, the boots, muskets, swords, hats, sticks, every external object possesses an inexhaustible interest and a more profound importance to him than to most men. But when a theme replete with larger interests and broader emotions is handled in such a spirit, the result is apt to be wearisome. Mr. Gow's picture is painted in the spirit of a pictorial Dryasdust.

Caracalla (201) is a much smaller picture; it is by Alma-Tadema, and it is almost unnecessary to say that the mosaic floor and the vista of pillars and painted walls are admirably done. Every detail is so elaborately finished that no one can look at it without exclaiming, "What a wonderfully clever painter is Alma-Tadema!" And as I look at the picture my thoughts go back involuntarily to the reading book that we used at school. At the head of one of the earlier chapters was a quotation from some mysterious "Austin" which wonderfully impressed me. "The words," it said, "are to be delivered from the lips as beautiful coins newly issued from the Mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, &c." Perhaps it was the reference to the new money that appealed to me; but whatever the reason for these words sticking in my memory, they certainly seem appropriate enough to the painting of many popular Academicians. What a beautiful articulation Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema possesses! What a fair and regular pictorial hand Sir Lawrence writes!

But I well remember that the good old school-book did not pretend that a fair articulation was the sole essential for expressive reading. It seemed to think it was only one preliminary—an

important, an essential preliminary it is true—but still only a preliminary of expression, and it attached considerable importance to the further requirements for communicating the feelings and emotions of the piece. Well, Mr. Gow, Mr. Dicksee, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, seem to fancy that the deft imitation of each detail of their subjects is all that is required of them. They do not see that they are stopping short at one of the preliminaries of good painting. It has cost them so much time and labour to acquire, this beautiful manner of theirs—it has been so rashly admired—that they have come to regard it as the only essential of their performance. That the phrasing is admirable cannot be denied. Their works must ravish the hearts of the drawing-masters. Any one of their works, any part of these works, could serve as a copy-book exercise in an elementary drawing-school. But somehow the educated public does not take these accomplishments quite so seriously as their possessors. There is a feeling abroad that something more is required of a serious artist. He is expected to use all his acquired skill as subsidiary to the maximum effectiveness of his art ; not to regard his art solely as a vehicle for the display of his own adroitness. The artist who is absorbed in his own manner of expression and who cares not at all about the contents of his message, is apt to be regarded by his intelligent auditors as a terrible sort of bore.

Of course there are worthy persons who will tell us that a painter should not care about his subject. I heard a critic enthusiastically praising Mr. Orchardson's picture of *The Borgia* (190) because he had soared above any temptation of being interested in Borgia and his actions, and had fixed his mind on the beauty of the table-cloth, the dessert plates, the glasses, fruit, and chairs. Mr. Orchardson, the critic said, had only taken the subject as a sort of lure to the public ; he draws the public round him by promising to talk about Borgia, and as soon as the crowd gathers he abandons the pretence and talks about his chairs and dessert service. It is indeed very clever of Mr. Orchardson to be able to take in the public like this. It was very clever of my old nurse to promise me jam and to conceal a powder in it ! Mr. Orchardson promises us a powder (consider the Aristotelian definition of Tragedy), and inveigles us into taking jam. But is it entirely because of these artful little dodges of his that Mr. Orchardson is endeared to us as one of the most graceful and accomplished of our Academicians ? For myself, I venture to doubt it ; for Mr. Orchardson is really interested in his glasses and fruit and flowers, his furniture and upholstery. He has a genuine love for them, and when he turns to paint these

things, the posture-master, the grimaces and pretences of the *petit-maître*, disappear. He is sincere enough on these points, and it is for the sake of this sincerity that we pardon his make-believes. It is not because he puts his tongue in his cheek that he is a genuine artist. For clever though such antics be, yet there is one thing cleverer still; it is to speak because you have something to say; it is to be absorbed with some thought or emotion and to communicate it to your fellows by the plainest and most effective means at your disposal.

The spirit in which these popular painters work is the spirit that seems to rule over nearly all modern painting. The literary critics proclaim it on every side as the only spirit in which great art can be produced. Be absorbed in the choice of words, in your manner of speaking; painting is addressed to the eye, it is all a game of optical make-believe; draw clearly, model obviously, use pretty colours, and, oh! beware of communicating, or having, any thought, any emotion:—this is the doctrine of art preached to-day. Of the shallow reasoning, of the inept arguments by which such notions are bolstered up, this is not the place to speak. But I think it must be pretty obvious by now that no set of artists can turn their art into a sort of plaything; artists cannot dispense with all serious purpose and use their art only as an excuse for the exhibition of their facilities of language and metre, for the display of their *savoir-faire*, or tricks of expression; and yet expect their art to be taken seriously by the serious-minded amongst their contemporaries. These obvious truths are the commonplaces of every art but the painter's; the orator, the actor, the musician, the dramatist, the poet, know these things surely enough. They are just as true and necessary for the painter; but their recognition would mean a wholesale revolution in the art of painting as it is practised to-day.

But to charge Mr. Dicksee and Sir L. Alma-Tadema with spending their talent upon the preliminaries of art is to bring a charge which many will be disposed to admit. To bring the same accusation against some members of the younger school of open-air realists is to formulate a charge which may not be quite so acceptable. But whether popular or unpopular, such a charge, I fear, must needs be made.

The realistic painter of to-day does not choose his subject from history or from the poets. The life of the past, the world of imagination, does not speak to him; he glories in his limitations, and proudly proclaims himself a painter of what his eye actually sees. He is a realist, and would paint life as it really is, not weave fancies about it. The novelty of the pretension when it was first

advanced was fascinating enough. Away with the tricks and dodges of the studio ; let us have an end of "studio-fakes" ; let the artist go into the fresh air of the country, and, face to face with the glories of nature, he will paint for us pictures instinct with the virility and impressiveness of reality ! It seemed, indeed, a summons to the promised land of painting, and all that was best in the hearts of the younger painters throbbed responsive. But the novelty of the formula has worn off. We can look at it with disillusioned eyes now. Alas ! there was one thing overlooked, or too rashly taken for granted. The reality is strange, beautiful, wonderful, the mother of art, the inspirer of our best thoughts and emotions ; but in a painting we can only find what one man has been able to grasp of this primal reality. It has been said, not in any spirit of blasphemy, that God cannot act "without best men to help Him." It is just as true that the wonder of reality cannot find expression in art without the intermediary of some artist. The theory of realism is inexpugnable if the painter with the insight of the poet, who shall act as our interpreter, can be taken for granted. A careful examination of the realistic pictures in this exhibition emphasises for us the observation that without this essential the most beautiful formula is of no value.

In *Tucking the Rick* (167) Mr. La Thangue shows us a glimpse of a farmyard. In the foreground, in the shadow cast by the hay-rick, an awkward and uninteresting young girl is arrested in an awkward attitude. In the sunlight beyond we see a barn-door, part of a barn, the back view of a farm labourer, a few chickens, the usual rural litter. How like reality it all is ! It seems a window opened on the fresh air of the country. The artist must have painted this scene on the spot, the appearance of every detail is so admirably imitated. It is difficult to think that the illusion of painting can be pushed further. But with all this it has not the suggestiveness or impressiveness of the reality. The scene itself would affect us differently. To begin with, the awkward attitude of the girl would have appeared as a momentary gesture, a mere fraction of a sequence of movements designed for a particular purpose. Some of the positions would have expressed the immediate purpose in her work better than others, and if we had been interested in the girl or in her task it would have been these expressive movements that we should have instinctively engraved in our minds, that we should have instinctively seen and remembered. Or if we had only been distantly interested in her merely as a toiling human being, in face of the never-ending labour of life, some of the postures,

some of the positions she occupied with relation to her task, would have appeared to us more significant than others. For no intelligent human being but looks at external objects with varying degrees of interest. The proportion varies with the character and mental and physical associations of each individual. And before Mr. La Thangue's illusive resemblance of nature can affect us as a glimpse of reality would, we must feel that the principle which has governed—perhaps quite unconsciously—his choice of the details, and the points of view, the relative proportions in which these details are seen, has some approximation to our own selective instincts. What spirit has governed the choice which Mr. La Thangue has made from the inexhaustible variety of nature's shows ?

However minutely we examine the painting it is hard to find any sign of interest or personal preference in anything represented. Mr. La Thangue seems to have looked at the scene with all the cold indifference of the photographic lens. This awkward girl was nothing to him, her task was trivial ; the hayrick was merely a patch of a certain colour and of a certain shape ; the painter was absorbed in one thing, one only, and that was his *métier*. That the business of a painter is to imitate what is in front of him is proclaimed with indubitable emphasis by every touch of Mr. La Thangue's brush—and everything else is vanity ; in the optical sensation alone is truth ; it is when men begin to compare, to reason, to think about these sensations that error creeps in. And is it not the business—even the highest merit—of the painter to speak truth and not falsehood ? By these and similar arguments would the so-called realists convince us that their mechanical way of painting is the only right way. But is it so certain that the optical sensation alone is true? Is it certain that we can even separate the visual from the mental elements in our thought ? May not the painter who argues thus perhaps be the victim of a train of false reasoning ? Certainly Mr. La Thangue could never have translated the appearance of these objects without connecting the visual sensations with very elaborate mental operations. In disabusing his mind of all the associations and sympathies by which mankind groups the phenomena of the world, Mr. La Thangue has sought to find a fresh language, which shall be purified from the errors and abuses to which all languages are liable. He would fain speak to us with the impartiality, the serenity, and seeming indifference of Nature herself. The pretension is magnificent. But is it so certain that Mr. La Thangue has not simply succeeded in replacing one set of mental associations with another ? It seems to me that in

trying to disengage himself from the point of view of humanity, he has simply succeeded in substituting a much narrower point of view; instead of associating the appearances of things with the broader sympathies of mankind, he has associated them with the narrower interests of the professional painter. His work shows us nature, not through the Olympian calm of the infinite mind, but through the very finite medium of the pedantic drawing-master.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes is another painter who has committed himself to the mechanico-optical theory. To enable himself to realise almost to the point of deception a little of the appearance of nature he is ready to sacrifice every other quality that artists hitherto, and all lovers of art, have most prized. Nothing is worth painting but what can be got to pose in front of the artist for a certain number of hours a day, and for a certain number of days. In *Chadding in Mount's Bay* (136) one must admire the excellent painting of the children posing in the boat, but one must sympathise with Mr. Forbes in the trouble the water must have given him. It is a pity water cannot be induced to pose to the painters.

This reflection must have frequently occurred to Mr. Henry S. Tuke, who really seems to have a genuine affection for the salt sea water. *Ruby, Gold and Malachite* (739) is one of those studies of naked youths posed in or near the sea which have made his reputation. Mr. Tuke has seldom done anything finer from an optical point of view than some of the studies in this picture regarded separately.

Of the works of Mr. Arnesby Brown and of other talented exponents of this theory of art we cannot speak in detail, but they are all equally bent on the elaborate copying of everything that comes within the limits of their pictures. All their efforts, all their abilities, are concentrated on fulfilling the preliminary requirements of their art. Perhaps it is that English painters have been so long accused by Continental critics of being deficient in serious training; but whatever the reason, they now seem bent on proclaiming, in season and out of season, that they have been well-grounded in the elements of their profession.

The so-called realists and the so-called idealists vie with each other in their eagerness to demonstrate what good students they are. And then they wonder that the heart of the public does not throb at their diligent little scraps of piecework. Who but the near relatives of the performers can get up much interest in scholastic exercises? And I would ask in all candour, may this not be one of the chief causes that have contributed to the breach

between the educated public and the general body of contemporary art?

I shall doubtless be reminded that it is just those pictures in which the imitative elements are most unduly exaggerated which draw the biggest crowds at the Exhibition. That the general public find these optical tricks amusing cannot be denied. It is entertaining to go round the walls and exclaim "how like," or "not a bit like." The mechanico-optical method of painting has some powerful elements of popularity of a certain kind. It flatters people to let them suppose that they are capable of judging an artist's work without being troubled by the necessity of any preliminary study. "Les gens de qualité savent tout sans avoir jamais rien appris," is still popular. And the men of letters who write on art-subjects find in such a doctrine a theory of art easy of comprehension and ingratiating to their readers. But these people are not very eager to become possessors of these amusing knick-knacks; they don't want to hang them in their own houses. And so, though this sort of work fills the pockets of the Royal Academy as the corporate proprietors of an annual show, I still venture to believe that it is responsible for the coldness of the picture-buying public for contemporary art.

The responsibility of the Royal Academy for this state of affairs seems sinister indeed. But it may be that the Academy is as much the victim as the engineer of this state of things. The busybodies and the mediocrities must get the upper hand in a loosely organised and numerous confederacy; the few great-minded artists are sure to find themselves powerless against a hostile majority. And it seems to me that the influence of the Academy schools has been a most unfortunate one. The elementary training of art-students is the one function fulfilled by the Academy which can be regarded as a public duty; upon this depends all its claims to rank as a public body. Perhaps that is why the pedants of the primary schools have such weight in its councils, and their exhibition seems a sort of appanage of their class-rooms. Perhaps that is why the Academy seems to regard itself as a sort of upper-monitor of art. But these elementary masters must be reminded that they are apt to lose a sense of proportion. Elementary training is good in itself and necessary, but it should serve as a step to further progress, and not be exalted into the one aim of an artist's existence. When the dominies of the primary schools mistake one of the conditions of education for its end, they need a sharp reminder from the common sense of those interested in the subject. And it is only one instance among many, of the large and comprehensive insight into the

better interests of the nation which has marked the recent public utterances of the Prince of Wales, that his Royal Highness made marked allusion to this point at the Academy banquet. The reference was distinguished by all the charming and delicate consideration which the King and his son ever evince for the susceptibilities of their people, but the words are full of pregnancy: "There are already a considerable number of students in Australia, but I was given to understand that the majority of them complete their studies in Paris. I am sure our friends across the Channel will not accuse me of jealousy if I ask you, Mr. President, whether it would not be possible for our Academy to hold out some special attraction to induce a few more of those students to break their journey in London and to complete their studies here." The reason for Colonial students not coming to London to complete their training is notorious; it is the very reason which sends the students of this Academy elsewhere for the higher instruction which it does not provide. But the remedy is obvious. The undue importance it attaches to elementary subjects is proof incontrovertible of the neglect of all higher training. It is time the Academy gave some attention to the growing need for the secondary education of our artists.

However, we will dwell no longer on the darker side of our subject. Unfortunately I can say nothing of the gifted artists who are not represented on those walls—banished by the bigoted censors; and the works by the younger and more promising of our artists who are represented, have to be sought for not in the places of honour. These pictures evidently do not find much to recommend them to the drill-sergeants of the hanging-committee, but it is still a matter for congratulation to find them there at all. And in the works of one painter, himself a member of the academical body, we are glad to recognise that we have in our midst an artist of the very highest rank, still young in years, and with a career in front of him full of the fairest promise. Mr. Clausen has enriched this year's exhibition with a work of genuine inspiration—a work which adds fresh lustre to the art of a nation as rich as our own is in splendid achievements.

In the first gallery is a small work by a painter whose name is unfamiliar to me. The *Evoe! Eleleu!* (11) by Mr. W. Alison Martin hangs just above the picture by Mr. Dicksee to which we have already referred. The spirit in which this boisterous bacchanale is treated seems to me full of good augury for the young painter. In No. 364 Mr. Walter Urwick has touched a well-worn theme with freshness and distinction. Mr. Robert Fowler is an artist not often represented on these walls; he is

better known and better appreciated abroad than here. These *Sleeping Nymphs* (193) I must confess do not seem to represent him at his best. Mr. Fowler knows as well as any one the importance of subordinating the parts of a painting to the general effect; yet certain parts of these figures seem just a little over-elaborated, the scholarship a little self-conscious. Was it to woo the drawing-masters, Mr. Fowler, or was it that they chose from your more perfectly inspired works this one which approached a little nearer their own level? Mr. George Wetherbee is another painter who follows his own inspiration with quiet resolution. Of his three pictures here, all instinct with a personal feeling for the open-air life, No. 707 is the largest and most successful. The modest works of Mr. John R. K. Duff might easily be overlooked, but his *Beet* (309) seems to me singularly full of promise. The intention and happy design of these sheep ranging in the footsteps of the old man carrying the load of beet, is somewhat marred by a slight timidity and dryness in workmanship; but Mr. Duff has the essential gifts of the poetical painter. Mr. John Cooke is wise enough to refrain from spoiling the effect of his decorative designs by the injudicious realisation of his figures; his two pictures (255 and 702) gain by this reticence a quiet charm for which one feels very grateful. And Mr. Edward Stott, though confining himself to much the same motifs as Mr. La Thangue, shows how these can be approached in a broader and more sympathetic spirit.

One must confess that Mr. Clausen's larger picture *Homeward* (47) does not seem quite at ease among its surroundings. The fault is doubtless with the surroundings, for the unaffected movements of a plain man would also appear strange and uncouth to an eye habituated to the society of masters of deportment. Among more congenial neighbours the powerful sincerity and real pathos of the work would make itself better felt; at present the mechanical over-elaboration of Mr. La Thangue's goslings is too disturbing. But one can enjoy *The Rickyard: A Winter Idyll* (648) more at one's ease, oblivious of its discordant neighbours. The subject is of the simplest, two farm labourers at work, a few chickens, and a glimpse of trees: just the sort of subject Mr. La Thangue chooses; but what a contrast in the treatment of the two painters! To the uninstructed, to those who derive their notions of what art can do from the exhibitions of the Academy, the advantage is likely to appear all in Mr. La Thangue's favour. The coat, the boots, the face of Mr. Clausen's farm hand are not elaborately realised for us; we are never tempted to dwell on this detail or that and exclaim "how wonderfully like nature that is." But it is not because Mr.

Clausen cannot realise these things as well and as elaborately as any living painter, that he does not do so. It is because he knows with serene certainty that to paint in such a way is to sacrifice the real effectiveness of his art—to degrade it to the level of a childish and popular knack. To have realised more fully the creases of the coats or trousers, the boots, the chickens, any one detail of the scene, would have been to draw your attention to these things more than the painter desired. And if he had painted anything so as to tempt you to think, "What a clever painter Mr. Clausen is," he would have been in despair; he would have known that he had missed his chief aim. For Mr. Clausen did not want to fix your thoughts on any one part of his picture to the exclusion of the other parts—or on himself—but he was bent on making you feel just the broad and simple emotions that the scene had inspired in him. To attain this end he holds as naught all the dearly acquired imitative skill of the painter. If your mind is full of vicious models, Mr. Clausen's work may seem to you at first careless, needlessly brusque, perhaps unfinished. But it is not so. The fitness of every detail, every stroke of the brush, has been controlled with the most unerring instinct. But Mr. Clausen did not want to deceive you into fancying you were looking at the scene itself, instead of at a mere painting of the scene. He wanted you to feel the emotions he had felt. He was bent on conveying to you through the imperfect means of expression at the painter's command, something of the dumb mystery of the life of old earth, with its everlasting trees, and the never-ending toil of the sons of men upon its bosom.

Mr. Clausen has often been compared to the French Jean-François-Millet. There is some kinship in the genius of the two men, a general similarity in the subjects that inspire them. But I for one, at the risk of over-estimating a man while he is still alive, will be imprudent enough to avow that I prefer the English painter. The Englishman rings truer, is more reserved, seems more absolutely sincere: his language seems more beautiful. Compare the dull and dirty browns and hot yellows and reds of Millet's oil-pictures with the pure and refreshing harmony of this picture of Clausen, which is so well balanced, which savours so of the keenness of the open-air, of the invigorating brusqueries of our climate. Beside the dignity and reserve of this male and powerful poem, the Frenchman's work seems almost theatrical. Of course it is my insularity that prompts these feelings. But I think they show that a contemporary artist of our own country has spells to bind us to him that the art of the past, and of other

peoples, has not. And that is why I think artists of to-day are ill-advised in regarding the dead painters as rivals with whom they are unfairly handicapped The advantages are with the men of to-day ; they are nearer, they feel more as we do. They have only to rival the sincerity of the older men, and their grasp of the true potency of their art. They must learn to decline, like them, the easy triumphs of the lesser effects of paint : they must learn to choose their thoughts as well as their words ; to become the masters of their means of expression, not the slaves of their own art.

A. J. FINBERG.

THE MEANING OF THE FRENCH ELECTIONS

In the month of February the editor of the *National Review* honoured me with an invitation to write an article on the Electoral Movement in France. To-day this movement is arrested, as the Elections are over, and France is provided for the next four years with a new Chamber of Deputies, which, unless Providence upsets human prevision, will take part, some months before its dissolution, in the Presidential Congress charged with the duty of choosing a successor to M. Loubet. It would therefore appear opportune to inquire whether the Electoral Movement has run its expected course, and incidentally to determine whether its humble historian showed himself competent to discern its drift. This double question may be answered affirmatively. The French elections have fulfilled the expectations of dispassionate observers. Let us at the outset glance at the figures to ascertain in what proportions the adversaries and the partisans of the Government have been returned.

We encounter a preliminary difficulty as to the proper interpretation of these words—"partisans and adversaries of the Government." England is under a monarchy, and your Parliament is exclusively composed of Monarchists. Were it possible to take a vote upon the secular compact which unites England to the Crown, there would not be a single member in the hostile lobby, while the very suggestion of raising the question would appear to be an act of sacrilege to the devoted subjects of his Majesty Edward VII. France, as we know, is under a Republic, but our Parliament does not exclusively consist of Republicans, for there are Imperialists as well as Monarchists. Therefore the words "Government majority" have not altogether the same significance in France as in England, since with you none are opposed to the fundamental principle of the existing *régime*, whereas France numbers citizens, and consequently Deputies, who are always ready to vote against the very form of government,

whatsoever Ministry may happen to direct affairs. Here, then, is a primary element of disorder which disturbs our calculations.

Nevertheless, various circumstances—a certain improvement in public morals, the country's invincible hatred of revolution, as also the imposture of those mountebanks who wear emblems in their hats which have no place in their hearts—have to some extent combined to simplify the situation. The enemies of the Republic realised that, if they came forward as avowed enemies of the Republic, they simply courted disaster. Therefore, as a general rule, they termed themselves "Republicans." The Nationalists, *e.g.*, who are essentially Cæsarians, and therefore Imperialists, protested vehemently when their title to the epithet Republican was challenged. Similarly the Clericals, who are ready to accept any form of government dominated by the Church, also claimed the title of Republicans. This hypocrisy is at once an act of homage and a snare for the existing *régime:* it is an act of homage as signifying the abandonment of frontal attacks on the Republic, and it is a snare—in the nature of a Trojan horse—as the enemy hope to steal into and stab the Republic under a friendly mask. It was, however, imperative for the heterogeneous Opposition to enter the lists under a common flag and to raise a common battle-cry. They consequently termed themselves "Anti-Ministerial." Thus a certain symmetry of appearance was given to the struggle, which superficially resembled those traditional political conflicts in civilised communities where the policy of Cabinets, and not the form of Governments, is in issue. At the first ballot, and even more so at the second, the only serious competitors were "Ministerialists" and "Anti-Ministerialists." The former comprised "Republicans," "Radicals," "Radical Socialists" and "Socialists." The Opposition consisted of "Nationalists," "Conservative Monarchists," "Republican Progressists," "Dissentient Socialists" and "Revolutionary Socialists." The immediate question before us is (1) Have the Ministerialists secured a majority over the Anti-Ministerialists? (2) Is the Ministerialist majority greater than it was before the elections? Everybody replies "Yes" to these two questions, though the friends and opponents of the Cabinet differ as to the exact figures. What was the Ministerial majority in the last Parliament? It depended on circumstances. During the three years of his Premiership, M. Waldeck-Rousseau has commanded majorities oscillating between 20 and 80, according to the proposals submitted to the Chamber. The Ministerial majority varied not only as regards number but also as regards character. It is manifest, for instance, that the majority sup-

porting the vote maintaining the French Ambassador at the Vatican was differently composed to that which carried the Law of Associations suppressing a certain number of religious Orders. It has, indeed, been said of the Waldeck-Rousseau Government that it relied upon two majorities, which it used alternately according to political exigencies. Nevertheless, by scrutinising the division lists, and by striking a mean, it was possible to compute the number of Deputies who supported the Cabinet because they believed in it, and desired in any event to keep it in power. This majority could be fixed at approximately 60 votes in the last Chamber of Deputies. It is also possible to ascertain the number of candidates returned to the new Chamber, who are confirmed Ministerialists. At the close of the Elections they constitute a majority of 90. This summary and rapid analysis gives the following results: the Ministry originally had a majority of 60 votes, which has now risen to 90. In other words, in the event of a vote of confidence being required from the Chamber, the number of Deputies upholding the Government would be 90 in excess of those desiring its destruction.

The General Election, therefore, constitutes a victory for the Waldeck-Rousseau Government, who thus reap the reward of their policy and services. France not only declares herself Republican, but she believes in the Republican policy of the present Premier.

This victory was remarkable, seeing that it was gained over various unfortunate circumstances as well as over the malignity of political factions. Imaginary and popular grievances were reinforced by legitimate grievances aggravated by our deplorable national tendency to lay at the door of the Government everything which happens, whether for good or for evil. Weak and crude minds are haunted by the false idea that Providence is constantly interfering in human affairs, and is directly responsible both for the happiness and unhappiness which falls to the lot of mankind. If I discover a magnificent treasure, God has placed it there; if I receive a blow on the head, it is the act of God; if I drink a glass of poisonous water and have typhoid fever, it is likewise due to God; if the volcano of Martinique suddenly overwhelms forty thousand human beings, the catastrophe was organised by the Almighty. Simple folk who cherish such ideas apparently do not realise that they transform their Deity into a monster of wickedness and immorality—into a being more infernal than the Baals and the Molochs of antiquity to whom the young were sacrificed. And there are millions of

reasonable beings who cannot conceive mankind freed from the unceasing intervention of the miraculous. When we observe what circles swallow fantastic legends of mediums and table-turnings, Dreyfus cases and Humbert affairs, we can hardly be astonished at the general public suffering very seriously from the disease diagnosed as Credulity. In France the Government is treated like Providence, and is held responsible for everything which happens, whether fortunate or the reverse. It produces sunshine, frost, or rain, the hail that devastates or the opulent harvest, as the case may be. The winner of a lottery prize who gets 100,000 francs or 500,000 francs paid back to him on his Panama bond struggles with himself not to shout "*Vive la République!*" but the cabman shivering in the rain without getting a fare mutters furiously between his teeth "*Sale Gouvernement!*" Think for a moment of the influence of this national weakness when it so happens that the period during which the Frenchman is invested with the right of sitting in judgment on his rulers happens to coincide with a time in which he has some ground for being disappointed with his lot. Then the citizen whom his Government has accustomed to perpetual leading-strings, and who has contracted the habit of asking them for everything and of expecting everything from them, to whom the State is a sort of mysterious entity which has an existence altogether apart from the taxpayer—behaves towards the State like those idolaters who are wont to turn the faces of their gods towards the wall whenever they are disgusted with existence. They deem it their duty to punish this imaginary and mischievous Creation by voting for those candidates who avow themselves its enemies.

At this moment we happen to be passing through precisely one of those periods, too frequent and too long, in the life of nations, when a certain amount of uneasiness and annoyance is permissible to the citizen. I cannot pretend to give you a complete account of our contemporary difficulties, but it may be as well to indicate some of them, while frankly recognising that they cannot be disposed of by the *ipse dixit* of any Government, as they are partly the result of general phenomena, and partly the consequence of former acts which cannot be recalled. In the first place, we are confronted with financial embarrassments, which react upon individual well-being, and consequently upon the Public Revenue, the amount of which necessarily depends upon the taxpayer's prosperity. The Transvaal War, for instance, does not only hamper England, for it affects all the markets of the world. Then, again, the general over-production is crippling trade, while the striking economic development of new nations,

such as the Japanese, the Americans, both of the North and South, is growing at the cost and detriment of older peoples. The facility and rapidity of communications, however beneficial, are beginning to embarrass certain producers, especially producers of food. The flow of wheat from Asia and America is fatal to the price of wheat in France, while the butter of Norway is damaging the butter of Normandy, and the fruits of California keep the fruit-growers of France awake. To the difficulties due to international competition must be added those caused by our own blunders. The prolonged attack of anti-Semitism from which we have suffered, which reached its acutest stage in the Dreyfus case, has effected the elimination from their former position in France of the great Jewish financiers. Their place has been taken by second-rate financiers, not always happy in their schemes, and singularly unable to make head against the sheep-like folly of crowds. Under such influence and inspiration the savings of France have been thrown into the deplorable tramways business, where untold sums have been lost, while many millions have been engulfed in the Industrial Securities of Russia, which are undergoing a terrible crisis. These are among the causes of public discontent, and there are others. The Ministry, faithful to the programme endorsed by the country, has begun the great work of revising our fiscal system. The Death Duties have been reformed. The public had no knowledge of the immense progress attained during the last hundred years, which consisted in limiting duties to the net value of testators' estates, an allowance being made on the outgoings. The public was only aware of the necessary increase of duties.

The reform of the Drink Duties is another considerable improvement, thanks to which the Parisian can drink to-day for four *sous* a *litre*, the same wine which used to cost him nine *sous*, with the beneficial result that the consumption of alcohol is being replaced by the consumption of wine. The wine-grower, ruined in the first instance by phylloxera, up to his neck in debt in the effort to renew his vines, and again ruined by the very success of his effort, which furnished an immense mass of wine for which there was no adequate market, owes much to this reduction of the Wine Duties, which has awakened hope once more in his breast. The State could not, however, make the taxpayer a present of the discarded duties. They had to be replaced by others. The public completely ignored the remitted taxation, while protesting violently against the new taxes, just as formerly they used to protest against the taxes which they now no longer pay.

Then we have the strange adventure of the *Le Moigne* Amendment in this year's Budget, which is certainly germane to this discussion. One of our four direct taxes is a duty on personal property, its basis being the letting value of houses which was fixed on paper in 1829, according to the estimated population of the year 1830, though in reality it was an arbitrary valuation dating from 1791. But in 1899 and 1900, *i.e.*, about two years ago, there was a census of buildings, and consequently a revaluation of houses. M. Le Moigne, a Republican Progressist Deputy, during the Budget debates of this year, demanded that this duty on personal property should be fixed not according to the schedule of 1791 but according to that of 1900. As a result taxation was reduced in 56 Departments, while it was raised in 31. The great towns bore new burdens for the benefit of the country districts. The Le Moigne Amendment was carried in the Chamber and in the Senate without exciting any attention: but as soon as its principle began to be applied, *i.e.*, in the Spring, the taxpayers of the 31 Departments where taxation was increased, made such a tremendous demonstration, that a new vote was sought from the Chamber, whereby the 56 Departments retained the benefits of the Le Moigne Amendment, while the 31 were exempted from its burdens. The taxpayer probably failed to realise the effect of this remedial and perfectly incoherent act; and what is still more remarkable, though it is apparently only human, is the fact that actually in the 56 Departments benefited by the Le Moigne Amendment there were to be found citizens who objected as strongly as those elsewhere, so true is it that man can accustom himself to everything, even to injustice, while he refuses every change, even if the change be to his advantage. The famous *mot* of Charles II., the reforming King of Spain, is no less true to-day than when it was uttered: "My subjects are like children; they scream when they are washed."

The taxpayer has felt on the one hand the increased bill of the tax-collector, and he was not concerned to ask the why or the wherefore; while on the other he could learn every month, from the official statements of the Minister of Finance, that the national revenue was declining and the deficit growing. He did not ask why this deficit increased. He did not recognise that the decline of revenue was due to that reduction of the Drink Duties which he had demanded for 25 years, nor did he appreciate that the deficit was due to the Sugar Duties, and to that machinery of bounties on exportation, thanks to which we in France pay 60 *centimes* per lb. for sugar, in

order that you in England may buy it for 20 *centimes*. He only realised that, in spite of the growth of his personal taxes, the national revenue steadily diminished; so he was discontented. Then Parisians had a further grievance on the Gas question. We pay 30 *centimes* a cubic metre for gas, whereas other towns get it for 15 *centimes*, and even 10 *centimes*. The Gas Company offered to lower the price forthwith to 20 *centimes* on condition that its lease was renewed. The City declined this offer, not wishing to put itself in the hands of a corporation which had already realised enormous profits. Under these circumstances the Nationalists, who controlled the Municipal Council, proposed an arrangement whereby the consumer should get his gas at 20 *centimes* a cubic metre, but the City was to refund the Company the 10 *centimes* which the consumer gained. Thus the Parisian, in his capacity of taxpayer, would repay the 10 *centimes* which he would economise in his capacity of consumer of gas. This artifice was not acceptable to Parliament; whereupon many metropolitan deputies issued a placard announcing to the Parisians that, in its hatred against their city, the Government was opposing the reduction in the price of gas.

Then there was the Millerand-Caillard Law, reducing the hours of work (from April 1) in all factories and workshops where men, women and children were jointly employed, from 11 hours to 10½ hours a day. At the time it was carried this law was deemed indispensable by philanthropists. When it came to be applied the first demand of the workers was to be paid for the 10½ hours as much as they received for the 11 hours, to which the employers replied that it was quite out of their power to make this payment, with the result that conflicts and strikes ensued. The working-classes became excited, while the *bourgeois* fulminated once more against this Millerand who upset everything, and shattered the very foundations of society by laying unholy hands on the sacred rights of private property. This was wholly absurd, as private property is certainly as much respected to-day in France as it was three years ago before Millerand became Minister. However, a certain number of knaves pretended to be afraid, while a considerable number of fools undoubtedly were so.

We have further had the wails of the small shopkeepers, who regard themselves as martyrs owing to the immense development of the great shops. Their one desire is that these large establishments, which enrich armies of shareholders, sustain masses of employées and promote the general well-being and good taste of the community, should be forced to disappear in order to be

replaced by little booths where, from father to son, scrofulous tradesmen should occasionally retail their inferior wares to the rare passers-by, and maintain the struggle for existence only by the most sinister and sordid economies. They apparently cannot understand that, instead of selling two or three hundred umbrellas a year in his hole, the shopkeeper ought to wish to sell three or four thousand as a foreman or an assistant in a big shop without responsibility, without worry, and earning enough to enable him to live comfortably in the suburbs of Paris.

Add to these grievances those which arise from the general political condition. The fashionable world, the militant Catholics, reproach the Government with *la Loi sur les Associations*. Then those violent and giddy people who have constituted themselves the champions of French patriotism charge General André with disorganising the army. But the mere enumeration of the grievances and causes of discontent would of itself make an interminable litany. And how unscrupulously these grievances were exploited—with what heat, with what acrimony, with what perfidy—is inconceivable. At the beginning of the electoral campaign we saw a tremendous effort, by no means unsuccessful, to accumulate the sinews of war. Never throughout their long struggle against the Republic have its adversaries made such sumptuous preparations. The children in the schools were called upon to sacrifice the money which should have been spent on their prizes, while society women turned themselves into begging agents and went from house to house soliciting subsidies. A tax was imposed upon charities and the care of the sick, the succouring of the poor and the assistance of the old were all pronounced to be subordinate to the supreme need of rescuing France from her executioners. Money was drawn from everywhere, both the virtues and the vices being exploited. To-day it is possible for thousands of French cooks to boast that they have paid the electioneering costs of men with incomes of a thousand a year. Old retired generals were mobilised, turned into candidates and sent seeking suffrages from electors in districts in which they had been previously known as commanding officers, and from which, it must be added, the majority were ultimately driven the day after the declaration of the poll, amid the hue and cry of a not too well-bred Radicalism. Never in our time was such electioneering seen ; never were so many millions squandered.

Excited and exalted by their own ardour the adversaries of the Republic convinced themselves that at last victory was within their grasp, and I know of places in which Opposition candidates staked their whole fortunes on their success. In a little town not very

far from Paris the society women organised themselves into relays to pray day and night at the feet of the Blessed Sacrament for the triumph of their chosen candidate, who happened to be a young scapegrace who fears neither God nor devil, and whose election will in all probability be declared void. The huge expenditure and strenuous efforts of the enemy were concentrated round two or three centres, of which the chief was the *Patrie française*, a group dominated by M. Coppée, M. Jules Lemaître, General Mercier, and M. Cavaignac. These gentlemen were prodigal in their energy. They literally covered the country with their meetings, their manifestoes, and their placards, nor did they hesitate to resort to calumny and lying to gain their lands—in fact everything which is low, vile and contemptible in human nature. Although one dislikes being personal, I can cite an instance of their low-class electioneering within my own knowledge. One day prior to the polling I suddenly came upon a placard bearing my name among others more worthy and more distinguished. We were all represented as patronising the candidature of a gentleman whom I had never heard of or seen, and we were accused of dreaming of a Little France that we might the more easily sell our country to the foreigner. I felt outraged by this manœuvre, worthy of the Redskin. I sent for a process-server to draw up a *procès verbal* with the intention of prosecuting both the *Patrie française* and the candidate who resorted to such artifices, who chanced to be called Bonvalot. However, I decided to leave them alone, as such people only merit silent contempt.

If the reader desires to measure the maliciousness of the Opposition and to realise the depths to which they descended, he need but glance at a placard issued on the eve of the Second Ballot, signed by M. Jules Lemaître, actually a member of the *Académie française*. The *Affaire Humbert*—the story of that talented adventuress, belonging to a great Republican family, speculating during twenty years on the strength of a fabulous and legendary estate for the purpose of levying some forty millions by various methods from the inexhaustible credulity of the public—had just been unmasked. The entire Palais de Justice of Paris had been hypnotised by this woman, with the single exception of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who some four or five years ago, in the course of one of his arguments in court, cast suspicion on the entire story, and treated the will as a phantasmagoria. It may be noted incidentally that Madame Humbert had made much use of the litter of religious newspapers known by the name of *La Croix* in order to multiply her dupes and to promote her predatory enterprises. Nevertheless, in cold blood M. Jules Lemaître declared in this unspeakable

placard that the only reason why M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who had been aware of the fraud for the last five years, had refrained from exposing it was because he was employing its proceeds as an electioneering fund! This grotesque placard was turned into a *Vengeance de Trissotin* by the Premier, who disposed of his calumniator in a characteristic *bon mot* to one of his friends: "*Les pièces de M. Jules Lemaître ne réussissent jamais.*"

Considering the tempestuous nature of the campaign and the unheard-of manœuvres practised, the frantic efforts and the shameless exploitation of real or imaginary grievances, I claim that the Government secured a signal victory. It is surely wonderful that a Government confronted by all the turbulent elements of reaction, by the *frondeurs* of the Army, by the mass of the priesthood, by the majority of financiers, by the small shopkeeper of Paris, by all that remains of the French nobility and of good society, which had to fight, moreover, not only against the *Affaire Humbert*, but also the *Affaire Dreyfus*, managed without illegality, without violence, by the force of argument and by appeals to reason, not only to maintain its Parliamentary position, but sensibly to improve it. This is a great political *tour de force*, for I reiterate that France has not only demonstrated her devotion to the Republic but to M. Waldeck-Rousseau's particular form of Republicanism.

Such is, in my judgment, the chief significance of the elections, but there are two or three details to be noted. It is observable in the first place that the Radicals and the Radical Socialists were the most successful parties at the polls, as they gained several seats and now constitute the big battalions of the Ministerial Army. No less interesting is the fact that the few seats won by the Nationalists were secured at the expense of their Progressist allies (under the leadership of M. Méline and Ribot), who thus became their victims. The chief Nationalist wins were obtained on the Eastern frontier, where it was not difficult to excite military prejudices, and in Paris, where it was easy to exploit the secular feud which has existed between the Metropolis and the Government ever since the days of Charles VI. Another noteworthy feature of the polls was the re-election of all the Ministers, even M. Millerand, although he fought a metropolitan constituency against the full fury of Nationalism. No less striking and no less satisfactory was the rout of the anti-Semites in the Departments of Algiers, which formerly constituted their chief stronghold. As this defeat coincides with serious defections, may it not be regarded as a prelude to the disappearance of French anti-semitism, which ceases to be a serious political party and

becomes a mere appanage of anarchy? Then again it must also be recorded that the Socialist Party remains stationary, which means that its doctrines are losing their influence, though its leaders may be able to hold their own. I am inclined to agree with those among the latter who recognise that this stagnation, which is equivalent to a retrogression, is primarily due to the participation of the Socialist Party in the government of the country during the three years that M. Millerand has held a portfolio.

I should not like to close this bird's-eye view of our electoral struggle without referring to a man who is worthy of special mention owing to the great position he held, and the juvenile ardour with which he has conducted the campaign, as also on account of the tribute paid to him by the Nationalists, who singled him out as the special object of their wrathful efforts. I refer, of course, to M. Brisson, a former President of the Chamber of Deputies, and at one time Prime Minister, who, being subjected to a second ballot in Paris, finally secured a seat at Marseilles. Throughout the struggle he was in the position of a redoubt or height on the field of battle which the attackers and defenders agree in regarding as the key of the position. Had he been successful in Paris, he would certainly have been chosen as President of the new Chamber of Deputies. Now that he has been elected at Marseilles, efforts may conceivably be made to oppose his appointment to the chair on the ground that it would be regarded as a challenge to Paris. Possibly this argument may have some weight with the majority, but it would be unwise to overrate its force, as the successful Republicans now flocking into Paris do not appear to be in the least appeased by their victory. They have been saddened and sickened by their recent experiences. They complain of the wholesale corruption, of the intimidation practised by employers upon the employed, and above and beyond all of the meddling of the clergy in the elections. Should they decide to take advantage of the opening which presents itself for entering upon a campaign of reprisals and invalidations, and should they think that the election of M. Brisson would be regarded as a symbol of their disgust and indignation, they are not at all unlikely to throw down the gauntlet.

Now that the electoral struggle is over, the Parliamentary struggle is about to begin. On June 1 the new Chamber will reassemble under the presidency of its oldest member. It will proceed immediately to verify the non-contested elections, and it is computed that before the end of the first week in June it will be in a position to elect a permanent President and to hear the Ministerial programme. One fact dominates the situation; the

Premier, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, desires to seek a position of greater freedom and less responsibility, as you say in England. The reasons which invite him to retire are extremely simple. He was chosen to confront a crisis and to solve problems which exist no longer, since he has disposed of them. He came forward with a policy of Republican defence because he deemed the Republic to be in danger and to require defence. He was so fortunate as to combine with this central idea a certain number of practical proposals which he has been able to realise. To-day he leaves the Republic in unchallenged possession of the field on the morrow of an undoubted victory. In other words, his work is accomplished. The formation of his Cabinet supplied needs which no longer exist. He is like a good workman who, having finished his task, picks up his tools and goes home. I do not see how he can be blamed. His action will cause no public inconvenience, while it offers certain manifest advantages, not only for himself, but still more for the Republic. It would be puerile to contend that M. Waldeck-Rousseau alone possesses the secret of governing this country. He occupies the proud position of being able to withdraw without straining his success —to leave office without being ejected. He would thus avoid that troublesome period during which every Cabinet is liable to be tripped up—viz., the first six months in the life of a new Chamber, whose members, being unaccustomed to the working of the Parliamentary machine, are liable to give free play to their individual vagaries. Their elections being safely behind them, they are not restrained by the fear of forfeiting the goodwill of the head of the Administration.

To the Republic M. Waldeck-Rousseau's retirement offers a double advantage. It enables other men to be educated in the responsibilities of office, while it provides the nation with an invaluable reserve for future contingencies in the person of the statesman who during the last three years has afforded a measure of his powers. After some months' rest and recreation M. Waldeck-Rousseau will return to his career at the Palais de Justice, and I hope—indeed I am sure—that the further we recede from his three years' ministry, his reign will appear like certain monuments which grow greater with distance. Its opponents will regret their opposition ; its detractors will demand his return. That will be the sole revenge of the retiring Premier upon the injustice of his enemies.

J. Cornély.

GREATER BRITAIN

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR. THE PRELIMINARIES OF VEREENIGING

We narrated last month the sudden and, to the general public, unexpected arrival of the so-called Transvaal "Government" at Pretoria on March 23 under a flag of truce on Mr. Schalk Burger's application for "a safe-conduct through our lines and back in order to see Mr. Steyn with reference to the possibility of peace proposals"; how, after a prolonged search, the ubiquitous Mr. Steyn and De Wet, all that is left of the late Orange Free State "Government," were ultimately located in the Western Transvaal, in Delarey's sphere of operations, where they had betaken themselves, as their own hunting-ground had become too hot to hold them; how subsequently, thanks to the considerate arrangements of the British military authorities, the two Boer "Governments" and the principal guerilla leaders assembled in conference at Klerksdorp, ostensibly for the purpose of discussing peace, though not improbably in order to concert their next campaign. Indeed, no one whose opinion is of the least value would care to decide whether the gathering at Klerksdorp was a *bonâ fide* peace conference or a clandestine council of war; probably it was a mixture of both. The peace party wished to talk over the war party, while the latter appreciated the military advantages of the meeting. After two days at Klerksdorp, during which it was noted that the forms and ceremonies towards these vagrant "Governments" were observed by ourselves with unnecessary and unwise punctilio, the Boers made their way—each "Government" in its own special train—to Pretoria in order to interview Lords Kitchener and Milner. The whole of these proceedings remained shrouded in complete mystery, which we should be the last to cavil at had we unreserved confidence in the knowledge, the judgment, and the steadfastness of his Majesty's Government. All that was vouchsafed to the nation was the brief announcement of Mr. Balfour in Parliament on April 18:

Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener have had two conferences with the Boer delegates.

At their request Lord Kitchener, while refusing an armistice on military grounds, has agreed to give facilities for the election and meeting of representatives of the various commandoes to consider the position.

The Boer leaders have left Pretoria for this purpose, and it is not believed that communications can be resumed within less than three weeks.

The air was naturally dark with rumours as to what had occurred, and imaginative persons professed to know from day to day exactly what we had offered to the Boers, what the Boers were prepared to take, and inferentially the precise prospects of peace. More cautious people cultivated scepticism.

The *Times*, which is not given to *canards*, claims to have learnt from "a trustworthy source" the true story of the peace negotiations up to the departure of the Boer delegates from Pretoria as announced by Mr. Balfour. According to this account, Mr. Schalk Burger, the acting President of the Transvaal, decided to take the hint contained in Lord Lansdowne's reply to the Dutch Government last January, that he (Mr. Burger) and Mr. Steyn were the proper persons to make any overtures that might be contemplated. Consequently Mr. Burger approached Lord Kitchener, and the Klerksdorp Conference ensued, after which the Boers proceeded to Pretoria in a body, to discuss possible terms with the High Commissioner and the Commander-in-Chief. The first Boer proposal was "that the two Republics should merely concede all the demands made by the British Government before the war with regard to franchise, &c." Whereupon his Majesty's Government expressed their astonishment "that the Boer leaders should still so completely misapprehend the situation, and referred them to the Middelburg Conference for the maximum of concessions that could be granted to them." The Boers in reply asked to be allowed to consult their friends in Europe, or alternatively that delegates should be sent to South Africa to assist them. This was too much even for Lord Kitchener, who "returned a categorical refusal," the Boers being curtly informed that if they did not intend "to make any serious proposals, the negotiations had better be brought to an immediate termination." The next manœuvre of the "Governments" was to plead their inability to enter upon any negotiations on the basis of the surrender of the independence of the two Republics without the authority of their burghers, and in order to get it they requested an armistice. The formal demand for an armistice, as we know, was refused, but Lord Kitchener undertook that "whilst military operations would not be suspended, the enemy should not be molested while actually holding the

necessary meetings required for further negotiations, though they were clearly told that the resumption of negotiations was only possible provided they were armed with full powers by the commandoes." If we were to sanction such an *opera bouffe*, this quasi-armistice, which does not appear to have conferred any striking advantage on the Boers, was not unreasonable. We are told that "to these terms Mr. Burger is understood to have given an unqualified assent, but Mr. Steyn's acquiescence is believed to have been less unreserved." If this account of the first stage of the negotiations be accurate—and the *Times* evidently believes in it—very little could be expected from the second or subsequent stages save so far as they might be affected by the process of "attrition." It must also be said that, in spite of their tall talk, our Government seems as feeble as ever in action. For while the Boers have not yet reached the stage of renouncing their independence, being only prepared to "consider" the question, we find the British Cabinet, whose members are never weary of declaring that independence is no longer open to discussion, readily giving facilities for its discussion!

THE SOUTH AFRICAN VIEW OF "VEREENIGING"

The scattered Boer commandoes spent about a month in electing their delegates for the Conference to be held in our lines at Vereeniging on May 14, when the Boer representatives assembled to the number of over 160 for a further spell of British hospitality. A fresh and valuable side-light is thrown on the Vereeniging Conference by a striking and statesmanlike letter contributed to the *Times* of May 19 by "Our Special Correspondent," dated Cape Town, April 30, who raises a warning voice which we trust has not been wholly lost upon those for whom it was intended. He reminds us that the Boer delegates about to assemble would be armed with plenipotentiary powers, and they come to make peace or to protract the war on behalf of their comrades on commando, all the burghers represented at the Conference being pledged to abide by their decision. The writer affirms that the entire episode is viewed with some apprehension by responsible people in South Africa, who have so often seen the British authorities worsted in political encounters with the Boers, and who dread lest once more British simplicity may be overreached by Boer cunning with dire consequences, not only to the future of South Africa, but of the British Empire, whose welfare and honour are engaged up to the hilt in this struggle. Men are inquiring, not for the first time, whether the British Government is sufficiently conscious of its responsibility and duty "to

frame its policy, not under pressure of temporary inconveniences, but in the light of its world-wide experience, which teaches it to sacrifice the doubtful good of the moment for the permanent weal of the British race." There are unfortunately grounds for this concern, as our country is no stranger to "vague and inconclusive conventions, ratified hurriedly, shortsightedly, without thought of a morrow; both Egypt and Malta point the finger of reproach at faint-hearted Governments who allow their line of action to be influenced by party politics and place their chances at elections before the future of the Empire." Is the end of the three years' struggle which has stirred the nation to its heart and has caused untold, though ungrudged, sacrifices of blood and treasure to be "a patchwork peace and a legacy of unrest," or, on the other hand, "will the Imperial Government once and for all grasp with a firm hand the South African nettle and rob it of its sting?" Much astonishment has been expressed in England that so little should have been heard during the past few weeks of the views entertained with regard to the present "negotiations" by the people of South Africa, who are not less entitled than the people of England, the people of Canada, or the people of Australia or New Zealand, to be considered and consulted. The correspondent supplies the clue to this mystery. It appears "that no reference is allowed to the subject (of peace) in the South African Press or in cables to England."

Owing to this boycott, which seems to us a monstrous misuse of the censorship, the writer seeks to express the views around him, which may be thus briefly summarised. There is a general consensus of opinion that the current negotiations are a mistake, and the people holding this opinion are as anxious for peace as anybody engaged in the war, for they live under the irritating restrictions and the petty vexations of martial law, while their material interests loudly call for the cessation of hostilities. But they know their Boer, and believe that when it comes to bargaining, he is likely to beat the Englishman; and they fear lest concessions should be made by the latter which will not be received in the generous spirit in which they are made, but will be simply regarded as "a spur to future effort and an encouragement to reopen, when the moment seems opportune, what he resolves shall be a life-long struggle." Why, they ask, when we have every right to demand unconditional surrender, should we think of accepting anything else? The issue of the struggle was never in doubt, and we are now within a measurable distance

of the end, whatever may be the result of the voting at Vereeniging. The writer pertinently adds: "True, it might not finish of its own accord in time to secure an Empire at peace on Coronation Day; but are we to jeopardise the whole future of South Africa in order to accelerate by a few months what must of a certainty come to pass one day?" The attitude of the Boers and the tenor of their demands at the commencement of the negotiations apparently strikes Englishmen in South Africa as it strikes every pro-British Englishman at home. It should surely convince us of the folly of allowing them to dictate their own terms. They have scarcely more than a tenth of their original fighting force still in the field; their country is annexed, while their readiness to treat may be regarded as an admission of the hopelessness of their cause; but the moment they are permitted to negotiate they advance the most preposterous demands, apparently thinking that the days of the Bloemfontein Conference can be recalled! Such action on their part would, one might have supposed, have caused an instant dismissal of the Boer "Governments" without any further "negotiations." But this was not done. "The leniency which has characterised our conduct in this war is apparently to know no limits."

The "permanent peace and prosperity of the country" must be our watchwords during any "negotiations," and everything must be subordinated to these higher interests.

The Dutch of South Africa have shown their capacity for a steady, unswerving pursuit of a cherished object, and this quality hitherto has been directed against British rule in South Africa. We have to be on our guard against this tendency in the future, and it can be combated best by allowing no vestige of an *imperium in imperio* to remain in the country; in other words, the Boers, in making their peace with us, must do so as individuals, or at the most as a collection of individuals, not as a nation with some central organisation that may form a rallying-point for intrigue and unrest.

The Boers were expected to lay stress on the following points: (1) Great Britain to grant self-government by a fixed date; (2) The recognition of Dutch as well as English as the official language; (3) The pecuniary compensation for losses incurred by the Boers during the war; (4) An amnesty for Cape rebels. If we mean business, it is difficult to see how any concessions can be made upon any of these subjects. We have every intention of extending self-government in South Africa as we have done elsewhere, but we must be guided by circumstances and must decline to be hampered by conditions. The principal element in expediting

this question will be the conduct of the Boers themselves. It is either needless or impossible for us to pledge ourselves to a date. Should the enemy loyally accept British rule it might be possible to change the present *régime* in a very few years. On the other hand, if they imitate the Irish and satisfy us that they would treat every political concession simply as a weapon to be used against British supremacy, it would be suicidal to grant local autonomy, which has been well defined as "the plant of an armed revolution." It would therefore be not only rash but it would be positively immoral to give the Boers an undertaking which, *ex hypothesi*, we might find it impossible to carry out. Great nations cannot commit suicide, whatever paper pledges they may have given. With regard to the second point, English must become the sole official language of the new colonies, though Dutch might become the medium for religious instruction in the schools for those children whose parents definitely preferred it ; but we certainly cannot commit ourselves further than this, and the much-cited precedent of Canada is a warning to deter rather than an example to follow. As regards the third condition, it is only necessary to say that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has declared in Parliament that the British Government intends to heal the material ravages of war with a generous hand, but the arrangements must be left entirely with Lord Milner, and it would be absurd to agree to pay any sum of money to the fighting Boers, which would be regarded and represented by them as in the nature of a war indemnity. No less grotesque would it be for Great Britain to surrender on the amnesty question, which appears to us to be, so to speak, the pivot of the whole plot. We cannot afford, simply in order to be able to cry "Peace," to sell the birthright of the loyalists of South Africa by putting our own subjects who have fought against us on the same footing as those who have fought for us. Nothing could be more certain to lead to a second South African War than to outrage our own friends by proclaiming the doctrine of equality between loyalists and traitors, while teaching rebels that it will always be safe to fight against England. It is bad policy to make the lot of the former too hard or that of the latter too easy. The one alleviation to the anxiety of the British in South Africa, who have watched the "negotiations" with some bewilderment, is the presence of Lord Milner, and the correspondent we have quoted thus closes his letter: "So long as the last word rests with Lord Milner, the result of the Pretoria Conference will be awaited with equanimity."

In the abortive negotiations at Middelburg last year the Boers showed themselves to be even more foolish than the British, and saved us from a humiliating settlement by rejecting the extravagantly generous terms which Lord Kitchener was permitted to offer, and the publication of which made every Englishman who cares for the future of South Africa realise that the Commander-in-Chief, however capable in the field, is intellectually or politically incapable of competing with the Boers across a table. It is possible that the history of Middelburg may be repeated at Pretoria. At the time of writing there is no positive indication as to the decision of the Boer delegates at Vereeniging. The *Daily Mail*, it is true, affirms that "peace is absolutely assured," but the *Times* is much less optimistic, while the Colonial Secretary, as we know, has avowed himself "hopeful but not sanguine." Reuter's special correspondent at Pretoria, telegraphing on May 20, gathers "from various reports, the trustworthiness of which cannot be guaranteed, although they are confirmed in many quarters," that "the majority of the Transvaalers, including the members of the late Government, are undoubtedly in favour of peace," but that "the Free Staters, with a few uninfluential exceptions, desire independence as the basis of any terms." The reader will be able to verify the soundness of these "intelligent anticipations" for himself, as also of the forecast of "one of the men who is best placed to know the real views of the South African Republics" contained in a letter to the *Times* Paris correspondent, and reproduced by him. According to this authority, the Vereeniging Conference must be abortive; not that the British conditions will be brusquely rejected, but they will be met by counter-conditions "which England will not be able to accept, and it will thus be England who will summarily reject the proposals as not worthy of discussion." How, asks the writer, can you suppose that four-fifths of the 160 delegates should vote for their own suicide, for while 40 to 45 of them may have something to look forward to under the British *régime*, the remaining 120 "will have nothing whatever to go back to; neither trade, industry, farm, nor social status." They will consequently vote against peace, and will endeavour to continue the war, and being three times as numerous as the others, their vote will carry the day. "The war will then be resumed, with less ardour, perhaps, on both sides, but peace will come by the force of things later on, without previous conference and without a treaty. The war will end finally simply because it can no longer go on."

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK

Our troops have not been inactive during the weeks of "negotiations," and should the Boers ultimately decide to resume their resistance they will find their forces very substantially reduced and ours appreciably strengthened. According to Lord Kitchener's weekly reports, our total "bag" of Boers between March 24 and April 21 inclusive was 1337 killed, wounded, and captured. On April 28 the weekly return was 118; on May 5, 146; and on May 12 no less than 830. This gives a grand total of nearly 2500 for the period between Schalk Burger's arrival at Pretoria and the gathering at Vereeniging. During this time not only have there been no "regrettable incidents," on our side, but our casualties have been infinitesimal. On the other hand, the enemy have been totally wanting in dash and zeal, and several commandoes seem to have surrendered *en masse* almost without firing a shot. In the largest operation of all, for example—viz., Sir Ian Hamilton's drive on the Bechuanaland border—the British losses were *nil*, while the Boer prisoners numbered 400. Considering the many disappointments of the war, one is naturally very careful not to exaggerate the possible effect of our successes or the losses of the Boers, but it would almost appear as if, as regards the Transvaal, there is no serious organised resistance left outside the western district, while it is difficult to see how the Boer leaders can expect to resume offensive operations in any part of the Orange River Colony. In certain districts of the Cape Colony, on the other hand, the situation is bad, and in any event we appear to have a serious campaign before us in the far west, where a large and heterogeneous collection of Boer and rebel marauders, estimated at anything up to 3000, have taken refuge in a very difficult country. The ingenious idea that this remnant should be allowed to work out their own salvation in their own little hell will, we fear, hardly prove workable. No civilised community can tolerate such a menace upon its border, and its suppression will be a formidable undertaking.

The weakness of our Government in shirking the suspension of the Cape Constitution, which ought to have been effected nearly two years ago, has had the deplorable results foreseen at the time. In the incompetent hands of Sir Gordon Sprigg, the government of the Colony is reduced to a political farce, though financially it is a tragedy. Mr. Runciman, a

Progressive Member of the Cape House of Assembly, speaking, it is understood, on behalf of forty-six Progressive Members, at Constantia in the middle of May, expressed his disapproval of the refusal of Sir Gordon Sprigg to propose the suspension of the Constitution, which had become an absolute necessity in the interests of the Colony. There were several vacancies in the House owing to the disfranchisement of members convicted of rebellion, and it would be disastrous to hold by-elections, which would be conducted on purely racial lines with dangerous consequences to the peace of the country. Moreover, if Parliament met there would be a repetition of the treasonable speeches which had such fatal influence during the Session of 1900. The speaker challenged Sir Gordon Sprigg's contention that he had at present a working Ministerial majority of ten in the House of Assembly, as this depended on the further disfranchisement of political opponents, some of whom might conceivably be acquitted, as had occurred lately. Therefore the Government's parliamentary position was perilous, and it was bad for the Colony in the highest degree, as it placed its destinies in the hands of a few Cross Bench members who would use their power to emasculate Ministerial measures. Moreover, the loss of a few seats would involve the total disappearance of the pretended Government majority, and the Governor would be constrained to send for the leader of the Opposition, representing the Bond party, whose return to power at the present time was unthinkable. If such a catastrophe occurred the Imperial Government would be compelled to suspend the Constitution, which was the step now demanded by Mr. Runciman and his friends. The speaker concluded with the statement that he had good authority for saying that many of the Dutch themselves desired this temporary alleviation, "so that the Colony might settle down for two or three years without the acrimony of elections and politics, and an opportunity be given for grievances to be forgotten." Unless the position is boldly faced, Cape Colony will drift into chronic sedition and bankruptcy.

THE ENLARGEMENT OF NATAL

One of the most satisfactory results of the war is the substantial increase to be made in the territory of Natal, a subject on which there has been considerable discussion ever since the Boers launched their ultimatum in October 1899. This enlargement has now been formally assented to by the British Government. There is a poetic justice in the episode which

will appeal to the imagination of Imperialists. One of the reasons which induced the Boers to follow up their declaration of war by concentrating their armed strength upon the Colony of Natal, apart from their miscalculation as to its means of resistance, was the desire to gratify a long-cherished ambition to appropriate part of, if not to entirely eliminate, the most British community in South Africa. During the period Northern Natal was in the occupation of the Boers there were several "annexation" proclamations, and Dr. Leyds, it may be remembered, during his famous visit to Berlin at one of the darkest moments of the war, was pleased to define the substantial slice of territory which the victorious Boers would extort from Natal as compensation for her insolence in resisting their invasion. Natal on her side has long desired some redistribution of territory, and this desire was probably quickened by the Boer "annexations," as also by the legitimate feeling that the country which had borne the brunt of the attack was entitled to corresponding compensation. Lord Milner, the High Commissioner, in a despatch dated December 14, 1901, summarised his conversations with the Governor and Government of Natal during his recent visit to that Colony. He found a very strong feeling on the subject, as "the people of Natal reckoned confidently upon some increase of their small and ill-shaped territory, and would feel the keenest disappointment if it were not to come about." The Natal Government sought the incorporation of the four following Transvaal districts, viz., Vryheid, Utrecht, Pietretief and Wakkerstroom, as well as the Harrismith and Vrede districts, belonging to the Orange River Colony. Lord Milner regarded these two proposals as standing on a different footing, and desired that they should be discussed separately, and ultimately two Memoranda, entitled respectively, "The proposed rearrangement of the Natal Transvaal boundary" (A) and "The proposed rearrangement of the Natal Orange River Colony boundary" (B), were drawn up. Memorandum "A" "represents complete agreement between the Government of Natal and myself," though, "like most agreements of the sort, a compromise," as Natal "would have welcomed an even greater extension of boundaries than appeared to me judicious in its own interests or desirable in the general interests of South Africa." However, Lord Milner was able to add, "I am glad to say that both parties were very well satisfied with the agreement arrived at," according to which Natal was to obtain the districts of Vryheid, Utrecht and part of Wakkerstroom, the Colony abandoning her claim to Pietretief and the South-Eastern part of Wakker-

stroom, and agreeing to take over £700,000 of the Transvaal debt; a solution which the High Commissioner is "prepared to recommend as it stands to his Majesty's Government, while the Government of Natal is prepared, as soon as the approval of his Majesty's Government is obtained, to bring such measures as are necessary to give effect to it on the part of Natal before the local legislature during its next session."

With regard to Memorandum "B" the case is different. The Natal Government was extremely anxious to obtain an extension of territory on the side of the Orange River Colony; "indeed, the Prime Minister of Natal went so far as to say that he considered it more important and valuable than the extension on the North-East—a view which I own surprised me." Lord Milner was *a priori* opposed to this proposal, but admitted that the arguments adduced in its favour made a considerable impression on him, though he did not feel sufficiently convinced of its desirability to urge it upon the Imperial Government as in the other case. On February 26, Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, telegraphed to Lord Milner stating that the Imperial Government were prepared to approve the proposed transfer of the districts of Vryheid, Utrecht and a portion of Wakkerstroom to Natal, but were not prepared to assent to the proposed incorporation of the Orange River Colony districts. In a subsequent despatch, dated March 8, Mr. Chamberlain set forth the reasons for his decision, which will generally commend itself to impartial outsiders, and is, we believe, recognised by the people of Natal as a not unfair settlement of a difficult problem. He fully recognised that the small area and small white population of Natal had placed it "at a distinct disadvantage in times past," and the desire to remedy this defect was "natural and legitimate." His Majesty's Government had given practical expression to this view in 1897, when the province of Zululand was transferred to Natal, and "they feel much satisfaction in now agreeing to a further extension of the boundaries of Natal, in view of the steadfast loyalty and endurance shown by the people of Natal during a trying period of invasion and protracted hostilities." The present boundary between Natal and the Transvaal is neither natural nor convenient, large wedges of Transvaal territory being interposed between the northern part of Natal and Zululand, while "the natives of the districts to be transferred are closely allied to those of the adjoining portions of Natal." This is specially the case as regards the natives of Vryheid, who are part of the Zulu nation, and whom

it would therefore be only reasonable to place under the same rule as Zululand, from which they had been separated by a raid of armed Boers in 1883, "who established a Republic, which was incorporated in the late South African Republic in 1888." Therefore, in sanctioning this transfer of territory, his Majesty's Government "feel that they are reuniting what ought never to have been separated." But the claim of Natal to Vrede and Harrismith is far weaker. There is no such reason as exists in the case of Vryheid. These districts have invariably formed part of the State from which it is now proposed to sever them, and, moreover, they are separated from Natal by a chain of mountains which form a clear and convenient boundary. Then there is a considerable difference of opinion between the Governments of Pietermaritzburg and Bloemfontein as to the advisability of the change. In these circumstances the Imperial Government have decided "to confine the territory to be transferred to the Transvaal districts," which, according to available statistics, consist of an area of some 7000 square miles, containing 8000 white inhabitants and 50,000 natives, involving an increase of one-seventh to the white population of Natal, and one-sixteenth to her native population, while her territory is augmented by no less than one-fourth. The addition to be made to Natal, in the words of the Colonial Secretary, if not "so large as deeply to alter the general character of the Colony, or to impair its moral weight in the councils of South Africa, which, in the opinion of his Majesty's Government, it is most important to maintain undiminished, is large in proportion to the present size of Natal." Mr. Chamberlain's decision has been received favourably by the Legislative Assembly of the Colony, and the required resolutions passed unanimously.

THE

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

The Advent of Peace.

Our long and anxious struggle in South Africa—anxious, not owing to any doubt as to the issue, but on account of the stake involved and the exposure of our interests elsewhere—came somewhat abruptly to an end on May 31. On that day the Boer representatives returned to Pretoria with the mandate of the delegates assembled in conference at Vereeniging to accept the terms substantially as drafted by Lord Milner and to enter the polity of the British Empire. That our late antagonists, now our fellow subjects, showed their skill in practising the art of surprise almost to the twelfth hour is clear from the manner in which the glad tidings of peace became public. On Thursday, May 29, Mr. Balfour expressed the hope of being able to state on the following Monday the result of the negotiations, though he was by no means positive of being in a position to do so, nor was his tone particularly encouraging. That same day (May 29) the Boer representatives left Pretoria for Vereeniging to submit the British terms to the vote, and what the decision might be no wise man cared to predict in the face of the equally positive but diametrically opposite rumours. It seemed most probable that there would be a further period of haggling, cleverly continued to the eve of the Coronation, in the hope that the British Government might be tempted to make regrettable concessions in the interests of peace. For once, however, the surprise prepared by the Boers was of an agreeable character. We had not even to wait the four days stipulated by Mr. Balfour, for in the small hours of Sunday, June 1, the War Office received a telegram from Lord Kitchener

announcing that all the Boer representatives, as well as Lord Milner and himself, had signed a document "containing terms of surrender" at 10.30 P.M. the previous evening. The first public intimation was the posting of Lord Kitchener's telegram in Pall Mall shortly after 5 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. An hour later the Lord Mayor was making a speech outside the Mansion House to the vast crowd that had suddenly sprung up from nowhere, the City being usually silent and deserted on the Sabbath. The news spread like wildfire through the great metropolis, and men, women, and children rejoiced as it reached them. On the whole, the demonstrations were sober and seemly.

Congratulations.

The single question rising in the mind of reflecting people on first hearing the news was: "Are the terms worthy of the national efforts and sacrifices of the last two and a half years, or has British simplicity been once more overreached by Boer slimness?" Had we been inveigled into a humiliating compromise, a patched-up peace, in which the enemy might husband their resources for a renewal of the contest at a more opportune moment? Probably pessimism predominated over optimism during the brief period between the announcement of peace and the publication of the terms. Happily the forebodings of the former were falsified while the optimists were for once abundantly justified by the event. Mr. Balfour, evidently feeling the occasion too great for any conventional expression of emotion, contented himself, amid the breathless silence of a crowded House (June 2), with a bald recital of the terms of the Boer Surrender, the text of which will be found at the end of this number ("Greater Britain"). It is not easy to follow the oral delivery of a written statement, while the early epitomes issued were misleading upon several points and conveyed the impression of questionable concessions, but directly the document was published the entire British Empire heaved a sigh of relief. It was instantly recognised that we had secured the essentials for which we had fought, and that for once in our history British statesmen had failed to throw away the labours of British soldiers. An acrimonious controversy had raged for many months as to the necessity, as it was represented on the one side, and the impossibility, as it was declared on the other, of enforcing what is known as "unconditional surrender" upon the Boers. Mr. Seddon and the robuster part of the community had steadily advocated this policy. In the course of his timely visit to South Africa the New Zealand Premier declared, "they (the

statesmen) would not do their duty unless they adhered to the policy which he had announced in New Zealand, and which the British Government had announced, viz., unconditional surrender. To concede terms at dictation would only give opportunity for troubles in the future. That was the feeling of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and, he believed, of the great majority of their kindred in the mother country." We ventured to say in commenting on this utterance last month "our views on the subject (of the negotiations of the Boers) have been exactly expressed by Mr. Seddon." It is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that we find ourselves able to echo the felicitous congratulation addressed by Lord Rosebery to the Prime Minister in the House of Lords on the occasion of the reading of the Terms of Surrender : "I hope I may be allowed in a single sentence to express to his Majesty's Government my hearty, unstinted, unreserved congratulations upon the announcement of peace which they have been privileged to make to-day."

Honour where it is due.

Every English politician is anxious to prove that "this is my peace." Lord Rosebery's followers declare that the famous Chesterfield speech, which if we remember right, contained the unhappy suggestion that we should accept overtures from President Kruger, laid the foundations of the recent negotiations—perhaps an arguable proposition. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's organ, however, has the effrontery to assert that this great wise and eminent statesman is the real author of the Peace. His most conspicuous public work during the past year has been to traduce the British Army and to make their task as difficult as possible by encouraging the enemy. This has been coupled with the brilliant proposal to recall Lord Milner, but for whom we should never have secured a peace worth having. On turning to the Terms, and reading the story of the negotiations so far published, it is clear that the credit of the present Settlement belongs to the two great Englishmen in South Africa and the Cabinet which kept them there and supported them. Lord Kitchener has been the organiser of victory, who eventually reduced the Boer forces to the point of being willing to acknowledge their defeat, while Lord Milner's diplomatic skill, insight, and steadfastness saved the negotiations from fiasco. That we did not lose at the table what Lord Kitchener had won on the veld is principally due to the High Commissioner. If the reader will study the story, even as related in the excessively edited Parliamentary paper which we reproduce at the end of

this number, he will appreciate the admirable discrimination and perspective of the two congratulatory telegrams sent by the Sovereign to Pretoria. Some of his Majesty's subjects at home would do well to take these messages to heart. The sudden love of Lord Kitchener by those who were wont to denounce the "Butcher of Khartoum" is merely the offspring of a contemptible desire to belittle those great statesmen Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner, who have been as skilful and successful in making peace as the great soldier in making war. The King's telegrams are as follows:

To Lord Milner, Pretoria. I am overjoyed at the news of the surrender of the Boer forces and I warmly congratulate you on the able manner in which you have conducted the negotiations. Edward R.

To Lord Kitchener, Pretoria. My heartiest congratulations on the termination of hostilities. I also most heartily congratulate my brave troops under your command for having brought this long and difficult campaign to so glorious and successful a conclusion. Edward R.

Unconditional Surrender.

The Terms of Surrender to which the ten Boer leaders finally affixed their signatures, were accompanied by a document, so far unpublished, containing the authority of the Vereeniging Conference. This is credibly reported to be a formal acknowledgment of complete defeat by the Boers, setting forth that they had only brought themselves to relinquish their claim to independence owing to the British Government's refusal to prolong negotiations and its insistence on dictating terms. This is a vindication of the very policy advocated by Mr. Seddon, and derided by pro-Boers and deprecated by weak-kneed persons of the Mugwump order. It is not, we are proud to reflect, the English nature either to be unduly depressed in the hour of reverse or indecently elated at the time of triumph. Still less are we inclined to exult over foemen who have shown themselves so worthy of our steel as the Boers, and who have only followed the great example of General Lee in bowing to the inevitable on that fateful day at the Appomatox Court House in 1865, when he accepted, on behalf of the Southern States, what is known as unconditional surrender. While the British terms are generous and even magnanimous to the enemy in many respects, it is necessary to point out that they are in a political sense tantamount to unconditional surrender. The reiterated pledges of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain to the nation are absolutely fulfilled. So far as we can make out, we do not hamper ourselves by one inconvenient condition. Not only do the enemy recognise King Edward as "their lawful Sovereign," and undertake to abandon further resistance to his authority, which is the

first and capital condition of peace, but all burghers, wherever they may be, must "duly declare their acceptance of the position as subjects of his Majesty." We thus escape one of the dangers with which we have long been threatened, of seeing a host of sullen and unpledged prisoners of war returning to South Africa. In the next place we were told that it would be impossible to secure a general surrender of rifles, a rifle being even more essential to a Boer in South Africa than an umbrella to an Englishman in London. But not only did the burghers undertake to "forthwith lay down their arms, handing over all guns, rifles and munitions of war," but they have since fulfilled this obligation.

Self-Government.

Another of the hack contentions of pro-Boers was that the enemy would never yield without a pledge on our part to restore self-government at some fixed date. We have refused to make any such absurd promise. Lord Milner—who was supposed to be anathema to the Boers, but for whom all the best of them have the greatest respect on account of his unflinching fairness—is left an entirely free hand by the undertaking that "military administration . . . at the earliest possible date be succeeded by civil government, and, as soon as circumstances permit, representative institutions, leading up to self-government, will be introduced." Civil government has already been restored in the interval since the surrender. We are all anxious to see the white communities of South Africa enjoying full fledged autonomy and constituting that "South African Nation," of which the High Commissioner has lately spoken. The last thing we wish is to retain the Transvaal or the Orange River Colony indefinitely under Crown administration. But the question must largely depend upon the demeanour and disposition of the Boers. Both the language and the native questions also presented pitfalls into which our representatives were expected to tumble. Both have been happily evaded. We avoid the unhappy Canadian precedent by making English the official language of the new territories, but we also avoid the detestable Prussian example in Poland, where little children are flogged for refusing to say their catechism in German. The new language clause runs as follows: "The Dutch language will be taught in public schools in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, where the parents of the children desire it, and will be allowed in Courts of Law when necessary for the better and more effectual administration of justice." The native question has been dealt with by a clause which both eases our position and gives satisfaction to the

Boers. "The question of granting franchise to the natives will not be decided until after the introduction of self-government." Our further promise that no special tax shall be levied on the farms of the newly conquered territories, most of which have been destroyed, as well as the grant of £3,000,000 in order to save the Boers from beggary and the promise of loans are all minor concessions which have greatly facilitated the submission of the commandoes. Indeed at the time of writing the Great Surrender has actually been completed, thanks to the genius of Lord Kitchener, who within three weeks has seen nearly 20,000 Boers contentedly laying down their arms. It must be added that the Terms are no less satisfactory in a negative than in a positive sense. On the one hand President Kruger and the corrupt and rotten clique who engineered the war have been completely ignored by both the combatants. Secondly there is no mention of the rebels—of whom we shrewdly suspect the Boers have as low an opinion as they have of our pro-Boers. Rebellion will be dealt with by the laws of the respective British communities to which the rebels belong.

Reception of the News.

From all the representative cities of the British Empire, Ottawa, Simla, Melbourne, Sydney, Cape Town, Wellington, came the gratifying news that our Imperial allies gave their unqualified approval to the peace. Messages expressing the long pent-up emotions which were now let loose came pouring in upon the Sovereign and his Majesty's Ministers, conveying enthusiastic approval at the final triumph of arms and statesmanship. The veracious chronicler is, however, bound to observe that outside the confines of the British Empire—with the exception of a few responsible and friendly circles, such as are to be found in Washington, New York, Rome, and Vienna—the general feeling at this swift and unforeseen *dénoûment* was a compound of chagrin and consternation. In the great continental countries and such hostile quarters as the Vatican the professed hatred of the war gave way to an equally violent denunciation of the peace. To this general exhibition of spleen—in which, needless to say, the Germans, as ever, took the lead—there was one notable exception. The *Times* correspondent cabled from Tokio on June 3 that our allies, the Japanese, were profoundly gratified by the news of peace, and that their leading journals contained glowing tributes "to the display of the vast resources of the British nation, to its calm courage in the face of adversity, its unflinching resolution to convert disaster into triumph, and its absolutely unembarrassed condition at the close of a struggle

which has lasted nearly three years. Such an exhibition of national strength [they say] is unprecedented in the history of the world." Englishmen, on their side, readily recognise that if we have remained "unembarrassed" during the last three years, and have thus been able to carry our great undertaking in South Africa to a successful issue, free from outside interference, it is largely owing to the fact that unfriendly Powers were aware that although our co-operation with Japan is technically restricted to the Far East, in any serious contest in which our existence was at stake, we could confidently count on their moral and material support.

The Grant to Lord Kitchener.

On June 5 both Houses of Parliament devoted themselves to doing honour to the Army. The House of Commons went into Committee of Supply that Mr. Balfour might move the grant of a sum of £50,000 to Lord Kitchener, who has also been promoted to the rank of General and created a Viscount. The leader of the House pointed out that only six years ago Lord Kitchener was a Colonel in the British Army, and he has now attained the highest rank below that of Field Marshal, besides having attained a second step in the Peerage. Moreover, this was the second time he had been voted public money, and he is the designated Commander-in-Chief of our Indian Empire. Great as are these rewards, no one looking back upon Lord Kitchener's career "will say that he is overpaid for the services which he has rendered to us." His record in South Africa has been one long triumph over difficulties. He originally went there as Chief of Lord Roberts' staff, at a time when the duties of that office were especially onerous and responsible, owing to the disorganisation and dislocation of the Army "consequent upon the ill-success which had attended our arms in the earlier phases of the campaign." He discharged these initial duties "with admirable energy and with admirable skill," but it was only after the departure of Lord Roberts "that the special claims of Lord Kitchener to the gratitude of his countrymen reached their present magnitude." Lord Roberts had executed "a most brilliant strategic and tactical movement by which the enemy, regarded as an organised single tactical unit, had been practically shattered." Had we been fighting an ordinary European community this would have been the end of the war. As it was a formidable and novel task confronted Lord Roberts' successor, which "will be understood at once when I remind the House that Lord Kitchener had to deal at

the same time with no less than ninety small mobile columns scattered over an area greater than that of large European States, and these columns were themselves not hampered by the military necessities of defending great commercial or national interests." Mr. Balfour dwelt on another element which greatly increased Lord Kitchener's difficuties, and which, "so far as I know, is absolutely new even in the history of guerilla warfare, and that is that we were, while fighting our enemies, supporting the whole civil population."

A Gigantic Task.

Mr. Balfour declared that this was no time to discuss in detail the methods of Lord Kitchener who "in the course of his operations against this mobile foe created no less than 4000 miles of lines defended by blockhouses—a distance greater than the whole distance which separates the Atlantic from the Pacific in North America, a distance greater than that which separates Khartum from Cape Town in South Africa." He added, "this gigantic task shows a fertile brain. The success with which this was carried out shows boundless courage, boundless energy, and boundless resource, and it is to those great qualities that we owe the fortunate termination of the war in South Africa." The character of the struggle had left no room "for great dramatic incidents, great battles in which opposite forces are marshalled one against the other, and in which great issues decide the campaign," though "there were gallant feats of arms, gallant feats by both parties engaged." But the strain upon the Commander-in-Chief was not less than if the circumstances had been more dramatic: "the constant demand made upon his vigilance, upon his military eye, surveying the huge theatre of warfare—those qualities have been called into requisition by the circumstances in which Lord Kitchener found himself as much as they have ever been called into requisition in any campaign of which we have a record." The grant to Lord Kitchener was seconded by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman,* whom we might have hoped

* The last word upon Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been spoken by no less a person than Dr. Reitz, the late Secretary of State of the Transvaal. It is recorded by a *Times* correspondent who "can vouch absolutely for the accuracy of the story." In the course of conversation Mr. Reitz was asked point-blank what he thought of Mr. Chamberlain. His reply was as follows: "I have nothing to say against Mr. Chamberlain. He is all right. He is a statesman, and therefore has a policy which he does quite right to carry out to the best of his ability. But the statesmen whom we dislike are Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Labouchere. They led us to believe that they had a real sympathy for our cause, and we

would have had the grace to entrust the task of eulogising the army to one of his colleagues. After the usual Irish scene the motion was carried by 380 to 44. One of the finest eulogies upon Lord Kitchener, which we have read, was that of the High Commissioner at a farewell banquet given to the Commander-in-Chief in Johannesburg on June 17. Lord Milner, who is a born orator, his oratory being all the more attractive from being entirely unadorned and free from Parliamentary affectation, declared that the greatest of all tributes to Lord Kitchener was the fact that the army was never stronger or in better fettle, never greater, fitter, or a more formidable force, than on the day the war came to an end. Lord Milner added :

The stupendous difficulties of his task are realised in this country. Nothing but a will of steel and untiring energy in grappling day by day with a mass of complicated details, which have seldom been grouped into any human brain, only persistent stoical courage, could have brought him through it to this present perfect success. Men of this temper are commonly supposed to be less sensitive to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune than others, but no man has felt more than Lord Kitchener the loss of the many gallant officers and men. But all the more honour is due to him that he never let the acuteness of his sorrows and disappointments deflect the steady, unswerving pursuit of his aim. Lord Kitchener's name will go down to history as the foremost of our men of action, while he leaves the scene of his greatest achievements esteemed, almost beloved, by the men whom he fought and conquered.

Vote of Thanks to the Army.

The vote of the grant to Lord Kitchener, which was formally concurred in by the House of Lords, was followed by Votes of Thanks to the Troops in both Houses in the following terms, which we reproduce textually :

That the thanks of this House be given to the officers and warrant officers of the Navy, the Army, the Royal Marines, the Militia, the Imperial Yeomanry, and the Volunteers, for the energy and gallantry with which they executed the services which they were called upon to perform during the prolonged campaign in South Africa.

That this House doth acknowledge, and highly approve the gallantry, discipline, and good conduct displayed by the petty officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Navy, the Army, the Royal Marines, the Militia, the Imperial Yeomany, and the Volunteers throughout the war.

That the thanks of this House be given to the officers, non-commissioned officers, warrant officers, and men of the several corps of Militia which have been embodied in Great Britain and Ireland during the course of the war, for the zealous and meritorious service which they have rendered at home and abroad.

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were convinced that they would do their utmost to help us. They fed us with false hopes, and then we found out that instead of having any sympathy for us they were simply playing us off for the purpose of getting into power."

That the thanks of this House be given to the officers, warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men of his Majesty's Colonial and Indian Forces for their co-operation with his Majesty's Imperial forces, and for the energy and gallantry with which they executed the services which they were called upon to perform during the prolonged campaign in South Africa.

That this House doth acknowledge, and highly approve the gallantry, discipline, and good conduct displayed by his Majesty's Colonial and Indian forces, and doth also acknowledge the cordial good-feeling which animated all his Majesty's forces.

That this House doth acknowledge, with admiration, the distinguished valour, devotion, and conduct of those officers and men who have perished during the campaign in South Africa in the service of the Empire, and desires to express deep sympathy with their relatives and friends.

In moving this motion in the House of Lords, after a general and graceful tribute to the great British army in South Africa, the Premier laid special stress upon the thanks of Parliament being given to the Colonial forces. "Certainly we have never before had such abundant cause to thank our Colonial fellow subjects for the support they have given us at a time when support was really needed." Lord Salisbury—who realises the political value of the spontaneous action of the Colonies in the winter of 1899 if anybody does, seeing that he was then Foreign Minister—reminded the House of Lords that at that time "this country was cast out with reproach in almost every literature in Europe." No one believed in our success, for all thought that our downfall was at hand: "It was at that time, when our destinies seemed to be darkest, and there was the strongest ground for fearing that, at all events, we were on the brink of a bitter and long-contested struggle, that the attachment and loyalty of our fellow subjects beyond the sea showed itself in its brightest and most valuable colours." The speaker warmly added:

If their affection had not been sincere, if they had not had the same ground of valuing beyond everything the polity to which we all belong, it would have been an easy opportunity for them to have dropped us off and to have said little, or done little, in defence of the common heritage for which we were contending. But there was nothing of the kind. The more our difficulties increased the more their loyalty grew warm and sure; and it is as much to that moral as to the material support which their constant adhesion gave to us that we owe it that we were able to defy all the hostility and bitterness of all our opponents, that we were able to carry on to the end without flinching a conflict of which there are few examples in our history.

The Vote of Thanks in the Lords was seconded by Lord Spencer, who, while he has not emulated Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's "methods of barbarism," can hardly be said to have shown public spirit, statesmanship, or zeal for the British Empire in his utterances during the War. The tardy anxiety of

pro-Boer politicians, who gave their moral support to the enemy while the struggle lasted, to escape the odium which properly belongs to them by eulogising the British army now that anxiety is over, would be amusing if it were not pitiful. It is unnecessary to say that the vote in the House of Lords was carried *nemine contradicente*.

In the Commons.

In the House of Commons an identical vote was submitted by Mr. Balfour, who pointed out that "for the first time we have had an army entirely composed of British subjects," which indicates "a very great revolution in the military position of this country," as all our previous wars have been waged either in conjunction with allies or with the assistance of mercenaries of foreign nationality and blood. In passing, we may note the fact to which Mr. Chamberlain has lately called attention, that Canada, Australia and New Zealand placed in the field in South Africa a larger force than represented this country at Waterloo! Mr. Balfour justly emphasised the services of the officers and men of the regular army: "Sir, they have been the backbone after all of our fighting force. On them has the greatest burden fallen, and they have served without discontent or murmuring side by side with brothers in arms paid at a much higher rate." Nor could the services of our sailors be over-rated. "Not merely in operations in which the navy itself was engaged, but in operations of a strictly military character, and never has that co-operation done otherwise than redound to the credit of the naval force engaged. What has been true throughout our history has been true in South Africa, and the naval brigade has earned undying honour in the early stages of the war." After appropriate references to the Militia, the Yeomanry, the Volunteers and the Colonial forces, each of whom had played a unique and remarkable part, Mr. Balfour singled out, among the many great qualities displayed by the entire army, the admirable spirit of humanity which has animated the whole force from first to last.

> I do not believe that the history of the world shows a parallel to the conduct of troops who were practically masters of the whole area in which they were, except just the ground on which these scattered commandoes were carrying on their operations, who had the whole thing under their feet, and who never once, so far as I know, transgressed I will not say the laws of war, but the higher code of humanity to which the laws of war are only a distant and rough approximation. It does show a great growth in humanitarian and humanising sentiment of which we may well be proud in this country.

After a somewhat unctuous utterance from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and the usual vulgar demonstration by

the Irish members, to which Mr. Swift MacNeill contributed the comic element by asserting that "he himself came of a military stock," the Vote of Thanks to the Troops was carried by a majority of 382 to 42, the minority being exclusively composed of Irish Anglophobes, the English Anglophobes not caring to divide against the Army, though two of them had opposed the grant to Lord Kitchener.

Overtures from Berlin.

We hazarded the prediction two months ago that one of the first fruits of peace in South Africa would be a frantic effort on the part of the German Government to regain the goodwill of the English "man in the street"—as a preliminary to the recapture of the man in the Cabinet—which has been forfeited by the too clumsy displays of Anglophobia during the period when our victory seemed remote. It is essential to the Pan-German policy that, for the present at any rate, and pending the construction of the navy, that the wire between Berlin and London should work as freely as that connecting Berlin with St. Petersburg. For twenty years the *Agent provocateur*, or the "honest broker," as he prefers to call himself, has been seeking to provoke a conflict between Russia and Great Britain, but this despicable policy has been happily defeated by the wise reluctance of the Russian Government to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for her western neighbour, by adopting an actively hostile attitude towards this country during the Boer War. Owing to this disappointment a new wire has lately been laid to Washington, and a similar *rôle* is being assumed by Germany towards the United States and Great Britain. The success of any policy of embroiling other Powers necessarily depends on the relations maintained with each. Should the "honest broker" receive his *congé* from any of his clients his opportunities of exploiting the others are proportionately reduced. The long-suffering British Government and the British nation show signs of bestowing their custom elsewhere, and this restiveness, unless restrained, threatens the whole fabric of *real politik* laboriously reared in the bureaus of the Wilhelmstrasse. Hence the innumerable overtures now being made to us through various agencies, occult and otherwise. Sometimes our supposed self-interest is invoked, *e.g.*, when our Government are urged, in the interests of British shipping, to fight "the Shipping Combine"—which, by the way, the German companies were excessively eager to join. Then, again, appeal is made to our well-known generosity; we are asked to forget and to forgive—to let bygones be bygones. Our own pages this month bear striking

evidence to the vigour of this movement of appeasement in the shape of an article from the brilliant pen of Mr. Arnold White, who, in the course of recent visits to Potsdam and Kiel, had altogether exceptional opportunities of ascertaining the views prevailing in the highest quarters upon the present phase of Anglo-German relationship. Mr. White was received with charming candour and courtesy by all the officers of the German navy, from its illustrious Commander-in-Chief downwards, and he very properly observes : "I owe it to my German hosts to try and present what I understand to be their views of the situation." Needless to say it is a deeply interesting communication, which we are proud to publish in the *National Review*, and commend to the careful attention of our readers.

Conflicting Theories.

The German Emperor—in a strictly political and not in a personal sense—must either be regarded as a friend or an enemy of Great Britain, unless he be a neutral, in which case we also should cultivate neutrality. The subject may be illustrated by instances. The Emperor of Japan, *e.g.*, must unquestionably be regarded as a friendly Sovereign who sincerely rejoices over British successes and deplores British misfortunes. Possibly the venerable Emperor of Austria and the young King of Italy may also be regarded as friends of England. They have probably exercised a restraining influence on our ambitious enemies at critical moments during the last three years, while their Ministers and Ambassadors have always acted irreproachably. The Sovereign of Russia, on the other hand, is steadily held up by the German Press as the typical hereditary and irreconcilable enemy of England, but there are no serious grounds for regarding the present Tsar as less friendly (always in the political sense) than the Kaiser. Indeed, many persons in a position to know affirm that the latter Sovereign is the hostile head of a hostile community, and that the great German navy and vast embarkation docks at Embden which are being pushed on with such feverish haste can only have one objective, and they warn us to wake up and prepare for the coming struggle, so that instead of the "naval Sadowa" of which Prussians dream, we may be in a position to inflict a "naval Jena." It can hardly be that this country will surrender her maritime supremacy to Germany—whose "destiny," it is officially declared, "lies upon the water"—without a struggle. If, however, we accept the hypothesis which is popular with a certain, though a declining, number of Englishmen that as the

grandson of the most illustrious monarch who ever occupied the British throne, William II. entertains towards this country the feelings of regard and goodwill he undoubtedly entertained for Queen Victoria, we are met by the astonishing fact that in this case his Majesty is utterly impotent in his own community. Not only has this great Sovereign—for whose personal character and brilliant genius every Englishman has profound respect—been unable to exercise any influence over German public opinion, but *ex hypothesi*, he has lost complete control of the ordinary governmental machinery. Prior to the Boer war nine Englishmen out of ten would have predicted that in any prolonged crisis in which Great Britain became involved, France and Russia might be expected to turn our complications to our detriment, while Germany, if not actually prepared to give her moral support to the British cause, would, at any rate, have scrupulously abstained from joining in the hue and cry against us, while the German people, whose strong point is research, would have been at great pains to master our case before condemning us. Neither France nor Russia have, however, acted the hostile *rôles* popularly allotted them, their appointed part having been eagerly grasped by Germany. We have seen the entire Teutonic community swept away in a hurricane of *Schadenfreude*.

The Anglophobe Game.

The Germans have outstripped all other peoples in their zeal to blacken the British character, to vilify British statesmen and soldiers, and to hold up the British people as *hostes humani generis*. This is no exaggerated description of the attitude adopted from October 1899 to June 1, 1902, by practically the whole people under the guidance of their chief newspapers from the responsible *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the semi-official organ of the Berlin Foreign Office, down to the popular *Lokal Anzeiger*, which commands such peculiar and intimate knowledge of the utterances and intentions of the Kaiser. So far as we have been able to ascertain neither the Kaiser nor his Ministers ever made any serious attempt to stem this stream *at home*, though from time to time they *privately* expressed regret *abroad*. Nor was the Anglophobe campaign confined to the Press, whether semi-official or free. The Kaiser's own Ministers have taken a constant hand in the game, either in speeches advocating the Naval Bill or in general discussions of the international situation. In fact they have missed few *safe* opportunities of bringing this country into hatred, ridicule and contempt both in the Reichstag and the nation. It is hardly serious to suggest that they were continually outraging the sentiments of their Sovereign ; indeed,

there is reason to believe that on the famous occasion when Count von Bülow, so to speak, wiped his boots on the British Army, he was acting under the immediate and direct instructions of the Kaiser. We have also seen distinguished German soldiers of the rank of Count von Waldersee,* who would be the last man to express sentiments distasteful in the highest quarters, go out of their way in public utterances to make offensive references to this country. Nor have German Ambassadors abroad been altogether able to refrain from cultivating Anglophobia. At this very moment—whether as the result of Prince Henry's visit to America we cannot say—Dr. von Holleben, the German Ambassador in Washington, is organising the German American Press on anti-English lines, in a manner which excites considerable comment among the statesmen of Washington. We may venture with great respect to ask whether his Excellency is also flying in the face of his Sovereign? In fact, we find, wherever we turn, that, except in communications exclusively intended for British consumption—which can easily be repudiated elsewhere—every agent of the Berlin Government is, according to the measure of his opportunities, doing something to excite prejudice against the British Empire. The conclusion is irresistible that the Kaiser is either the powerless friend or the secret enemy of England. In either event our only policy is to remain *toujours en vedette*.

Baron Richthofen's "Indiscretion."

The German Government realise that their chance of recovering their baneful and mysterious influence over the British Foreign Office depends upon the extent to which they can succeed in fooling the British public, to whom in the long run our statesmen are accountable. Official Germany appreciates the power of the British Press, and has lately made efforts, worthy of Busch, to "nobble" various English newspapers, happily only succeeding with inferior prints. As regards the greater and more important organs, especially the *Times*, they have failed dismally. The Berlin correspondent of our leading journal has rendered signal services to this country by the courageous and unflinching manner in which he has discussed German policy. For this he has incurred the wrath of the powers that be in Berlin, who are now trying to browbeat the man they have been unable to

* This distinguished officer has recently made a speech in London praising "the humanity" of the British Army. Had this speech been delivered in Berlin last winter it might have made some impression here.

bamboozle. We are indebted for our knowledge of this disgraceful episode to the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, who stated in a telegram dated June 11: "A discreditable attempt is being made to-day by a large and influential section of the German Press, including papers so hostile to one another as the *Kreuz Zeitung* and the *Vossische Zeitung* to make the position of the Berlin correspondent of the *Times* untenable." "With suspicious unanimity," he tells us:

> Papers of all shades of politics, both in Berlin and the provinces, break out to-day in attacks on this journalist, accusing him of systematically poisoning the relations between Germany and England by his alleged one-sided reports from Berlin. He is charged with having for years sent garbled accounts to London of German anti-English feeling, of having raked among all sorts of second-rate papers for expressions of hatred against England, and of serving these up as the opinion of Germans in general. During the Samoan difficulty, during the war between Spain and the United States, and especially during the Boer War, the *Times* correspondent is alleged to have pursued this policy.

We have before us a copy of the *Kreuz Zeitung* containing the extraordinary statement that at a recent reception given by the Secretary of State for the Interior, Count Posadowsky, Baron von Richthofen, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, turned to the correspondent in question whom he thus harangued for the benefit of a circle of listeners: "No one has contributed more to the poisoning of public opinion in England against Germany than you. I have repeatedly told the British Ambassador that, with the influence of the *Times* in England and the echo of its articles in Germany, your warped and poisonous correspondence must be regarded as an evil for both countries." If it be true that Baron von Richthofen stooped to such language, or anything like it, in his own house to an invited guest his Excellency should consult some manual on deportment.

The Volte Face.

The German desire to get rid of the one correspondent who thoroughly understands their political methods and aims and can't be "got at" is intelligible, for the success of German policy depends on its not being understood abroad. But the charge of systematically poisoning the public opinion of England against Germany by raking up Anglophobe utterances from inferior German newspapers is as false as it is malicious. All regular readers of the *Times* are aware that its Berlin correspondent habitually ignores inferior newspapers, while he never fails to call attention to the friendly or *quasi*-friendly utterances which occasionally appear in such organs as the *National Zeitung*, the *Frankförter*

Zeitung, or the *Kölnische Zeitung*. Curiously enough on the very day of this concerted attack upon himself (June 11) the correspondent in question telegraphed as follows to the *Times:*

> The *National Zeitung* has on more than one occasion manifested a fair and judicial spirit in its treatment of South African intelligence. To-day it publishes a letter written from Klerksdorp, on May 12, which gives an accurate and sympathetic account of the arrangements and working of a concentration camp. The National Liberal organ does not make any comment on this letter, but the facts set forth therein will help to correct the prejudice against such institutions which misrepresentation in the past has created in Germany.

No correspondent living in Berlin could, however hard he tried, conceal the hostile bias of the entire German Press, but in the interests of decency the *Times* correspondent has steadily boycotted the filthier forms of Anglophobia which have been spread broadcast over Germany. That he has not been able to cite more Anglophil utterances during the last three years is due to the simple reason that there were none to cite. Now, however, that the war is over, certain German organs which have been foremost in besmirching us are endeavouring, under instructions from the Press Bureau in the Wilhelmstrasse, to execute a *volte face* by writing appreciative articles on the winners. The *Times* correspondent, unlike certain of his *confrères*, who apparently consider that their first duty is to please the German Foreign Office, very properly refuses to propagate the legend of a "friendly" Germany. This is greatly to his honour and to the credit of the *Times* for maintaining him in a position which it would be no exaggeration to say is more important for British interests than any of our continental embassies.

The Shipping Combine.

The Navy League has published an important letter on the subject of the Shipping "Combine," signed by Mr. Trower and Admiral Sir Edmund Fremantle, the Chairman and Vice-Chairman respectively of the Executive Committee. We trust their views may not be wholly lost upon the Committee of the Cabinet, which is understood to be considering the present position of our Mercantile Marine. The subject is to be discussed at the impending Colonial Conference, and it is desirable that it should be examined in all its bearings before a final decision is taken. The Navy League letter does not under-rate the gravity of the new development. "Sea power," we are told, "is the resultant of a large mercantile marine, protected by an adequate navy," and from this point of view the prospective loss of a large portion of our North Atlantic trade contains "a possible menace to our naval

position." But from the purely naval point of view, its most important aspect is the threatened loss of the subsidised merchant cruisers on which the Government had the right to rely for the defence of our commerce in the event of war. Great Britain possesses seven of these subsidised cruisers of more than nineteen-knot speed, of which three belong to the White Star Line, which has already entered the Combine, and the other four to the Cunard, which so far remains outside. An attempt is being made in some quarters "now that the grapes are sour" to minimise the value of these vessels, but they were found of the utmost service by the United States in her war with Spain, while their merit is recognised by the Governments of Russia, Germany, and France. The call upon certain merchant cruisers has always been used by the Admiralty to explain away our ridiculously inadequate supply of man-of-war cruisers, and officialism is consequently estopped from depreciating their value simply because they are entering the Combine. There is not a single ship in the British Navy capable of steaming across the Atlantic at twenty-knot speed. Therefore, the Navy League calls upon the Admiralty to replace the threatened merchant cruisers by new vessels of twenty-four to twenty-five knot speed, supported by subsidies commensurate with the objects to be obtained, care being taken that the new vessels shall remain in fact as well as in name, British.

A Suggested Arrangement.

The Navy League letter contains an important addendum, pointing out that this protest rests on the commonly received assumption as to the ultimate aims of the "Combine." They add, however, that

> If it is open to the British Government to secure by friendly agreement with the North Atlantic Trust that there shall be no transfer of British ships, either those now entering the Combine or those to be built for it in British yards, to any foreign register, and likewise to contract that they shall continue to be officered and manned by the Royal Naval Reserve, our national interests would be safeguarded, and the Navy League's objects—the preservation of the valuable mercantile cruisers and fast transports—attained. If the Government have reasonable proposals of this character before them, we trust that they may be accepted, as such an arrangement could not fail to strengthen our maritime position in the event of a war with any country other than the United States.

Then follows this declaration of general policy, which is fortified by the evidence lately given by Sir Robert Giffen and others before the Subsidies Committee of the House of Commons. "But in any event we would strongly appeal to the Government to make the present the occasion for a new departure in our mercantile

policy, recognising the necessity of 'linking up' the different parts of the British Empire by subsidised lines of steamers suitable for Admiralty purposes. We would also draw attention to the alarming absence of fast cruisers from recent Admiralty programmes." The reference to a possible arrangement with the "Combine" guaranteeing the national status of the White Star and other British ships taken over as well as those to be built for it in British yards, has naturally excited a good deal of curiosity. There is a strong feeling that if the Cabinet have before them such an offer by the Combine that they should not hesitate to accept an arrangement which would substantially strengthen our strategic position, while it need not in the least interfere with that reconsideration of our entire shipping policy for which the time is ripe. Let us by all means bind up the British Empire by means of fast steamers, but it would be short-sighted to confine our operations to the Atlantic and challenge the United States to a campaign of Combines. For the time being the Anglo-American Combine has killed the Shipping Subsidy Bill which has long been popular in Washington, but the moment the British Government declares war, the Shipping Subsidy Bill will be revived, and the American exchequer will be placed at the disposal of our adversaries. While the Kaiser is egging our Government on to this contest, it is noteworthy that the German companies are content to occupy the somewhat ignominious position of subsidised branches of the new Combine.

A Consultative Council.

Although we have not yet invented any regular machinery for consulting the self-governing Colonies upon questions of common concern, the occasional conferences of Premiers in London, of which the most important that has ever been held meets on June 30, may ultimately develop into a truly Imperial Cabinet. After all, the British Cabinet, as we know it, was not the creation of any Act of Parliament, but the slow growth of ages. As it is absolutely necessary for the Empire to possess some kind of Consultative Council, no doubt in time such a body will be invented, in spite of the extraordinary amount of cold water which eminent statesmen delight in throwing on any positive proposals of constitutional reform. It would be rash to predict whether the present Conference will bear any serious fruit, but it may be hoped that in any event Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Barton, and Mr. Seddon, who have ideas and convictions on the subject of imperial trade policy will not be put off by the crude brutalities of the Chancellor of the

Exchequer whose bark is infinitely worse than his bite. Although he happens to be in a position to do a considerable amount of mischief at the moment, he in no way represents the opinions of the more active or thoughtful members of his own Party. Free Trade has undoubtedly been for the last fifty years the financial Pope of the British nation, and still retains a considerable hold over the old school of financiers such as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Sir William Harcourt, who have learnt nothing during the last twenty years and live on the old shibboleths. Apart from these exploded economists, and certain journalists, upon whom the word "Cobden" exercises the same effect as "Mesopotamia" on the old lady, the Manchester superstition has steadily lost ground. Many Englishmen who are anything but fools believe that not only is some form of Customs Union desirable in the interests of the Empire as a whole, but that it is absolutely vital for the people of this island, if they are to maintain their industrial position, to defend themselves against their commercial rivals by a tariff on foreign manufactures. At present we are very much in the position of an old unarmoured cruiser going into action against a modern battleship.

The Cape Constitution.

There can be no more appropriate question on which to seek the informal advice of the visiting Premiers than the proposed suspension of the Constitution of Cape Colony. The subject was formally started by a petition to the Governor of Cape Colony, signed by no less than forty-two members of the Cape Legislature, who in a covering letter asked for "a temporary withdrawal of the Constitution," and not "an indefinite suspension," on the ground that "it is essential for the welfare and prosperity of the Colony that a short period of political peace, free from all those party and racial animosities which must be associated with a meeting of Parliament and contested elections at the present time or for some time to come, should succeed the upheavals caused by the present campaign." As Members of Parliament they are equally averse to convoking the legislature "before the country has had an opportunity and time to recover from the bitter passions which had been aroused" as to "a permanent abrogation of responsible government." They asked Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson to forward their petition to Lord Milner for his "guidance and advice in the present difficult position." Like many other people they have profound confidence in the High-Commissioner's sagacity. Since this petition was presented it has received the support of an un-

expected and powerful adherent. Telegraphing from Pretoria on June 20 the *Times* correspondent affirms that in recently speaking of the future of the Transvaal, General Louis Botha expressed the opinion that one of the main factors auguring prosperity lay in the fact that for years there would be no Party politics to disturb the country. He added that "the Cape Constitution ought undoubtedly to be suspended, otherwise the Bond would constitute itself the champion of the disaffected element in the new Colonies and endeavour to keep up racial antipathies." A month before General Botha's declaration the High Commissioner had sent the Governor of Cape Colony "an unofficial expression of his views" which absolutely coincides with those attributed to General Botha—a happy omen for the future of South Africa. Lord Milner says:

> Speaking, then, unofficially, and as to old friends, I may say that I entirely sympathise with their desire to preserve the Colony from the disastrous consequences which are likely to result from the resumption of Parliamentary and party strife before the bitter passions excited by the war have had even a little time to subside. It is impossible for me to forget what happened two years ago, when heated Parliamentary debates and a violent agitation throughout the country, following immediately upon the suppression of the first rebellion, were in their turn followed by a second rebellion, more widespread, more protracted, and more ruinous than the former one. With that experience in my mind, I should sympathise with the petitioners even if the Cape Colony was alone concerned. But other interests are involved. It would be idle to ignore the effect which a furious controversy in Cape Colony, turning exclusively upon the war—its causes, its conduct, and its results—would be certain to exercise in retarding the pacification of other parts of South Africa.

Lord Milner added that he regarded local independence as the essence of our Imperial system, and that so far from wishing to depart from it in South Africa, "we all, I believe, hope to see it extended in the not distant future to the whole of British South Africa." But an interregnum of non-Parliamentary Government in Cape Colony may be the only means "to preserve that system from the complete break-down with which a repetition of the events of the autumn of 1900 would undoubtedly threaten it." The whole subject will doubtless have to be thrashed out in the Imperial Parliament, but if authority is to count for anything, the case for suspension is already established, for while on the one hand we have Sir Gordon Sprigg and Mr. Graham as the only prominent loyalists in favour of the present *régime*, we have Lord Milner, the late Mr. Rhodes, Dr. Smartt, who has chivalrously thrown up his office rather than remain associated with Sir Gordon Sprigg, and last, but not least, General

Louis Botha on the other side. No man knows the Bond's power for mischief better than General Botha.

The French Crisis.

President Loubet returned from his return visit to the Tsar on May 27, and in a landing speech at Dunkirk declared that his reception in Russia had exceeded all his hopes. M. Loubet certainly obtained an extraordinary ovation in St. Petersburg, but his Russian tour can only be regarded as an unqualified political success when we learn that the St. Petersburg Government has consented to remove the present Russian Ambassador from Paris to some sphere more suitable for the exercise of his peculiar talents. He has made the Russian Embassy a centre of Nationalist intrigue, and an electioneering agency for the Opposition, and it is no secret that he has constantly used the reptile Press of Paris against the Government to which he is accredited. In the interests of the Dual Alliance this scandal should be stopped. On his return to Paris M. Loubet found himself confronted with pressing domestic problems, for on June 4 M. Waldeck-Rousseau, *l'homme indispensable* for the last three years, formally tendered his resignation—and that of his colleagues—thus violating the accepted creed of Parliamentary countries that no Minister should resign any office until compelled to. The retiring Premier justified his unusual proceeding on the simple ground that there was no further need for his services, "as the Republic has issued victorious from its final trial," while in the next place his physical strength does not permit him to continue performing "duties which demand, in order to be well fulfilled, constant unremitting activity." Ultimately Senator Justin Combes, at one time Minister of Education, and enjoying in a special degree the confidence of the Radicals, consented to man the breach. Although he is entirely unknown outside France, he has evidently a great Parliamentary following, as he was able to constitute a Cabinet—the forty-first since 1870—with unusual rapidity. Three members of the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry remain in office, among them being M. Delcassé, the skilful Minister for Foreign Affairs, who earlier in the year was expected to retire, and General André, the much-abused Minister for War, who, though not a brilliant, is a moderate and sensible man with a considerable amount of backbone. Among the new Ministers the most conspicuous are M. Rouvier, who becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer, and is apparently converted to the necessity of at any rate proposing an Income Tax, and M. Camille Pelletan, who may prove to be a somewhat "viewy" Minister of Marine, while something is expected

of M. Vallé, the Minister of Justice, who undertakes to deal with the prodigious Humbert scandal without fear or favour. Their remaining colleagues are comparatively unknown men who have presumably established the usual "claims" for political preferment. Three days after the constitution of the Cabinet M. Combes read the Ministerial manifesto in the Chamber of Deputies, which dwelt on the triumph of Republican institutions at the recent General Election, and made the stereotyped declaration of Republican Governments that the Army would be kept out of politics. The positive programme was brief and to the point. The Cabinet intend to enforce the Associations Law, to abrogate the Education Law of 1850, to cultivate retrenchment, to introduce an Income Tax, and to reduce the term of military service to two years. Among other items in their programme is the establishment of pensions for working men. If the Combes Cabinet lives through this year there is no reason why it should not last as long as its predecessor.

Hares and Rabbits.

A correspondent of *Le Figaro* succeeded in obtaining nearly a month ago an interview with the German Imperial Chancellor, Count von Bülow, the echoes of which will not readily die away. Count von Bülow, who passes for being a shrewd, well-informed and cultivated man, permitted himself to discuss the Polish question with a foreigner in a coarse and offensive manner, thus giving gratuitous offence to millions of German subjects, Austrian subjects, and Russian subjects. After declaring that the policy of the German Government would be resolutely national, he added: "Count von Caprivi fancied for a moment that another method was preferable. Events proved his mistake, and opinion did not follow him. If in this park I were to put ten hares and five rabbits, next year I should have fifteen hares and one hundred rabbits. It is against such a phenomenon that we mean to defend in Poland national unity." This amazing utterance caused the utmost excitement among the Poles and the Catholics, whose temperate organ, the *Kölnische Volkzeitung*, in an article entitled "Pharaoh Bülow," thus interpreted the scriptural allusion:

> The Chancellor can save himself from an inordinate increase of the rabbits in his park by shooting them. Similarly, there is only one way of preventing the multiplication of the Poles, and that is the measure which Pharaoh adopted against the increase of the Jews. By instituting this ugly comparison Count von Bülow has implicitly passed judgment upon all his measures for combating the Polish race. He must now deal with the Poles like a second Pharaoh. But however "steadfast, resolute, logical and purposeful" his

Polish policy may be we doubt whether he will go so far as to bring in a Bill for drowning like young cats all new-born Polish children or even all the males among them.

Even Prussian papers were somewhat shocked. Nevertheless the Committee of the Diet approved the latest Bill for Germanising Poland, and it has since passed the Diet, in spite of the nickname which it owes to Count von Bülow of the "Hares and Rabbits Bill." That Count von Bülow was simply the mouthpiece of the Kaiser is shown by the speech of the latter at a banquet given at the Castle of Marienburg on June 5 in honour of the dedication of the restored chapel of the Teutonic Order of Knights, in which he thus emphasised his approval of the Polish policy of his Chancellor :

I have once already taken the opportunity of emphasising in this Castle and on this spot how ancient Marienburg, the one time bulwark of the East, the starting-point of the civilisation of the countries east of the Vistula, must also always remain a symbol of Germany's mission. Once more it has come to this. Polish arrogance is resolved to encroach upon Germanism, and I am compelled to summon my people to preserve its national possessions. Here in Marienburg I express my expectation that all the brothers of the Order of St. John will always be at my service when I call them to guard German manners and customs.

Imagine the outburst of Teutonic fury supposing Lord Salisbury or Mr. Chamberlain were to compare the British and the Boers to hares and rabbits respectively !

The King's Illness.

At the moment of going to press, on the very eve of the Coronation holidays, comes the distressing news that the King has suddenly been stricken by a dangerous illness. The Coronation has consequently been postponed, and the community thrown into a state of consternation. The necessary inconvenience caused to all classes of his Majesty's subjects by this announcement is completely overshadowed by their anxiety as to the state of their Sovereign. A critical operation has been performed in order to save life, and has so far been as successful as the circumstances permit. According to the last bulletin issued at the time of writing, "it will be some days before it will be possible to say that the King is out of danger." The hopeful element in the case is the heroism of the illustrious patient, who has borne his sufferings with the characteristic fortitude of his House.

CONSIDERATIONS GOVERNING THE DISPOSITION OF NAVIES

WE have the highest military authority for saying that "War is a business of positions"; a definition which includes necessarily not only the selection of positions to be taken, with the reasonings, or necessities, which dictate the choice, but further also the assignment of proportionate force to the several points occupied. All this is embraced in the easy phrase, "The distribution of the fleet." In these words, therefore, ought to be involved, by necessary implication, an antecedent appreciation of the political, commercial, and military exigencies of the State in the event of possible wars; for the dispositions of peace should bear a close relation to the contingency of war. All three elements form a part of the subject-matter for consideration, for each is an essential factor in national life.

The choice of situations, localities, to be held as bases of operations, is governed by considerations of geographical position, military strength, and natural resources, which endure from age to age; a permanence which justifies the expense of adequate fortification. The distribution of mobile force, military or naval, is subject to greater variation, owing to changes of circumstances. Nevertheless, at any one historical moment, of peace or war, this question also admits of an appropriate fixed determination, general in outline, but not therefore necessarily vague. This conclusion should be the outcome of weighing the possible dangers of the State, and all the various factors—political, commercial, and military—which affect national welfare. The disposition thence adopted should be the one which will best expedite the several readjustments and combinations that may be necessitated by the outbreak of various particular wars, which may happen with this or that possible enemy. Such modification of arrangements can be predicated with reasonable certainty for a measurable period in advance. The decision thus reached may be called the "strategic solution," because dependent upon ascer-

tainable factors, relatively permanent, of all which it takes account; and because also it is accepted, consciously and of purpose, as preliminary to the probable great movements of war, present or prospective.

In the particular cases that afterwards arise from time to time, and of which the outbreak of war may itself be one, the unforeseen, the unexpected, begins to come into operation. This is one of the inevitable accompaniments of warfare. The meeting of these new conditions, by suitable changes of plan, is temporary in character, varying possibly from day to day; but it will generally be found that the more comprehensive has been the previous strategic study, and the more its just forecasts have controlled the primary disposition—the distribution of force—the more certainly and readily will this lend itself to the shifting incidents of hostilities. These movements bear to the fundamental general dispositions the relations which tactics have to strategy. In them, on occasions, one or two of the leading considerations which have each had their full weight in the original dispositions, may have to be momentarily subordinated to the more pressing demand of a third. In war, generally and naturally, military exigencies have preponderant weight; but even in war the safety of a great convoy, or of a commercial strategic centre, may at a given instant be of more consequence than a particular military gain. So political conditions may rightly be allowed at times to overweigh military prudence or to control military activity. This is eminently true, for, after all, war is political action. The old phrase, "The cannon is the last argument of kings," may now be paraphrased, "War is the last argument of diplomacy." Its purpose is to compass political results, where peaceful methods have failed; and while undoubtedly, as war, the game should be played in accordance with the well-established principles of the art, yet, as a means to an end, it must consent to momentary modifications, in accepting which a well-balanced mind admits that the means are less than the end, and must be subjected to it.

The question between military and political considerations is therefore one of proportion, varying from time to time as attendant circumstances change. As regards the commercial factor, never before in the history of the world has it been so inextricably commingled with politics. The interdependence of nations for the necessities and luxuries of life have been marvellously increased by the growth of population and the habits of comfort contracted by the peoples of Europe and America through a century of comparative peace, broken only by wars which, though gigantic in scale, have been too short in duration to affect seriously commercial relations. The unmolested course of commerce, reacting

upon itself, has contributed also to its own rapid development, a result furthered by the prevalence of a purely economical conception of national greatness during the greater part of the century. This, with the vast increase in rapidity of communication, has multiplied and strengthened the bonds knitting the interests of nations to one another, till the whole now forms an articulated system, not only of prodigious size and activity, but of an excessive sensitiveness, unequalled in former ages. The preservation of commercial and financial interests constitutes now a political consideration of the first importance, making for peace and deterring from war ; a fact well worthy of observation by those who would exempt maritime commercial intercourse from the operations of naval war, under the illusory plea of protecting private property at sea. Ships and cargoes in transit upon the sea are private property in only one point of view, and that the narrowest. Internationally considered, they are national wealth engaged in reproducing and multiplying itself, to the intensification of the national power, and that by the most effective process; for it relieves the nation from feeding upon itself and makes the whole outer world contribute to its support. It is therefore a most proper object of attack ; more humane, and more conducive to the objects of war, than the slaughter of men. A great check on war would be removed by assuring immunity to a nation's sea-borne trade, the life-blood of its power, the assurer of its credit, the purveyor of its comfort.

This is the more necessary to observe, because, while commerce thus on the one hand deters from war, on the other hand it engenders conflict, fostering ambitions and strifes which tend towards armed collision. The commerce of our day has brought up children, nourished populations, which now turn upon the mother, crying for bread. "The place is too strait for us ; give place where we can sell more." The provision of markets for the production of an ever-increasing number of inhabitants is a leading political problem of the day, the solution of which is sought by methods commercial and methods political, so essentially combative, as offensive and defensive, that direct military action would be only a development of them ; a direct consequence, not a breach of continuity in spirit, however it might be in form. As the interaction of commerce and finance shows a unity in the modern civilised world, so does the struggle for new markets, and for predominance in old, reveal the unsubdued diversity. Here every State is for itself ; and in every great State the look for the desired object is outward, just as it was in the days when England and Holland fought over the Spice Islands and the other worlds newly opening before them.

We are yet but at the beginning of this marked movement, much as has been done in the way of partition and appropriation within the last twenty years. The regions—chiefly in Africa—which the Powers of Europe have divided by mutual consent, if not to mutual satisfaction, await the gradual process of utilisation of their natural resources and consequent increase of inhabitants, the producers and consumers of a commerce yet to be in the distant future. The degree and rate of this development must depend upon the special aptitudes of the self-constituted owners, whose needs meantime are immediate; and their eyes therefore turn necessarily for the moment to quarters where the presence of a population already abundant provides at once, not only numerous buyers and sellers, but the raw material of labour, by which, under suitable direction and with foreign capital, the present production may be multiplied. It is not too much to say that, in order further to promote this commercial action, existing political tenure is being assailed; that the endeavour is to supplant it, as hindering the commercial, or possibly the purely military or political ambitions of the intruder. Commercial enterprise is never so secure, nor so untrammeled, as under its own flag; and when the present owner is obstructive by temperament, as China is, the impulse to overbear its political action by display of force tends to become ungovernable. At all events the fact is notorious; nor can it be seriously doubted that in several other quarters of the globe aggression is only deterred by the avowed or understood policy of a powerful opponent, not by the power of the present possessor. This is the significance of the new Anglo-Japanese agreement, and also of the more venerable Monroe Doctrine of the United States, though applicable to another quarter. The parties to either of these policies is interested in the success of the other.

It seems demonstrable, therefore, that as commerce is the engrossing and predominant interest of the world to-day, so, in consequence of its acquired expansion, over-sea commerce, over-sea political acquisition, and maritime commercial routes are now the primary objects of external policy among nations. The instrument for the maintenance of policy directed upon these objects is the Navy of the several States; for, whatever influence we attribute to moral ideas, which I have no wish to undervalue, it is certain that, while right rests upon them for its sanction, it depends upon force for adequate assertion against the too numerous individuals or communities, who either disregard moral sanctions or reason amiss concerning them.

Further, it is evident that for the moment neither South America nor Africa is an immediate object of far-reaching com-

mercial ambition, to be compassed by political action. Whatever the future may have in store for them, a variety of incidents have relegated them for the time to a position of secondary interest. Attention has centred upon the Pacific generally, and upon the future of China particularly. The present distribution of navies indicates this; for while largely a matter of tradition and routine, nevertheless the assignment of force follows the changes of political circumstances, and undergoes gradual modifications, which reflect the conscious or unconscious sense of the nation that things are different. It is not insignificant that the preponderant French fleet is now in the Mediterranean, whereas it once was in the Atlantic ports; and memories which stretch a generation back can appreciate the fact and the meaning of the diminution of British force on the east and west coasts of America, so also of the increase of Russian battleship force in China seas. Interests have shifted.

Directly connected with these new centres of interest in the Far East, inseparable from them in fact or in policy, are the commercial routes which lead to them. For the commerce and navies of Europe this route is by the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal. This is the line of communication to the objective of interest. The base of all operation, political or military—so far as the two are separable—is in the mother countries. These—the base, the objective, and the communications—are the conditions of the problem by which the distribution of naval force is ultimately to be determined. It is to be remarked, however, that while the dominant factor of the three is the line of communication between base and objective, the precise point or section of this upon which control rests, and on which mobile force must be directed, is not necessarily always the same. The distribution of force must have regard to possible changes of dispositions, as the conditions of a war vary.

Every war has two aspects, the defensive and the offensive, to each of which there is a corresponding factor of activity. There is something to gain, the offensive; there is something to lose, the defensive. The ears of men, especially of the uninstructed, are more readily and sympathetically open to the demands of the latter. It appeals to the conservatism which is dominant in the well-to-do, and to the wide-spread timidity which hesitates to take any risk for the sake of a probable though uncertain gain. The sentiment is entirely respectable in itself, and more than respectable when its power is exercised against breach of the peace for other than the gravest motives—for any mere lucre of gain. But its limitations must be understood. A sound defensive scheme, sustaining the bases of the national force, is the foundation

upon which war rests; but who lays a foundation without intending a superstructure? The offensive element in warfare is the superstructure, the end and aim for which the defensive exists, and apart from which it is to all purposes of war worse than useless. When war has been accepted as necessary, success means nothing short of victory; and victory must be sought by offensive measures, and by them only can be insured. "Being in, bear it, that the opposed may be ware of thee." No mere defensive attitude or action avails to such end. Whatever the particular mode of offensive action adopted, whether it be direct military attack, or the national exhaustion of the opponent by cutting off the sources of national well-being, whatsoever method may be chosen, offence, injury, weakening of the foe, to annihilation if need be, must be the guiding purpose of the belligerent. Success will certainly attend him who drives his adversary into the position of the defensive and keeps him there.

Offence therefore dominates, but it does not exclude. The necessity for defence remains obligatory, though subordinate. The two are complementary. It is evident also that offensive action depends for energy upon the security of the several places whence its resources are drawn. These are appropriately called "bases," for they are the foundations—more exactly, perhaps, the roots—severed from which vigour yields to paralysis. Still more immediately disastrous would be the destruction or capture of the base itself. Therefore, whether it be the home country in general, the centre of the national power, or the narrower localities where are concentrated the materials of warfare in a particular region, the base, by its need of protection, represents distinctively the defensive element in any campaign. It must be secured at all hazards; though, at the same time, be it clearly said, by recourse to means which shall least fetter the movements of the offensive factor—the mobile force, army or navy. On the other hand, the objective represents with at least equal exclusiveness the offensive element; there, put it at the least, preponderance over the enemy, not yet existent, is to be established by force. The mere effort to get from the base to the objective is an offensive movement; but the ground intervening between the two is of more complex character. Here, on the line of communications, offence and defence blend. Here the belligerent whose precautions secure suitable permanent positions, the defensive element, and to them assign proportionate mobile force, the offensive factor, sufficient by superiority to overpower his opponent, maintains, by so far and insomuch, his freedom and power of action at the distant final objective; for he controls for his own use the indispensable artery through which the

national life blood courses to the distant fleet, and by the same act he closes it to his enemy.

In purely land warfare the relative strength of the opponents manifests itself in the length of the line of communications each permits itself—the distance, that is, which it ventures to advance from its base towards the enemy. The necessary aim of both is superiority at the point of contact, to be maintained either by actual preponderance of numbers, or else by a combination of inferior numbers with advantageous position. The original strength of each evidently affects the distance that he can thus advance, for the line of communication behind him must be secured by part of his forces, because upon it he depends for almost daily supplies. The weaker therefore can go least distance, and may even be compelled to remain behind on the home frontier—a bare defensive—yielding the other the moral and material advantage of the offensive. But commonly, in land war, each adversary has his own line of communication, which is behind him with respect to his opponent, each being in a somewhat literal sense opposite, as well as opposed, to the other, and the common objective, to be held by the one or carried by the other, lying between them. The strategic aim of both is to menace, or even to sever permanently, the other's communications; for if they are immediately threatened he must retreat, and if sundered he must surrender. Either result is better obtained by this means than by the resort to fighting, for it saves bloodshed, and therefore economises power for the purpose of further progress.

Maritime war has its analogy to these conditions, but it ordinarily reproduces them with a modification peculiar to itself. In it the belligerents are not usually on opposite sides of the common objective—though they may be so—but proceed towards it by lines that in general direction are parallel, or convergent, and may even be identical. England and France lie side by side, and have waged many maritime wars; but while there have been exceptions, as Gibraltar and Minorca, or when the command of the Channel was in dispute, the general rule has been that the scene of operations was far distant from both and that both have approached it by substantially the same routes. When the prospective theatre of war is reached, the fleet there depends partly upon secondary local bases of supplies, but ultimately upon the home country, which has continually to renew the local deposits, sending stores forward from time to time over the same paths that the fleets themselves travelled. The security of those sea-roads is therefore essential, and the dependence of the fleets upon them for supplies of every kind—pre-eminently of coal—

reproduces the land problem of communications in a specialised form. The two have to contest the one line of communications vital to both. It becomes therefore itself an objective, and all the more important because the security of military communications entails in equal measure that of the nation's commerce. In broad generalisation, the maritime line of communications is the ocean itself, an open plain, limited by no necessary highways such as the land has to redeem from the obstacles which encumber it, and largely devoid of the advantages of position that the conformation of ground may afford in a shore battlefield. In so far control depends upon superior numbers only, and the give-and-take which history records, where disparity has not been great, has gone far to falsify the frequent assertion that the ocean acknowledges but one mistress ; but as the sea-road draws near a coast the armed vessels that assail or protect are facilitated in their task if the shore affords them harbours of refuge and supply. A ship that has to go but fifty miles to reach her field of operation will do in the course of a year the work of several ships that have to go five hundred. Fortified naval depôts at suitable points therefore increase numerical force by multiplying it, quite as the possession of strategic points, or the lay of the ground of a battlefield, supply numerical deficiencies.

Hence appears the singular strategic—and, because strategic, commercial—interest of a narrow or landlocked sea, which is multiplied manifold when it forms an essential link in an important maritime route. Many widely divergent tracks may be traced on the ocean's unwrinkled brow ; but specifically the one military line of communications between any two points of its surface is that which is decisively the shortest. The measure of force between opponents in such a case depends therefore not only upon superiority at the objective point, but upon control of that particular line of communications ; for so only can superiority be maintained. The belligerent who, for any disadvantage of numbers, or from inferiority of strength as contrasted with the combined numbers and position of his opponent, cannot sustain his dominant hold there, is already worsted.

To this consideration is due the supreme importance of the Mediterranean in the present conditions of the communications and policies of the world. From the commercial point of view it is much the shortest, and therefore the principal, sea-route between Europe and the Farther East. At the present time very nearly one-third of the home trade, the exports and imports, of Great Britain originates in or passes through the Mediterranean ; and the single port of Marseilles handles a similar proportion of the sea-borne commerce of all France. From the military

standpoint, the same fact of shortness, combined with the number and rivalry of national tenures established throughout its area, constitutes it the most vital and critical link in an interior line between two regions of the gravest international concern. In one of these, in Europe, are situated the bases, the home dominions, of the European Powers concerned, and in the other the present chief objective of external interest to all nations of to-day—that Farther East and western Pacific upon which so many events have conspired recently to fasten the anxious attention of the world.

The Mediterranean therefore becomes necessarily the centre around which must revolve the strategic distribution of European navies. It does not follow, indeed, that the distribution of peace reproduces the dispositions for war, but it must look to them, and rest upon the comprehension of them. The decisive point of action in case of war must be recognised and preparation made accordingly; not only by the establishment of suitable positions, which is the naval strategy of peace, but by a distinct relation settled between the numbers and distribution of vessels needed in war and those maintained in peace. The Mediterranean will be either the seat of one dominant control, reaching thence in all directions, owning a single mistress, or it will be the scene of continual struggle. Here offence and defence will meet and blend in their general manifestation of mobile force and fortified stations. Elsewhere the one or the other will have its distinct sphere of predominance. The home waters and their approaches will be the scene of national defence in the strictest and most exclusive sense; but it will be defence that exists for the foundation, upon which reposes the struggle for, or the control of, the Mediterranean. The distant East, in whatever spot there hostilities may rage, will represent, will be, the offensive sphere; but the determination of the result, in case of prolongation of war, will depend upon control of the Mediterranean. In the degree to which that is insured defence will find the test of its adequacy, and offence the measure of its efficiency.

The general considerations that have been advanced concern all the great European nations, in so far as they look outside their own continent, and to maritime expansion, for the extension of national influence and power; but the effect upon the action of each differs necessarily according to their several conditions. The problem of sea-defence, for instance, relates primarily to the protection of the national commerce everywhere, and specifically as it draws near the home ports; serious attack upon the coast, or upon the ports themselves, being a secondary consideration,

enough to sea to protect its merchant ships. From this point of view the position of Germany is embarrassed at once by the fact that she has, as regards the world at large, but one coast line, from and to which all her sea commerce must go, either passing through the English Channel flanked for three hundred miles by France on the one side and England on the other ; or else going northabout by the Orkneys, a most inconvenient circuit, and obtaining but imperfect shelter from recourse to this constrained route. Holland, in her ancient wars with England, when the two were fairly matched in point of numbers, had dire experience of this false position, though her navy was little inferior in numbers to that of her opponent. Distance is a factor equivalent to a certain number of ships. Sea-defence for Germany, in case of war with France or England, means established naval predominance at least in the North Sea ; nor can it be considered complete unless extended through the Channel and as far as Great Britain will have to project hers into the Atlantic. This is Germany's initial disadvantage of position, to be overcome only by adequate superiority of numbers ; and it receives little compensation from the security of her Baltic trade, and facility for closing that sea to her enemies. In fact, Great Britain, whose North Sea trade is but one-fourth of her total, lies to Germany as Ireland does to Great Britain, flanking both routes to the Atlantic ; but the great development of the British sea coast, its numerous ports and ample internal communications, strengthen that element of sea-defence which consists in abundant access to harbours of refuge.

For the Baltic Powers, which comprise all the maritime states east of Germany, the commercial drawback of the Orkney route is a little less than for Hamburg and Bremen, in that the exit from the Baltic is nearly equidistant from the north and south extremities of England ; nevertheless the excess in distance over the Channel route remains very considerable. The initial naval disadvantage is in no wise diminished. For all the communities east of the Straits of Dover it remains true that in war commerce is paralysed, and all the resultant consequences of impaired national strength entailed, unless decisive control of the North Sea is established. That effected, there is security for commerce by the northern passage ; but this alone is mere defence. Offence, exerted anywhere on the globe, requires a surplusage of force, over that required to hold the North Sea, sufficient to extend and maintain itself west of the British Islands. In case of war with either of the Channel Powers, this means, as between the two opponents, that the eastern belligerent has to guard a long line of communications, and maintain distant positions, because little likely to befall a nation able to extend its power far

against an antagonist resting on a central position, with interior lines, able to strike at choice at either wing of the enemy's extended front. The relation which the English Channel, with its branch the Irish Sea, bears to the North Sea and the Atlantic—that of an interior position—is the same which the Mediterranean bears to the Atlantic and the Indian seas; nor is it merely fanciful to trace in the passage round the north of Scotland an analogy to that by the Cape of Good Hope. It is a reproduction in miniature. The conditions are similar, the scale different. What the one is to a war whose scene is the north of Europe, the other is to operations by European Powers in Eastern Asia.

To protract such a situation is intolerable to the purse and *morale* of the belligerent who has the disadvantage of position. This of course leads us straight back to the fundamental principles of all naval war, namely, that defence is insured only by offence, and that the one decisive objective of the offensive is the enemy's organised force, his battle-fleet. Therefore, in the event of a war between one of the Channel Powers, and one or more of those to the eastward, the control of the North Sea must be at once decided. For the eastern State it is a matter of obvious immediate necessity, of commercial self-preservation. For the western State the offensive motive is equally imperative; but for Great Britain there is defensive need as well. Her Empire imposes such a development of naval force as makes it economically impracticable to maintain an army as large as those of the Continent. Security against invasion depends therefore upon the fleet. Postponing more distant interests, she must here concentrate an indisputable superiority. It is, however, inconceivable that against any one Power Great Britain should not be able here to exert from the first a preponderance which would effectually cover all her remoter possessions. Only an economical decadence, that would of itself destroy her position among nations, could bring her so to forego the initial advantage she has, in the fact that for her offence and defence meet and are fulfilled in one factor, the command of the sea. History has conclusively demonstrated the inability of a state with even a single continental frontier to compete in naval development with one that is insular, although of smaller population and resources. A coalition of Powers may indeed affect the balance. As a rule, however, a single state against a coalition holds the interior position, the concentrated force; and while calculation should rightly take account of possibilities, it should beware of permitting imagination too free sway in presenting its pictures. Were the eastern Powers to combine they might prevent Great Britain's use of the North Sea for the safe passage of her merchant shipping; but

even so she would but lose commercially the whole of a trade, the greater part of which disappears by the mere fact of war. Invasion is not possible, unless her fleet can be wholly disabled from appearing in the Sea. From her geographical position, she still holds her gates open to the outer world, which maintains three-fourths of her commerce in peace.

As Great Britain, however, turns her eyes from the North and Baltic Seas, which in respect to her relations to the world at large may justly be called her rear, she finds confronting her conditions resembling those which position imposes on her eastern neighbours. Here, however, is a comparison to be made. The North Sea is small, its coast line contracted, the entrance to the Baltic a mere strait. Naval preponderance once established, the lines of transit, especially where they draw near the land, are easily watched. Doubtless, access to the British Islands from the Atlantic, if less confined by geographical surroundings, is constricted by the very necessity of approaching at all; but a preponderant fleet maintained by Great Britain to the south-west, in the prolongation of the Channel, will not only secure merchant shipping within its own cruising-ground, but can extend its support by outlying cruisers over a great area in every direction. A fleet thus in local superiority imposes upon cruisers from the nearest possible enemy—France—a long circuit to reach the northern approaches of the islands, where they will arrive more or less depleted of coal, and in danger from ships of their own class resting on the nearer parts of Scotland or Ireland. Superiority in numbers is here again counterbalanced by advantage of position. Vessels of any other country, south or east, are evidently under still greater drawbacks.

As all the Atlantic routes and Mediterranean trade converge upon the Channel, this must be, as it always has been, among the most important stations of the British Navy. In the general scheme its office is essentially defence. It protects the economical processes which sustain national endurance, and thus secures the foundation on which the vigour of war rests. But its scope must be sanely conceived. Imaginative expectation and imaginative alarms must equally be avoided; for both tend to exaggerate the development of defensive dispositions at the expense of offensive power. Entire immunity for commerce must not be anticipated, nor should an occasional severe blow be allowed to force from panic concessions which calm reason rejects. Inconvenience and injury are to be expected, and must be borne in order that the grasp upon the determining points of war may not be relaxed. It will be the natural policy of an enemy to intensify anxiety about the Channel, to retain or divert

thither force that were better placed elsewhere. By the size of her navy and by her geographical situation France is the most formidable maritime enemy of Great Britain, and therefore supplies the test to which British dispositions must be brought; but it is probable that in war, as now in peace, France must keep the larger part of her fleet in the Mediterranean. Since the days of Napoleon she has given hostages to fortune in the acquisition of her possessions on the African continent and beyond Suez. Her position in the Mediterranean has become to her not only a matter of national sentiment, which it long has been, but a question of military importance much greater than when Corsica was all she owned there. It is most unlikely that Brest and Cherbourg combined will in our day regain the relative importance of the former alone a century ago.

In view of this, and barring the case of a coalition, I conceive that the battleships of the British Channel Fleet need not outnumber those of France in the near waters by more than enough to keep actually at sea a force equal to hers. A surplus for reliefs will constitute a reserve for superiority; that is all. The great preponderance required is in the cruisers, who are covered in their operations by the battle-fleet; the mere presence of the latter with an adequate scouting system secures them from molestation. Two classes of cruisers are needed, with distinct functions; those which protect commerce by the strong hand and constant movement, and those that keep the battle-fleet informed of the enemy's actions. It is clear that the close watching of hostile ports, an operation strictly tactical, has undergone marked changes of conditions since the old days. The ability to go to sea and steer any course under any conditions of wind, and the possibilities of the torpedo-boat, exaggerated though they probably have been in anticipation, are the two most decisive new factors. To them are to be added the range of coast guns, which keeps scouts at a much greater distance than formerly, and the impossibility now of detecting intentions which once might be inferred from the conditions of masts and sails. On the other hand the sphere of effectiveness has been immensely increased for the scout by the power to move at will, and latterly by the wireless telegraphy. With high speed and large numbers, it should be possible to sweep the surroundings of any port so thoroughly as to make the chance of escape undetected very small, while the transmission of the essential facts—the enemy's force and the direction taken—is even more certain than detection. In the same way, and by the same methods, it should be possible to cover an extensive circumference to seaward so effectively that a merchant vessel reaching any point thereof

would be substantially secure up to the home port. The battle-fleet would be the tactical centre upon which both systems of scouts would rest.

In conception, this scheme is purely defensive. Incidentally, if opportunity offer to injure the enemy it will of course be embraced, but the controlling object is to remove the danger to home commerce by neutralising the enemy's fleet. To this end numbers and force are calculated. This done, the next step is to consider the Mediterranean from the obvious and inevitable military point of view that it is the one and only central position, the assured control of which gives an interior line of operations from the western coast of Europe to the eastern waters of Asia. To have assured safety to the home seas and seaboard is little, except as a means to further action; for, if to build without a foundation is disastrous, to lay foundations and not to be able to build is impotent, and that is the case where disproportioned care is given to mere defensive arrangements. The power secured and stored at home must be continually transmitted to the distant scene of operations, here assumed, on account of the known conditions of world politics, to be the western Pacific, which, under varying local designations, washes the shores of the Farther East.

It has been said that in the Mediterranean, as the principal link in the long chain of communications, defence and offence blend. Moreover, since control here means assured quickest transmission of reinforcements and supplies in either direction, it follows that, while preponderance in battleship force is essential in the Far East, where if war occurs the operations will be offensive, such predominance in the Mediterranean, equally essential in kind, must be much greater in degree. In fact, the offensive fleet in the Eastern Seas and the defensive fleet in the Channel are the two wings, or flanks, of a long front of operations, the due security of both of which depends upon the assured tenure the central position. Naturally, therefore, the Mediterranean fleet, having to support both, possibly even to detach hurriedly to one or the other, has in itself that combination of defensive and offensive character which ordinarily inheres in sea communications as such.

If this assertion be accepted in general statement, it will be fortified by a brief consideration of permanent conditions; with which it is further essential to associate as present temporary factors the existing alliances between France and Russia, Great Britain and Japan. The Triple Alliance, of the renewal of which we are assured, does not contemplate among its objects any one that is directly affected by the control of the Mediterranean.

History and physical conformation have constituted unique

strategic conditions in the Mediterranean. To history is due the existing tenure of positions, the bases, of varying intrinsic value, and held with varying degrees of power and firmness by several nations in several quarters. To examine these in detail and weigh their respective values as an element of strategic effect is indeed essential, but incompatible with the scope of a single magazine article. It must be sufficient to note the eminently central position of Malta, the unique position of Gibraltar, and the ex-centric situation of Toulon relatively to the great trade route. By conformation the Mediterranean has, besides the artificial canal—the frailest and most doubtful part of the chain —at least three straits of the utmost decisive importance, because there is to them no alternative passage by which vessels can leave the sea, or move from one part of it to another. The Dardanelles, Gibraltar, and the belt of water separating the toe of Italy from Cape Bon in Africa, constitute three points of transit which cannot be evaded. It is true that in the last the situation of the island of Sicily allows vessels to go on its either side ; but the surrounding conditions are such that it is scarcely possible for a fleet to pass undetected by an adversary making due use of his scouts.

Geographically, Great Britain is an intruder in the Mediterranean. Her presence there at all, in territorial tenure, is distinctively military. This is witnessed also by the character of her particular possessions. Nowhere does the vital energy of sea-power appear more conspicuously, as self-expansive and self-dependent. To its historical manifestation is due the acquisitions which make the strength of her present position ; but, as in history, so now, sea-power itself must continue to sustain that which it begat. The habitual distribution of the warships of the United Kingdom must provide for a decisive predominance here, upon occasion arising, over any probable combination of enemies. Such provision has to take account not only of the total force of hostile divisions within and without the Mediterranean, but of movements intended to transfer one or more from or to that sea from other scenes of operations. Prevention of these attempts is a question, not of numbers chiefly, but of position, of stations assigned, of distribution. Predominance, to be militarily effectual, means not only an aggregate superiority to the enemy united, but ability to frustrate, before accomplishment, concentrations which might give him a local superiority anywhere. This is a question of positions more even than of numbers. In the Mediterranean, as the great centre, these two factors must receive such mutual adjustment as shall outweigh the combination of them on the part of the adversary. Where one is defective

the other must be increased. The need is the more emphatic when the nation itself is external and distant from the sea, while possible antagonists, as Russia and France, are territorially contiguous; for it can scarcely be expected that the Russian Black Sea fleet would not force its way through the Dardanelles upon urgent occasion.

Evidently, too, Japan cannot in the near future contribute directly to maintain Great Britain in the Mediterranean. On the contrary, the declarations of Russia and France make plain that, if war arise, Japan must be supported in the Far East by her ally against a coalition, the uncertain element of which is the force that France will feel able to spare from her scattered, exposed interests. Russia labours under no such distraction; her singleness of eye is shown by the fact that the more efficient, and by far the larger part, of her so-called Baltic fleet is now in the waters of China. In numbers and force she has there a substantial naval equality with Japan, but under a disadvantage of position like that of Great Britain in the Mediterranean, in being remote from the centre of her power, imperfectly based, as yet, upon local resources, and with home communications by the shortest route gravely uncertain. Under these circumstances, the decided step she has taken carries the political inference that she for the present means to maintain access to unfrozen water in Eastern Asia, preferably to the Mediterranean or the Persian Gulf. Having in view local difficulties and antagonistic interests elsewhere, this conclusion was probably inevitable; but its evident acceptance is notable.

For some time to come nations distinctively European must depend upon the Mediterranean as their principal military route to the Far East. In the present condition of the Siberian railroad, Russia shares this common lot. While the other states have no land-route whatever, hers is still so imperfect as not to constitute a valid substitute. Moreover, whatever resources of moderate bulk may be locally accumulated—coal, provisions, ammunition, and stores of various kinds — reinforcements of vessels, or reliefs to ships disabled by service or in battle can only go by sea. Guns beyond a certain calibre are in like case. Every consideration emphasises the importance of the Mediterranean. To it the Red Sea is simply an annex, the mititary status of which will be determined by that of its greater neighbour, qualified in some measure by the tenure of Egypt and Aden.

On the farther side of the isthmus the naval operations in Eastern seas generally depend for sustained vigour upon contact militarily maintained with the Mediterranean, and through that with home. In these days of cables, the decisive importance of

Malta to India, recognised by Nelson and his contemporaries, is affirmed with quadruple force of the sea in which Malta is perhaps the most conspicuously important naval position. Reinforcements sent by the Cape, whether west or east, can always be anticipated at either end of the road by the Power which holds the interior line.

As regards special dispositions for the Eastern seas, embracing under that name all from Suez to Japan, the same factors, numbers, and position dictate distribution. To a central position, if such there be, must be assigned numbers adequate to immediate superiority, in order to control commercial routes, and to operate against the enemy whose approximate force and position are known. Such assignment keeps in view, necessarily, the possibilities of receiving reinforcements from the Mediterranean, or having to send them to China. Ceylon, for example, if otherwise suitable, is nearly midway between Suez and Hong Kong—in round numbers, 3000 miles from each. Such a position favours a force of battleships as an advanced squadron from the Mediterranean, a provision against an interruption of the canal interrupting reinforcements eastward. Position, with its two functions of distance and resources ; there is nothing more prominent than these in Napoleon's analyses of a military situation. Numbers go, as it were, without saying. Where the power was his, he multiplied them ; but he always remembered that position multiplies spontaneously. He who has but halfway to go does double work. This is the privilege of central position.

The question of the Eastern seas introduces naturally the consideration of what the great self-governing colonies can do, not only for their own immediate security, and that of their trade, but for the general fabric of Imperial naval action, in the coherence of which they will find far greater assurance than in merely local effort. The prime naval considerations for them are that the English Channel Fleet should adequately protect the commerce and shores of the British Islands, and that the Mediterranean Fleet should ensure uninterrupted transit for trade and for reinforcements. These effected and maintained, there will be no danger to their territory ; and little to their trade except from single cruisers, which will have a precarious subsistence as compared with their own, based upon large self-supporting political communities. Australasia, however, can undoubtedly supply a very important factor, that will go far to fortify the whole British position in the Far East. A continent in itself, with a thriving population, and willing apparently to contribute to the general naval welfare, let it frame its schemes and base its estimates on sound lines, both naval and imperial ; naval, by allowing due

weight to battle force; imperial, by contemplating the whole, and recognising that local safety is not always best found in local precaution. There is a military sense, in which it is true that he that loses his life shall save it.

In the Eastern seas, Australia and China mark the extremities of two long lines, the junction of which is near India; let us say, for sake of specificness, Ceylon. They are offshoots of one branch, the root of which under present conditions is the English Channel, and the trunk the Mediterranean. Now it is the nature of extremities to be exposed. To this our feet, hands, and ears bear witness, as does the military aphorism about salients; but while local protection has its value in these several cases, the general vigour and sustenance of the organism as a whole is the truer dependence. To apply this simile: it appears to me that the waters from Suez eastward should be regarded as a military whole, vitally connected with the system to the westward, but liable to temporary interruption at the Canal, against which precaution must be had. This recognises at once the usual dependence upon the Channel and the Mediterranean, and the coincident necessity of providing for independent existence on emergency. In the nature of things there must be a big detachment east of Suez; the chance of its being momentarily cut off there is not so bad as its being stalled on the other side, dependent on the Cape route to reach the scene. But for the same reason that the Mediterranean and Malta are strategically eminent, because central (as is likewise the Channel with reference to the North Sea and Atlantic), it is not China, nor yet Australia, that is by position the permanent strategic centre of the Eastern seas, but rather a point which, approximately equidistant from both, is also equidistant from the Mediterranean and the East. Permanent, I say; not as ignoring that the force which there finds its centre may have to remove, and long to remain, at one extremity or another of the many radii thence issuing, because there it is best placed to move in the shortest time in any one of the several directions. That from the same centre it best protects the general commercial interests is evident from an examination of the maps and of commercial returns.

Whether the essential unity of scope in naval action east of Suez should receive recognition by embracing Australia, China, and India under one general command, with local subordinates, is a question administrative as well as strategic. It has been done, I believe, by the French. As military policy it has a good side; for commanders previously independent do not always accept ungrudgingly the intrusion of a superior because of emergency

of war. Military sensitiveness cannot prudently be left out of calculations. There would be benefit also in emphasising in public consciousness the essential unity of military considerations, which should dominate the dispositions of the fleet. Non-professional—and even military—minds need the habit of regarding local and general interests in their true relations and proportions. Unless such correct appreciation exist, it is hard to silence the clamour for a simple local security, which is apparent but not real, because founded on a subdivision and dissemination of force essentially contrary to sound military principle. What Australasia needs is not her petty fraction of the Imperial navy, a squadron assigned to her in perpetual presence, but an organisation of naval force which constitutes a firm grasp of the universal naval situation. Thus danger is kept remote; but, if it should approach, there is ensured within reaching distance an adequate force to repel it betimes. There may, however, be fairly demanded the guarantee for the fleet's action, in a development of local dockyard facilities and other resources that shall ensure its maintenance in full efficiency if it have to come.

In this essential principle other colonies should acquiesce. Space does not permit the development of its special application to each. The essence of the matter is that local security does not necessarily, nor usually, depend upon the constant local presence of a protector, ship, or squadron, but upon general dispositions. As was said to and of Rodney, "Unless men take the great line, as you do, and consider the King's whole dominions as under their care, the enemy must find us unprepared somewhere. It is impossible to have a superior fleet in every part." It is impossible; and it is unnecessary, granting the aggregate superiority at which Great Britain now aims. In the question of the disposition of force, the recognition of the central positions, of interior lines—which means, briefly, shorter lines—and provision of abundant local dockyard equipment in its widest sense, furnish the broad outline, the skeleton of the arrangement. It is, so to say, the qualitative result of the analysis which underlies the whole calculation. Add to it the quantitative estimate of the interests at stake, the dangers at hand, the advantages of position, in the several quarters, and you reach the assignment of numbers, which shall make the dry bones live with all the energy of flesh and blood in a healthy body; where each member is supported, not by a local congestion of vitality, but by the vigour of the central organs which circulate nourishment to each in proportion to its needs.

A. T. MAHAN.

THE FOOD OF THE LOWER DECK AND A MESSAGE FROM KIEL

> The recommendations of the Committee on Navy Rations have been adopted, but the new system cannot be introduced simultaneously on all stations till the necessary reserve stocks have been created. It will commence during the year 1903, but the exact date cannot be notified until next year.
>
> LORD SELBORNE,
> *February* 10, 1902.

THIS paragraph extracted from the Statement of the First Lord of the Admiralty explanatory of the Naval Estimates 1902–3, has increased the swearing habit on the lower deck. Growls from the lower deck, even on the subject of rations, are not always reasonable. A Service yarn tells of a petty officer who was asked whether the quantity of the provisions served out to the crew was complained of? "No, sir, there is enough of it, such as it is." His questioner, thinking that he had got hold of the real grievance, said: "It is the quality then that is complained of?" "No, sir," he said, "it is good enough, what there is of it." That this anecdote fairly represents the official view of the case is shown by the fact that the Cabinet and the Treasury have not sanctioned the long delayed reform in the diet of our fleet men. From investigations I have been able to make on the subject of lower deck rations the conclusion is irresistible that the men have a real grievance; that that grievance has been accumulating for many years; and that its justice having been formally established by the recommendations of the Committee presided over by Vice-Admiral Ernest Rice, adopted by the Admiralty, and then ignored by the Treasury, there is no other way to get the required improvement than to appeal to public opinion.

In the letter of the Admiralty addressed to Vice-Admiral Ernest Rice instructing him and his colleagues to investigate the

general question of victualling, the Committee was enjoined not to touch the question of "savings," or the question of abolishing canteens, or of placing their management directly under Government, as My Lords are satisfied that their existence on board ship conduced greatly to the comfort of the men, and that the present system, if properly administered, was a sound one.

Like everything proceeding from the Sea Lords of the Admiralty the instructions to Vice-Admiral Rice were practical and common sense. The Committee were desired to inquire into the sufficiency of the present ration. The ration was pronounced insufficient. They were desired to inquire into the question of meal hours. It was recommended that there should be five recognised meal hours instead of three, as at present, and that the time allowed for these five meals should be three hours thirty-five minutes instead of two hours thirty minutes allowed for the three meals at present. Under the present system no food is served out by the State to the British bluejacket after 4.15 P.M. If he feels hungry between 4.45 P.M. and his cocoa time next morning he is compelled to buy what he wants at the canteen, and stint his wife or himself of other things.

The Committee were further requested to direct their attention to the price paid for "savings" as compared with the cost of the articles. The Committee recommended that the price paid for "savings" should remain unaltered, and that if at any time revision should be decided upon, the "savings" prices should be calculated on a basis of three-quarters of the average cost price of each article. At the present time the Treasury makes a turn of profit out of the bluejacket by paying him less for the articles he does not consume than they actually cost the taxpayer.

It is needless to say that both the instructions of the Admiralty and the recommendations of the Victualling Committee were made subject to the manner in which the fleet would be affected in time of war.

Having regard to the fact that the First Lord of the Admiralty has virtually promised to remedy the men's grievances on some unnamed date next year it may seem unnecessary to raise a plea for granting to the British bluejacket better rations during the Coronation year. Boer burghers are to be set up in their farms. Enemies' wives and families have been fed on the fat of the land. Prisoners are to be pardoned. The soldiers have had their pay increased. Workhouse infirmary patients and the paupers on the D2 diet are better fed than they were ever fed before. Only Jack at sea in the Silent Navy is left to munch the dry remainder biscuit.

Official apologists will condemn agitation for better food for the seamen. Officials never lack apologists. It is more profitable in this country to support officials than to tilt at injustice. The British people assembled to witness the coronation of Edward VII. will not object, however, to hear the case for the fleet men, and to consider whether right should not be done in 1902.

It is a fact that of the many mutinies that have taken place in the British Navy the large majority have arisen from officials neglecting the just complaints of the men in regard to food. This is precisely what is being done to-day. It is true that the men are better fed to-day than in Nelson's time, just as they were better fed in Nelson's time than during the troubles with which Elizabeth's admirals had to deal in respect to the food and beer of the crews of the ships that took part in the defeat of Medina Sidonia.

What rankles with the men of the lower deck is the fact that while the standard of comfort on shore, in the army, and among the working classes generally has gone steadily up, the nation has made no corresponding recognition of that fact in dealing with the 122,500 men who man the fleet—our one indispensable institution.

The subject of food is not easy to discuss. If one speaks of good cookery with feeling and interest one is dubbed a sensualist. If one speaks for others the charge is made that pampering "the lower classes" is a demagogue's trick. On the other hand, it is idle to ignore that good food well cooked even among educated people contributes far more to the pleasures of life than most of us care to admit. The money that is spent on good food by rich men indicates the opinions really held on the subject. Caviare from the Volga, asparagus from Toulouse or Argenteuil, canvas-back duck from the Chesapeake, cocoanut cabbage from Ceylon, prime cuts of Scotch beef, the productions of Frédèric of the Tour D'Argent on the Quai de la Tourelle and his list of *crèations* are subjects which excite interest in the mind of every healthy Briton whatever his origin or culture, when he has been without food for six hours.

Life on board a battleship with 700 or 800 men under the iron system of necessary discipline is hard to bear at the best of times. On board a small ship or a destroyer it is intolerable in bad weather and detestable always. The pleasures of existence are few. Perhaps the chief of them is the hope that comes of the knowledge of good work well done. The second is food. The natural consequence of full employment and a healthy life, for the most part in the open air, is that food necessarily occupies

even more of a man's thoughts at sea than at home. The reason for this is plain. The niggardliness of the State prevents the bluejacket or the stoker from sending his wages home to his wife. A good portion of them have to be spent on food. The result is sometimes tragedy. When a good-looking young woman, separated from her husband by thousands of miles for months at a time, does not receive enough to keep body and soul together, all know what may happen ? There is no finer body of women in England than the bluejackets' wives, but the niggardliness of the State obliges the men of the fleet to stint them. This aspect of the case cannot be discussed in Parliament or the Press. But it is true, and the public is responsible for the shame of it.

The following is a list of actual messes on battleships with the amount spent by each man out of his private resources on food : In mess No. 1 twelve seamen spent 15*s.* 6*d.* a month, or 6½*d.* a day out of their small wages, besides the savings paid for by the Admiralty ; in a second mess of fifteen mechanics each man spent 19*s.* 3*d.*, or 8*d.* a day ; in a third mess of eleven stokers each man spent £1 0*s.* 2*d.*, or 8½*d.* a day ; in a fourth mess of sixteen stokers each man spent 18*s.* 11*d.*, or 8*d.* a day ; in a sixth mess of twelve petty officers each man spent 12*s.*, or 5*d.* a day.

It will thus be seen that if these figures are typical of the average expenditure on food in the navy the grant of £187,000 a year is barely sufficient to remedy the grievance. From the figures above given it is clear that the private outlay of the seaman, stoker, and marine is not less than 6*d.* a day, and it does not seem that this aspect of the problem has been taken into consideration by the Rations Committee. Surely every possible influence should be brought to bear on Parliament and on public opinion to increase the amount due from the country to the navy for the levelling up and improving of its rations.

Although the Admiralty instructed Admiral Rice's Committee to the effect that they were not prepared to consider the question either of the abolition of the canteens or of placing their management directly under the Government, the fact of the matter is that the naval canteen system requires overhauling, and that the bluejacket might be better served if system and forethought were placed at his service as is the case in other navies. Under the existing system bribery and corruption are more than hinted at. Most readers who take interest in naval subjects will remember the recent case of the *Circe's* canteen when a distinguished rising young officer was recently brought to trial and dismissed his ship. There is no doubt that the irregularities committed in the management of the *Circe's* canteen are by no means

restricted to that vessel. There was no charge of dishonesty brought against the lieutenant-commander of that vessel, but the regulations for the management of canteens, as laid down by the Admiralty, were ignored.

The effect produced on the minds of the men of the lower deck by the revelations of the *Circe* trial was to increase the discontent which is general throughout the Service in consequence of the failure to carry into effect the recommendations of Admiral Rice's admirable committee. The system that makes bribery and corruption possible has many weak points. The Maltese bumboatmen attempt to corrupt the petty officers of a ship in order to enable them to fleece the rest of the ship's company. Here is a letter from a petty officer in a ship attached to the Mediterranean Fleet, in which he says, referring to the cost of food, that the amount spent by each man in the ship is 16*s.* 6*d.* "This," he says, "is fairly heavy. We are not growing boys either, most of us have three badges, but it is not myself that feels it most *but the married men*." The married man hampered with heavy mess bills is unable to send sufficient money to his wife. The young wife struggles against poverty; temptation surrounds her. It is needless to dwell on this aspect of the case, but naval men know the reality and the justice of this indictment against the Treasury.

That there are well managed canteens is shown by the balance sheet of H.M.S. *Excellent*, Whale Island. For the year ending December 31, 1901, the Whale Island canteen turned over nearly £12,000 and made a profit of £2031 4*s.* 3*d.* This profit was spent as follows:

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Discount to messes (1*s.* in the £ on mess bills)		—		...	372	13	0
Mess traps supplied to blocks, guardroom, tipnor, and boats		—		...	260	13	8
India-rubber mats for bath-rooms		—		...	6	16	0
Billiard necessaries, including repairs to tables and percentage to dockyard		—		...	44	12	2
Daily and weekly papers for recreation-room and sick bay		—		...	39	9	1
Sports, annual, Whale Island, prizes, &c.		—		...	50	17	4
„ cricket, and requisites		—		...	42	4	6
„ football „ „ (including £12 13*s.* 6*d.* challenge cup)		—		...	61	9	10
United Service recreation-ground and sports		—		...	20	0	0
Photos, football and shooting teams		—		...	3	1	0
Washing towels for lavatories in men's blocks		—		...	35	7	10
„ pillow-cases for men's beds in blocks		—		...	61	19	0
Groundsman on lawn for overtime		—		...	10	4	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Clay pipes, issued free	—			...	23	7	0
Christmas gift (to messes, £52 1s. 4d.)	—			...	61	1	4
Marching team, training and pair of boots each	—			...	11	5	6
Entertainments in canteen	—			...	29	16	0
Conveyance of rifle teams to Browndown, entrance fees, &c.	—			...	15	15	1
Refreshments to rifle teams	—			...	4	8	2
Framing and repairs to pictures	—			...	6	7	11
Re-gilding picture frames	—			...	11	17	6
Musician playing in canteen	—			...	26	14	0
Piano, tuning and repairs	—			...	0	19	6
M.A.A., 5s. monthly for answering men's correspondence	—			...	3	0	0
Postmen, 5s., mostly for wear and tear of boots	—			...	3	0	0
Postmen, waterproofs	—			...	2	10	0
Chief gunner, £3 monthly, fodder for horses, &c.	—			...	36	0	0
Refreshments to band and men on duty	—			...	3	8	0
Pies, &c., for London and Windsor guards	—			...	13	17	5
Disinfectants for urinals in men's blocks	—			...	5	8	0
Overcoats, footbridge guards	—			...	5	10	0
Wages to canteen staff (six in number)	—			...	350	16	0
Wet canteen, glasses, drainers, &c.	—			...	20	10	6
Dry canteen, butter-paper, paper bags, &c.	—			...	31	8	8
Large Milner safe for canteen	—			...	8	10	0
Chartered accountant for quarterly audit of canteen accounts	—			...	16	16	0
Paint and repair of garden seats for blocks	—			...	3	3	6
Insurance of cricket pavilion	—			...	0	10	0
Half telephone fee	—			...	2	12	6
Repairs to mangles	—			...	8	4	9
Wreaths for funerals	—			...	11	17	0
Draping pictures, her Majesty Queen Victoria	—			...	1	14	0
Cab to bank with canteen money	—			...	4	16	0
Printing for canteen, sick-bay, ship's steward, police, and clothing gunner	—			...	26	15	0

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS.

Daring Fund	40	0	0	...	—		
Cobra Fund	50	0	0	...	—		
C. Knight, P.O.I., invalided (loss of arm)	40	0	0	...	—		
P. McGlaslan, invalided, since D.D.	27	0	0	...	—		
Mrs. Litton, widow of S. S. Litton, D.D.	5	0	0	...	—		
Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association (Princess of Wales' special appeal)	20	0	0	...	—		
Hospital Saturday Fund, Portsmouth	10	0	0	...	—		
Entertainment on *Trafalgar*, Seamen and Marines' Orphan Children	2	10	0	...	—		
Trafalgar Day, Orphan Home Fund for 1900	20	0	0	...	—		
" " " 1901	20	0	0	...	—		
Royal Seamen and Marines' Orphan Home (annual subscription)	15	0	0	...	—		

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Queen Victoria Memorial Fund	10 10 0 ...	—
Association for Nursing Sick Poor . . .	7 7 0 ...	—
	...	269 7 0
Total . . .		£2031 4 3

In badly managed canteens the profits are little or none. In a large battleship the annual turn over is little less than the canteen turn over of Whale Island. A very large number of the items sold in the canteen are sold by the *pen'north*. A pound of butter sold in *pen'norths* realises 1*s.* 8*d.*, whereas if sold by the pound it would fetch 1*s.* and 1*s.* 2*d.* The butter is greatly inferior to the German naval butter. It is the view of many of the men that the appointment of a committee under present conditions is a farce, since no matter what irregularities take place they are afraid to speak. Disrespect to a superior officer is a naval crime. The expression of dissatisfaction with existing arrangements easily runs into disrespect. Here is an extract from a letter in which the writer declares that things in the canteen in his ship are very unsatisfactory :

"The committee have discussed it, but the commander sent for ——, P.O., 2nd class, and told him that he had heard that he (the P.O.) was the ringleader, and if he wished to keep out of trouble he would have to be very careful."

This, of course, is an *ex parte* statement of a man who may be grumbling without a cause ; but the point I wish to make is that the committee of petty officers and men who are supposed to be responsible for preventing irregularities are not so successful, nor is the system so satisfactory, as is commonly believed.

I have been enabled to obtain the prices, now ruling in the canteens, of fifteen articles in nineteen ships. The ships belong to the Channel Squadron, the Mediterranean Fleet, and the China Squadron.

The want of uniformity in price is shown by the following analysis of the table on pp. 727–728: Out of eighteen ships the price of bacon is uniform, being 8*d.* per lb., on fifteen ships, but rising to 9*d.* on two, and falling to 7*d.* on one ; in nineteen ships cheese is uniformly 8*d.* per lb. ; in eighteen ships butter averages 1*s.* 2*d.* per lb., but rises to 1*s.* 7*d.* on one ship, 1*s.* 3*d.* on two ships, 1*s.* 4*d.* on two ships, while it falls to 1*s.* 1*d.* on four ships, and to 1*s.* on four ships ; in fifteen ships brawn is 6*d.* per lb. on three ships, 6½*d.* on one ship, 7*d.* on three ships, and 8*d.* on eight ships ; in thirteen ships bread is fairly equal, averaging from 2*d.* to 2½*d.* a loaf ; in ten ships biscuits are fairly equal, 4*d.*

CANTEENS—PRICES ON BOARD.

ARTICLE.	H.M.S. *Revenge.*	H.M.S. *Sans Pareil.*	H.M.S. *Resolution.*	H.M.S. *Terrible.*	H.M.S. *Majestic.*	H.M.S. *Prometheus.*	H.M.S. *Prince George.*	H.M.S. *Furious.*	H.M.S. *Magnificent.*
Bacon	8½*d.* and 9*d.* per lb.	6½*d.* and 9*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	48 cents.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb. (inferior).	8*d* per lb.	—
Cheese	6*d.* and 8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	50 cents.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.
Butter	fresh, 1*s.* 4*d.*; salt, 1*s.* 1*d.* lb.	1*s.* per lb.	1*s.* 1*d.* per lb.	55 cents.	1*s.* 2*d.* per lb.	1*s.* 1*d.* per lb.	1*s.* 3*d.* per lb. (inferior).	1*s.* 2*d.* per lb.	1*s.* per lb.
Brawn	7*d.* per 1 lb. tin.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	35 cents.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	—	3*s.* 9*d.* per 6lb. tin.	7*d.* per lb.
Bread	9*d.* a gallon.	11*d.* a gallon.	5*d.* per 4lb. loaf.	6 cents.	10*d.* a gallon.	—	2½*d.* per lb. loaf.	—	—
Biscuits	4*d.* and 4½*d.* per lb.	4*d.* and 6*d.* per lb.	6*d.* per lb.	50 cents.	4½*d.* per lb.	—	—	4*d.* per lb.	4½*d.* per lb.
Currants	4*d.* per lb.	5*d.* per lb.	6*d.* per lb.	30 cents.	5*d.* per lb.	—	3½*d.* per lb.	5½*d.* per lb.	—
Flour	9*d.* a gallon.	11*d.* a gallon.	10*d.* a gallon.	40 cents a gallon.	2*d.* per lb.	2*d.* per lb.	2¼*d.* per lb.	1½*d.* per lb.	—
Jam	6*d.* or 1*s.* tins.	6½*d.* per lb. tin.	6*d.* per lb.	30 cents.	6*d.* per lb.	6*d.* per lb.	2*s.* 6*d.* per 6lb. tin.	6*d.* per lb.	6*d.* per lb.
Raisins	5*d.* per lb.	5*d.* per lb.	6*d.* per lb.	26 cents.	5*d.* per lb.	—	4*d.* per lb.	5½*d.* per lb.	6*d.* per lb.
Pickles	6*d.* a bottle.	1*d.* and 6*d.* a bottle.	6*d.* a bottle.	35 cents.	6*d.* a bottle.	1*s.* a jar.	—	6*d.* a bottle.	6*d.* a bottle.
Tea	1*s.* 6*d.* per lb.	1*s.* 8*d.* per lb.	1*s.* 3*d.* per lb.	40 cents.	1*s.* 4*d.* per lb.	1*s.* 3*d.* per lb.	1*s.* 3*d.* per lb. (dusty).	—	1*s.* 2*d.* per lb.
Sugar	2½*d.* per lb.	2½*d.* per lb.	2½*d.* per lb.	10 cents.	2½*d.* per lb.	2½*d.* per lb.	2½*d* per lb.	2½*d.* per lb.	2*d.* per lb.
Sardines	3½*d.* a tin.	4½*d.* a tin.	—	18 cents.	4½*d.* a tin.	4*d.* a tin.	4*d.* a tin.	4*d.* a tin.	4*d.* a tin.
Tapioca	2½*d.* per lb.	3*d.* per lb.	2½*d.* per lb.	—	—	—	3*d.* per lb.	3*d.* per lb.	—

CANTEENS—PRICES ON BOARD.

ARTICLE.	H.M.S. *Empress of India.*	H.M.S. *Niobe.*	H.M.S. *Implacable.*	H.M.S. *Harrier.*	H.M.S. *Rupert.*	H.M.S. *Illustrious.*	H.M.S. *Onyx.*	H.M.S. *Cambridge.*	H.M.S. *Minerva.*	H.M.S. *Renown.*
Bacon	8*d.* per lb.	9*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	9*d.* per lb.	7*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.
Cheese	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.
Butter	1*s.* 2*d.* per lb.	1*s.* 1*d.* per lb.	1*s.* 2*d.* per lb.	1*s.* 2*d.* per lb.	1*s.* 2*d.* per lb.	1*s.* 2*d.* per lb.	1*s.* and 1*s.* 2*d* per lb.	1*s.* 7*d.* and 1*s.* 4*d.* per lb.	1*s.* per lb.	1*s.* 3*d.* per lb.
Brawn	7*d.* per lb.	6½*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	6*d.* per lb.	6*d.* per lb.	—	6*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.	8*d.* per lb.
Bread	5½*d.* per 4lb. loaf.	—	2*d.* a loaf.	2*d.* a loaf.	—	2*d.* a 1½lb. loaf.	2½*d.* and 3*d.* a loaf.	9*d.* a quartern.	11*d.* a gallon.	2*d.* and 2½*d.* small loaf.
Biscuits	—	4*d.* per lb.	4½*d.* per lb.	—	—	—	—	4*d.* per lb.	—	4½*d.* per lb.
Currants	5*d.* per lb.	5*d.* per lb.	3*d.* per lb.	2½*d.* per lb.	—	2½*d.* per lb.	2*d.* per lb.	6*d.* per lb.	6*d.* per lb.	2½*d.* per lb.
Flour	2½*d.* per lb.	2*d.* per lb.	2*d.* per lb.	2½*d.* per lb.	—	2*d.* per lb.	10*d.* per gallon	4½*d.* for 4lbs.	1*s.* 2*d.* a gallon.	2*d.* per lb.
Jam	6*d.* per lb.	5½*d.* per lb.	6*d.* per lb.	6*d.* per lb.	5*d.* per lb.	—	—	4*d.* a pot.	1*s.* 3*d.* for 7 lbs.	6*d.* per lb.
Raisins	5*d.* per lb.	4*d.* per lb.	3*d.* per lb.	2½*d.* per lb.	—	2½*d.* per lb.	—	5*d.* per lb.	6*d.* per lb.	2½*d.* per lb.
Pickles	—	1*d.* a bottle.	6*d.* a bottle.	6*d.* a bottle.	—	—	—	5½*d.* a bottle.	6*d.* a bottle.	—
Tea	1*s.* 6*d.* per lb.	1*s.* 3½*d.* per lb.	1*s.* 2*d.* per lb.	1*s.* per lb.	—	1*s.* per lb.	1*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.* 8*d.* per lb.	1*s.* 1*d.* per lb.	1*s.* 4*d.* per lb.	1*s.* per lb.
Sugar	2½*d.* per lb.	3*d.* per lb.	2½*d.* per lb.	2½*d.* per lb.	—	2½*d.* per lb.	2*d.* per lb.	2½*d* per lb.	2*d.* per lb.	2½*d.* per lb.
Sardines	—	3½*d.* a tin.	3*d.* a tin.	3*d.* a tin.	3*d.* a tin	—	—	3*d.* a tin.	4*d.* a tin.	—
Tapioca	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4*d.* per lb.

and 4½*d.* per lb.; in fifteen ships currants vary considerably, being as low as 2*d.* per lb. on one ship, 2½*d.* on three ships, 3*d.* on one ship, rising to 4*d.* on one ship, 5*d.* on four ships, 5½*d.* on one ship, and 6*d.* on three ships; flour averages from 1½*d.* to 2½*d.* per lb.; jam is fairly equal, 6*d.* per lb. being the usual price; raisins, like currants, show great variation, from 2½*d.* per lb. to 6*d.* per lb. Tea also varies very much. Out of sixteen ships three pay 1*s.* per lb., two 1*s.* 2*d.*, three 1*s.* 3*d.*, one 1*s.* 3½*d.*, two 1*s.* 4*d.*, three 1*s.* 6*d.*, two 1*s.* 8*d.*; sugar on seventeen ships is uniformly 2½*d.* per lb., except 2*d.* on one and 3*d.* on another; tapioca is from 2½*d.* to 4*d.* per lb.

This may seem a small matter to landsmen, but it is hard for Jack on the *Majestic* to be paying more for his butter than Bill on the *Magnificent.*

The following are extracts from a dozen letters on the subject of canteens written by men who naturally do not wish their identity to be known:

(1) It will interest you . . . to know how the canteen is managed on Whale Island. I will begin by telling you the difference of amounts taken in two years under the former management and two years of the present. In 1897 and 1898 the total receipts for articles sold were £11,976 7*s.* 0½*d.* In 1900 and 1901 the total receipts were £22,490 14*s.* 1¾*d.* leaving an increase of £10,514 7*s.* 1¼*d.* The figures themselves will give you an idea whether this canteen is proving satisfactory, and in addition to that here is another difference of amounts paid to messes out of canteen profits, not inclusive with the large amounts. 1896 and 1897 total £175 8*s.* 0*d.* and in 1900 and 1901 £699 9*s.* 6*d.*, leaving an increase of £524 1*s.* 6*d.*; not bad was it? I was one of the poor unfortunates who happened to be up the island by the former management, and I am safe in saying that it is with very great pleasure that bluejackets return to the island and get their wants supplied, and have everything up to date, the same as we get it now.

(2) I must honestly say that if the canteens were fairer to broadside messes the P.O.s would not get 1*s.* in the £ discount while the others only get 6*d.* I know this for a fact, as I have been caterer in 1st class P.O's mess for eighteen months, and we used to get fruit gratis, but that was too open, so they stopped that for a 10lb. ham every month; also cleaning gear, paste, emery, brick, soda, soap, besides numerous other things. These were, of course, a bribe to keep the P.O.s from complaining.

(3) I think it time something was done for the lower deck as regards food. There is not much fault to find in the canteens run by Maltese bumboatmen, for I have not long left the Channel Fleet, and although the canteens there are run by the ship's company we have just the same of the profits now as then. Whenever a ship goes into port the Maltese bumboatmen go ashore immediately to get fresh bread if possible, but a canteen run by the ship's company would be far behind. But why should there be canteens for the lower deck to go to when they pipe breakfast or supper? All we have to pay for extras should be made up by giving us more money. This is an excuse for not supplying the lower deck with extras—that there is not enough stowage;

but a captain on a ship up here allows plenty of room for a Maltese bumboatman to stow enough gear to last a two months cruise, and what fleet does more than twelve days at sea unless taking passage? What I and my messmates paid towards canteen bill last month was 16*s.* 2*d.*

(4) In home waters and get Maltese supplies! Prices rather high compared with those on shore. A private firm has been running the canteen. We have constantly been changing from one to another. Now run by V. Borda and Son of Malta. If our own people have another try next month the prices will go up again.

(5) This canteen is a private one, owned by a Mr. ——— of ———. The average mess bill is £14, but they run up to £20. The ship's company is compelled to deal from the canteen. The tea tasts mildewy. For fresh butter the canteen price 1*s.* 7*d.* per lb.; on shore 1*s.* Salt butter at 1*s.* 4*d.* is very bad.

(6) Flour is very bad. Bread one day old is sour. Sugar nearly always wet, and though sold in canteen comes from the ship's stores. Baking and egg powder perished. Cannot be sold anywhere else, but does very well for sailors. The socks are only good to look at. Everything that is sold by the lb. is 12 ozs. to the lb.

(7) As regards quality the articles kept by the canteen are not to be grumbled at, but the prices are a little bit stretched. Once the matter is taken up by the public so that they can see exactly how men in the navy are swindled there might be an alteration made.

(8) I think the Service could very well manage to bake and supply bread to their ship's companies. We have only the allotted space in this ship, and our ship's cooking staff manages to do the making and baking and supply nearly all messes in the ship. Of course they have to work very hard, and its for their own interests in a way. The tinned stuff is good. Fruit is dear.

(9) On April 6 we had the army and navy canteen sprung on us; before this we had a ship's canteen. Not a man on the mess deck was asked whether we wanted it or not. The bills have been paid this month. No discount has been given, and the prices are higher and goods inferior. The tea we can't drink, and it is 2*d.* dearer than the other. We did get a dividend out of our own canteen sometimes. The servers in this canteen are only paid six days a week, so they wouldn't open Sundays. We were determined to know why, so now they are to open half an hour for each meal. We left Portsmouth last Thursday. On Friday we were on biscuit, and in harbour, too. We didn't have that with our own canteen. When canteens are run by a private firm it is not usual for discount to be paid.

(10) The canteen is conducted by a committee appointed every quarter by the ship's company. Stock is taken every month and the account open for inspection every quarter. The canteen stands at present on a very good footing. There is about £25 to its credit. It contributes to the Employment Agency fund every year; to the Cobra disaster fund some time ago; to the National Lifeboat Association fund; and £5 a year is put aside in case of an accident occurring to any one in the ship. Every quarter they pay 5 per cent. discount on the canteen bills. I may add that the canteen hold its firm footing from a lemonade machine we have got. Every day there are, at least, eight dozen bottles of lemonade and soda-water sold at 1*d.* each. As the

machine paid for itself in about three months the money realised by it now is very nearly clear profit. That also accounts for the cheapness of the other articles sold, which I know are cheap when compared with prices of some articles on other ships on this station. There is no fault to find with the canteen. The articles sold are of the very best. The way it is conducted reflects credit on all connected with it. It is a God-send to us in the Persian Gulf, where the meat is of the poorest quality and vegetables unheard of.

(11) The ham, bacon, and cheese is all Californian, not of the best, and can be got much cheaper in the market on shore. The butter is like margarine, and the lard is hardly fit for cooking purposes. The only time we get anything from the canteen is at Christmas, when we get 1 lb. of ham, 1 pint of beer, and one pound of cake per man, and plates, basins, and table-cloths for the mess.

(12) We have one or two little grievances here on board *re* the canteen. One of them happened just after leaving Hong Kong. Last February we went to Mirs Bay, and only away from Hong Kong three days, and we could not get any sugar from the canteen; and as we were at sea for a few days we did not get any until we got into harbour at Amoy, and then we had to get it from the bumboat. They had tons in the ship, but would not get it up while we were at sea. . . . I cannot say much against the prices. The worst of it is the prices alter during the month, as I believe they try to work the prices with the bumboat prices. That means that sometimes after the men have paid their private bill, when you get your canteen bill you see that the prices are different and you have to alter your bill again. There are three prices to our butter, 55, 60 and 75 cents a tin, and the first two not very good at that. We had to send about 300 tins back to Hong Kong. It was not eatable.

These letters will interest the public, but they must be accepted with a grain of salt. The first lieutenant, who is usually the president of the canteen, is obliged to devote hours of his scanty leisure to the management of a maritime grocer's shop. He not only receives no thanks, but nothing is commoner, so incurably suspicious are our seamen, than that he should be charged with corruption. If a first lieutenant has a new uniform coat men will whisper that it is derived out of the canteen profits. Imputations of this kind are as numerous as they are absurd. Still our naval officers go on pegging away for the men's good, indifferent to calumny or trouble. There is no more disagreeable part of a naval officer's duty than the management of the canteen, and it is high time that the whole question of food in the navy were reconsidered. There is no longer the slightest advantage in keeping a six months supply of food on board when ships must necessarily go into port every few days. The space occupied by superfluous stores could be used for bakeries, larger galleys, and better appliances of all kinds. There is no necessity to pamper the men. A sufficiency of well cooked plain good food equal to their necessities is given to the blue-jackets in the German, American, and French navies. Why

should men be required to spend 16*s.* 6*d.* a month to make up for the deficiencies of the State? Generosity to the Boers is good. Sordid and stingy Treasury savings at the cost of the fleet that alone enabled England to win the Boer War are simply silly. It is a national duty to mark the Coronation year by supporting the Lords of the Admiralty against the parsimony of the Exchequer. Why should our men not be allowed to smoke as freely as in the German Navy? As a Coronation boon the effect would be to popularise the service.

A MESSAGE FROM KIEL.

Last month's *National Review* reached me at Kiel. I read the article by Ignotus protesting against the visit of Prince Henry's Squadron to Bantry Bay and Lough Swilly while a guest on board one of the German battleships then anchored in Kiel roads. Sir Rowland Blennerhassett's interesting Pan-German article was carefully read in the captain's cabin. The captain's private papers were lying about. I was often left alone, such is the trust reposed in an Englishman. As the guest of the captain of the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* I experienced the same frank confidence which has on more than one occasion been my good fortune to receive at the hands of British naval officers. My presence on board was the result of a respectful request to the Kaiser to permit me to study German naval rations at Kiel. His Majesty communicated my request to Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia in command of the First Squadron, who was good enough to make every arrangement to satisfy my curiosity, and to gratify my desire to strengthen the British Fleet by securing improved rations and better cooking for the messes of the lower deck. The able article of Ignotus does not seem to contain the last word that should be said on British hospitality to the German Fleet.

Having enjoyed opportunities of intercourse with some of the leaders of Germany, it is only fair to say that from the Kaiser to the junior lieutenants every one took kindly interest in my mission. German naval officers of high rank put themselves to great trouble in order to enable me to get at and understand the facts about German naval rations. Obedience to the Emperor's instructions would, of course, account for the supply of information, but it did not explain the kindly spirit in which I was received by high and low. The generous confidence extended to me was attributable solely to the respect with which the Royal Navy is regarded by the Head of the House of Hohenzollern and by the officers and men of the German Navy. The Kaiser's view

of the King of England's fleet is shared by German naval officers. This was proved by the trouble they took to supply facts regarding rations. One and all heartily seconded the attempt to obtain facts relating to the effort to get our sailors better food. The mere fact that they believed that they could do something indirectly for the men of the British Navy seemed to give them pleasure. This spirit of respect and comradeship between the British and German Navies is that which ought to exist between the nations. But it does not. Faults are on both sides, but as the Old Man in Macbeth says:

> God's benison go with you; and with those
> That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.

I owe it to my German hosts to try and present what I understand to be their view of the situation.

Good relations between England and Germany are on the wane. The kinship of the reigning Houses, it is true, seals and sanctions the understanding which exists between the two Foreign Offices. The people of England, however, are at last awaking to the fact that the bulk of the people and press of Germany are hostile to them. From the German standpoint this partial awakening of the British public from complacent and self-satisfied repose is regarded with the keenest interest. When peace was announced I was in Berlin. The effect on the German public was that of a sudden shock. Men said, "England has her hands free." Men thought, "Now that she has dealt with the Boers she may deal with Germany." The articles of Sir Rowland Blennerhassett and Ignotus attracted wide attention. The *Daily Mail's* reprint of the map of Der Grossdeutsche Bund of 1950 showed that the English masses are beginning to interest themselves in German ambitions. I obtained the back numbers of *Ulk*, *Simplicissimus*, and *Kladderadatsch*. To describe the envenomed filth of these journals is impossible. Not content with defiling the sacred memory of our beloved Queen Victoria they habitually depict our strenuous and most self-sacrificing King in a guise that makes one's blood boil.

Recollections of the German telegram to Kruger, of German aid to the Boers, of the wild exultation of all Germany after our defeats, of the cavalier language of Minister Von Bülow, and the enormous growth of the German Navy crowd the memory and emphasise the anti-English lessons of the German press. How is it possible that the Germans and the English can be friendly after such exhibitions of ill-feeling. Only by both the English and the Germans examining the situation from the other's stand-

point can either understand the opposite view. The main points at issue are as follows :

Pro-Boerism.

In 1864 Prussia and Austria were at war with Denmark. British sympathies with the Danes were then expressed as openly as German sympathies with the Boers are expressed to-day. Only read the debates in the House of Lords on April 9, 1864, and in the Commons on June 27 in the same year, and then reflect whether responsible Germans have said anything worse about the merits of the Boer War than was then said about their treatment of the Danes. England first encouraged Denmark and then failed to help her in her need, just as Germany first encouraged the Boers and then retreated from fulfilling her tacit obligations. Germans have long memories. They cannot understand where England's *schwärmerei* for the Danes in 1864 differs in essence from German Pro-Boerism in 1902. Germans, moreover, have a larger material interest in South Africa than the English ever possessed in Denmark.

There is no reason to doubt that a sharp difference of opinion on the subject of England's action in the Boer War divides members of the reigning House and prominent representatives of German Anglophobe opinion. No description of these conversations has reached the public, but it is not altogether impossible that the English view of the situation has been presented and repeatedly driven home by references to German action at Kiao Chau. In these hypothetical conversations Anglophobe Germans may have repeated the current belief that England's action in South Africa was solely dictated by the lust for gold and diamonds.

"Suppose that it be admitted," replied his questioner, "what was the operative cause of the German seizure of Kiao Chau and the expenditure of millions of marks which has since been incurred in holding that coaling station ?"

"Humanity, pure humanity !"

"What ?" rejoined the defender of the British position, "has Germany spent millions of marks in Kiao Chau for humanity while Britain has resisted the Boer invasion of Natal for the love of gold and diamonds ?"

No answer can have been forthcoming to this question. Certain it is that new light is breaking in upon Germany, and that it rests largely with Englishmen whether or not a clearer understanding of the situation shall not lead to better relations with our

Teuton cousins, who, after all, are more like the English than any nation in Europe.

The Kruger Telegram.

Many Germans look upon the Kaiser's telegram as most Englishmen regard the Jameson Raid—as the result of an impulse. The Raid, moreover, though half condoned by the *Times*, sung by the Poet Laureate, and toasted in the music-halls, was more clearly understood in Germany than in England. No sane Englishman now fails to perceive that the Raid struck a heavier blow against his country's good name than the mere loss of a pitched battle. Ruling Germans, who study history and read English, know that we hold India with 73,000 white troops only because the 300 millions of inhabitants repose faith in our word. The Raid increased our risks by lowering our reputation, not only in Africa but in India. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Rhodes were partners in the same enterprise. What Mr. Gladstone began in 1880 Mr. Rhodes completed in 1896. Mr. Gladstone undermined the edifice of Boer respect for England. The Raiders destroyed it. Lord Kitchener's services were required to recover Boer respect and to wipe out the memories both of Majuba and the Raid. German respect for England dwindled after the Raid. After Magersfontein and Colenso it disappeared. The Kaiser's telegram was impulsive and unfriendly—but in cool blood most Englishmen will admit to-day that the Raid was more injurious to British reputation than anything that has happened since the Walcheren Expedition, and is, therefore, justly condemned by the friends of England. The Raid lowered German opinion of England. The Kaiser's telegram expressed the German view. It is now generally admitted that its despatch was a political mistake for Germany, especially as the reality of the Kaiser's personal friendliness for Britain is based on evidence too solid to impugn. The Kruger telegram destroyed, for the time being, British reliance on the Kaiser's goodwill towards us, and yet if the Kaiser were really ill-disposed towards Britain not many hours would pass before all Europe would be acquainted with the momentous fact.

The Anglophobe Press.

Among the leaders and rulers of Germany there is not one apologist for the execrable indecency which characterises a portion of the Anglophobe Press of Germany. Apart from its indecency there is stereotyped malignity on the part of many Teutonic newspapers. There is, however, reason to believe that

a more potent and subtle influence even than German jealousy is at work to embitter Anglo-Teuton relations. From three separate sources—each of which is entitled to credence—I learn that the outlay of large sums of money on the Anglophobe Press of Europe is known to the German Government. This expenditure is undertaken with the object of bringing about a war between England and Germany. I express no opinion on this matter —but the authority and standing of two of my informants are such that personally I entertain no doubts as to the fact. The third is of the highest character. Each of the three separately was equally explicit as to the existence of this subterranean agency of subsidised ill-will in every country in Europe and in the United States of America. The effect of this malign influence cannot be precisely determined. But its existence should suggest the caution with which both Germans and Englishmen should read calumnies against their respective countries appearing in the European Press. Still, native German Press Anglophobia is an undoubted fact, and if the two countries are to understand each other the indecencies and malignant falsehoods of the German Press must cease.

Recriminations between the British and German Press form the real obstacle to amicable relations. More Germans are willing to pay for reading effective calumny or coarse invective than for humdrum facts or moderate and restrained comment on English affairs. Leading Germans admit that the British Press is superior to their own inasmuch as no German can put his finger on any instance of resort to pornographic indecency for political purposes in a single British newspaper. No Englishman has attacked the House of Hohenzollern in that way. Curiously enough *Punch*—which the British regard as the personification of political sobriety—is considered to be a great sinner. On January 18, 1896, a letter was published in *Punch* beginning "Mein lieber Willy," signed "Grandmamma," and containing the following words: "Als du ein ganz kleiner Bube warst habe ich Dich oft tüchtig gespankt, and now that you're grown up you ought to be spanked too."

On February 1, 1896, there were some verses in *Punch* beginning:

> Let me see if Wilhelm can
> Be a little gentleman.

On February 22, 1896, in a poem signed "'Arry" the Kaiser was referred to in the following language:

> It's clear 'e's no class, that young Sossige.

Inexplicable as it may seem to Englishmen, these reflections on the Kaiser are remembered by Germans of the highest culture and standing, and they are regarded to a certain extent as a set-off against the excesses of the German Press. At the same time cultivated Germans freely admit that the British Press has never been polluted by the ribaldry which has defiled the Press of the Fatherland. It is remarkable, by the way, to observe the respect with which British journalistic comment is regarded in Germany, and hence the responsibility of British journalism is greatly increased by the high standing it has attained throughout the civilised world.

It is perhaps for this reason that the political caricatures of Sir John Tenniel published during the Danish War continue to rankle in the German mind. One of Tenniel's cartoons of that period is of two British seamen talking of a spectacled, obese, beer-swilling, "typical" German, and is entitled "Jack on the Crisis." The following legend is inscribed beneath it: "Blow it, Bill, we can't be expected to *fight* a lot of lubberly swabs like him. We will *kick* him if that will do."

Another cartoon depicts Prussia and Austria fingering bags of money and is entitled "Brigands dividing Spoil."

England has since discovered that Prussia's action in 1864 was inspired by the instinct of self-preservation. It is probable that the Germans are already awaking to the fact that England's policy in South Africa is prescribed by inexorable destiny.

During the visit of the Squadron of Prince Henry of Prussia to the Irish ports the only unfavourable or discourteous comment proceeded from a British journal which was the property of a German capitalist of Hebrew extraction. It is remarkable that much of the Press Anglophobia of Germany and the anti-Teutonic feeling in England finds expression through the enterprise of those who are neither Germans nor English. With the significance of this fact the leaders of Germany are better acquainted than the rulers of Britain. The whole of the news-distributing agencies of Europe are controlled by men who have proved themselves unfriendly to British interests and who are not regarded as good citizens in Germany. It may be fairly inferred from all this that the Kaiser's attitude towards Britain is that of his ancestor who allowed his people to write what they liked so long as they allowed him to do what he liked.

The German Navy.

Ignotus, whose authority in these matters is unquestioned, clearly holds that the German Navy is a menace to Great Britain, and that the visit of Prince Henry's squadron to the Irish ports was a strategical and diplomatic mistake. Still, there are grounds for believing that the British Government acted with wisdom in extending the hospitality of the Irish ports to the German Navy in time of peace.

The first point to be noted is that the German Navy exists, that it is growing, and that practice at sea is a necessity of its existence. If the German Navy is really intended as a menace to the British Empire this would seem a reason for declaring war rather than for churlish refusal of hospitality. The visit of a foreign fleet to British ports is the result of previous diplomatic negotiations. The Admiral of the foreign squadron communicates with the Minister of Marine. The Minister of Marine, having ascertained the pleasure of his Sovereign, places the matter in the hands of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The Minister for Foreign Affairs communicates with the Ambassador in London, who, in his turn, submits to the British Foreign Office the proposals for a visit of the foreign fleet. Conditions as to the dates, anchorage, and time of sojourn are arranged after communication with the Admiralty, and the preliminaries are agreed.

The cruising-ground of the German Navy is restricted. For some years the annual summer exercises of the Fleet have been conducted off the Norwegian coast. The German Fleet cannot yet visit French ports. The Baltic and the Russian ports are closed to them. It seems to me impossible to resist the conclusion that it is good policy to encourage the visit of the German Fleet to English or Irish ports so long as similar facilities are given to every other Power desirous of obtaining the same privileges. What is objectionable is that exceptional privileges should be conferred on any one Power. Germany, however, possesses full knowledge of every detail connected with Lough Swilly and Bantry Bay. There are no secrets except those that relate to mobilisation. The exact position of a gun-mounting or its calibre are comparatively unimportant matters if a place has to be attacked. Mobilisation plans, of course, stand on a different footing. The extension of hospitality to the German Fleet by England increases the good feeling that already subsists between the two Services, and in thus increasing the good

understanding between the Navies the way is opened to a better understanding between the nations.

So far as I can learn the German Navy, ship for ship, is not better than our own. German outlay of money is more carefully conducted. The Kaiser naturally obtains more value for the outlay of a mark than the British Admiralty by the expenditure of a shilling. Efficiency and Empire are convertible terms in Germany. The *Majestic* class is held in Germany to be as good or better than anything German, and the *Royal Sovereigns* when re-armed and repaired are regarded with great respect in German naval circles.

As to the *raison d'être* of the German Fleet, it is held that the future of all the great nations is on the sea. When a nation has ceased to be able to take its own part on the sea, that nation is decadent. Hence the German Navy is no more intended as a menace against Great Britain than against Japan, Russia, or France. It exists primarily to maintain an effective protection for the great sea-borne commerce of Germany, and also, I suspect, to take advantage of any opportunities that may arise for enlarging German influence. The rulers of Germany recognise the essential difference between the unity and organisation of the British Navy and the lack of those characteristics in our army. Respect for the Lords of the Admiralty is increased by a visit to the German Navy.

The *morale* of the British Navy is the subject of German admiration. The shooting in the British Navy is looked on as fair, and though I did not learn what the exact figure of the German prize-firing was, I gathered that the English 33 per cent. of hits is not contemptible. German naval officers share with their rulers respect and admiration for the British Naval Service.

It would seem, therefore, unwise to increase the causes of disagreement between the two countries by slamming the door of the Irish ports in the face of the German Fleet. If war between England and Germany is inevitable, the fact that Prince Henry's squadron has enjoyed our hospitality will neither increase its efficiency nor diminish ours. On the other hand, the exhibition of good feeling on both sides may allay painful memories and soften international jealousies.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS.

Nothing struck me more during my visit to the German Fleet and to Berlin than the extraordinary knowledge of England possessed by the educated German as compared with the ignorance of German language and literature by the average educated Englishman. The comparative rarity with which the travelling English visit Berlin is deplored in high quarters. Englishmen and their families visit the Rhine, Dresden and Munich, to see pictures and to drink beer, but they rarely penetrate the surface of German society or of national life. The Kiel week in its way is as interesting and remarkable an European event as the Cowes week. There is a magnificent hotel built by Herr Krupp. The appointments and comfort of this establishment are superior to anything that I have ever seen in any part of the world. The brain and capital of Herr Krupp are as apparent in the working of the Seebadenanstalt and the organisation of the Yacht Club as in the well-known efficiency of his guns. The manager of this hotel is a Cornishman who understands yachting people and their requirements. The Kiel week is an European event and it should attract English yachtsmen. The cordiality of their reception will surprise them.

One of the effects of British ignorance of Germany and its ruler is that we do not appreciate the difficulty of his task. We are accustomed to look upon the Tsar as the real friend of peace. It is a question whether the Hague Conference was not the innocent and injudicious occasion of dangerous ambitions. The Kaiser is as truly the champion of peace as the Tsar. Russia has natural frontiers on three sides. Germany has no frontiers. For hundreds of miles there is not even a wire fence between Germany and her neighbours. The consequence is that the existence of the German Empire compels its rulers not only to sleep with one eye open but to make efficiency in war by land and sea their continual aim. It is difficult for Englishmen dozing behind the effective barrier of the leaden seas that wash these shores to understand the eternal vigilance that is the price of German existence.

The fact is that the British Empire, however interesting to Germany, does not occupy so much of its attention as is generally believed. Russia is a nearer neighbour and on land a stronger Power. France, Austria, Turkey, Italy, and the United States necessarily engage the Emperor's attention, and to keep the

balance among the nations is a signal feat in the art of government. For twelve years the Kaiser has accomplished it. He has kept the peace, and in his task the sympathies of all good men and women in these islands should belong to him.

A side-light is thrown on his character by a saying of Admiral de Reuter which is written in his Majesty's private cabin on board his flagship—"I prefer praise from none if I only do as my conscience tells me and if I fulfil the orders entrusted to me as I ought to do."

This is the man who has found leisure from his Imperial task to help the British bluejacket to obtain better rations.

ARNOLD WHITE.

A GLORIOUS PEACE

THE more the settlement which has been happily reached in South Africa is studied, the more satisfactory does it appear; indeed, it is from one point of view epoch-making in our history, or in the history of the world. For with the solitary exception of the Confederate States in 1865, this is the first time in the modern annals of war that an armed conflict has been pushed to the logical extremity—in other words, that a white and civilised community has been, not merely conquered in the field, but absorbed by the victor. To achieve that result it has been necessary to accomplish the forecast of Von der Goltz, and "by general devastation to exhaust all the material forces of the enemy, while by the infliction of prolonged sufferings destroying their moral forces."

How great the effect produced by the recent operations of our army must have been has been shown by the fact that, to the surprise of all those who had accepted the sanguine estimates of our War Office, no less than 18,000 burghers still remained in the field when the Boer delegates negotiated the surrender. This force might conceivably have protracted the struggle for another three or even twelve months, but it must have been at the cost of misery which only the certainty of ultimate success could have justified. And that certainty of success had passed away. We shall not perhaps be wrong in ascribing to the conclusion of the alliance with Japan a great reflex effect upon South Africa, for it must have proved to the former enemy that all prospect of immediate intervention had vanished, and without intervention the guerilla war was hopeless.

In the previous treaties of peace which are recorded in our history, as Mr. Spenser Wilkinson has pointed out,* almost without exception England made deplorable and unnecessary concessions after unparalleled efforts. On this occasion, thanks to the high statesmanship of Lord Milner, whom it seems to be the

* In the *Nation's Awakening*, p. 186.

object of some of his fellow countrymen studiously to overlook, the terms are such as are at one and the same time honourable to the enemy, and on our part magnanimous, yet just to our own people. All the essentials for which we fought have been secured. The prisoners of war are to take the oath of allegiance before returning; no definite date has been fixed for the concession of representative government; though the burghers are to be allowed in certain cases to retain their rifles, proper safeguards have been imposed; and the rebels are left to the mercy of the British nation. The pecuniary concessions are such as it was eminently wise to make, for the burghers of the defunct States are not likely to cause trouble while they are drawing money from the British treasury for the re-building and the re-stocking of their farms, and thus the period of transition, when the new order of things is likely to prove, whatever our tenderness, most galling to high-spirited men, is tided over. On the other hand, we have the fact that the Boer people seem, unless the censorship is playing sad tricks with the facts—and this would not be the first time that it has done so—to have accepted the situation in an honourable and generous spirit. They have come to know the British nation better in the long years of war, and it is surely the highest compliment to the uprightness and integrity of our statesmen and generals that they should feel and show such implicit faith that our promises to them will be fulfilled. Henceforth the centres of bitterness will be, not the fighting men, but, as was the case in the Confederate States after the Civil War, the women and clergy.

It has been already hinted that this is the one satisfactory peace concluded by England in the past two hundred years, and that statement carries with it no exaggeration. The Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 was regarded at the time, and bitterly denounced as being what it was, a betrayal of British interests. The Treaty of Paris in 1762 was almost worse. After uniform and continuous successes against our enemies, cowardly and incompetent negotiators surrendered many of the advantages gained, and far from acting in the spirit of "Never again," perpetuated every source of dispute and difficulty which had caused the war. In the words of a contemporary writer: "The terms of peace were criticised without mercy. They were declared to be inglorious, inadequate, and unsecure; unequal to the great successes of the war, and below the just expectations of the nation; that our commerce was neglected, and our allies abandoned."

Feeling ran very high, and after Pitt, who had spoken in the House of Commons for three hours and a half against the peace,

retired, he was attended home by a vast, cheering mob. Lord Bute, who was responsible for the treaty, became the most unpopular man in England.

The peace of 1783 was every whit as unpopular. To many it seemed the setting of England's star for ever, so humiliating were the concessions which disaster upon disaster, only redeemed by Rodney's victory in the West Indies, had forced from us. The nation did not feel itself beaten to the degree which the terms involved, and it was perfectly aware of the far greater exhaustion of France and Spain. Only the most furious opposition in the House of Commons prevented that sentimentalist, Fox, from giving away Gibraltar; and as a matter of fact, with the too common disingenuousness of British party politicians, the most dangerous concessions were made in the declaration and counter-declaration as to the Newfoundland fisheries, which were kept for a time from the public. The treaty was denounced by Lee, the ex-Solicitor-General, as "a dismemberment of the Empire, disgraceful, wicked, and treacherous." "All the visions of our power and pre-eminence have passed away," sadly declared the younger Pitt. And this feeling was reflected in the House of Commons which passed a vote of censure on the peace.

The treaty negotiated with France in 1802 at Amiens was no better received by trained statesmen; perhaps indeed it was even more bitterly denounced, though the extreme exhaustion of England led the public to welcome it with an extravagant joy, which was deplored by the far-seeing. Lord Spencer, the organiser of naval victory, asserted "that no single object of the war had been obtained, and that we had sacrificed all means of protection. We had in every part of the world made cessions of countries which the valour of our forces by land and sea had conquered, and which would have secured us from the aggrandisement of France upon the Continent." He foretold that it would be a precarious and insecure peace, and only a year later his forecast was justified.

Nor was the Treaty of Paris which ended the great struggle with Napoleon satisfactory from the British standpoint. Never had this country won greater success; in all directions victory had crowned our efforts, and France was prostrate. It would have been only wise statesmanship to take care that future causes of quarrel were removed. The Newfoundland shore had already been a prolific source of trouble between the two peoples, but out of mistaken regard for the interests of the Bourbons nothing was done to define the French rights or to abolish them altogether.

That this step could have been taken is obvious, nor would it have involved any injustice or excessive severity to France. The question has been left to cause irritation and friction in our own day, and though there is every prospect that it will now be amicably settled, it will not be settled without considerable concessions on our part in other directions.

The peace which ended the Crimean War was one of the most unsatisfactory that British diplomatists have ever concluded. For some inscrutable reason, and without any kind of compensation, our plenipotentiary, Lord Clarendon, gave away the right of search at sea, as though England had been the beaten state. All that was obtained from Russia was a number of promises which it was certain that she would ultimately repudiate, and to which she could only be held by the perpetual threat of war. In the debates on the peace, Lord Aberdeen declared truly that if it had been made by any other than Lord Palmerston it "might perhaps have excited serious reprehension." The country received it without satisfaction or enthusiasm. Writes Greville in his Diary: "The intelligence of peace being at hand or probable gives no satisfaction here, and the whole press is violent against it." This was during the negotiations, but on the definite announcement being made that peace had been concluded, "it was received joyfully by the populace, not from any desire to see the end of the war, but merely because it was a great event to make a noise about."

On the present occasion there have been no doubts, no criticisms, no hesitations. The peace is all that could be desired, perhaps in some points it is even better than we could have dared to anticipate. It now remains for the nation to prove to the Boers that they have acted wisely in submitting to the Empire, and to show them that we mean to deserve their affection and regard. It is a time, perhaps, when it would be wise to demonstrate that we have forgotten and forgiven the past; and it is to be hoped that Lord Milner, who is the best and surest judge on these troublesome questions, will see his way to recommend his Majesty to permit Mr. Kruger and the Boer envoys to return to their own country. With Mr. Kruger we have no longer any quarrel. He was patriotic after his lights; he served his people well; he is now an old man and can no more be dangerous. Under like circumstances the American people permitted Jefferson Davis, who had wronged them far more deeply, to return and live in unmolested obscurity. The rebels we may safely leave to the clemency of the King.

For the future, the danger, so far as we can see it, is not in

South Africa but in the House of Commons. Are the men who have foretold every kind of evil going to sit still under the failure of their predictions, and not endeavour to bring that evil about? We may look to see the very politicians who have condoned the shooting of natives wholesale by the Boers, bringing up the native question, and thus striving to inspire discontent. It is the best omen for the future that this section of politicians is so utterly discredited by its advocacy of what was the enemy's cause, and by the contempt with which the patriotic men among the Boers regard it, that it is almost powerless for mischief. But what mischief it can do, it will. A stable, contented South Africa is not at all to the mind of our Little Englanders and pro-enemies.

H. W. Wilson.

THE SOCIETY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

MANY readers must have been struck with the parallel appearance, in the *National Review* and the *Nineteenth Century* for April, of Captain Mahan's paper on "Motives to Imperial Federation" and Sir R. Giffen's "Dream of a British Zollverein." It was interesting to see what was substantially the same subject treated from different points of view by two men of eminent ability. It was still more interesting to observe from their handling of the subject how great a change had been wrought in public opinion since the last generation in the mode of regarding national interests; how both writers looked on the life and character of our country as something above and beyond the individual interests of the forty millions of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen living in it; how they thought of England as Shakespeare, for example thought of it when he wrote:

> Nought shall make us rue
> If England to itself do rest but true.

But most interesting of all, to me at least, was the evidence afforded of the remarkable diversity of conception as to the principle wherein the "true" interest, or "self," or life of England consists. It is, indeed, not to be wondered at that three hundred years of civil war, political revolution, and party conflict should have made it more difficult for each of us to form an idea of the character of England as a whole than it was for the men of the Spanish Armada.

Sir R. Giffen will, I think, not say that I am doing him an injustice in holding that, for him, the "true self" of England lies, above all things, in her love of individual freedom. He is one of the most eminent representatives of that school of Liberalism which derives its principles, on one side, from the philosophy of Bentham and Molesworth, and, on the other, from the practical policy of Cobden, modified by long official experience. The more weighty on that account have been his

admirable letters, showing the necessity of indirect taxes; the more attention is due to his remarks on the difficulties in the way of Imperial Federation. Sir Robert is no enemy to that policy in the abstract; on the contrary, he writes of it in an elevated and patriotic spirit as the goal towards which all our endeavours should tend. But he regards it from within, in the temper of a Liberal Economist, born and bred in an atmosphere of *laisser faire;* and the cloud of statistics through which he views it necessarily weakens his belief in it as a practical policy. Above all things, he is apprehensive of profane hands being laid on the ark of Free Trade, so that he is stern in his rebukes to those who mix up their advocacy of Imperial Federation with the question of commercial protection. Yet he himself cannot refrain from contending that the success of Imperial Federation must depend upon the adoption by the colonies of the sacred principle of Free Trade.

> One of the first points to be determined [he says] when the colonies and the mother country are in council, cannot but be this question of free trade or protection as the policy of the Empire; and it is the colonies, and not the mother country, that should give way. Their so doing will be the first step to Imperial Federation, which will hardly be possible on any other footing.

To me, on the contrary, it appears that the moral and social element in the question so enormously predominates, that if the principle were once to be established that England can only be true to herself by working out a scheme of Imperial Federation, all other considerations, such as material profit, should be made subordinate to this paramount end; and even if the establishment of a Zollverein, or of preferential taxation, should involve a certain amount of temporary financial loss, Englishmen should be exhorted to suffer it, in view of the higher benefits ultimately accruing to them as members of a great imperial society.

Herein lies the value of a paper like Captain Mahan's on "Motives to Imperial Federation." He has raised his subject above the level of local and selfish interests, and has enabled Englishmen to look at it in its relation to the "true self" of England. Writing as a stranger, but with all the sympathy natural to one of British blood, he holds up the policy of Imperial Federation as a national and social duty:

> Sentiment, imagination, aspiration, the satisfaction of the rational and moral faculties in some object better than bread alone, all must find a part in a worthy motive, not to the exclusion of reasonable interests, but to their ennoblement by marriage to loftier aims, seeking gratification in wider activities. Like individuals, nations and empires have souls as well as bodies. Great and beneficial achievement ministers to worthier contentment than filling the pocket.

At the same time he recognises that abstract motives alone have not sufficient weight with men to induce them to adopt a policy on account of its ideal excellence. Hence the "Motives to Federation" that he places before the English reader are essentially practical, and, as he thinks, urgent. Finally, his paper performs the much desired task of defining clearly the object aimed at in federation: "To assure unified or imperial external action by the means of an adequate organ common to all, while preserving the independence of the several parties in their internal affairs."

What Captain Mahan, in fact, puts before us is nothing less than a proposal to devise an enlarged system of representative government for the Society of the British Empire. The phrase, "the Society of the British Empire," is one that deserves to be written in letters of gold. It is not a new one. I have met with it several times in referring to that store-house of political experience, *The Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda of the Duke of Wellington*. But, as used by the Duke, it bears a different sense from anything that could attach to it in the present day. In his mouth it conveys the idea of society that prevailed at the fag end of what may be called the "plantation" era, when colonial interests were viewed mainly in relation to the advantages they brought to the mother country and her ruling classes. This system has, of course, been long swept away, nor need it be denied that, in its exclusive class selfishness, it deserved its fate. Such as it was, however, it involved the idea of society, in the consent of opinion that the State, by means of Corn Laws and Navigation Laws, was in duty bound to protect its various "interests," in so far as they were organic parts of an imperial whole. It is scarcely too much to say that, during the period of centrifugal action, following on the first Reform Bill, the idea of imperial society perished in the eagerness of the rush with which men pursued the idea of individual liberty and the accumulation of wealth. *Laisser faire* in every shape became the first principle of social philosophy. Tests of all kinds were abolished. All restrictions on freedom of contract were removed. To stimulate commercial expansion almost all sources of revenue derived from the taxation of imports were sacrificed. The colonies, equally disliked by both political parties as embarrassments in the office-hunting game, were told in time that they might take up their burdens and depart. Nevertheless, it is just to admit that this passionate belief in the virtues of *laisser faire* has not destroyed the instinctive love of social order rooted in the English nature, and the general result of the Liberal policy growing out of the

first Reform Bill has been to generate beyond our shores a multitude of self-governing communities, with free English institutions, virtually independent of the mother country, but bound to her by such ties of race, affection, and interest as make it unlikely that the Colonies will ever (as might conceivably be the case with the United States of America) oppose Great Britain as commercial rivals and foreign foes. The question, therefore, as it is raised by Captain Mahan's paper, is, whether in this chaos of individualism there is sufficient homogeneousness of feeling to allow of the creation of a form of political union capable of representing the Society of the British Empire.

Captain Mahan has, perhaps necessarily, put the problem before us in an ideal form, and if we were to consider Imperial Federation strictly according to his requirements, I must frankly say that I do not think the "motives" he describes are of that compelling urgency which would lead to the immediate adoption of the policy. He says:

> For sustained effort Imperial Federation will be impotent unless, at the very least, the several members are willing to accept a fixed burden periodically determined by some competent body, external to all, but in the constitution of which each has a voice. The experience of the United States goes farther. They found it not sufficient to determine in a lump amount the proportion due from each member; effective union, efficiency for the defence of the whole, was not obtained until power was given to the central government not merely to fix the quotas in men and money of the several States, but to lay and to exact taxes upon the citizens of all the States, passing over the States governments directly to individual men.

I am bold enough to think that Captain Mahan weakens his argument in behalf of Imperial Federation by laying too much stress on the analogy of the United States. As far as the British Empire is concerned, his article should rather have been called "Motives for Concerted Imperial Action"; because, on his own showing, the reasons for combination in the case of the United States are different in kind from those which weigh with Great Britain and her colonies. In the former case, as he tells us, the different States were forced to combine for the sake of free existence; in the latter, there is no such apparent necessity. In their individual isolation, the American States must have fallen, one by one, before the overwhelming power of Great Britain; whereas, even under our existing system, each of the British colonies is protected from foreign aggression by the whole force of so mighty a Power as England, which even the strongest Powers of Europe would attack with hesitation. Hence, I am unable to admit the soundness of Captain Mahan's conclusion:

It is not fanciful to say that, as the common dangers to the American colonies from the power of Great Britain, which was to them irresistible unless they combined, supplied the first motive to effectual association; so the needed impulse, urgent if not imperative, was found by the members of the British Empire in the danger and threatened oppression of one of their number by alien blood.

It would probably be impossible to analyse the complex motives that induced the British colonies to offer their help to the mother country when war with the Transvaal Republic had once begun. Sympathy of blood and manners, a sense of the vastness of the task which Great Britain had undertaken, pride in the free institutions of the Empire, and (in the case of individuals) military spirit and the love of adventure, all these influences were in operation. But, as against Captain Mahan's argument, it is sufficient to point out that the South African War was by no means the first occasion on which colonial assistance to the mother country had been volunteered and accepted. The war once over, the necessity of concerted action between Great Britain and the Colonies will drop out of sight, and the centrifugal forces of local liberty come into play. The politicians and public writers in each separate community of the Empire are already beginning to make party calculations, and to consider the question of imperial defence exclusively from a local point of view. For example, the press of Canada seems for the most part to approve the lukewarmness of Sir W. Laurier's undertaking to listen to whatever may be said at the Conference of Prime Ministers in behalf of a concerted scheme of imperial defence, and the following extract from the *London Advertiser* (a Canadian paper) illustrates typically the manner in which the subject is viewed in the Dominion:

The problem will press for settlement at some future day, but there is no call for action at present. The Colonies are satisfied with existing conditions, and any premature attempt at legislation might be hurtful to imperial sentiment.

Not very different is the feeling in Australia, where Mr. Barton is recently reported to have spoken much in the same sense as Sir W. Laurier. The *Sydney Daily Telegraph* writes as follows of the proposal to extend the principle of Australian defence beyond the limits of Australia in conformity with Captain Mahan's views:

If troops are required for service abroad, they can be furnished on the volunteer basis which has been adopted during the Boer War with a material ardour which abundantly proves that Australia has the men, that they are willing, and that she is ready to supply them efficiently and without stint.

The plan has worked admirably, and it would be bad policy to exceed it. For the reasons that have been indicated the larger scheme is one to be avoided, or at least deferred; and even apart from the great and difficult questions that scheme involves, the present requirement and aspiration of Australia is simply an efficient force for local defence.*

Utterances of this kind prove to demonstration how far we are from having arrived at that minimum sense of the necessity of concerted action, defined by Captain Mahan as a willingness "to accept a fixed burden periodically determined by some competent body external to all, but in the constitution of which each has a voice."

But if Captain Mahan is much in advance of public opinion, I think Sir R. Giffen is as far, or farther, behind it. His paper seems here and there to show signs of that human frailty to which we are all liable, the inability, through the strong consciousness of our own personal identity, to notice how the world has changed. He speaks of the idea of a British Zollverein as a "dream," a phrase of which I may, without the charge of egotism, be allowed to examine the propriety, by reference to what Captain Mahan calls "the realm of unfulfilled prophecy," the magazines of fifteen or twenty years ago. In April 1885, appeared in the pages of the *National Review*, of which the present writer was then joint editor, a paper from his pen, over the signature "Imperialist," on "The Future of the Conservative Party." To look back at the political situation of that period does indeed seem like a dream. A reform of the franchise had just been effected, which all felt would have a vast influence on the fortunes of the country; and "Imperialist" pointed out that the nation had come to a parting of the ways, at which, if the historic framework of the Party System were preserved, each Party would have to make up its mind to pursue either a Revolutionary or an Imperial policy. The inheritance of the Liberal leadership seemed (as Captain Mahan has told us) to belong of right to Mr. Chamberlain, the organiser of the Radicals —by far the most powerful section of the Liberal Party—whose policy at that time pointed in the direction of a kind of modified communism. The Conservatives, on the other hand, were a numerically feeble minority, and so powerful was the tradition of Liberalism that Mr. Chamberlain anticipated little difficulty in bearing down their opposition to his line of action. Mr. Goschen was at the head of a small but influential body of Moderate

* I take these extracts from *The British Empire Review*, an organ of the greatest value for the collection and comparison of opinion throughout the Empire.

Liberals, and the object of "Imperialist's" paper was to urge—with whatever faint hopes of immediate success—this band of really Conservative thinkers to detach themselves from the Revolutionary associates to whom they had been hitherto bound by the ties of Party. Indicating the outline of a truly Conservative policy, the writer said :

The Tories have never, like the Whigs, been in love with the Parliamentary or Party System for its own sake. Though they have struggled valiantly in behalf of the aristocratic *régime* on the lines laid down for them in 1830 by the Duke of Wellington, yet Monarchy, not Oligarchy, has always been the fundamental principle of their cause. And now that the last remains of the old Parliamentry *régime* have disappeared, there is nothing in their traditions to prevent them from attempting the gradual supersession of the Party System by a higher form of government. Their grand aim is the consolidation of the Empire. They recognise that the centre of the Empire is not the House of Commons, but the Crown. The ultimate object of their Party action should, therefore, be to unite, for imperial purposes, by some common method of representative government, all those great and growing societies which owe allegiance to the Queen.

As to the manner in which this object might be gradually achieved, the paper said :

The time has now come when the nation must show whether its spirit is equal to preserving the liberties its fathers have won for it. Mr. Goschen has told us that what we have to do is to add 20,000 men to our army and to set all our dockyards to work. Every patriotic Englishman will agree with him; but such a policy will add largely to our permanent burdens, nor, with our present fiscal system, would it be possible to distribute equally the incidence of the taxation that would be required. How then should we prepare to face our duties? To this question I hold that the Conservative answer is plain. By taxing foreign imports, while granting free admission to colonial products of all kinds. In this way we should provide the necessary increase of imperial revenue; and by giving the Colonies a double stake in the existence of the Empire, we should make it as much their interest, as it is now their pleasure, to share in its defence. I conceive that two objections may be made to this proposal. It may be said that such taxation would raise the price of food. Precisely the same prophecy was made when the Cattle Disease Bill was being debated, but has the price of meat risen one farthing in consequence of that protective measure? As a matter of fact, I believe that a duty on foreign imports would in no degree alter the price of corn, for the only result would be that the foreigner would be forced to produce more cheaply in order to meet colonial competition. And again, it may be objected that such duties would violate the sacred principles of free trade; but since all the world except ourselves has determined that trade shall not be free, I do not see that we are bound always to legislate for the benefit of professors. I for one have no hesitation in avowing myself an advocate for protection when what is aimed at is the protection of the Empire.

Few will be so ambitious as to anticipate the *immediate* realisation of the idea of a Customs Union between the various parts of the Empire, but such a generous policy as I have indicated on the part of the mother country

towards her offspring would undoubtedly pave the way for the unrestricted freedom of trade within the limits of the British Empire, and it would quicken the desire of the colonists to be duly represented in the great Council of the Realm.

I do not refer to these passages in order to claim credit for a successful prophecy, but as furnishing an effective argument against Sir R. Giffen, by showing that the fortunes of a free country depend mainly on the changes of public opinion. In 1885 what was proposed by "Imperialist" as the future of the Conservative Party was indeed a "dream," and I well recollect Mr. W. H. Smith demonstrating to me in a conversation how impossible it would be for the Conservative Party, in its then temper and with the general feeling of the Country, to take any step in the direction suggested. But during the last seventeen years the stars in their courses have fought on the side of Imperial Federation. The whole face of English politics has changed. The historic fabric of the Party System is shattered. What was in 1885 the Conservative Party has expanded into the Unionist Party. The Radical Communists of that period are the Little Englanders of to-day. Their leader, who in the following year sacrificed what seemed an assured position of personal ascendency to the higher interests of his country, has, by common consent, done more than any single statesman to promote the consolidation of the British Empire. Why, in the face of such astonishing changes, should Sir R. Giffen describe the comparatively simple policy of a British Zollverein as a "dream"? He can hardly allege that there is any natural obstacle to the adoption of such a system by the mother country and her colonies, if both parties choose to incur the financial risk. Nor can it be denied, in view of the careful calculations of a practical administrator like Sir Vincent Caillard, that by mutual arrangements a policy of preferential taxation might become the source of material profit to all members of the Union.

Looking to the state of public opinion in Great Britain and the colonies, it seems as if the friends of Imperial Federation would advance their cause rather by appealing to the sense of social duty than by arguments of political necessity. It is difficult to believe that self-governing communities, separated from the mother country and each other by the sea, and virtually self-sufficient, will ever feel that pressing need of combination which forced the United States to fight rather than permit the secession of any members of their union. On the other hand, there are "motives" of a high and inspiring kind which urge on the consciences of freemen the need of some effective form of voluntary

association. Paramount among these is obedience to the destiny manifestly imposed on us by Providence. We have no need to look for teaching to the comparatively modern precedent of the United States. Imperial Federation is but the crown and climax of a movement which has been disclosing itself from the infant days of our history. For what else is written in our annals than the power of the British race to blend the opposing elements of nationality, the antagonistic principles of liberty and order, into ever enlarging forms of social harmony? Is not the principle of Federation involved in the preamble to the Writ of Edward I. to his first Parliament: "It is a most equitable rule that what concerns all shall be approved of by all, and common dangers be repelled by united efforts"? What again was the first mode of union between England and Scotland but a species of Federation? Ages passed before the strong individuality of Scotland would subordinate local jealousy to the felt necessities of political unity. Yet unity was accomplished, and now the hereditary principle, carried, in spite of adverse prophecies, beyond the seas into other hemispheres and continents, has confederated the Dominion of Canada and the Commonwealth of Australia, and awaits its completion among the governments of South Africa.

By keeping this idea of the "true England" ever before men's minds we may recover by degrees the conception of the Society of the British Empire which has almost vanished during the period of *laisser faire*. How far we are at present from having realised even the elemental duties of such a society may be gathered from the opinions as to imperial defence I have already cited from colonial newspapers. Before we can constitute anything like a complete system of Federation we must traverse all the interval between the ideas of a Mahan and the ideas of the "Man in the Street." Nevertheless, even setting aside the elevating experiences of the South African War, two powerful influences have lately been at work to bring into operation the motive on which Captain Mahan chiefly dwells. One is the feeling of deadly hatred and jealousy with which England is regarded by great masses of the population in every European country, and particularly in Germany. The vilest insults the human imagination can conceive have been poured from the German Press against the character of a country which, even in days when Germany was a weltering chaos of feudalism, without the shadow of an idea of national unity, Milton could describe as "an old and haughty nation proud in arms!"* It has been said that England's greatest

* I am quite aware that in *Comus* these words are applied to Wales, but I reason *a fortiori*.

interest is Peace, and in one sense that is true, but the insults of the foreigner have startled us from our dream of cosmopolitan Epicureanism into the perception that the best guarantee for peace lies in the resources of an armed and self-supporting Empire. I venture to say, however, that a yet greater shock to our historic national pride has been given by the recent incident of what in the newspapers is called (to such depths has the language of Shakespeare and Scott sunk through the corrupting influence of slang and snobbery!) the "Great Shipping Combine." To think that so vast a portion of the "interest" to which we owe our prestige and security should pass, by a mere mercantile arrangement, into the control of a ring of foreign "millionaires" is enough to make the ghost of Cromwell walk. Had the transaction been allowed to pass without some intervention on the part of Government, Napoleon's taunt that we are a nation of shopkeepers would indeed have been justified, and the "true self" of modern England would have had to be described by the expressive Greek word *βάνασος*. But, from the feeling which the matter has roused in the country, I should rather hope that the effect would be to demonstrate to the least reflective the dangers of *laisser faire*, and the necessity of limiting the operations of individual greed by the interests of imperial society.

Sir R. Giffen may say that, from this point of view, I ought to agree with him in excluding all commercial considerations from the question of Imperial Federation. He is himself very severe on Mr. Seddon for having said (I have not myself seen the saying reported) that Imperial Federation was a matter of £ *s. d.* To rest the advocacy of the cause on this ground alone would indeed be an error, but the motive of material self-interest is undoubtedly a cement of society. If an interchange of reciprocal benefits helps to quicken men's readiness to join in a common scheme of self-defence, the nature of the inspiring motive need not be closely scrutinised; and if a union, formed mainly for the purpose of self-defence, happens to carry with it commercial advantages, the permanence of the connection is likely to be the more firmly established.

But in any case I cordially agree with Sir R. Giffen that the time has come when the question of a closer union between the mother country and her colonies should be approached on the political side. And since I have ventured to argue that public opinion is as yet far from being prepared for that form of Imperial Federation which is shadowed forth in Captain Mahan's paper, I may perhaps be permitted, without presumption, to submit for the consideration of the readers of the *National Review* an idea of the

kind of agreement which would be feasible at present. I think we are ready for the formation of a Central *Consultative* Council, charged with the duty of examining and recommending treatment for all questions of common concern referred to it for consideration. The approaching Conference of Premiers will be able clearly to define the scope of the interests which are common to all; and it is urged in some quarters that affairs might be managed if these Conferences were triennially renewed. I do not see why a further step should not be taken. The interests of the Empire are always in a state of energy, and need constant supervision and regulation. What would be the objection to having a representative of each Colonial Government for the time being as a member of a permanent Council? The Council must necessarily be composed of the Executive Powers in each part of the Empire, but the principle of representation would be duly observed, and it would seem easy to make a body so composed part of the Constitution, by converting it into a Committee of the Privy Council. As the Council would in itself, to begin with, have neither executive nor legislative functions, there could be no fear of the Federal authority attempting to enforce obedience to the central will upon any reluctant member of the voluntary association. On the other hand, the report and recommendation of such a representative body could not but exercise a powerful influence on the action of the various Executives; and the time might come when a sense either of overmastering danger or of proved convenience would induce all members of the Union to arm what would be the brain of the Empire with large executive powers.

But meanwhile the main use of such a council would be educational. What man of honest intellect can look on the present working of our so-called representative system without feelings approaching disgust? For example, the machinery brought into play at the recent Bury election. A vast financial burden had been laid on the shoulders of the nation by a war recognised at the General Election by the voice of the people as just and necessary. Here surely was an occasion when, if ever, the fundamental principle of Parliament applied: "It is a most equitable rule that what concerns all shall be approved of by all, and common dangers be repelled by united efforts." The middle classes had submitted without a murmur to an increase in the already oppressive income tax; it was not asking too much of the working classes that they should take their fair share in the expenses of a war which they had zealously helped to promote. Yet on the stale cynical pretence that it is the first duty of an

Opposition to oppose, and that any stick may be used to beat the Government, multitudes of educated men felt no scruples in co-operating to circulate the fable that a threepenny registration duty on corn was the first step in the revival of the old Corn Laws. The result seems to show that, according to the judgment of the people of Bury, England does live by bread alone. From such materialism the "true self" of England revolts. Public opinion needs some representative system for the expression of those nobler aspirations which Captain Mahan has so eloquently described, some "ampler ether, some diviner air," above the level of personal ambitions, a ground of vantage from which the spheres of domestic and national interest can be viewed apart, and the highest interest of the individual be seen in due subordination to the welfare of society. And this, after all, is the strongest motive and stimulus to Imperial Federation.

W. J. COURTHOPE.

P.S.—This paper was in type before the appearance of the last number of the *National Review*. I might otherwise have illustrated the points I have urged by the considerations put forward from different quarters by writers of such distinction as Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, Sir Edmund Fremantle, and Sir Vincent Caillard. On the other hand, I should have missed the satisfaction of feeling how many forces in public opinion are independently and almost unconsciously working together to promote the cause which I have advocated.

MERCANTILE CRUISERS AND COMMERCE PROTECTION

THE Morgan Shipping Trust has naturally directed attention to the policy of subsidising fast liners as "reserve merchant cruisers" to use the official term, as three of the best of these vessels belong to the White Star Line, and are included in the Trust, while five more White Star boats are ear-marked to be at the disposal of the Admiralty without further subsidy if required.

That there is a weakness in an arrangement which merely places these vessels at the disposition of the Admiralty for a few years may be at once admitted, but this does not touch the general question, as there is no doubt that the limit of time is due quite as much to a reluctance on the part of the Government as of the companies concerned, to commit themselves for a longer period. Indeed, if we are correctly informed, Mr. Morgan has offered to increase the time during which the ships included in the Trust would remain British, and available as merchant cruisers to fifty years, and certainly if these vessels are, as I believe, valuable to us in war, some security should be given on both sides preventing any change of flag or subsidy except as mutually agreed upon, as it is obviously ridiculous that the owners should be able to dispose of this asset to our naval forces at short notice.

Why then did not the Admiralty make a better bargain? The answer is, I think, clear.

As with Wei-hai-wei the strategical aspect of the question was insufficiently appreciated, and the Admiralty were not decided as to the value of these vessels. This is shown by the fact that last year there was a reduction on the vote for subsidised merchant cruisers of £55,887, or from £63,200 to £7313; this year the vote has been again increased by £55,687, or to £63,000 altogether, practically replacing it in the position which it occupied in 1900–1901. Probably the Admiralty were reluctant to commit themselves for a term of years, and it is just this indecision in important strategical questions which gives point to Lord Charles

Beresford's demand for a "War Lord," or some high naval authority, whose decision in similar matters should be final.

For the present year, however, it is evident that their value is appreciated, for the vote has been increased as we have seen, and their numbers augmented, so that we have now eighteen fast vessels for which subsidies are paid, and thirty-one more "at the disposition of the Admiralty without further subsidy."

I have said that doubts have been expressed as to these ships being of any use as auxiliary cruisers, and I propose to consider the principal reasons given for this view.

(i) We are told that they are incapable of fighting even a 3rd class cruiser ; that they have no protection ; that their machinery is exposed ; and that they are unhandy.

(ii) The value of speed tactically and even strategically is disputed by many naval officers, who would like to see all money voted in the Navy Estimates devoted to battleships, and not "frittered away" in bolstering up the mercantile marine, whose chief characteristic is—speed.

(iii) There is a school of officers who insufficiently appreciate the interdependence of a navy and a mercantile marine. Trade they think "should take its chance," at all events till the main issues have been decided by the battle-fleets, when, of course, with the command of the sea we would protect our commerce.

(iv) There is the view of Sir John Colomb, who has consistently opposed this vote, for which there is much to be said. This view is that in time of war it is absolutely necessary that our communications should be kept open, and that this would be done best by our fast liners, so that by taking them away from their proper duty the ocean trade of the nation would be paralysed to secure some very indifferent cruisers.

In examining these objections I propose dealing very shortly with (i) and (iv), while (ii) and (iii) represent much the same trend of ideas and must be dealt with historically.

As for (i) it is undoubtedly true ; and the answer is that these "merchant cruisers" would naturally show a clean pair of heels to a man-of-war cruiser, but that all maritime nations are adopting the principle of armed merchant cruisers and that our ships would fight vessels of similar class to themselves.

In regard to (iv) I have considerable sympathy with Sir John Colomb's view. No doubt when this vote was first proposed there was an idea that these vessels would to some extent replace war vessels, which they are incapable of doing, and Sir John has done good service in protesting against this assumption. He has courteously allowed me to see a copy of his speech in '87

when this policy was first adopted, in which he quotes a letter from the Admiralty to the Treasury which says :

"The retention of a fleet of Royal Naval Reserve cruisers must be obviously of great national advantage. In a pecuniary sense they would serve to limit the necessity felt by their Lordships for the construction of fast vessels to protect the commerce of the country, and Sir John Colomb protests 'against the vote being put forward on the ground that it will save building more cruisers as a dangerous policy.'"

He then proceeds to say that we are proposing to rob "our main lines of communication of our very best ships." On this there is much to be said into which I cannot enter fully now, but I will only point out that in every war, not excepting our recent South African War, some of our "best ships" are naturally diverted from the ordinary trade for more direct naval or military service, and that even where it would be undoubtedly impolitic to take ocean liners off their regular lines of communication it might be advisable to commission and arm them as men-of-war, so that they would render a good account of themselves against improvised commerce destroyers of an enemy, as our packets often did against privateers in previous wars.

Let me turn now to objections (ii) and (iii), which appear to me to be based on an inaccurate and illogical estimate of what is implied by the terms "sea power" and "command of the sea."

"Sea power" is the resultant of a large mercantile marine and over sea trade, protected by an adequate navy, and "command of the sea" means not that a powerful battle-fleet is more than equal to any combination against it in home waters, though this is the foundation of sea power, but that on every sea throughout the world commerce is afforded reasonable protection.

Sea power then is a combination of a navy and a mercantile marine, for even from a purely military point of view an efficient navy must be adequately supported by non-fighting ships such as fleet auxiliaries, supply vessels, or transports for an army, and protection of trade is one of its main functions, and it cannot be regarded as subsidiary.

I propose to deal with this question historically, but it is scarcely sufficiently appreciated, as is shown by the argument recently used by Captain Stewart L. Murray in his lecture at the United Service Institution on "Our food supply," in which he urged the necessity of adopting some scheme of restriction and regulation of food at the outbreak of war, as otherwise the Admiralty might be induced by clamour to take cruisers off "their proper work" of attending on battle-fleets to protect

commerce. This represents a modern school of strategy which has no historical foundation, and if, as I propose to show, the protection of trade was considered so important one hundred or two hundred years ago, it has become far more so now that our Empire entirely depends for its existence on means of communication, while the United Kingdom draws four-fifths of its food-supply from over sea.

I have no space for full details of the commerce protection of past times, but every student of naval history knows how much convoy work was necessary, though few realise to what an extent the protection of "the trade" regulated the movements of his Majesty's ships, or the number of "armed ships" which were employed to supplement the regular naval forces. Mr. David Hannay in the *Navy and Army Illustrated* for June 7, gives some interesting details of the year 1778 from researches in the Record Office, showing the distribution of frigates and "armed ships" for commerce protection, and occasionally, as he points out, the smaller battleships were similarly employed. At the beginning of the year the rebellion in America had lasted some time, and at the end of the year we were at war with France as well. As Mr. Hannay remarks, "these armed ships were the ancestors of the subsidised cruisers of to-day." He reminds us that "'the grand fleets' of the King William and Queen Anne epoch were constantly employed to see convoys well past the Scilly Isles."

An important example of commerce protection and attack is given by the circumstances under which Lord Howe's "glorious first of June" victory was fought. According to James' "Naval History" Lord Howe had two duties to perform when he put to sea from St. Helens on May 2, 1794: "One was to see the East and West India convoys clear of the Channel; the other to intercept a Franco-American convoy of 350 sail returning from the United States. . . . with provisions and stores of which the Republic stood greatly in need." Howe having protected the convoy as far as the Lizard, "detached Rear-Admiral Montagu with six seventy-fours and two frigates to protect them to the latitude of Cape Finisterre, Captain Peter Rainier, with the *Suffolk*, 74, a 64-gun ship, and four or five frigates being ordered to see them safely through the remainder of the passage."

The object of the French fleet under Villaret Joyeuse was similarly mainly commercial, and though he was defeated by the British fleet he succeeded in drawing it so far to the westward as to allow of the convoy, so much required by the Republic, arriving in safety, thus enabling the defeated admiral to boast of a strategical success.

I have endeavoured to show in these examples from former wars that commerce protection was always considered of the first importance, and that not only were our main fleets frequently employed in assuring the safety of our trade, but that our regular men-of-war had to be supplemented by "armed ships" built for commercial purposes.

Have we then enough cruisers now so as to enable us to dispense with any assistance from the mercantile marine? Is it not unquestionable that we are lamentably short of cruisers, as various authorities have shown? Mr. Archibald Hurd, in his recent book on naval efficiency, has pressed this home in his chapter on "Missing British Cruisers." We have according to his calculation 171 men-of-war which might by courtesy be classed as cruisers, though the official Admiralty return on the subject allows us only 160, whereas in the latter part of the revolutionary war we had 350; but I have dealt with this subject before, and I will merely quote here Captain Mahan's dictum that "Historically no navy ever had cruisers enough; partly because the look-out and despatch duties themselves are so extensive and onerous; partly because vessels of the class are wanted for other purposes."

But, it may be said, "we admit that numerous ships will be required for various purposes in war time; but are these ocean liners, whose principal merit is speed, and speed only, specially required?" Would it not be better to have fast small vessels as scouts, as proposed by Admiral FitzGerald? These latter are, I think, much needed, but they are not suitable either by sea-keeping qualities or radius of action for the work which would be demanded of our "merchant cruisers." Cannot, some will say, our destroyers do the duties required when speed is all important? The reply is certainly not, that this is not their proper function, and that admirals should not be tempted to use destroyers, still less torpedo-boats, for despatch purposes. On these points it might be enough to quote Admiral Hornby's emphatic testimony in favour of the Cunarder *Oregon* in the 1885 manœuvres, though it is true that we have now cruisers built and building of far superior speed to any attached to his fleet, to which I shall allude presently; but the experience of our American cousins in their recent war with Spain is more direct and to the point. It is remarkable, at all events, that Admiral Sampson, the United States Commander-in-Chief, flew his flag in the *New York*, one of their merchant cruisers, during the time the war lasted. The historian of the war of 1898 is most emphatic as to their value. "One of these four big liners," he says, "kept the sea continually for six weeks . . . their high speed and great

coal endurance rendered them most serviceable." And other American testimony might be quoted.

Admiral Fournier, one of the most able officers of the French navy, has expressed his opinion strongly on the point of the value of merchant cruisers. Writing a few years ago, before the advent of the fast German liners, he wrote as follows: "As fast cruisers for the destruction of commerce, I know of nothing which more fully meets requirements than those magnificent trans-atlantic steamships, the *Lucania* and *Campania*, capable of maintaining a speed of 22 knots an hour with extraordinary uniformity." On the other hand, Rear-Admiral "Rob" Evans, who is well known to many of our naval officers, in his recent book, *A Sailor's Log*, makes the following caustic reference to the use of the torpedo-boat *Dupont* for despatch duties: "We had no despatch-boats, properly speaking. . . . It was like ploughing a stumpy field with a carefully groomed and trained thoroughbred horse."

I am unable to understand how speed can fail to appeal to any man of common sense, as though undoubtedly speed in itself can only place a ship sooner in a desired position, yet, admitting that this vessel has some fighting value, however small, often that is all that is required, and, speaking generally, it appears to me that those who underrate this qualification should be classed with those who inspired the famous "unmounted men preferred" of the telegram at the commencement of our South African campaign. Let us see what the speed of certain commerce destroyers is, and unfortunately we must now go to our German rivals for the blue ribbon of the Atlantic. The *Kronprinz Wilhelm* and the *Deutschland* have both crossed the Atlantic at an average speed of 23.5 knots, or some two knots faster than our Cunarders the *Campania* and *Lucania*. Let us suppose that the first two vessels are enemies, and that, having been armed, they have reserve coal in lieu of cabin accommodation and cargo, and that they are at sea preying on our commerce. They would probably keep the sea for six weeks or two months without coaling, and we have no cruiser which could catch them.

It is true that our *Good Hopes* and *Kents*, none of which are quite ready for commission, have nominal speeds of twenty-three knots on the measured mile, or for a few hours spurt, but even their extreme speed is not equal to that of these German liners, nor would it be possible to have any men-of-war capable of overhauling them, unless, indeed, we were to build similar vessels directly with this object; but obviously they would be useless and expensive in peace time if kept in commission, and

it would be even more extravagant to keep them in the Fleet Reserve, to be sent to sea with inexperienced officers and men when war is declared.

I think all must admit that this would be absurd, so that if, as I maintain, we must have vessels for the protection of our commerce equal in speed to those of possible enemies, our only plan is to subsidise fast liners, employing them as mail steamers in peace time, and placing them at the disposal of the Admiralty, not necessarily to be taken off the mail routes, in case of war.

I have, as all naval officers well know, not overrated the speed value of these liners as compared with men-of-war, though it would take too long to explain the question fully here; I doubt whether we have a cruiser in the service which could cross the Atlantic at more than eighteen, or at most nineteen, knots speed; we may remember that the United States Government tried the experiment with the *Olympia* a few years ago, and though she has a nominal speed of 21.6 knots, she only averaged about eighteen. I doubt if any of our ships could do better. Two years ago the *Isis* and *Dido*, two of our new second-class cruisers of a nominal speed of 19.5 to 20 knots, were ordered with all despatch to China from the Mediterranean, and it was thought that they had done really well in making the long passage at an average speed of 16.5 knots, their longest run, between Aden and Colombo, being just over 2000 miles.

The reasons for the superiority of the merchant steamer in the matter of speed are fairly well known, and were well summed up by the late Sir Edward Harland in a discussion on a paper by Professor Byles, on the design of mail steamers, read before the Institution of Naval Architects in 1894. Professor Byles had proposed that the engines should have a short stroke so as to be below the water level, but this said Sir Edward "would be too terrific a sacrifice for any merchant shipowner to contemplate. We have learnt the inevitable necessity for a long stroke." There are other reasons in the form and lightness of the ship of course, but the real difference between the man-of-war cruiser and the mail steamer is that whereas in the former the engines are protected, being below an armoured deck, and speed is obtained by quick moving engines, in a mail steamer there is ample space for machinery and boilers which are exposed to shot, and they have the advantage of a long stroke and a much reduced number of revolutions.

It is strange that the value of speed should be doubted now, as it never was in the old sailing days. Our ancestors knew well the advantage of a smart sailing-ship, and a single fast sailing

privateer was often a terror for months. The career of "Surcouf," the famous French privateersman, as related by Professor Laughton in his *Studies in Naval History* is worth attention on this point. In 1807 he created a regular panic in the Bay of Bengal, causing great loss to the Calcutta merchants, who memorialised the Admiralty against the admiral, Sir Edward Pellew, the captures being made "within 100 leagues of Madras, the principal naval station," and they complain that this privateer, the *Revenant*, "still continues on his station."

In Sir Edward Pellew we have the distinguished admiral selected by Mahan as a type of the frigate captain *par excellence*, and the admiral had no difficulty in showing that the privateer had been "repeatedly but vainly chased," owing her escape to "her superior sailing and still more to the care and watchfulness of her captain." Yet in sailing days the fastest of sailing-ships might be becalmed or embayed and so be liable to capture by slower vessels, dangers from which a fast steamer is practically secure.

But I must conclude. If Britannia is to rule the waves it must be by her commerce being continued in war as in peace, and at all hazards "the trade" must be protected. My object will have been attained if I have brought home to my readers the necessity for a close connection between the navy and the mercantile marine—that one in fact is the necessary complement of the other, and that for commerce protection we must rely in great part upon subsidised merchant cruisers to meet similar vessels of Foreign Powers.

We must accordingly subsidise largely, if necessary, "all British" lines of steamers of high speed if we are to maintain our national position, these vessels being fitted as merchant cruisers for service in case of war as ocean scouts and commerce protectors.

E. R. Fremantle.

SOME LONDON GARDENS

MOST of the crowd of visitors to London for the Coronation will find time to walk about the royal parks, and perhaps Battersea Park. Those who are revisiting London after many years cannot fail to be struck with the vast improvement in the gardening in these places, and will feel that on the whole it is admirable. But I wonder how many out of all this invasion of June visitors will see, or even hear of, any of the public "parks" in the suburbs that have been added to the possessions of London in late years. And yet, some of them have gardens that would be delightful anywhere in the country—gardens that are in truth still country gardens—the gardens belonging to gentlemen's country-houses, and which are all the more attractive, because all round them the population is growing, and the surroundings are becoming more and more urban. These "parks" have been acquired by much private generosity, assisted by grants from local bodies, the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the London County Council. And they are now maintained and managed by the London County Council. Curiously enough the Council, in its official hand-book, does scant justice to the charm of some of these gardens of which it has become the custodian. Its *Note Book* of the parks and gardens of London sets out all sorts of material statistics, explains the opportunities afforded in them for games, or gymnastics, and dwells with enthusiasm upon the structural additions which have been made to them. But it hardly notices their natural, or horticultural, beauty. Ravenscourt, Waterlow, and Clissold Parks are all formed out of the grounds and gardens of gentlemen's country-houses. In each there is much to attract real lovers of English gardens. But this is the method by which the *Note Book* seeks to make them famous. Of Ravenscourt Park it says, "The Council has erected a bandstand and a refreshment house together with two aviaries and a gymnasium, and has improved the lake for the special use of skaters." With regard to Waterlow Park it observes, "There are three lakes and a permanent bandstand of rustic design." In the case of Clissold

Park the compiler actually does refer to something not modern or artificial, and notices that, "owing to its fine timber, and the fact that the New River winds its way through the park, it has a naturally picturesque appearance;" but he hastens to add, "in addition to the New River there are two lakes in the park, and a rustic bandstand." In truth, he is more concerned with the artificial "improvements" which the County Council has carried out to make these parks places of popular resort, than with their natural beauties, and his eye turns gratefully from old trees to the bran-new "rustic bandstand." Lieut.-Colonel Sexby, the chief officer of the Parks Department of the London County Council, has published a laborious, and in many ways very interesting, book, *The Municipal Parks, Gardens, and Open Spaces of London; their History and Associations.* As is implied by its title this book deals largely with the past history of the sites of these parks, and appeals rather to the antiquarian, or the student of London's growth, than to the gardener or the lover of gardens. For this ever-increasing class Mr. W. H. Hudson's *Birds in London* is a much more informing and attractive book. Primarily, and in a very delightful manner, it treats of bird-life, past and present, in and about London. But, incidentally, it gives obviously appreciative descriptions of some of the gardens, the charms of which I now would wish to make more known.

To the north of London lie three Parks which have been country homes—Clissold and Waterlow Parks and Golder's Hill. Clissold Park of fifty-three acres, about five miles from Charing Cross, is close to the Stoke Newington station of the Great Eastern Railway. It still retains all the features of a private country place. There is the old Manor House, the spreading lawns, avenues of fine elms, ornamental water. Mr. Hudson specially notes its wealth of birds, and the care that has been taken by its superintendent and others to protect and encourage the bird life of the place. Waterlow Park, of twenty-nine acres, five miles from Charing Cross, and near the Highgate station of the Great Northern Railway, is a country home of the same type. It has the same good timber, water, and lawns. Happily, the old flower garden, and the old herbaceous border, have been preserved, and with the fruit trees, absolutely distinguish it from the artificial modern park. Golder's Hill, by North End, Hampstead, has thirty-six acres of beautiful garden and park land. Mr. W. Robinson in his *English Flower Garden* marks it out for special praise. He writes:

> Places where the simple and essential conditions for beauty in planting and design are understood or illustrated are far too rare, and it is all the more

pleasing to meet with an example of artistic treatment of a garden almost in London, on the western border of Hampstead Heath. As regards design and view, it is the prettiest of town gardens, and the conditions of its beauty are so simple that there is little to be said about them. An open lawn there is rolling up to the house, groups of fine trees, and wide and distant views over the country.

On the west of London, Ravenscourt Park, Hammersmith, of thirty-two acres, lies close to the station of that name on the District Railway. Its proximity to the embankment and arches of this and other railway lines is to be deplored. And, the perhaps inevitable accompaniments of a "public park," which were imposed upon it when it became the property of the Metropolitan Board of Works in 1887, have, of course, lessened its pristine charm. Still, all the "improvements" of zealous public bodies cannot alter the fact that there stands an old Manor House, surrounded by its proper and English gardens, its large orchard, and its well-timbered park. The avenue of elms and chestnuts which leads from the principal entrance to the house is a fine one. Scattered about the grounds are ancient beeches and cedars, and hornbeams, which would be remarked anywhere. Sloping lawns, not too much cut up by an elaborate floriculture, lead down from the creeper-covered house to the lake. Mr. Hudson notes that when the park was thrown open to the public in 1858 the birds

fled in alarm, and for a time the park was almost birdless. The carrion-crows, strange to say, stuck to their nesting-tree, and by-and-by some of the deserters began to return, to be followed by others, and now there is as much bird-life as in the old days. It is probable, however, that some of the summer visitors have ceased to breed. At present we have the crow, wood-pigeon, missel-thrush, chaffinch, wren, hedge-sparrow, and in the summer the pied wagtail and spotted fly-catcher and willow-wren.

So that, altogether, the visitor to Ravenscourt Park, may find recesses in its gardens where he can forget and forgive the modern "improvements," and be refreshed by the impression and the associations of a country-home.

On the south of London, close by Herne Hill station, on the London, Chatham, and Dover line, some ten minutes from Victoria, is Brockwell Park. This park of eighty-four acres is the well-timbered park of a country-house. Its grassland still stretches naturally over the slopes of an undulating country, and is but little broken up by the necessary walks of an urban park. It used to boast a great rookery.

Six years ago [writes Mr. Hudson] it was the most populous rookery in or near London, and extended over the entire park, there being few or no large trees without nests; but when the park was opened to the public in London

in 1891 the birds went away, all excepting those that occupied nests on the large trees at the main gate, which is within a few yards of Herne Hill station. They were evidently so used to the noise of the trains and traffic, and to the sight of people in the thoroughfare on which they looked down, that the opening of the Park did not disturb them. Nevertheless this remnant of the old rookery is becoming less populous each year. In the summer of 1896 I counted thirty-five occupied nests; in 1897 there were only twenty nests. Just now, February 1898, eight or ten pairs of birds are engaged in repairing the old nests.

I am afraid that since then there has been a progressive diminution, for in this June I have only been able to see two nests.

However, it is not its park, or its trees, or its birds, which give a unique charm to Brockwell Park. It is the fact that, alone among all the parks that belong to London, it has an old walled garden, which has been in no wise spoilt since it came under public management. This lies on high ground near the mansion. It is surrounded entirely by good brick walls. Formerly, no doubt, it was a kitchen, as well as a fruit and flower, garden. Now the vegetables and bush-fruit have disappeared. But in every other respect it might be at the back of some far away manor-house. The walls are well covered with fruit-trees, roses, and other creepers, such as ceanothus and choisya. In the centre is a fountain and tank. From it radiate straight walks, which are themselves crossed by converging straight walks, making together a geometrical design, and dividing the ground into beds of no great size. These are full of every kind of flowering shrub and flower, while the walks are bordered by box, by golden yews, and lined with fruit trees, old and new. In one corner of the garden is a well, with a bucket and wheel. There is a sun-dial on the wall. Old arbours break the angles at each corner of the square. And there are wooden pergolas and trellis-work, all amply hung with creepers. Everything seems to thrive here. There is a happy luxuriance in the foliage, and all the indescribable repose and comfort of an old English country garden.

The fact that these essentially country gardens have been preserved near London, and preserved with all their intrinsic charm, suggests some lessons for all who are in any way responsible for gardens, large and small, in London. When some gaunt plots of vacant land in the midst of a thick population are rescued from the builder, it is obvious that they must be laid out with a view to popular use and recreation as well as for beauty. Still, in the least promising of such newly made "parks" there will be a considerable amount of tree and shrub planting, and some opportunities for growing flowers between the walks and the

inevitable shrubberies. As regards the larger kinds of trees, I cannot say with scientific assurance that this or that tree will thrive in a confined space because it is growing healthily in Hyde Park or Battersea Park, or that an uncommon tree will now live in a particular place because the same tree, planted fifty or a hundred years ago, has thriven in a similar spot and is still alive. But, at all events, we ought to strive after the greatest possible amount of variety in our tree-planting. Elms, planes, horse-chestnuts, poplars, may be said to be the necessary, but surely they need not be the only, trees of the new "park." The Lime Avenue in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital shows no signs of decay. Ash and birch have done very well in Battersea park. So have willows. Copper-beech of no great age are vigorous in Hyde Park. Acacias and sumachs seem happy enough in every square garden. The catalpa-trees in Palace Yard have survived the trials of two Jubilees, and have subsequently flowered profusely. To come to some less common trees. There is an ailanthus in the grounds of Stafford House, a maiden-hair tree (formerly in the Physic Garden) in Queen's Road, Chelsea; a service-tree in the south garden of Cadogan Place, where also there are several mulberries of no great age, which bear plentifully every year. It may be that it would be hopeless to plant mulberries now. But most certainly they are very delightful trees for a London garden. They retain the shining greenness of their foliage through the heats of even such a September as that of 1898. When, at that season, the leaves of almost all other trees were shrivelled and drooping, they looked quite fresh, and, with their ruddy fruit and dense shade, presented a most grateful contrast to their sere neighbours.

This encourages me to say a word in favour of the planting in London of English fruit-trees of all sorts, and also of those that have been imported here from Asia and America. How infinitely more attractive would be hundreds of small suburban, or even small country lawns, if a mulberry, a pear, a crab, a cherry, a medlar, were in the place where now some overgrown conifer is engaged in a course of excessive territorial expansion. But in London conifers, whatever may be one's taste about them, as specimen trees, may be left out of the question, as they will not live here. Let the English fruit-trees take their usual place. Their blossoms have a special charm, I think, in London. And this leads us naturally on to the subject of other flowering trees and shrubs. Of them all, I think it is true that one is especially grateful for their bloom in London. The flower walk in Kensington Gardens—the walk which runs on the north side of the

Albert Memorial—shows in this, as in many other respects, how much variety may be introduced into London gardens. No one would dream of displacing, or of disparaging, the familiar lilac, laburnum, thorn, ribes, and almond. But even in the most utilitarian "open space," just saved from the builder, and properly to be treated as a playground and resting-place, as much as a garden, we may add to the glories of these old favourites the blossoming Persian peaches, of Japanese quinces, of the prunas Pissardii, of that double-blossomed white cherry, which seems to delight in unfolding its beauty in London. We can also, I think, depend upon syringa, and weigela, and magnolia (*soulangeana*); while I must say a distinct word in praise of the forsythia, for its very early blossom, its brightness, and the graceful growth of its shoots. It seems to like London, as do also, if one may judge from a limited experience, a less interesting, but not to be despised shrub, the bladder-senna, and the guelder rose.

That the London atmosphere is very trying to all evergreens is obvious. But does not Mrs. Earle go too far when she roundly condemns them all for London? "I say emphatically avoid evergreens," she writes. Well, I should be sorry to act strictly on this advice in laying out a garden of any size. Euonymus certainly does very fairly well, and so does golden privet. And though I must admit with sadness the deterioration in the last few years of hollies, which, as in Hans Place, were quite comely till then, I should not stiffly refuse to give them a place. No doubt as the tyranny of smoke spreads outwards from central London, the region in which evergreens are prone to wither and decay is correspondingly enlarged. And this is true, of course, of other trees, shrubs, and flowers. There are, happily, on the other hand, large compensations for these sad losses. And it is more profitable to dwell upon all the additions that have been made in comparatively recent years to the list of shrubs that will grow in London. It is difficult to picture a stretch of suburban, or even urban, forecourts, or back gardens, without the trails of the Virginian creeper. And yet this is an importation of the middle of the last century. Mrs. Earle writes: "On the back of the house my parents built, in 1841, in Rutland Gate, was planted, I think, the first Virginian creeper I ever remember in London." And it may be said generally of the beautiful fruit and flowering trees of North America, Japan, and Persia, whose fitness for London I wish specially to emphasise, that they were unknown in its gardens before the middle of the last century.

With regard to flowers, and the arrangement of flowers in London gardens, I desire to write with great diffidence. It is

useless to be arrogant in such questions of taste ; but I think that a visit to the several parks I have described confirms the opinion that in London, not less, but rather more than in the country, the older-fashioned English flowers, grown informally in borders, give a deeper pleasure than is derived from the more formal and ambitious combinations of bedded-out plants. Unquestionably this is the ever-increasing conviction of amateurs with respect to the treatment of their own country gardens. And, after all, that which is delightful in the country, because of its old and English associations, because of its congruity with nature, and because of its undefinable but intrinsic charm, must even gain in delightfulness when it is seen in urban surroundings. There is the added pleasure of the unexpected—there is the illusion that here at least some touch of the country is being felt even in London. The elaborate gardening by the side of Park Lane is admirable of its kind, but does it give as much pleasure to a wearied townsman, as that bit of wild garden by the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park, where broom and gorse, sweet briars and rosas rugosas have found a home, or as the garden by the Lodge at Victoria Gate, or the thickets at the western end of the flower walk and between it and the Kensington Road.

I do not at all wish to push this doctrine to an extreme point. I do not suggest for a moment that the formal bedding-out patterns of Park Lane, and of the big walk in the Regent's Park, should be discontinued. My object is simply to show by the example of the little-known suburban gardens that I have described here, and by the reference to bits of an older-fashioned gardening in the Royal parks, that this too is practicable in London, and that most certainly it can be made to be charming here. Let others dogmatise exactly about what flowers can, and what cannot, be grown in London. In truth, much depends upon the care and skill of the individual grower. Nowhere is this shown in a more interesting way than in the gardens cultivated by the pensioners of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, which adjoin the beautifully planted garden of Ranelagh. Here are some 140 separate little plots. The old men used formerly largely to grow and sell vegetables. But, with the modern love of flowers, they have found that there is more profit to be made out of nosegays than from vegetables, and they have turned with happy results to the cultivation of the older and sweetest English flowers. Wallflowers, stocks, London pride, old man, pinks, carnations, and the humbler roses, are crowded into these little gardens, and in their turn flower with astonishing profusion.

The walled garden at Brockwell Park, and the wall on the east

side of the Physic Garden at Chelsea, suggest in a signal fashion my last reflection, which indeed is also prompted and fortified by the fronts and backs of countless London homes. It is clear that in London, even in very enclosed surroundings, many delightful creepers and fruit-trees will thrive on a wall. Besides the ubiquitous Virginian creeper, jasmines of sorts, wistaria, and cydonia japonica will probably do well. The objections to the erection of walls in parks and in the ordinary square gardens are obvious. In both cases it is desired that there should be a view into and over the garden from the outside. But in the case of the blocks of "mansions" and "courts," which are springing up in all quarters, would it pass the wit of architects to contrive a walled garden or, to put it more modestly, a garden with a wall as an adjunct to the buildings? Some of the small private gardens of the Heads or Fellows of Oxford Colleges supply examples of what is in my mind. A single high wall, covered with fruit-trees and creepers, with a broad border by its side, and a sheltered walk, would surely be more attractive than the conventional plot of shabby grass with its shrubs and beds bare and desolate during the greater part of the year? And such a form of gardening would give infinitely more scope for experimental planting, and for the interest which attaches to the watching the growth of individual trees and plants through the changing seasons.

C. A. WHITMORE.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, *June* 13, 1902.

IT is too conventional to say that the death of Lord Pauncefote is a loss to his own country and the country in which he resided for so many years. The death of any man who filled a large place in public affairs is always a loss. Lord Pauncefote's death is much more than that. His death removes the one man in English official life who thoroughly comprehended the American character, who made no mistakes because of that comprehension, who achieved great things because of the genuine friendship he had for the country to which he was accredited; who, entrusted with a difficult task, performed it successfully because, while he held the highest diplomatic post, he was not a diplomatist in the European sense; and it was because he was not, it was because his conception of the duty of an ambassador was a lofty one, that he was always on good terms with it, and always enjoyed the sincere respect of the Secretary of State for the time being, no matter what the politics or the personal prejudice of that Secretary.

The key-note of Lord Pauncefote's character was absolute honesty and absolute justice. It was because he possessed those two qualities that he succeeded; that for the first time since diplomatic relations were established between the United States and Great Britain, American public men and the American people believed in the sincerity of the British representative and never questioned his good faith. It is no disrespect to other men who preceded Lord Pauncefote in Washington to say this. Great Britain has been represented in Washington by other eminent men, but while men of ability they were deficient in that which Lord Pauncefote possessed in such a marked degree —a complete understanding of the American character and American institutions. Diplomacy in the United States and diplomacy in Europe is quite another game, or science, whichever you please to call it. In America, in diplomacy as well as in other things, one must always make allowance for and take

into consideration three factors that have not to be considered in any other country. Those three things are : First, that no secret treaty or agreement can be made, that the President can negotiate but cannot conclude, and is always subject to the will and whim of the Senate ; secondly, that the United States having no complicated and ramifying foreign relations, in all its negotiations it is always direct, it negotiates with every Power singly and does not have to make concessions to one nation so as to obtain the support of that nation to gain its end elsewhere ; thirdly, that while in other countries the Press and the public may disapprove of the policy of a Foreign Minister after a treaty has been signed or an alliance concluded, in the United States popular disapproval always manifests itself during the progress of the negotiations, which are never secret and in the nature of things cannot be, and politicians are always so afraid of popular disapproval that they are controlled by it.

Bearing in mind the differences between the American form of government and those of European countries, the keen responsiveness of American public men to American public opinion, the great part played by the newspaper in shaping that opinion, and the unfriendliness, to use a very mild word, that formerly characterised the relations between the two governments and marked the intercourse between the two people, it will be seen that a diplomatist who might have been very successful elsewhere might be very unsuccessful in Washington. Lord Pauncefote's training and experience gave him advantages possessed by none of his predecessors. He was a sound lawyer, "an admirable lawyer, he could see both sides of a question and appreciate arguments not favourable to his contention," to quote the appreciative tribute of Ex-Secretary of State Olney, and as six of the eight Secretaries of State with whom he had relations were lawyers, it was quite natural that he as well as they should look at any question with the precise legal mind. Most of the questions that arise between Great Britain and the United States are legal more than diplomatic, and really ought to be decided by legal arbitrators rather than diplomatists.

As a lawyer Lord Pauncefote had served at the bar and on the bench of self-governing and semi-self-governing British colonies, which was an excellent training for understanding the people and institutions of a Republic. As Attorney-General of Hong Kong and Chief Justice of the Leeward Islands he drafted two codes. To the great jurist justice always appeals more strongly than any other cause. A man cannot be a great jurist unless he is impressed by that sense of justice. Lord Pauncefote was a jurist to whom the adjective great may be properly

applied, and it was because of his natural judicial temperament supplemented by his legal training, that he won the confidence and the respect of the men with whom he was brought in contact. "To him a triumph which would have left the American people smarting under a guise of injustice, would have seemed a defeat," again to quote Mr. Olney. In all his negotiations Lord Pauncefote never wanted to obtain the best of a bargain. His idea of a bargain was that both sides should be satisfied; that both sides should get exactly what they wanted and be the better for it.

Lord Pauncefote had relations with eight Secretaries of State —men as unlike in temperament, politics and training, as Blaine, Foster, Gresham, Olney, Sherman and Hay. Some of them were pronouncedly anti-English in their views, some of them, when they entered the Department, were prejudiced against Lord Pauncefote, believing that the State Department was too much "under English influence." Lord Pauncefote, when appointed as the successor to Lord Sackville, whose *faux pas* in the first Cleveland administration had caused his recall, found a hostile environment. The Democrats were bitterly hostile because they assigned one of the causes of Cleveland's defeat to the unfortunate "Murchison letter," ; the Republicans were equally unfriendly because of the Behring Sea and Canadian questions then unsettled, which had more than once threatened a severance of friendly relations between the two countries. No man ever had a more difficult *rôle* to play.

Lord Pauncefote, then Sir Julian, was required to exercise great tact, great prudence, great moderation, and at the same time, great firmness. He had to conciliate where conciliation was necessary, but he could not afford to show any signs of weakness. Always he had to try and make the Government understand that while Great Britain was willing to do everything in its power to maintain the most friendly relations with the United States, Great Britain could be neither bullied nor intimidated. All this he had to do in the most tactful and delicate way. Blaine, the most virulent of the Jingoes, and the most bitter in his hatred of England, who always catered for the anti-English vote, and who always was offensive in his dealings with England, would have liked nothing better than to have put the British Minister in an embarrassing position, and his dislike of Sir Julian personally was as great as his dislike of the country he represented. If one looks over the correspondence that passed between the State Department and the British Legation during Mr. Blaine's administration, one is struck by its

nagging tone and its offensiveness thinly veiled. If that is the tone of the published correspondence, how much more insolent must have been that which both Governments decided not to make public in the interests of peace and harmony? But Sir Julian was more than a match for his adversary. Mr. Blaine could take no offence at anything that was said or done, he could not drive his adversary into a pocket. Mr. Blaine, like other men, before he left the State Department, changed his opinion of Sir Julian Pauncefote and respected not only his great abilities but had for him a sincere personal affection.

It is worth while to relate an incident as showing Lord Pauncefote's conception of diplomacy contrasted with that of some of his colleagues, which explains why Secretaries of State reposed in him the most explicit confidence. The relations between Great Britain and the United States were on one occasion somewhat strained. The then Secretary of State was a man who had entered the Department prejudiced against Lord Pauncefote. The negotiations between the United States and Great Britain hinged on the interpretation of a treaty made many years before between the United States and another Great Power, and the proper construction of that treaty hinged again on other treaties. The matter was a complicated one, and the change of a few words in the translation of the original text would put an entirely different construction upon the meaning of the treaty. The Ambassador of the other Great Power, whose sole interest in the question was to make as much trouble as possible between England and the United States, called on the Secretary of State one day and handed him what he alleged to be a translation of a certain treaty. "I presume," said the Ambassador in substance, "that you have this treaty; still, thinking you might possibly have overlooked its importance, I have taken the liberty to have the translation made for you." The Secretary of State thanked the Ambassador for his courtesy.

The following day Lord Pauncefote called at the State Department. The Secretary of State made a casual reference to the treaty in question. Lord Pauncefote, who, like the good lawyer he was, never went into court without having his case thoroughly prepared and all his authorities stored away in his memory to be conveniently cited whenever necessary, showed that he was perfectly conversant with the treaty and quoted its salient articles, which differed materially from the translation given to the Secretary by the Ambassador of the other Great Power. The Secretary of State, very diplomatically and with great politeness, suggested that inasmuch as Lord Pauncefote

was quoting from memory, and possibly had not read the treaty for some time, he might be in error, "my recollection being," the Secretary of State added somewhat indifferently, and as if the matter was not of any great moment, "although I confess not to be absolutely certain as to the correctness of my statement, that the matter is so and so." Whereat the Secretary of State, who was really a man of great ability, chuckled to himself. He had neatly trapped his dear friend the British Ambassador, deliberately caught him in trying to hoodwink him. Lord Pauncefote, if he guessed what was passing through the Secretary's mind, betrayed no irritation. "A copy of the treaty in the original text," he said, "is in my Embassy, and I shall take great pleasure in sending it to you for your examination." This he did, and it proved that he had quoted with absolute fidelity the English version of the original.

The Secretary of State was angry. He was not a man who liked to think that any one could take advantage of him, and he realised how near he had come to making a blunder. When a few days later the Ambassador of the other Great Power called upon him on some other business, the Secretary of State introduced the subject of the treaty and drew his attention to the fact, by showing him the original version, that his translation was incorrect. The Ambassador put his glass to his eye and read original and translation with great deliberation. When he finished his reading he turned to the Secretary, and in a voice filled with indignation and remorse said, "This comes of trusting to subordinates. I put this work into the hands of my secretary, and see how badly he has done it. I shall dismiss him, Mr. Secretary, if you demand it."

"Not at all," said the Secretary, "the young man will learn to be more careful as he grows older, but how fortunate it was only a secretary and not the Ambassador who made such a blunder." The Ambassador understood, and he knew very well that the Secretary also understood. Long afterwards, when the incident had been closed and the relations between England and the United States were once more normal, the Secretary of State told Lord Pauncefote of what happened. "That is the traditional idea of diplomacy of —— and his country," Lord Pauncefote answered, "but I have never found that it was effective in dealing with the United States."

Perhaps nothing better shows the largeness of his character and the utter absence of any stubborn pride in his work than the manner in which Lord Pauncefote took up the task of framing a treaty to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer treaty after the

Senate had rejected the first Hay-Pauncefote treaty. After that rebuff, done as offensively as it was possible when the two nations were supposed to be on the most friendly terms, Lord Pauncefote, disappointed but not disheartened, began his work anew. He knew precisely the limitations of the President in making treaties, he knew the attitude of the Senate, the narrow-mindedness of certain men, the prejudices that had to be overcome, the arrogance that had to be contended with. He knew the national feeling in favour of the construction of an Isthmian canal, and the difficulties and possibly serious complications that would result if some arrangement was not made looking to the abrogation of the old treaty. It was here that his sense of justice exhibited itself so conspicuously. England had certain legal rights under the treaty, but very few morally. Conditions had changed since the treaty had been negotiated, the balance of power in the western hemisphere had shifted, and what at the time of its negotiation was an agreement fair to both sides was, half a century later, unjust to the United States. Appreciating the ethics involved, putting right above mere technicalities, his conclusion was that the treaty ought to be abrogated, and he laboured very earnestly to induce his Government to consent to its abrogation.

It was a great disappointment to him when the treaty was rejected, especially because of the reasons which led to its rejection. A few men of small calibre, quite unable to conceive how any one could surrender a treaty right when the treaty was no longer morally defensible, could not comprehend how Lord Pauncefote could recommend the abrogation of a treaty because its abrogation was just to the United States. These men naturally judged other men by their own standards. They suspected a trick. A certain clause in the Suez Canal Convention, which was perfectly proper there, but would really have been disrespectful if inserted in a treaty made between the United States and Great Britain, which had no meaning, was omitted. These men saw in that the evidence of Lord Pauncefote's duplicity and Mr. Hay's ignorance. Therefore the treaty was rejected.

Almost any other man except Lord Pauncefote would have accepted the situation, and made no further attempt to negotiate a new treaty. Lord Pauncefote did splendid missionary work during the following summer in England, explaining the circumstances to men of influence, and pointing out why it was advisable to make still another attempt. He secured Lord Lansdowne's permission to undertake the task anew. He knew exactly what the United States would concede and what it would reject. His second treaty was accepted by the Senate,

and a subject of contention was removed. Had Lord Pauncefote done nothing else than to be the instrument by which the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was accomplished, that single act ought to cause both countries to hold his memory in grateful affection.

I cannot do better in closing this imperfect sketch of one of England's greatest diplomatists than to quote the following just and impartial estimate of his character written by Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson for the Boston *Herald:*

> It is easy to dismiss him as a tactful man, but he was much more than that; he was eminently wise and naturally kindly. It was the purpose of his Government, if it could, to promote friendship for itself on the part of the people and Government of the United States. It was Lord Pauncefote's mission to make that purpose effectual. He devoted himself to his task with absolute single-mindedness. Never a word nor a deed of his betrayed anything but the sincerest friendship for the Republic. He made himself the friend of each succeeding President, and during his services here he has known and treated with four Presidents and eight Secretaries of State.
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> Of all the diplomatic corps Pauncefote was the closest to every American administration during these fourteen years. This was natural, because the business relations between the United States and Great Britain were more numerous and more important than those between the United States and any other foreign country; but more than that, the British Minister always appeared to be, and, so far as his official acts are concerned, always was, the sympathetic friend of this Government. With him more than with any other Ambassador or Minister the American Government has been able to have confidences, confidences which were called forth by Lord Pauncefote's attitude and which, it is needless to say, were never betrayed.
>
> Lord Pauncefote will be remembered chiefly as the diplomat above all others who worked zealously during this time, not for the immediate advantage of his country, and not by devious methods for any gain whatever, but for the promotion of the joint interests of the two countries, for peace and friendship, and therefore for the good of mankind. Mr. Hay was right in saying that in his death we have lost a "valued friend." He might have added, the most useful friend who has ever come to us as the representative of a foreign Government.

Without exception the newspapers of all shades of opinion, without regard to politics or their like or dislike of England, united in paying the most glowing tribute to his abilities, his high character, and his great services to the country of his residence as well as that of his birth. To him is generously accorded the credit of being one of the most powerful factors in establishing those close official and popular relations between the two countries which are in such marked contrast to those existing at the time of his appointment as Minister. Some of the newspapers are particularly impressed by the fact that although Lord Pauncefote was liked and respected, although

respect for him was so great that while his Government was often attacked and abused personally he was never the subject of criticism, he never put himself on parade and never appeared to court popularity. "He never made a speech. He never graced library dedications, business men's banquets, corner-stone layings, or charitable bazaars. He was neither the graceful and witty after-dinner orator, like Ambassador Choate, nor a 'star attraction,' like Minister Wu." On the contrary, he was the most unaffected and most unostentatious of men, as courteous to the Secretary of State's coloured messenger as to the most distinguished member of the Senate. "What is true of him," one newspaper remarked, "is also true of his family. One and all they have endeared themselves to Washington by their genuine and cordial kindness." Not a little of Lord Pauncefote's popularity was due to the tact and exquisite courtesy of Lady Pauncefote and her daughters. They made the British Embassy the most delightful rendezvous in Washington, and gathered around them there every one who was worth knowing in Washington society. Washington welcomes the new Ambassador and his wife, but it will be a long time before to-day's memory is effaced.

The high regard in which Lord Pauncefote was held and the friendly feeling now so happily existing between the two countries found expression in the state funeral and in President Roosevelt's personal sympathy. So soon as he had been informed of Lord Pauncefote's death the President sent his condolences to Lady Pauncefote through Secretary Hay and informed her ladyship that only an imperative official engagement prevented his calling upon her at once, but he would do so later. After the unveiling of the Rochambeau statue he immediately drove to the Embassy and tendered his condolences to Lady Pauncefote and her daughters, and still further to show his respect he ordered the flag over the White House to be put at half-mast. It was one of those extremely graceful and kindly things for which the President is famous and showed how highly he held the late Ambassador.

President Roosevelt's suggestion of a state funeral as well as his proffer of a warship to convey the remains to England was approved by the country as befitting and expressing the general feeling of regret. No higher honours could have been paid the memory of a President of the Republic. The President, the Members of the Cabinet, the ranking officers of the Army and Navy, Members of Congress, and the high officers of the Executive Departments attended the funeral, which was not the last tribute paid by the diplomatic corps to its *doyen* but were

national honours, all the more remarkable because the man honoured was a foreigner. It is the first time that such honours have been paid to the representative of a foreign Power.

The announcement of the appointment of Hon. Michael Herbert as Lord Pauncefote's successor has given general satisfaction here, and the Press regards it as a happy selection. Mr. Herbert is pleasantly remembered in Washington, where as secretary of legation he created an excellent impression and made many friends. He and President Roosevelt, at that time a member of the Board of Civil Service Commissioners, were intimate friends, and Commissioner Roosevelt and Mr. Herbert took many long walks and rides and frequently went to see a game of base-ball, Mr. Herbert being one of the few Englishmen who found the American national game interesting. The fact that Mr. Herbert married an American woman makes his appointment all the more appropriate and has doubtless given him a much clearer insight into American character, American methods, and American institutions, than could be obtained by an Englishman whose only knowledge of the country and its people was derived from reading or from having lived here a short time.

The news of the termination of the South African War was received with very general satisfaction in the United States. With the exception of noisy agitators who found it to their profit, political and otherwise, to keep alive the opposition to England, who touted the Boer cause because it was supposed to be popular, and who hoped to see England embroiled with other Powers, Americans as a rule are delighted that the long and bitter struggle has been brought to an end and that peace, with the exception of some bushwhacking in the Philippines, once more prevails over the entire world.

Public men and newspapers have been amazed by the extreme liberality of the terms granted to the Boers, and not a few compare them with the conditions imposed upon the Confederacy by the victorious North. "The Southern Confederacy," one newspaper remarks, "had to make an abject and unqualified submission in the spring and summer of 1865; Lee and Johnston got substantially nothing, when they surrendered, except some horses and mules for the spring planting, and a parole for their men. Jefferson Davis became a manacled prisoner at Fortress Monroe." The New York *Tribune*, discussing the surrender, says: "The British have granted to them

—we cannot say they have imposed upon them—terms whose generosity must command the admiration of the world. Conspicuously and pre-eminently the terms are calculated not only to end the war, but also to facilitate the elimination of its wounds and scars. It is a settlement that makes for conciliation and for friendship between the two races that have hitherto been antagonistic." Other papers point out that although the Boers have surrendered their independence, which was to have been expected as it was the price they paid for failure, in everything else the British have shown them a liberality that no conqueror has ever before shown to the conquered. What especially impresses them is the free grant of £3,000,000, the promise of loans extending over a series of years at a nominal rate of interest, and the pledge of the introduction of representative institutions leading up to self-government. Americans who remember how the South was reduced to poverty by the war ; how its fields were laid waste and its people ruined ; who had to struggle along as best they could without help from their brethren of the North ; who for years had to live under military rule and corrupt and odious "carpet bag" government, read these terms with feelings of amazement, and wondered if this is the same Britain that was charged with having waged war simply to obtain gold mines and for the wanton pleasure of destroying a Republican form of government. The fact that there is to be no special tax laid upon the Boers to pay the cost of the war is only one more astonishing act of quixotic liberality in this astonishing war. In the United States the people of the South are still paying the pensions of the men of Northern armies, but no man who wore the grey of the Southern cause draws a Government pension.

Oregon is the first State in the Union to hold elections for Members of the new Congress, which does not come into legal existence until next March. With the exception of Maine and Vermont, which hold elections in September, elections in all the other States take place in November. The result of the Oregon election is not encouraging to the Democrats. The only issue involved was that of the Philippines; the Republicans defending the policy of their party, the Democrats attacking it and "Imperialism." The Republicans elected their members by larger majorities than have ever before been given them. While, of course, the voice of Oregon is not necessarily the voice of the Union, because expansion is extremely popular in the Far West, largely owing to the effect it has had upon trade, the result is encouraging to the Republicans and decidedly dis-

couraging to the Democrats. It shows the folly of the Democrats trying to flog a dead horse. There is nothing for the Democrats in "Imperialism." Their only hope of success is to make the Trusts and the Tariff the issues of the campaign. If they do this there is a reasonable chance of their carrying the next House of Representatives, but there is absolutely no chance of their being victorious if they advocate a policy which the country long ago decided adversely to them.

The great strike of the coal miners in Pennsylvania, now entering upon its sixth week, is the most serious conflict between capital and labour that the country has seen since the strike of the iron and steel workers, a year ago, which resulted so disastrously for the men. The present strike involves such a large number of men and may ramify so widely, that its progress is being watched with the greatest solicitude. Efforts made by the Civic Federation, a voluntary organisation of public-spirited men composed of capitalists and working men, and President Roosevelt to end the strike have proved futile, and both sides to the dispute stubbornly refuse to yield anything. Naturally both sides claim to be right and appeal to public sympathy, but from the evidence at hand it appears that there is more justice on the side of the men than on that of the masters. The men asked for a slight advance of wages and a recognition of their union. The employers claimed they were unable to make an advance of wages and refused to recognise the union, although they were willing to deal with the men independently. That being the principle for which both sides contended, the strike followed. It has already created a coal famine, but it is feared worse things may follow. The majority of the miners are ignorant Irish, Germans, Hungarians, and Bohemians, with a sprinkling of Poles and Russians, while the native element is not much higher in the intellectual scale. Being ignorant they are also unrestrained and revengeful, and once their passions are aroused it is no easy matter to allay them. The usual accompaniment of strikes in the coal region is the torch and the pistol; it is seldom that a great strike is unattended by scenes of riot and bloodshed. The country realises that the colliery proprietors are playing with fire, and that once the fire starts only gatling guns and rifle bullets can quench it; but the owners will make no concession. They are bringing in miners from other regions; swearing in special police, who are armed with rifle and revolver; erecting stockades around their works, which are defended with machine guns, and in every way preparing for a conflict. Up to the present time no serious overt

act has been committed, although there have been numerous small encounters between the men and the police, but it only needs a spark to start a conflagration that may horrify the entire world.

I have before this called attention to the striking similarity between President Roosevelt and the German Emperor. Both men are more apt to do the unexpected than the expected ; both men, while they frequently startle their own countries and not infrequently the rest of the world by doing something that at first appears to be unnecessary and perhaps a trifle foolish, generally have solid reason behind them. On Decoration Day, May 30, the day on which the graves of soldiers who fell in the Northern armies during the Civil War are decorated and speeches are made, the President made a notable address, the echoes of which have not yet died out. In the presence of 20,000 persons the President defended the army in the Philippines and compared their work to the task to which the men of the North set their hands forty years ago. While not condoning any cruelties that might have been committed by the army in the Philippines under great provocation, he showed there was excuse for them, and then he asked whether the men who attacked the army, meaning of course the Democrats, were not even more guilty in not condemning the brutal lynchings that so frequently disgrace the South. This reference to the shame of the South has, as might have been expected, aroused all the fury for which the South is so celebrated. Mr. Roosevelt has been savagely denounced, and with a wealth of invective we have been told that once more the "bloody shirt" has been flaunted, and all the good that the gentle McKinley laboured to accomplish has been destroyed by the ruthless hand of Roosevelt. If that is true, it is the South and not the North that is the loser. It is time the conscience of the South should be aroused. It is time that some one high in authority should publicly denounce the barbarous treatment of the Negro by the white man of the South. The summary execution of negroes who commit certain crimes may be necessary to keep them in subjection, although there is no proof that there is any justification for private vengeance, but it is quite certain that there can be no excuse for the burning of men at the stake, and inflicting tortures upon them so revolting that not even the Indian in the day of his deepest savagery displayed equal ingenuity in the torments he invented to increase the agony of his victim.

A. Maurice Low.

THROUGH BALOOCHISTAN AND EASTERN PERSIA*

DURING the year 1900, thanks no doubt to a certain extent to the prominence given to it by the visit of the Viceroy to Quetta in the spring of that year, the new caravan route across Baloochistan commonly known as the Nushki-Sistan trade route, attracted to itself a certain share of public attention, and it was with a view to inquiring for myself into the commercial prospects of the undertaking and to studying on the spot the many interesting political problems connected with that part of the world affected by it, that I travelled to Quetta in the autumn of the same year.

Some days of personal supervision were necessary to complete the arrangements for the journey, which I had initiated by correspondence from Simla, but by November 9 everything was ready for a start, and I despatched the bulk of my caravan on that day, following myself on the 10th. Though the route is now, comparatively speaking, safe for caravans, the moral effect of a few well-armed men is advantageous, and I took with me a *daffidar* and three *sowars* drawn from the local levy at Nushki, treating them as long as they were with me as my own private servants, though their places in the levy service were to be kept open for them, on their return to Nushki after leaving my service.

For the first ninety miles, the road which was at this time merely a camel track but which has since, I am given to understand, been converted into a metalled road, took us across the Quetta plateau, an elevated tableland of sand and stone having an average height of from five to six thousand feet, freely intersected with ridges of barren hills and sparsely covered for the most part in the vicinity of the route, with brown tufts of aromatic wormwood. Having reached the western limit of this plateau we dropped somewhat abruptly on to the plain on which Nushki stands and before very long came in sight of the town itself. In appearance it presented little more than a somewhat glorified edition of

* We are indebted to the courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society for the use of the exc map ccompanying this article. [EDITOR *N.R.*]

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all the other villages which are dotted sparsely over the country, consisting of the same one storey mud houses though possessed of something more like method in its ground plan. A broad street leads through the centre, faced at the far end by a large rectangular building, which contains the police lines, the levy lines and the post office. A short way from the main street, and clear of the town, stands a hospital and beyond this again a caravanserai for the use of *Kafilahs*, and these with about a hundred and twenty shops go to make the town of Nushki which all told probably consists of about two hundred houses. The population I found hardly in proportion to the size of the town, two hundred and fifty people being the number at which it was put; but the place is young, the land having but lately been acquired by the Indian Government, and since sanction for the construction of a railway from Quetta has been given, thus constituting Nushki and not Quetta the terminus of the caravan route, it is safe to prophesy that it will become a large and flourishing place in the not very far distant future.

At the time of my visit *Kafilahs* merely made it a halting-place, as they had perforce to go on to Quetta, but that Nushki is far the more suitable starting-point and terminus to the caravan route of the two places, must be perfectly obvious to any one who has seen them; the large open stretches round Nushki capable of affording ample grazing for any number of camels being wanting at Quetta, while standing as it does on the plain, at the same level practically as the whole of the route to Sistan, the ascent of upwards of two thousand feet to the Quetta plateau, most unsuitable to camel transport, is obviated.

From Nushki the route broadly speaking takes a course due west for a distance of about three hundred and seventy miles to the Persian border at Robat at the foot of the Koh-i-Malik-Siah. From this point it turns north keeping just on the Persian side of the Perso-Afghan boundary, and terminates at Nasratabad the capital of Sistan distant from Robat about a hundred miles. The whole distance therefore from Quetta to Nasratabad along the course taken by the present trade route is approximately five hundred and seventy miles.

Before the year 1896 a few caravans were in the habit of crossing Baloochistan from Persia, but this trade was the result purely of private enterprise and was of no sufficient significance to call for comment here. There were certain matters of a political character which required taking in hand before the present route could be inaugurated, connected mainly with the demarcation of boundaries. The Chargai district for instance,

through which the route passes soon after leaving Nushki, was occupied by the Amir of Afghanistan whose fiscal policy was of a nature well calculated to annihilate any trade. Further west the boundary between Baloochistan and Persia south of Afghanistan was of a most nebulous character, and the security for traders passing across the country between Quetta and Sistan was *nil*. It therefore became necessary to take up these questions before it was possible to undertake the inauguration of a practical trade route between India and Persia, and with this object a boundary commission under Captain McMahon was occupied from 1894–96 in demarcating the boundary between Afghanistan and Baloochistan by which the Chargai district, in accordance with an agreement brought about by the Durand Commission of 1893, was included in the British sphere of influence, and a similar commission under Sir T. Holdich defined the missing gap in the Perso-Balooch boundary between Kohuk on the Mashkel river and a point in the Koh-i-Malek-Siah, where Persia, Afghanistan, and Baloochistan meet, according to an agreement affected by Sir Mortimer Durand with the Shah. These preliminaries satisfactorily settled, the Indian Government in December 1896 set about opening up the present trade route, and rendering it secure by erecting *thanas* or mud forts, occupied by the local levy, at suitable intervals throughout the length of the route.

The present state of the route, or rather the state in which I found it at the end of 1900, was that of a track more or less perceptibly marked off from the plain, running across an unbroken level of sand, stone, and gravel, relieved now and then by a struggling vegetation in the form of stunted tamarisk and dwarf palm, but for the most part of an obtrusive and forbidding barrenness, while for the greater part of the way gaunt ridges and bare peaks of the same dreary dust colour as the plain, rose up in irregular masses to break the otherwise monotonous and uninterrupted surface.

Thanks to the admirable way in which Captain Webb Ware, the officer in charge of the route, has carried out his duties, the journey from Quetta can be performed with ease and comparative comfort. Wells have been dug, and supplies are to be found at all the larger posts, and water and grazing exist for camels at every stage. The total rainfall is very small and for some years has not averaged more than a few inches, which makes cultivation impossible except in selected spots in the vicinity of the mountains where artificial irrigation is possible by means of *Karezes;* and it is no doubt for this reason that the country over which the route passes has the appearance of a deserted and

uninhabited waste, such villages as there are being situated at the foot of the mountains, and as far removed as possible from the dead stretches of unproductive plain. As far as Dalbandin, one hundred and ten miles beyond Nushki, there should be no difficulty about supplies, even when the traffic becomes far greater than it is at present, as local cultivation should be possible for this section; but from Dalbandin to the Persian border, cultivation would hardly be possible, and supplies will have to be brought from Nushki and the Nushki-Dalbandin section, and for the latter portion, from Mirjawa and the country round it on the Persian border, where I am told there is cultivation and cultivable land in plenty. With so fertile a country as Sistan within a few days march no anxiety need be felt on account of supplies for the remainder of the journey.

Such is the Nushki-Sistan trade route, the strategical and political importance of which can hardly be over-estimated. It is not for me to say whether the Indian Government intend completing the line from Nushki to the Persian border, but I may point out that such a line would go far to do for us in Southern Persia what the Transcaspian line does for Russia in Northern Persia, and would undoubtedly strengthen our position, political and commercial, immeasurably. If such an undertaking depends mainly on the increase of trade, there are fair grounds judging from the annual increase up to the present time, for looking forward to it as well within the bounds of possibility in the near future, the returns from 1896 to 1901 being approximately as follows: The year ending in the spring of 1897 a lakh and a half of rupees; 1898, upwards of five lakhs; 1899, upwards of seven lakhs; 1900, upwards of twelve lakhs; and 1901, considerably over fifteen lakhs.

First impressions of the country of Sistan are not likely to be of a kind to inspire one with large ideas of its commercial possibilities, and still less is one likely to be stirred to a pitch of enthusiasm on seeing for the first time the tumble-down dilapidated mud city constituting the capital, which has the appearance of having been dropped down haphazard in the middle of a vast and cheerless plain. The absence of roads, the untidy and neglected appearance of Husseinabad, the town through which one rides on entering the capital from the south, the narrow winding lanes which serve for streets and the total want of method displayed in the arrangement of the low domed houses, which stand together in irregular clumps, all tend to produce a feeling of disappointment on one's first glimpse of the capital. Still, even in this unpromising-looking waste the possibilities of

trade in certain products, such as wool and ghi (clarified butter), are considerable, as was evidenced by the flourishing state of the business of the single Indian trader there was in the country at that time, and the Sistanis would buy almost anything in the way of European manufactured goods. Further it must be borne in mind that Sistan is but the Eastern gateway to Khurasan and the rest of Persia, and that goods such as indigo, tea, saddlery, and piece goods of all descriptions, coming from India by the Nushki-Sistan route, will pass far beyond the confines of Sistan into the cities of Khurasan beyond.

The extreme political importance of Sistan is obvious from its geographical situation, lying as it does between Afghanistan on the one side and a vast and impracticable tract on the other known as the Dasht-i-Lut. It thus forms the one practicable spot in Eastern Persia which might be converted into a Russian highway from Meshed to the Persian Gulf, and is eyed by her with a proportionately covetous glance. Its importance to India beyond its value as a trade entrance lies in its capability under British influence of effecting a check on the tide of Russian encroachment from the north. It is not however for me in this paper to go in detail into the arguments advanced for and against the occupation by Russia, of an exit on the Persian Gulf or the Indian Ocean, however fatuous I may consider the former; it is rather my intention to give some account of the local situation as I found it in Sistan.

When I reached the country I found the British consul, Major Chevenix Trench, who had arrived early in 1900, in possession of a well-built mud settlement on the outskirts of the capital, and enjoying a position of high prestige among the Sistanis. The Russian Vice-Consul who had been there somewhat longer, occupied a house in Husseinabad, in a somewhat unenviable position, surrounded on three sides by the cramped buildings of the town and faced on the fourth by an unenclosed graveyard.

It was sufficiently evident to any one who, like myself, had the opportunity afforded by a month's sojourn in the capital, that a keen diplomatic duel was in perpetual progress between the representatives of the two empires who were struggling to render the influence of their respective Governments paramount; and it must have afforded the Sistani nobles endless amusement to watch the various turns of fortune in the fight, had such amusement not been tempered by a wholesome fear that in this struggle of the Titans, their own prerogatives might become dissolved, and their country swallowed in the capacious maw of one or other of the aliens.

Shortly after my arrival at the capital I called upon the Amir, who held a more or less autocratic sway over the province. I found him a pleasant-looking man of medium height with black beard and moustache, and imbued with all the stately courtesy characteristic of the Persian. Our conversation was for the most part confined to generalities, but the Amir spoke with assurance of the advantage of a line from Quetta to Robat which he looked upon as a certain production of the near future: indeed, I heard the advent of a line along the new trade route discussed with much more certainty by the higher class Sistanis, who look upon the question of its ultimate construction as in no way open to doubt, than I did at the Quetta-Nushki end of the route.

Though ostensibly an Anglophile, he is shrewd enough where his own interests are concerned and stands in wholesome awe of his superior at Meshed, who as he well knows, is under the sinister influence of Russia; so that, though willing to assist British interests as far as he considers compatible with his own safety, he could hardly be relied on to take any very active part in the furtherance of British trade and prestige as long as there is a possibility of its being reported against him at Meshed, through the agency of the Russian Vice-Consul, his policy being strongly flavoured with a desire to please both parties; and he may be looked upon as a friend and ally in so much as he will continue to show such signs of friendship towards Great Britain as will not endanger his own position.

After the Amir, his two sons with the respective titles of *Sartip* and *Sarhang*, are the next people of chief local importance. They are both of the same age—twenty-two years—but are of markedly different character. Mohammed Raza Khan the *Sarhang* is a man of sensual and extravagant tastes who takes little interest in public affairs excepting inasmuch as they affect his own personal welfare, and may in all probability be left out of consideration as a factor in any future political developments; indeed the prevailing opinion seemed to be that he would drink himself to death in the not very remote future. Of quite a different stamp is Mir Mausum Khan the *Sartip*. A quiet dignified man of temperate habits, showing considerable strength of character, he has already taken a strong line of his own when he has been in a position to do so as Viceroy for his father, when the latter resided at Tabbas, a second province of which he was formerly governor. Through his mother a Balooch lady of high family he has great influence with the hordes of Baloochis who cover the country from Herat to Sistan, and he is looked upon by all as the certain wielder of the sceptre in the future. He suffers from

a distressing disease of the eyes, and at the time of my arrival was bent on travelling to India with the avowed object of consulting a first-rate oculist.

This the Russian Vice-Consul was determined to prevent, foreseeing no doubt that the *Sartip's* Anglophile tendencies would be further increased and developed by such an experiment as a visit to India, and he brought all the influence and pressure at his disposal to bear upon the Amir and his son to dissuade them from their intention. A ding-dong struggle between British and Russian influence ensued, lasting over a period of several weeks, but Britain finally prevailed, and some time after my departure from the country I heard that the *Sartip* had left for India.

With regard to the feelings of the people of the country, it appeared to me that there was no doubt whatsoever as far as Sistan itself is concerned, whose influence was paramount, the fear of Russian power and force, which is so noticeable further north, being to a great extent dissipated by distance, and the inclination to side with the British rather than with the Russians, which is I believe general throughout the country, is not checked so much here by fear as it is in parts nearer the Russian base. Most travellers seem to agree that of the two nations the preference of the mass of the people is for the British, and I think the actual facts of the case are accurately stated in the life of Abdur Rahman Khan in the following passage :

> Those people who believe that the Persians are more under the influence of Russia than of England are wrong ; they must know that it is the constant fear of Russian force which makes Persia obliged to keep quiet and to suffer under Russian influence. Should Persia ever see Russia in serious trouble with England, Persia would be the first Power to release herself from the bear's claws.

It is worthy of notice that Russia has no commercial interests in Sistan, and that her agent can only be established there for political reasons. The same methods which are so well known in Central Asia are being carried on as far as possible in Sistan at the present time, the chief objects of intrigue at the time that I was there, being apparently the alienating of the tribes on the borders of Baloochistan from allegiance to Great Britain, and the inspiring of them with awe of the power and might of Russia. I had more than one opportunity of conversing with a Russian naturalist, who turned up in Sistan on a quest for new natural history specimens ! How far his search after such objects of interest was rewarded I am unable to say, but certain it is that many chiefs on the borders of British Baloochistan found them-

selves the richer, after his visits to their villages, by many articles of value in their eyes including handsome *loongis* and even rifles! I could tell of one Baloochi chieftain who returned the gift of a rifle to the astonished naturalist with an intimation that he was in no need of Russian bribes. All honour to him for his honesty.

With regard to the talk of a Russian railway from Meshed to the sea, it seems improbable that a railway would ever be undertaken from Meshed to Bandar Abbas, the physical obstacles to which would be enormous; the only other alternative in Eastern Persia would be a line from Meshed down the Afghan border to Sistan, and from Sistan on to the port of Chahbar. The objections to this route would also under present conditions be considerable, chiefly owing to its propinquity to the border of a hostile Afghanistan, and it is probable that Russian energy in Sistan is devoted to counteracting as far as possible British influence and trade, which, once firmly established there, would be in possession of so excellent a base for pushing further inland and even under certain conceivable circumstances, of pushing forward a railway westward to Kirman and Central Persia, thus binding the country with a girdle of steel and cutting Russia off for ever from her cherished hope of a port on the Southern seas.

From Sistan to Birjand, a distance roughly speaking of two hundred miles, one travels over a monotonous and bleak-looking country consisting of flat dust-coloured plains, obstructed often by ridges of hills differing little in physical formation apparently from the plains from which they rise. The first twenty miles take one across a plain covered with a thick layer of the rich alluvial deposit which characterises the land of Sistan, and across which you might as well ask a camel to go in the wet weather as to fly. More or less hopeless on any wet ground, he becomes absolutely incapacitated by the deep sticky mud which the soil becomes on the slightest provocation in the shape of wet. On the edge of the alluvial plain is encountered the Naizar, which is at times an obstructive marsh, but which on this occasion had assumed the form of an easily traversible cane brake. My camp had preceded me the day before and was to have been pitched at a place on the far side of the Naizar known as Berhing. Having crossed the Naizar, however, no camp was to be seen, nor for the matter of that anything else beyond an ugly repulsive-looking flat expanse, and I mentally noted down Berhing as a halting-place of very near relationship to many in Baloochistan, whose chief characteristic has been described by Sir T. Holdich as "a feature-

less blank space in the general wilderness, which might be any other houseless, treeless space, but for the presence somewhere or other of a trickle of water." We finally lit upon camp more by good luck than good management, hidden among some low sandhills, some three or four miles distant from the particular portion of the "general wilderness" which my guide considered to be possessed of indisputable claims to the title of Berhing.

Some of the ranges further west in the vicinity of Birjand, were under snow, and we had some trouble now and then with the camels, when crossing such places; but finally a fortnight after leaving Nasratabad, we reached Birjand, situated in the southern half of Khurasan, at a height of 4700 feet above the sea level.

From conversation with various people I gathered that Birjand was a great trading centre, and that besides one large and several smaller *madressehs* or schools, there were six or seven large serais for the accommodation of the *Kafilahs* which were continually coming or going. The population was generally agreed to be about 30,000, which points to the increased prosperity of the town of late years, for in 1890 it is spoken of as a town of about 14,000 inhabitants, while Colonel Yate, when visiting the place in 1894, put down the population at 25,000. The chief water-supply is brought from the hills by *Karez*, but this is hard and brackish, and for drinking purposes rain water is caught and preserved in large tanks.

The Amir of Kain a large province in southern Khurasan, whose headquarters are at Birjand, is an individual of considerable importance, and as he was good enough to invite me to pay him a visit, I took the first opportunity of doing so. Formerly one, Mir Alam Khan, ruled with a powerful hand over the whole of the possessions now divided between his two sons, the elder of whom is the governor of Sistan, while the younger Mir Ismail Khan was made governor of Kain and given the title of Shankat-ul-Mulk. In appearance he much resembles his brother the Hashmat-ul-Mulk, and in common with all the nobility of Birjand drinks a great deal and is an inveterate opium smoker. He seems to be favourably inclined towards the English; but refused to be led into making any compromising statement of his opinions on international politics. He has certainly shown himself to be in favour of the policy which has pushed a trade route from India to Persia, as he had himself despatched a large *Kafilah* of something like two hundred and fifty camels on their way to Quetta headed by his own private camels a short time prior to my arrival. On the whole the

impression which I received of his Highness, was that of a man far less influenced by contact with European ideas than was his brother, and of a potentate who thought much of the advice, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." I have reason to believe that he is in high favour with the central government at Tehran, a position which he is successful in maintaining by means of large annual gifts, in confirmation of which he showed me an autograph letter from the Shah, thanking him in the most flowery language for presents lately received.

The trade of Birjand seems to be chiefly in carpets, almonds, saffron, carraway seeds, different kinds of gums, wool, oonab, and asafœtida. The Indian trader in Sistan has a branch shop here in one of the principal caravanserais, where he sells piece goods of all descriptions, and seems to be satisfied with the progress he has made since his arrival. I have heard quite recently from a correspondent in Birjand that trade with India is progressing satisfactorily, and that tea especially has met with a ready market. Most of the carpets are made at a place some miles off called Duruksh, and according to a carpet merchant with whom I had some talk, the finest designs in Persia are to be found there. Oonab, a berry used in medicine, grows locally, the majority of the trees which are to be seen near the town being trees of this kind.

From Birjand to Meshed is a somewhat wearisome struggle across flat and inconceivably monotonous plains, alternated by jagged lines of hills, becoming higher and more obstructive as one gets further north, which seem to have been stretched across this part of Persia from east to west with the express purpose of hindering any one who may be endeavouring to cross the country with camel transport. At times in the valleys and at the foot of mountain ridges, one encounters considerable tracts of cultivated land, but the predominant impression left upon one, is of a thirsty and waterless land robed in an eternal garb of khaki, and as I traversed these wastes and pondered on the fact that I was travelling through the *rich* province of Khurasan, I often wondered if the trade of such a country could ever show results worthy of any very great commercial undertaking.

At Turbat-i-Haideri, a large place—for eastern Persia—about eighty miles south of Meshed, I found Russian officers quartered, their duties being ostensibly connected with matters concerning quarantine I believe, and from here having secured a couple of ponies, I pushed on and reached Meshed at the end of February.

This terminated my caravan journey from Quetta, as from

here the remaining one hundred and sixty miles to the Transcaspian Railway at Askabad can be done on wheels. The road, where there is any pretence of one, is unconscionably bad ; but rumours were not wanting to the effect that before very long it was likely that the field of Russian railway enterprise would be enlarged so as to embrace the Holy City of Meshed, and at the present time the line to be followed by such a railway is being pegged out if it has not already been completed.* A Russian bank has also been instituted in the Holy City with the object of still further Russianising the country, and future developments may be watched by all those who are interested in political questions arising in connection with Russian progress in Asia, with the greatest possible interest.

* A branch line from the Transcaspian Railway has now been completed as far as Kaltachinar on the way to Meshed.

RONALDSHAY.

SHAKESPEARE AS A MAN OF SCIENCE

A STUDY IN THE HIGHER CRITICISM

His Honour Judge Webb has achieved something remarkable—he has written an entertaining book in advocacy of the Bacon-Shakespeare hypothesis. One chapter, "Of Shakespeare as a Man of Science," I propose to examine; and it is a pleasure, in doing so, to know that the remarkable ability of Dr. Webb assures one that he has made the best of his case. "Here, as elsewhere," he tells us, "the higher criticism has been at work." I have always felt humbled by this awe-inspiring title, "the higher criticism." We shall now see how the higher criticism, here as elsewhere, arrives at its conclusions.

Before coming to close quarters with this chapter I may notice a few points of parallelism scattered through other parts of the volume.

"The discussion of 'the Law Salique' . . . (in *King Henry V.*)," writes Dr. Webb, "displays the learning of a lawyer, and the conclusion that 'the Salique law was not devised for the realm of France,' is identical with the conclusion which is indicated in the *Apophthegms* of Bacon."

Bacon therefore wrote the speech of the Archbishop of Canterbury in *Henry V.*, Act I. scene 2. Unluckily for the argument the speech is simply transferred by the writer of the play from Holinshed's *Chronicle*.

"Sometimes," according to Dr. Webb, "the use of a single phrase, like the print of Dirk Hatteraick's shoe, will supply a piece of evidence that decides a question. In the *Advancement* Luther is described as finding in 'discourse of reason the province he had undertaken in his war with Rome,' and Bacon constantly employs the phrase. It is so peculiar that when it was observed in *Hamlet* the critics regarded it as a misprint."

Unhappily for the decisive piece of evidence, here Dirk Hatteraicks are many. "Discourse of reason" occurs as early as Caxton; it occurs in Sir Thomas More; it occurs in Eden

(the examples from Caxton and Eden are cited in the *New English Dictionary*); it is found in Holland's translation of *Plutarch's Morals;* it is found at least four times in Florio's translation of *Montaigne.*

"If Antony says that, 'even at the base of Pompey's statua great Cæsar fell,' the Irving (Irving Shakespeare) annotator admits that Bacon is the only writer that used statua for statue."

The "Irving annotator," if cited correctly, is liberal in admissions, for the form "statua" was not obsolete even when Sir T. Herbert wrote his *Travels,* or when Peter Heylyn published his *History of the Presbyterians.* But it happens that "Pompey's statua" is not found in any text of Shakespeare earlier than Steevens' edition of 1793. The original text is "statue," here as elsewhere, and "statua" was a conjecture of Malone's.

"If Antony is to 'take thought and die for Cæsar,' the Irving (Irving Shakespeare) annotator refers to Bacon's *Henry VII.* as the only authority for the use of the word 'thought' in the sense of anxiety or sorrow."

Surely Dr. Webb does not mean that this sense is peculiar to Shakespeare and Bacon. It is of common occurrence in Elizabethan and earlier English. "Take no thought" is the rendering of the authorised version (Matt. vi. 25) of μὴ μεριμνᾶτε τῇ ψυχῇ ὑμῶν. And in Baret's *Alvearie,* 1580, we come upon Shakespeare's very words: "He will die for sorrowe and thought. *Morietur præ dolore. Conficietur mœrore.*" "I die for thought," says Skelton (*Manerly Margery*). "The old man for very thought and grief of heart pined away and died," writes Holland; and, if it were needful, examples could be multiplied.

The Baconians, and Dr. Webb among them, make much of an error common to Shakespeare, in *Troilus & Cressida,* and Bacon, in the *Advancement:* "Unlike young men," says Shakespeare's Hector,

> Whom Aristotle thought
> Unfit to hear Moral Philosophy.

And Bacon: "Is not the opinion of Aristotle worthy to be regarded, wherein he saith that young men are not fit auditors of Moral Philosophy." It was of Political not Moral Philosophy that Aristotle wrote thus.

I have not delved the matter to the root, and perhaps several instances of the error may have been noticed; but evidently it was current in Elizabethan days, for Mulcaster, the schoolmaster of Edmund Spenser, whose remarkable work on education, *Positions,* was edited in 1888 by the late Mr. Quick, writes (p. 247) as follows: "We use to set young ones to the morall and politike

first, and reason, against Aristotle's conclusion, that a young stripling is a fit hearer of morall Philosophie." Mulcaster goes on to explain that Aristotle placed "the Mathematicalles" and "Naturall Philosophie" in a comparatively early stage of education, and reserved the other parts of philosophy "for elder years." Mr. Spedding notices that the same error is found in Malvezzi's *Discorsi*, 1622. It had some origin common to several European countries.

"Down, down I come like glistering Phaeton," exclaims Richard II. "And who," asks Dr. Webb, "but the author of *The Wisdom of the Ancients* would have bethought himself of the 'glistering Phaethon' under such circumstances, and associated the myth of legendary Greece with the surroundings of a feudal castle?" I cannot answer the question; but I can remind the querist that in writing *Richard II.* Shakespeare had certainly a vivid recollection of Marlowe's *Edward II.*, and that Marlowe makes his Warwick exclaim against Gaveston, not at Flint Castle, indeed, but at the New Temple:

> Ignoble vassal, that like Phaeton
> Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun.

Yet Dr. Webb is not one of those Baconians who assert that the author of *The Wisdom of the Ancients* was the author of *Edward II.*

I have selected these parallels, set down in various parts of Dr. Webb's volume, as showing the "higher criticism" on its weaker side. But in the case of the chapter "Of Shakespeare as a Man of Science," I shall not select; I shall notice everything which a reasonable person can suppose to possess importance, everything which Dr. Webb treats in detail rather than in a summary. If Bacon and Shakespeare both observe the fact that "dung applied to the roots of trees doth set them forward," I shall not delay to prove that the fact had been known to others than the poet and philosopher, but my examination of the main contents of this chapter will be exhaustive.

Let me first quote Dr. Webb's statement of what he means to prove:

> The *Natural History* was first published in 1627, a year after Bacon's death. . . . It contains a number of speculations which must be regarded as peculiar and fantastic. What is more surprising, it maintains, as scientific truths, a number of errors which had been all but universally exploded. At the same time, what is equally extraordinary, it anticipates some of the most profound conceptions of modern science. As Shakespeare died in 1616, and as the *Sylva* was not published till 1627, it is plain that the Stratford player could

not by any possibility have entered the mysterious wood. And the wonderful thing is this. There is scarce an experiment however mean, there is scarce a speculation however fantastic, there is scarce an error however obstinate and perverse, there is scarce a scientific intuition however original and profound, to be discovered in the *Natural History* that is not also to be discovered in the Plays.

The number of parallels which Dr. Webb has collected or selected from his Baconian predecessors is not remarkable. A larger collection, including many as striking as any adduced by Dr. Webb, has been brought together from Lyly by Mr. Rushton. Lyly's writings were accessible to Shakespeare, as Shakespeare's were to Bacon; but I am not aware that the author of *Euphues* has been yet named as the author of *King Lear*.

What I shall attempt to prove is that all which Dr. Webb regards as proper to Shakespeare and Bacon was, in fact, the common knowledge or common error of the time. The mediæval science of nature was largely derived from Pliny's *Natural History*—its curious lore, true and false, filtered into the general mind through many channels. Doubtless the source of many of the Elizabethan references to beasts and birds and plants and stones was the volume known as *Batman upon Bartholome*, which replaced in 1582 the earlier translation of Glanvilla by Trevisa. In it much is derived from Pliny. My quotations from Pliny are from the translation by Holland, of which the first edition appeared in 1601. *The Secrets and Wonders of the Worlde*, an earlier translation coming through the French is not accessible to me. It is to be expected that in some instances a parallel from Bacon will be closer than others, as in many instances a parallel from Lyly or some other writer will happen to be the best.

"Of all the theories entertained by Bacon," writes Dr. Webb, "the most peculiar is his *Theory of Spirits*." Briefly it is this—that "most of the effects of nature" are produced by "the spirits or pneumaticals that are in all tangible bodies," which spirits are material but invisible. The theory Dr. Webb calls prosaic, but Bacon, writing as Shakespeare, "transmutes it into gold." Bacon speaks of "the spirit of wine," and Shakespeare in *Othello* addresses the "invisible spirit of wine." In *The Tempest*, Alonzo's "spirits" are dulled. Lulling sounds, according to Bacon, conduce to sleep, because they "move in the spirits a gentle attention"; and Jessica is not merry when she hears sweet music, because, as Lorenzo explains, her "spirits are attentive." Bacon tells us that the outward manifestations of the passions are "the effects of the dilatation and coming forth of the spirits

into the outward parts"; when Hamlet sees the Ghost, the Queen exclaims :

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep.

The "wanton spirits" of Cressida "look out at every joint."

The mediæval theory of "spirits" will be found in the *Encyclopædia of Bartholomew Anglicus on the Properties of Things* already referred to—a book of wide influence. The popular opinions of Shakespeare's time respecting "spirits" may be read in Bright's *Treatise of Melancholy*, 1586, and Burton's *Anatomy*, 1621, and in many another volume. According to Bartholomew, the spirits are air-like substances; the "natural spirit" in the body arises in the liver, and is a rarefied form of the vapour of the blood; further purified and attenuated in the heart, it becomes the "vital spirit"; made yet more subtile in the brain, it becomes "the animal spirit." This spirit, three in kinds, is essentially one; it is the instrument of the soul, serving as the intermediary between soul and body.

In popular language the word "spirit" was extended to inanimate things. Lodge, in his translation of Seneca, speaks of the "spirit" of lightning left in wine which lightning had congealed (p. 800). Chapman, in his *Bacchus*, speaks of the "spirits" of the odours of wine. But Bright, in his *Melancholy*, seems almost to anticipate the theory of Bacon, and possibly he was himself influenced by Paracelsus. The "spirit of our bodies" is light, subtile, and yielding, yet it forces the heaviest and grossest parts of our bodies to their several operations; vehement passion either withdraws the spirit from the outward parts or prodigally scatters them on the surface (p. 60); in blushing, for example, the "blood and spirit," first withdrawn, "breake forth again more vehemently" (p. 164). Things inanimate have also a "spirit" in them. "The spirit of our bodies," says Bright (p. 35), "is maintained by nourishments, whether they be of the vegetable or animall kind; which creatures affoord not only their corporall substance, but a spirituall matter also . . . this spirit of theirs is altered more speedily, or with larger travell of nature." The spirit of wine is of all the most swiftly altered and appropriated by our spirits; but everything that we eat or drink is endued with a spirit, for "without this spirit no creature could give us sustentation."

The language of Shakespeare is popular, and connected probably neither with what Bright nor with what Bacon wrote; but if a theory be required, it can be found as easily in a volume which Shakespeare might have read as in a volume published after his death.

As to music and its effect upon the "spirits," Bright speaks of it as "alluring the spirites" (p. 241). Burton quotes from Lemnius, who declares that music not only affects the ears, "but the very arteries, the vital and animal spirits"; and again from Scaliger, who explains its power as due to the fact that it plays upon "the spirits about the heart"; whereupon Burton, like Shakespeare's Lorenzo, proceeds to speak of the influence of music upon beasts, and, like Lorenzo, cites the tale of Orpheus.

I do not care to discuss in the pages of a Review the subject in reference to which the expression "expense of spirit" or "spirits" occurs in Bacon and in Shakespeare. Donne (*Progress of the Soul*, stanza xxi.), in the same connection, has the words:

> Freely on his she friends
> He blood, and *spirit*, pith, and marrow *spends*.

The thought is of the commonest occurrence in Elizabethan drama; and the expression "expense of spirits" is not peculiar to the writer of the *Sonnets* or the writer of the *Sylva*. Bright in his *Melancholy*, 1586, has the expression on p. 62; again at p. 237; again at p. 244. It may be found in Donne's *Progress of the Soul*, stanza vi.

Dr. Webb proceeds to notice that the Soothsayer's warning to Shakespeare's Antony "Stay not by Cæsar's side," &c., may also be found in Bacon. Shakespeare here versifies from North's *Plutarch*, and his Soothsayer's phraseology is that of North, not that of Bacon.

But "the Egyptian Queen, like the Egyptian Soothsayer, adopts the sentiments of Bacon." *The Natural History* lays it down that "the spirits of animate bodies have a fine commixture of flame and an aerial substance"; and in *Antony and Cleopatra* the Queen, on hearing of the death of her lover, exclaims:

> I'm fire and air! My other elements
> I give to baser life.

Is not man, we may ask in Shakespearean language, made of the four elements? And does not Elizabethan literature afford a "plurisy" of examples (to be still Shakespearean) of the recognition of air and fire as the nobler components of life? The following from Sylvester's *Du Bartas* (second day of first week) may serve as a specimen:

> For in our Flesh our Bodies Earth remains:
> Our vitall spirits, our Fire and Aire possess;
> And last our Water in our humours rests.

Or this from Chapman's *Andromeda Liberata*:

> The subtler parts of humour being resolved
> More thick parts rest, of fire and air the want
> Makes earth and water more predominant.

Dr. Webb goes on : "As a corollary to his theory of pneumaticals, Bacon adopts the theory of spontaneous generation." "Putrefaction," he says, "is the work of the spirits of bodies, which are ever unquiet to get forth, and congregate with the air, and to enjoy the sunbeams"; and as examples of "creatures bred of putrefaction," he mentions, in another passage, "the maggot, the weevil, and the moth." As usual Bacon "is attended by his double"; "we can hardly understand the words of Hamlet without a knowledge of the philosophy of the *Sylva :* 'if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god (good) kissing carrion —have you a daughter ?—let her not walk in the sun, &c.'"

Now it would be nothing strange if Shakespeare really held the doctrine of spontaneous generation ; but here there is not a word to suggest Bacon's theory of the "spirit of bodies" unquiet to enjoy the sunbeams. Shakespeare expresses a popular notion in popular language. "O blessed, breeding sun !" cries Timon of Athens. I will not discuss whether it is the masculine sun, or the feminine moon, or the star Venus, which sprinkleth the dew of generation whereby all things are engendered ; Aristotle and Pliny may be consulted on these obscure questions. It will be enough to note that Donne, in 1601 (*Progress of the Soul*, stanza ii.), is, like Shakespeare, the "double" of Bacon :

> Thee, eye of heaven (the sun), this great soul envies not,
> By thy male force is all we have begot.

And again Donne, in an early satire, written long before Bacon's *Sylva*, described an affected courtier :

> A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the sun
> E'er bred.

Moffett died in 1604 ; in his posthumously published *Theatre of Insects* we are told that beetles "have no females, but have their generation from the sun."

"Bacon," writes Dr. Webb, "maintained a theory of flame which, apparently, was peculiar to himself. He holds that 'flame is a fixed body' . . . and that consequently 'flame doth not mingle with flame, but only remaineth contiguous.'" Here again Shakespeare adopts the theory of Bacon. Proteus explains that one love is forgotten for another even as "one heat another heat expels"; Benvolio remarks that in love "one fire burns out another's burning"; and from *Julius Cæsar* is quoted "as fire

drives out fire, so pity pity" ; from *Coriolanus*, "one fire drives out one fire."

If Shakespeare's words embody Bacon's "theory of flame," the theory must be not "peculiar to himself," but as old as Tatius and as new as Burton ; for in the *Anatomy of Melancholy* (cure of love-melancholy), a book published before Bacon's *Sylva*, we read : "A silly lover . . . when he hath compared her (his mistress) with others, he abhors her name, sight, and memory. . . ." As he (Tatius) observes, *Priorem flammam novus ignis extrudit*, "one fire drives out another."

"Nothing," writes Dr. Webb, "in the history of science is more astonishing than Bacon's *Theory of the Celestial Bodies*." Notwithstanding the teaching of Bruno and of Galileo, he maintained that "the celestial bodies, most of them, are fires or flames as the Stoics held." Notwithstanding the teaching of Copernicus he held the mediæval doctrine of "the heavens turning about in a most rapid motion." "But the marvel," says Dr. Webb, "is that the omniscient Shakespeare with his superhuman genius maintained these exploded errors as confidently as Bacon" :

> Doubt thou the stars are fire;
> Doubt that the sun doth move;
> Doubt truth to be a liar;
> But never doubt I love.

The Baconian errors are treated by Shakespeare as "the highest types of certainty."

It presses rather hardly upon Hamlet's distracted letter to deduce from his rhyme a "theory of the celestial bodies." But in fact Shakespeare repeats the reference to the stars as fires many times. Perhaps it is better to dismiss Dr. Webb's comment with a jest than to burden my pages with proof that references to the stars as fire and to the motion of the heavens are scattered over the pages of Shakespeare's contemporaries as thickly as the stars themselves. Even Milton's astronomy is in general mediæval, and for him the stars are "fires." Even Sir Thomas Browne, the learned and credulous-incredulous physician of Norwich, writing nearly half a century after Shakespeare (*Vulgar Errors vi.* chap.v.), mentions the truth of the Copernican hypothesis as, in his own day, a subject of debate among the learned.

Having endeavoured to show that the style of a passage in *Othello* resembles that of Bacon's *Essay of Gardens*, Dr. Webb writes : "Take again the speech of Agamemnon to the Grecian chiefs in *Troilus and Cressida* :

Checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Here again, even if we hold that the hands are the hands of Esau, we must admit that the voice is the voice of Jacob; for Bacon tells us that in some plants there is a 'closeness and hardness in their stalk, which hindereth the sap from going up, until it hath gathered into a knot, and so is more urged to put forth.'"

Bacon, however, in the passage from which Dr. Webb quotes with prudent omissions (*Natural History*, 589), expressly denies that "knots," such as he here speaks of, are found in "trees." He is, in fact, treating of nodes, "joints, or knuckles," in "herbs," in "fennel, corn, reeds, or canes," and other plants which he names. Nor does he suggest that these nodes are caused by Shakespeare's "conflux of meeting sap"; on the contrary the sap, as it ascends, "doth (as it were) tire and stop by the way." Neither the phenomenon nor the theory is that of the verses cited from *Troilus and Cressida*.

Pliny's *Natural History* illustrates the next parallel adduced by Dr. Webb between Bacon and Shakespeare. "Letting of plants blood," according to Bacon, "doth meliorate fruit," but the blood-letting is only to be effected "at some seasons of the year." And the gardener in *Richard II.* "takes the hint," and says:

We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself.

The parallel is remarkably close; but the operation and its rules were familiar to the cultivators of trees in Shakespeare's day. Trees have "a certaine moisture in their barkes," we read in Holland's Pliny, "which we must understand to be their very blood." The use of the words "blood" and "bleeding" as applied to trees continued for two centuries after Shakespeare's time; perhaps it is not yet obsolete. Dekker in *The Wonder of a Kingdom* (Works iv. p. 230) like Shakespeare, imports the image into drama:

(I) would not have him cut so noble a spreading vine,
To draw from it one drop of blood.

For every operation in husbandry, as may be learnt from Tusser, there is an appointed time, often determined by the waxing or waning of the moon; sometimes even an appointed hour. A fir- or pine-tree (Pliny xvii. 24) must not have its bark "pilled"

during those months "wherein the sunne passeth thorough the signes of Taurus or Gemini;" and, like Shakespeare, Pliny terms the bark the "skin" of the tree. If physicians would "bleed" a mulberry-tree, they will do it, we learn from Pliny, at seven or eight o'clock of a morning. It is perhaps worth illustrating from a contemporary author, Shakespeare's "being over-proud with sap and blood." "The fittest time of the moon for pruning," says Gervase Markham, "is, as for grafting, when the sap is ready to stir (not *proudly* stirring), and so to cover the wound" (*A New Orchard*, p. 36).

Bacon, as Dr. Webb notices, paid attention to the succession of flowers during the seasons of the year, and suggested that "there ought to be gardens for all the months of the year." And in *The Winter's Tale* the seasons of flowers become types of the seasons in the life of man. The idea of Shakespeare was not a novel one, and, as Hunter observes, had been embodied in heraldic blazonings. Sir John Ferne in the *Blazon of Gentry*, 1596, names the appropriate flowers to typify infancy, puerility, adolescence, lusty green youth, virility (the gillofer and red rose), grey hairs, and decrepitude. The parallel between Ferne and Shakespeare is in its idea much closer than that between Shakespeare and Bacon.

In the *Natural History* (of Bacon) we are told that "shade to some plants conduceth to make them large and prosperous more than sun"; and that, accordingly, if you sow borage among strawberries "you shall find the strawberries under those leaves far more large than their fellows." And even so the Bishop of Ely (in *King Henry V.*) explains the large and luxuriate development of the Prince's nature on his emerging from the shade of low company by saying:

> The strawberry grows underneath the nettle.

True; but the Bishop of Ely might have known a fact familiar to our old gardeners, and not forgotten in the *Gardeners Labyrinth* of 1608 (Part ii. p. 76): "The strawberries require small labour . . . saving that these are to be set in some shadowie place of the garden, in that these rather desire to grow under the shadow of other hearbes than to be planted in beddes alone." *

Bacon remarks that "wheresoever one plant draweth a particular juice out of the earth, that juice which remaineth is good for the other plant," so that "there the neighbourhood doth good." . . . "And the Bishop of Ely (in *King Henry V.*) catches t the idea . . .

* See Ellacombe's *Plant-Lore*, p 284, for other illustrations.

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality."

The idea of Bacon was also "caught at" in prophetic anticipation by Montaigne (as long since noted by Mr. Forbes). In Florio's translation the passage runs thus: "If it hapned (as some gardeners say) that these Roses and Violets are ever the sweeter and more odoriferous, that grow neere under Garlike and Onions for so much as they suck and draw all the ill savours of the ground unto them, &c." The same practice of placing side by side plants which suck different juices from the earth is spoken of by Lyly in his *Euphues:* "Gardeners who in their curious knots mixe Hysoppe with Time as ayders the one to the growth of the other, the one being dry, the other moist." *

"Bacon remarks that 'generally night showers are better than day showers for that the sun followeth not so fast upon them'; and the Bishop of Ely (in *King Henry V.*) refers to the fact ('Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night') as excusing the unworthy night adventures of the Prince."

The fact, if it be one, was known as long ago as the days of Pliny, from whom, indeed, Bacon almost quotes (*Natural History*, Book xvii. chap. ii.): "For lands," writes Pliny, "new sowne, and any young plants, injoy more benefit by such shoures in the night, for that the Sun commeth not so presently upon them againe to dry and drink up all the moisture."

In the *Natural History* Bacon suggests that "if you can get a scion to grow upon the stock of another kind," it "may make the fruit greater, though it is like it will make the fruit baser." And even so Polixenes, in arguing with Perdita, continues:

You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race.

"Scions" and "stocks," of course, crowd into Pliny's pages on graffing. "All trees that are tame and gentle," he writes, "may well be graffed into stocks and roots of the wild . . . contrariwise graffe the wild and savage kind upon the other, you shall have all degenerate and become wild." Neither Shakespeare nor Pliny suggests that the fruit will be "baser." Dr. Webb finds in Bacon a forerunner of Darwin in the doctrine of *The Transmutation of Species;* and Shakespeare also anticipates Darwin in *The Winter's Tale.* Perdita will have none of the "streaked gillyvors," for

There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

* See for other illustrations Beisly's *Shakespeare's Garden*, pp. 105–107.

But Perdita is only referring to one of the best known processes of gardening. William Harrison in his *Description of England* (Book ii. chap. xx.) wrote long before Shakespeare imagined Perdita: "How art also helpeth nature, in the dailie colouring, dubling, and enlarging the proportion of our floures, it is incredible to report; for so curious and cunning are our gardeners, now in these daies, that they presume to doo in maner what they list with nature, and moderate hir course in things as if they were hir superiors." It would be gratifying to our national pride to suppose that the noble thought of Polixenes—"The art itself is nature"—was the special possession of Bacon and Shakespeare. But that thought was prominent in the teaching of Paracelsus, whom Bacon refuses to honour. Even the art of magic, according to him, is "an art that Nature makes."

In an "Experiment solitary touching the growth of coral," Bacon describes it as "a submarine plant," and he describes the changes which it undergoes when "brought into the air." Even this lead is transmuted (by Shakespeare) into gold, when . . . Ariel sings

> Full fathom five thy father lies:
> Of his bones are coral made, &c.

The changes which Bacon describes as taking place in coral when brought into the air are that it "becometh hard and shining red." The connection of Bacon's words with Shakespeare is not obvious; but such words were in fact accessible to Shakespeare in Holland's Pliny several years before *The Tempest* was written. Coral "resembles a bush or shrub in foorme and of itselfe within the water is of colour greene. The berries thereof under the water be white and soft; no sooner be they taken forth but presently they wax hard and turne red."

"In the *Historia Ventorum* Bacon makes the remark that sometimes the sea swells without wind or tide, and that this generally precedes a tempest. . . . In *Richard III.* this remarkable phenomenon supplies a moralising London citizen with a metaphor for his moral:

> By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
> Ensuing danger, as, by proof, we see
> The water swell before a boisterous storm."

Dr. Webb might with advantage have quoted the note of Tollet, given in the Variorum edition of 1821: This is from *Holinshed's Chronicle*, vol. iii. p 721: "Before such great things men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them; as the sea without wind swelleth of himself some time before a tempest."

In the second scene of *Macbeth*, we read :

> And whence the Sun 'gins his reflection
> Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break.

Mr. Lee thinks that this scene may have been "an interpolation by a hack of the theatre." But Dr. Webb declares, "If this be so, the hack of the theatre was Bacon. In his *History of the Winds* he lays it down as an undoubted fact that the sun by the action of its heat is the primary cause of almost all the winds." In a note he adds that Bacon's theory, "if it does not anticipate, contains the germ of the best conclusions of modern science."

Shakespeare, or Mr. Lee's theatre hack, is not anticipating Sir Robert Ball (from whom Dr. Webb quotes), but is repeating what Pliny and other writers had made a popular belief. In chapter xii. of Pliny's second book we read that "the Sun maketh tempests." Seneca (Lodge's translation, 1614, p. 848) in his *Naturall Questions* explains the phenomenon; "Whence strong windes are caused" is Lodge's marginal note; the sun "reflecting upon the cold ayre" produces these winds according to Seneca; "the Sun is the efficient cause of the winds" (p. 849). It was the accepted theory of Shakespeare's day, as set forth in *Batman upon Bartholome.*

"In the *Atriola Mortis* Bacon enumerates as signs of coming death: the *motus manuum floccos colligendo*, the *memoria confusa*, the *nasus acutus*, the *frigus extremitatum*, and the *clamor* of the dying man. In *Henry V.* the Quondam Quickly, of all people in the world, translates Bacon's Latin into English, and describes Falstaff as "fumbling with the sheets," as "playing with the flowers" of the quilt, as "babbling of green fields," as "lying with his nose as sharp as a pen" and his "feet as cold as a stone," and as "crying out God, God, God! three or four times before he died."

Shakespeare did not need to wait for Bacon's Latin or Holland's English to know the signs of death as they would be described by mine hostess, with a luxury of detail. But it is worth noting that Holland in his Pliny, besides observing that "a man may see death in the eyes and nose most certainly" uses Shakespeare's very words, "to keep a-fumbling and pleiting of the bed-clothes." Other signs, he says, are set down by "Hypocrates, the prince and chief of all physicians," which he will not enumerate.

"In the *Natural History* Bacon tells us," writes Dr. Webb, that "hair and nails are excrements," and the Queen in *Hamlet* adopts the extraordinary phrase, and cries out to the Prince :

> Your bedded hair, like life in excrements
> Starts up and stands on end.

But the "extraordinary phrase" is an ordinary one. In *Soliman and Perseda* we read :

> Whose chin bears no impression of manhood
> Not a hair, not an excrement.

And Bishop Hopkins piously writes : "The very hairs of your head are all numbered ; God keeps an account even of that stringy excrement."

"Bacon," we read again, "in his *Henry VII.* speaks of a sea of multitude." He has a "sea of matter" and a "sea of baser metals." In *Hamlet* we find "a sea of troubles" ; there surely is no necessity, Dr. Webb thinks, "of going far for an explanation of the phrase."

More especially, it may be added, as we find Shakespeare's exact expression, "sea of troubles," in Dekker (works iv. p. 230), and at a little distance (p. 232) a metaphorical "sea of silver."

Little remains in the chapter of "Shakespeare as a man of Science," which has not been dealt with. From the remaining minor matters I omit but little. Bacon refers to the disease named "the mother," and King Lear mentions the same disease. Yes, for it is mentioned several times (in connection with witchcraft) in the book from which Shakespeare took the names of his evil spirits in *Lear*, and the supposed connection of recent cases of this malady with witchcraft, suggested to the physician Jordan his scientific study, *A Brief Discourse of . . . the Mother*, published in the year in which Shakespeare probably wrote his play. Bacon and Shakespeare speak of the virtues of Carduus Benedictus. The virtues of Carduus Benedictus were celebrated in medical books and herbals of the sixteenth century, and a jest upon the name of Benedick, lover of Beatrice, coupled with a reference to the efficacy of the blessed thistle in diseases of the *heart* (as noticed in *The Gardener's Labyrinth)* suited the lips of the waiting-woman. Bacon mentions mandrake and opium as "soporiferous medicines" ; Iago names poppy and mandragora with the drowsy syrops of the world. And Donne, I may add, before Bacon and before *Othello*, in connection with sleeplessness has the line (*Progress of the Soul*, stanza xvii.) : "Poppy she knew, she knew the mandrake's might."

It would be waste of time to produce examples from Elizabethan literature of coloquintida, basilisks, salamanders, chameleons, glow-worms, the jewel in the toad's head, and the like which crowd into the pages of Lyly and other popular writers. But I may notice that in trying to produce a Baconian parallel Dr. Webb seems to misunderstand the rather ugly meaning of the word "mooncalf," it has nothing to do with the

fine "young cattle" of Bacon "brought forth in the full of the moon."

That music should be described as "food" is not peculiar to Bacon and Shakespeare. In that delightful volume Hoby's translation of *The Courtier*, Book i., we read: "They (women) have alwaies been inclined to musitions, and counted this (music) a most acceptable foode of the minde." The "dying fall" of the Duke Orsino, to whom music was "the food of love" is, perhaps, misunderstood by Dr. Webb when he tries to identify it with Bacon's "falling from a discord to a concord." The word "fall" in a musical sense, is not infrequent in our elder literature. It means a cadence, and in the case of the music played for the Duke, the cadence is given *diminuendo*.

A somewhat striking parallel is pointed out between the Duke's words:

> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour,

and Bacon's comparison in *The Natural History* of harmony to perfumes and the "smell of flowers in the air." "The breath of flowers," he writes in the *Essays*, "is far sweeter in the air, where it comes and goes like the warbling of music." Dr. Webb makes the parallel yet more striking by adopting Pope's conjecture, sweet *South*, a reading which, we are assured by Dr. Furness, no future editor is likely to revive. But the juxtaposition of music and odours is not peculiar, even in Elizabethan literature, to Bacon and Shakespeare. One of Marston's personages "smells a sound"; one of Jonson's praises the "odoriferous music"; Donne tells us of a "loud perfume," which "cries":

> Let it like an odour rise
> To all the senses here,
> And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
> Or music in their ear,

writes Jonson in *The Vision of Delight* (1617); the dream which rises as an odour descends as music; and every one will remember the later words of Milton in *Comus*, which may possibly be a reminiscence from *Twelfth Night*:

> At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
> Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes.

Shakespeare's comparison, however, if we accept the only authoritative text, is of a sound to a sound; the music of instruments to the murmur of a breeze in a garden.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DIPLOMATIST

EARLY DAYS IN VIENNA

No European capital, even not excepting Haussmanised Paris, has undergone such thorough transformation in the last twenty years.*

'S gibt nur a Kaiserstadt, 's gibt nur a Wian!

But the present brand-new Austrian metropolis, with its magnificent Ring-strasse, its sumptuous rows of public buildings, its beautiful *Votiv Kirche*, its splendid Opera-house and *Burgtheater*, is a very different place from the tangled coil of narrow, dark, crooked streets and lanes, broken here and there by half a dozen quaint, irregular *places*, with stately, old palaces dotted about it, poky theatres, dingy inns, and the gayest of shop-windows—the wondrous spire of St. Stephen's rising high above all the noise, and bustle, and dirt—in which some 100,000 Viennese were pent up "to stew in their own broth"—as Bismarck would have it—by the same old bastions that had withstood the Turk. For this inner town alone was true Vienna, and the great, straggling suburbs of Mariahilf, Landstrasse, Wieden, Leopoldstadt, and others, with their hundred thousands, although they laid claim to being part and parcel of the Kaiserstadt—a claim allowed by ignorant geographers and hand-book writers—were not really esteemed pure Viennese, but were looked upon somewhat in the light of country cousins, and kept at a respectful distance by the broad belt of *glacis* that surrounded the venerable ramparts aforesaid. To this peculiar arrangement old Vienna owed a *cachet* of its own, which it has entirely lost by the kernel city being merged into the great mass of *Neu-Wien*. No town of its size could show so striking and picturesque a promenade as that afforded by the ancient bastions, whence the eye ranged over the green, park-like

* Written in 1876. It should, perhaps, be explained that the writer, after leaving the Embassy at Paris in December 1852, served during four years at the Legations at Frankfort and Stuttgart, and was transferred to Vienna in 1856.

foreground of the *glacis*, laid out in avenues and public gardens, and fringed in the distance by the white masonry of the *faubourgs*, which stretched all round like the countless battalions of some rebellious army in the national equipment,* drawn up for assault on the Imperial city and turned to stone in the midst of its impious design. It is true that to this same arrangement Vienna likewise owed its being as over-crowded, ill-ventilated, unhealthy a place of residence as could well be found in this age of sanitary science. Providentially the great draught of air through the valley of the Danube, which caused it to be a very temple of the winds, in some measure preserved it from grave epidemics, while making it highly dangerous in all pulmonary complaints. Rents were enormous, and lodgings—bad out of all proportion to their cost—most difficult to procure. Add to this the din and clatter of the streets; the risk to life and limb, which, but for the extreme dexterity of the drivers, would have been considerable; the damp, and cold, and gloom of well-like houses to which the sun had scarcely any access; and it will be seen that there were serious drawbacks to the enjoyment of this gayest and most fascinating of cities.

It was a dreary November morning in the year 1856 when I reached the old-fashioned *Römische Kaiser*, after a day and night passed in the train from Dresden, and the look-out from my bed-room-window over the *Freiung*, ankle-deep in slush from the first winter's snow-fall, with the big *façade* of the Palais Harrach opposite just visible through the murky fog, was not precisely cheerful or enlivening. Having ascertained that the Legation was but a short distance off, in the Palais Clary in the *Herrngasse*, I presently proceeded to report myself to my new chief. I was already prepared to respect and look up to him for the decision and frankness he had shown in his dealings with the Emperor Nicholas at the time of the celebrated conversations about the sick man's inheritance, but my service under him more than confirmed the judgment I had already formed of him.

Sir Hamilton Seymour was a *diplomate pur sang* of what is commonly, and rather disparagingly, termed "the old school." Which amounts to saying that he was a keen, observant man of the world, rather than an *homme de cabinet*—still less a crammer or compiler of Blue Books. A true patrician by birth and temper, and of that purest shade of Whiggery which is really the quintessence of exclusive Conservatism, he inclined to cynical and contemptuous views of the world that was fast outstripping

* The white uniforms of the infantry and of many of the cavalry regiments —alas! too a thing of the past.

him. For the rest, a master of his craft when truly it still was one. Himself the soul of compromise and conciliation; a delightful *causeur*, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote set off by great powers of mimicry; a favourite with womankind, and skilled in all the arts which were the stock-in-trade of that bygone epoch of diplomacy when war was declared in *boudoirs* and peace signed in *alcoves*, when great events were shaken out of the folds of a silk petticoat and the fate of Cabinets sometimes turned on the flutter of a lace-trimmed bodice. He had few strong convictions, and fewer prejudices, and was at times not over-scrupulous in the choice of a means to a right end. He had broken open a despatch-box to save a dynasty.* At the same time, he held somewhat obsolete views as to there being but one code of honour for both public and private transactions. He believed in the sanctity of international obligations and the policy of enforcing them. He was incapable, I fear, of sympathising with the more advanced public opinion which condones the breach of treaty engagements and warns defaulters off a race-course. Although the most peaceable of men, he would argue in favour of duelling, as purifying society of its worst braggarts and bullies, and preserving to it certain amenities of intercourse thought little of in these non-fighting days. Very good-humoured and very firm; *blasé* at heart possibly, and cold in manner, but with warm spots about him, and in his domestic circle the kindest and best of husbands and fathers.

When I first knew Sir Hamilton he was a man verging upon sixty, who had been charming at Carlton House and would have been still more at home at Versailles. I can see him now in a blue dress coat, with gilt Queen's buttons and high collar of ancient cut, and fancy velvet waistcoat. His countenance would have shown little power, except for marked lines of determination about the mouth; but it was incomparable for its air of *finesse*, and a bird-like trick he had of cocking his head on one side, and looking at you with a merry twinkle in his eye, was irresistibly humorous and must have tried the solemnity of foreign negotiators. I need hardly say that he was the pleasantest as well as the most instructive of chiefs; indeed, he had but the one defect of being too indefatigable a writer. Thanks to a curiously retentive memory, his despatches were models of accurate narration,

* Sir Hamilton Seymour was our Minister at Lisbon in 1847 at the time of the Miguelite conspiracy against the Queen Donna Maria da Gloria. He obtained access in the manner above described (he told me the story himself) to some papers disclosing the plans of the Miguelites, which he was thus enabled to defeat.

but, scrawled as they were triangle-wise across the paper in a cramped, almost indecipherable hand, they seemed to our lazy chancery to flow somewhat too freely from his pen.

Lady Seymour had great remains of beauty, was an excellent *maîtresse de maison*, and did the honours of the Legation with perfect grace and just enough *hauteur* to please exclusive Vienna society. Of Miss Seymour, now Lady Delamere, I can only say that we were all of us her humble and devoted worshippers. The dismal, dirty backyard in which we worked and smoked and chatted in our Chancery three stories high, borrowed much of its light and sunshine from a certain window on the first floor opposite where she would sit—a living Greuze in a tender frame of climbing plants and flower-pots and bird-cages—bending over her work or book, and not wholly unconscious perhaps of a respectfully admiring public over the way. When there was a "row" in the Legation—and where is there not, even in so "happy a family" as ours ?—some difference of opinion, some grumbling over the work—who but she to smooth the ruffled tempers and throw oil on the troubled waters ? Who but she to stand up for the last, new, raw attaché; to sit bravely through the evening by some poor girl whom the unkind little *Comtessen* chose to account *Schmudel*,* and would hardly bow to, far less allow to join their sets ; to do a thousand simple little acts of kindness and charity, shedding gladness wherever she went with the frank, blue eyes and quick, bright smile that told of the honest little English heart whose impulses she followed ? I wonder does she ever think of those days in the grey walls and sylvan glades of her home at Vale Royal ?

I have said that we were "a happy family" in the Legation, and truly such was the case, curiously dissimilar as were its various elements. Of the Secretary of Legation, Henry Elliot (afterwards Sir Henry and Ambassador at Constantinople), we saw but little, as he was a good deal absent on leave, and was promoted in the spring of 1858 to the Mission at Copenhagen. It is not for me to speak of his distinguished political career, but I have known few men who were so single of purpose or had so high a sense of duty. He was, among other things, a fine rider and a keen sportsman, and had had an adventure in Russia with a bear which it was very difficult to get him to tell, but which, having once succeeded in obtaining from his lips, I will here relate. When paid attaché at St. Petersburg he had gone on a bear-shooting expedition—by no means his first, for he

* A slang Vienna term applied to persons who, although forming part of the best society, are not considered to be sufficiently smart.

had shot several bears before, and had, in fact, acquired great confidence in his knack of rolling the animals over. On this occasion he availed himself of an offer made to him by an old resident at St. Petersburg, "Jack" Hamilton, who was renowned for his exploits in the chase, that whenever he went after bears he should use his (Mr. Hamilton's) dogs and snow-shoes. He sent word to his friend's men in one of the villages to meet him at a given place, where they accordingly appeared, bringing with them, in addition to the snow-shoes, a spear belonging to Hamilton which Elliot had not asked for, but nevertheless took with him when going to the post assigned to him in the drive. Knowing by experience how wary the beasts are and how easily turned by the least noise or the whisper even of an officious loader, he went to his place alone and without a second rifle. Presently a bear came crashing through the dense thicket of pine and birch in a straight line with him. Elliot coolly waited till the animal was at thirty paces and then let fly at him, both barrels in succession—the first without effect, the second shot, as it afterwards appeared, striking the brute in the jaw, whereupon he gave a savage growl, shook himself, bounded forward, and came on with a great rush at his now utterly defenceless adversary. A few paces only divided Elliot from the wounded and enraged animal. He instinctively jumped back to gain time and found, planted in the snow and at his very hand, the weapon he had disdained and which now offered his only chance of safety. He seized hold of it, dropped on one knee as if to receive cavalry, and in a moment more lay on the ground overborne by the huge weight of the brute, but still keeping a firm purchase of the spear on which the bear had literally spitted himself. Then came what to Elliot seemed the agony of hours, though it can have barely lasted a few minutes. The brute had fastened on his left arm, which Elliot had lifted to guard his face, and kept gnawing at it (fortunately with a broken jaw), working downwards to the slender part above the wrist, till Elliot felt that with a little more it must snap in two under the horrid pressure. In his dread of this, he contrived to give a tremendous kick which diverted the bear's attention and made it let go the arm and seize instead on the leg, Elliot meanwhile steadily working away with the spear, which was buried deep in the brute's chest. Suddenly, in the midst of this exhausting struggle, the bear relinquished its hold, lifted its head for a moment, a film coming over its eyes, and then, with a great thud, fell over on its side, some vital part having been at last reached by the spear. When the other sportsmen hurried up, attracted by the shots, they found Elliot with one foot on the neck

of his enemy, and in a state of triumphant excitement over his hard-won victory. He was none the less laid up for some weeks, and ever afterwards bore marks of the desperate encounter on his leg and arm. Few men have had a narrower escape, or shown greater nerve and presence of mind in such deadly peril. It is a very remarkable circumstance—since related to me by Sir Henry—that many years later, in the early seventies, three Ambassadors met one day on the quay at Therapia, each of whom had been hugged by a bear. The Marquis de Vogüé, who then represented France at Constantinople, had been saved when in this predicament by a shot from Count Bylandt, later on the most popular of Dutch Ministers in London. Rustem Pasha, at that time on leave from the Turkish Embassy at St. Petersburg, owed his life in like manner to a fellow sportsman. Sir Henry Elliot was the only one who had come forth unaided from the terrible ordeal.

Besides Elliot, we had as first paid attaché Douglas Irvine, a quaint, middle-aged Scotchman whom we all liked but "chaffed" mercilessly, and had nicknamed "the inspector" in his capacity of head of the chancery. Then came Robert Burnett Morier, Gerald Gould, and Henry Wodehouse. Morier is, perhaps, next to Odo Russell and Robert Lytton, the most prominent member of our diplomatic body. He has at his service an exceptionally powerful brain, unflagging industry, an iron will, and an ambition that nothing can well arrest. Higher destinies are probably reserved for him than those to which he has as yet attained. We were on terms of great intimacy for some time at Vienna, but our tempers somehow clashed and could not bear the severe test of sharing, as we did for some months, the same set of rooms. Probably in any disagreement between us the main faults may have been on my side, but I can honestly affirm that I never bore Morier any ill-will, while he in those days, I think, could not quite forgive me for being his senior in the service, although his junior in years. There was in him at this time a prodigious fund of untamed spirits that made him the most entertaining, but not always the safest, of companions. A curious compound he was of the thoughtless, thriftless Bohemian and the cool, calculating, aspiring man of the world. A giant in frame and intellect ("Mount Moriah" John Bidwell called him), yet full of delicate, poetic fancies, alternating with the most daring flights of licence. Of an imperious and not over-tolerant disposition, but altogether a most remarkable man and, when he chose, a *grand charmeur*. During my stay at Vienna he made several extensive journeys in South Hungary and the Banate and in the Croatian

border districts, and traversed the whole of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, returning by way of the Adriatic. These tours furnished the materials for two exhaustive reports on the organisation of the Austrian military frontier and on the history and political aspirations of the Southern Slavs that were masterpieces of their kind, and opened up subjects respecting which very little was known at the time, much as the world was to hear of them thereafter. Since then he has made himself a thorough master of German politics, and is, I believe, one of the few men whom Prince Bismarck fears and correspondingly detests.

But my great friend and favourite among my colleagues was poor Henry Wodehouse. When I look back to those days, all their light-heartedness and gaiety seem somehow personified in him. He had the most joyously contagious laugh, the keenest sense of humour and great artistic taste. His love of music was in itself a *trait d'union* between us, and I believe that my encouragement contributed to his cultivating a very good tenor voice with which he was gifted. Few among my many fellow workers in diplomacy have left me more delightful recollections. To a singular sweetness of disposition he united such shrewdness and powers of observation as would in time have made him a very valuable public servant, and his removal in his prime was not the least of the losses our service has sustained of late years. A very interesting diary which he kept during the siege of Paris has since been printed for private circulation by his kinsman, Philip Currie.

Wodehouse and I were great admirers of Johann Strauss (the son) and his marvellous band, and at balls would often sit together listening to the charming orchestration of his waltzes—perfect symphonies some of them—rather than dance to them, irresistibly though their rhythm *einem in die Füsse ging* as they say at Vienna. I own to having a sufficiently frivolous taste in music to consider the Strauss aforesaid one of the most original and talented of living composers. The first Sunday afternoon I spent in Vienna my colleagues took me to a concert in the great hall of the Volksgarten, and I shall never forget the ovation with which Strauss, who had been absent some months starring it abroad, was greeted by the closely-packed crowd as he entered the orchestra. For a minute or two he stood there evidently much moved by the welcome, and then, turning to the good men and true behind him, and grasping his fiddle, he played the opening bars of the *Juristenballtanze* with such thrilling power and sweetness, with such a volume of sound from his own

bow, that he might have seemed a seraph leading a company of common fiddlers were it not far more graphically true to say "qu'il avait le diable au corps." But the real places to hear Strauss were saloons like "Sperl's" or the "Grosse Zeisig." There—amidst the fumes of tobacco and of Dreher's malt liquor, in long, shabby rooms, imperfectly lighted, full of tables crowded with gay, heedless couples whose union had begun with the first waltz that evening and would barely survive the last polka of the week—a perfect electric current seemed to reign between him and his audience: one favourite piece would follow the other in quick succession, greeted with such delirious cheering, such stamping of feet, such improvised choruses joining in the pet bits, that floor and ceiling, bottles, glasses, chairs, tables, ch andeliers, man, woman and child, seemed to sway and reel and finally to turn in more and more rapidly eddying circles under the power of his magic bow. The fact is that the very air of Vienna was melodious with his music, and existence there was set to his swinging *Dreiviertel Tact.*

We had a very cheery Christmas this year at the Legation. The Seymours' youngest schoolboy son, George—now one of the daintiest *élégants* about London *—had come out for the holidays under the protecting care of one of the Queen's Messengers, and a grand Christmas tree was got up for him and the young ladies. To this we made the following odd contribution: We bought up every box of tin soldiers in English, French, or Russian uniforms we could find in the place, and spent the whole of Christmas day in setting them in array on a large dining-table in the ball-room in mimic representation of the battle of the Alma. No less a personage directed us than Sir Hugh Rose (afterwards Lord Strathnairn), then on a military mission at Vienna and temporarily attached to the Legation; and the whole chancery engaged with these toys, under the command of so redoubtable a warrior, was unquestionably a very funny sight. I must say, however, that our military arrangements had an extremely pretty effect. Large cushions covered with a green tablecloth furnished the deadly slopes manned by the Russian Army; the line of the Alma was marked by trees; scraps of cotton wool, scattered about, figured the smoke from cannon and musketry; there were the attacking columns of the Allies, with their camps in the rear; the French and English staffs; the Russian masses drawn up on the heights; the fight round the Telegraph and at the great redoubt; and, in the far distance, that mythical *corps d'armée* of

* He died in 1884 at the age of thirty-six.

Osten-Sacken which was always said to be on the march from Odessa, but somehow never came up !

Sir Hugh Rose, whom we, of course, saw a great deal of this winter, was an immense favourite in Vienna society. His gentle, insinuating address, beautiful white hands and snowy wrist-bands—he had a curious finikin way of stroking back his coat-sleeves and crossing his hands in his lap just above the wrist—quite captivated the middle-aged *Fürstinnen*, and it was not a little amusing to hear their exclamations of incredulous dismay when, a few months later, news came of his—to say the least severe—proceedings during his brilliant campaign in Central India. *Comment? c'est ce charmant Général Rose qui a fait pendre et fusiller tant de monde !*

The most agreeable and amusing *salon* at Vienna in those days was unquestionably that of Comtesse Hélène Esterhazy, a wealthy widow of Russian birth, whose daughter by her first marriage with a Comte Apraxine, Julie, was the wife of Arthur—or, as he was always called, "Turi"—Batthyanyi. I had known the Batthyanyis at Baden, and they received me with the greatest cordiality ; and here again my recollections are dashed with sadness. Ruin has since then come on this house in every shape, Vienna knows it no longer, and as for gay Julie of the lovely arm and perfect, rounded figure, it will scarcely do to ask what became of her in her subsequent erratic course of life. Of the *coterie* which habitually gathered under Comtesse Hélène's hospitable roof, the most striking person perhaps was Julie Obrenovitch, *née* Hunyadi, the wife of the Prince Michael, who was afterwards so foully murdered at Belgrade, beautiful above all others and with a stately grace all her own. She was taxed with coldness and want of expression, and the criticism was not altogether without truth. The fact is that she, with several others of the prettiest women of Vienna, were remarkable instances of the reaction frequently produced on one generation by the follies of that which has preceded it. She and her contemporaries were as *sages*, and indeed straitlaced, as their mothers were said to have been the reverse, and though her childless union with her semi-barbaric Servian husband was reputed to be none of the happiest, scandal was hushed in her presence, and no "faintly-venomed points of slander, glancing here and grazing there," were ever aimed at her fair and gracious person. Partly in allusion to her, I amused myself in setting to music at this time those deliciously mocking lines of Heine that begin with :

Es liegt der heisse Sommer
Auf deinen Wängelein

and which I will give here in their charming literal rendering by poor Julian Fane :

> The light of golden summer
> Is on thy fair cheek still;
> But in thy wee little heart, dear,
> Is all the winter's chill.
> Yet that will change, believe me,
> Beloved as thou art,
> The winter will reign on thy cheek, dear,
> All summer in thy heart!

She was much diverted by this pleasantry, but I have not heard that the prophecy it contains was ever verified.

Julie Turi had a passion for theatricals, which, indeed, in her later eccentric career, went so far as to make her study for the stage in Paris and aspire to act at the *Comédie Française* of all theatres in the world. In the Spring of 1857 she got up a *spectacle de société* in a miniature theatre belonging to a Baron Dietrich in the suburb of Mariahilf, the most novel feature of which was a regular *ballet* in which she was *première danseuse*, seconded by a number of little *Comtessen*. The *primo ballerino* was Count Pölzig, a very good-looking young Saxon officer, who afterwards fell in a cavalry charge at Sadowa, and Henry Wodehouse and one or two other attachés were among the *ballet-corps*. It was a bold performance, but eminently successful, and nothing could be more laughable than the rehearsals directed in broken German by a despotic old Italian ballet-master from the Kärnthner Thor.

I was pressed into the service on the same occasion, and entrusted with a Lovelace part in a Louis Quinze *vaudeville* called *Dieu vous bénisse!* There was in it a frightfully difficult "situation" consisting of a *déclaration à genoux* (*les seules bonnes et valables!* Marie Kalergis used to say) in the course of which I had inadvertently to take a pinch from a snuff-box filled maliciously by a watchful sister-in-law (Julie Batthyanyi) of my would-be victim with betony (the most potent of sternutatories), my passionate utterances being in consequence interlarded with sneezes, and my previously dangerous suit coming to an ignominious end. This absurd scene naturally involved a lot of rehearsing which gave me opportunities of learning what a truly, charming, unspoilt creature was my princess of the wintry heart, for she was the object of my *déclaration*. Certainly in all my recollections I can call to mind nothing more dazzling than her appearance on the night of the performance in a white silk Pompadour costume, with powder and a wealth of pearls—herself the pearl of rarest beauty. She later on took to politics

during her husband's short reign in Servia, and was charged to plead the cause of that Principality with the Western Powers. She made a great sensation in London, whither she came, it was said, partly to consult the eminent Sir Charles Locock about a due succession to the Servian throne, and inspired one of Lord Palmerston's funniest sayings, which, unfortunately, will not bear repeating.

The more serious *salons* at Vienna were those of Princess Schönburg, sister of the celebrated Felix Schwarzenberg, whom I had known in my childhood at Paris, and of Princess Lori Schwarzenberg—both the cleverest and most agreeable of women, and the latter (who died recently) well remembered in London for her *éclat* and beauty at the time of the coronation. The most interesting of all was the *salon* Metternich in the Rennweg, of which my old Brighton friend, Princess Mélanie (now married to Comte Joseph Zichy), did the honours, and where one could hear history by the hour from the deaf, and now somewhat prolix, old statesman. One of his stock anecdotes was, of course, his momentous interview with Napoleon at Dresden, when the baffled and enraged conqueror, who saw that Austria was about to join the Allies, threw his hat down, in one of his feigned tragedy passions, thinking that Metternich would pick it up, and hoping thus to test his pliancy. Unfortunately, I kept no notes of what occurred to me in those charming, heedless days, so that many were the things worth recording I saw and heard which are now irretrievably lost to me.

Old Prince Metternich had some capital stories about the half-witted Emperor Ferdinand which are fresher in my memory, having since been retailed to me by his son Richard. They were very laughable, told in pure Viennese, but of course lose a great deal by translation. One day Metternich had occasion to go to his sapient master with some papers of the highest importance, respecting which he required the immediate Imperial sanction. He found his Majesty standing at a window overlooking the inner court, or quadrangle, of the Burg, which, under the easy, paternal Habsburg rule, has long been one of the principal thoroughfares of Vienna. The Imperial fingers were beating a tattoo on the panes of glass, the Imperial gaze was steadfastly directed on the stream of carriages and foot-passengers, and the Imperial lips were muttering unintelligible sounds at regular intervals. "Majestät!" said Metternich, "I humbly crave a few moments' attention." "Lassen's mi aus!" (*Anglice*, "Don't bother!") was the august reply, given without even a turn of the

head. Metternich respectfully represented the urgency of the case. "Lassen's mi aus!" repeated the heir of the Cæsars with marked irritation. The Minister summoned patience and waited. After a few minutes the august countenance was turned towards him with a radiant smile, the Emperor triumphantly exclaiming: "Hundert fünf und Dreissig!" His Majesty had made a bet with himself that the *fiaker* bearing that number would pass within a given time, and he had just won the bet, as he now explained with great glee to the astonished Chancellor. On another occasion, at a State ball, the Emperor was seeking relaxation in a quadrille, when his partner—one of the prettiest women in Vienna—noticed that he looked unusually glum and depressed. Evidently trouble somewhere in the Empire! She ventured to ask what was the cause of his Majesty's low spirits. "Ach! Grafin!" he replied with a sigh, "i hab' a faule Wurzel!" (literally—I must be excused the translation—"I have a rotten root" or tooth); and then, with a touching appeal to sympathy grown out of possibly kindred misfortune, he inquired: "Haben's auch a faule Wurzel!" (Have you also got one?) This monarch, too, it was who, when the pianist Thalberg had been playing his best at Court, went up to him and said: "Ah! wirklich ausserordentlich!" (truly wonderful), adding, as the artist bowed low and expressed his sense of the gracious approval: "Ja! ja! i hab' schon viel spielen g'hört, aber g'schwitzt wie Sie hat noch keiner!" (I have heard many persons play, but I never saw any one *sweat* (!) like you).

Such a *fainéant* reign as that of the poor, half-witted Ferdinand would have been barely possible anywhere out of Western China —as Austria, under the old *régime*, has been not inaptly termed. In Vienna itself the Imperial family have ever enjoyed great popularity, and the easy-going, humorous Viennese, no doubt, had a kind of contemptuous tenderness for the harmless, vacant creature who lived in their midst, while they held in deepest reverence the august character with which he was invested. Indeed, excepting for petty police vexations, press restrictions, and, now and then, acts of severe repression (chiefly, be it remembered, directed against Italians or Poles), the worst evils of absolute government were little felt throughout the Austrian Empire, and the Habsburg sway must on the whole have been very endurable. Less bearable in some ways was the state of things in existence during my stay at Vienna. The Administration to which Baron Bach has given his name was in full vigour, and reaction and, above all, excessive centralisation were the order of the day, especially in Hungary and its depend-

encies. At the same time it was part of Bach's system to allow considerable latitude to the press, and it was difficult for a stranger to reconcile the unfettered criticism of Vienna or Pesth journals—then already in the hands of the Jews—with the real existence of the arbitrary *régime* on which they passed judgment with such impunity. I have since noticed the same curious phenomenon in Russia, where, under the severest despotism, things are both said and written that would scarcely be tolerated under far freer institutions. The fact is that really vigorous governments can afford to put up with a great deal of openly expressed discontent, and have of late years learnt the lesson that free discussion within certain limits is a safety-valve, and that little danger is incurred from talk so long as the will and power exist to prevent action.

Strange though it may appear, the brightest spot in the Empire in those days was to be found in the Italian provinces, where the Archduke Maximilian was winning golden opinions from all classes, and, by his wisely liberal measures, was in a fair way towards finally reconciling the mass of the population to Austrian rule. So languishing seemed the national cause in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, that I remember Elliot telling us, on his return from Florence, where he had spent the winter with his father, that the Liberal leaders, whom Lord Minto saw a good deal of, were in perfect despair, and confessed that the policy of conciliation followed by the Archduke must ere long extinguish in Lombardy all desire for liberation from Austria. Then it was that in an evil hour the Emperor, alarmed, it was said by purposely misleading reports furnished to him as to the ill-effects of his brother's Liberal policy, sent Giulay to Milan as *adlatus*, with instructions to check the Archduke's proceedings. Maximilian threw up the Vice-royalty in disgust, and the old *Schlendrian** of mismanagement went on again as of old, to culminate in Magenta and Solferino.

These Italian occurrences remind me of one of the grandest and most impressive military pageants I ever witnessed. Radetzky died in Italy in January 1858, and his body was brought home for interment. The Emperor resolved to receive the remains with exceptional honours. On the day of the funeral the garrison of Vienna, strengthened by the troops quartered in the neighbourhood, some 40,000 men in all, were drawn up in massive columns on the Burg Glacis to receive the funeral car which had been deposited in a neighbouring church. When all was ready and

* Almost untranslatable, but applied disparagingly to an old custom or system.

the procession duly marshalled, the Emperor rode out of the Burg, attended by a single aide-de-camp, and took command of the entire force. I watched the *cortège* from the windows of an apartment in the Leopoldstadt. It was a cold, dark day and slight flakes of snow were whirled about by the bitter gusts of wind. For hours the troops went past; horse, foot and artillery; Hungarians, Italians and Croats; renowned regiments like Deutschmeister Infanterie or the veteran Marshal's own Hussars; Dragoons and Lancers, Jägers and Cuirassiers—all in winter campaigning dress, with no gold and no glitter, but the absolute perfection of military trim and equipment. Dead silence in the crowd that thronged the pavements on the line of march, and no sound but the rumble of the artillery waggons, the tread of the battalions, the clatter of horses' hoofs, the clanking of spur and scabbard, the roll of the muffled drums, and—most striking to me of all—the music of the bands playing a solemn strain which seemed strangely familiar and yet had a new and unaccustomed rhythm. Some clever Capellmeister had had the simple, but ingenious, thought of adapting old Strauss's brilliant Radetzky march to a minor key and to a dirge-like measure, and, as regiment after regiment filed by, there came up through the frosty air a fresh wail of this famous melody, with just enough of its old original fierceness and wildness left in it to carry the mind back to the days when they had hoisted the octogenarian into his saddle at Custozza or Novara, the troops as they passed him cheering like mad for "Vater Radetzky," and pressing onwards with such irresistible *élan*, to the sound of that diabolical *Sturmmarsch*, as to drive their gallant foe from position after position till all was over and the Kaiser held his own again in Italy. Thus they bore him in sternest military pomp to the Northern Railway station, whence he was to be taken to his ancestral vault in Moravia, and surely never were honours better bestowed. Radetzky and the 40,000 faithful men whom he kept to their standards saved the Monarchy in its darkest hour, when all around was crumbling to pieces, when Vienna and Prague were at the mercy of the mob, when Hungary was in flames and the Emperor a fugitive at Olmütz. It is no exaggeration to say, in the words of Grillparzer,* that the Empire was for a time in his camp alone, and that in reconquering Italy he remade Austria.

* *In deinem Lager ist Oesterreich.*

HORACE RUMBOLD.

A POSTSCRIPT ON THE EDUCATION BILL

By the courtesy of the Editor I am afforded an opportunity of giving a few statistics bearing upon the subject of my article in last month's *National Review*, viz., On the financial aspect of the Educational Bill so far as elementary schools are concerned. Before calling attention to these figures, however, I must correct an error in the article referred to. It was there stated that the Government alleged the fact that the Royal Commission on Local Taxation had not yet completed its labours as a reason for throwing the burden of education on the rates. The final report of the Commission was issued some months ago, and therefore no Minister could have employed the argument attributed to him. It is scarcely worth while to occupy time in describing how I was misled, such explanations being commonly more agreeable to the *amour propre* of the writer than interesting to the reader.

At the end of these observations will be found some figures, kindly supplied by various obliging friends, relating to some voluntary schools in Northumberland, Oxfordshire, Shropshire, Surrey, Warwickshire, and the East and North Ridings of Yorkshire. The schools are not named, but are distinguished by the letters of the alphabet. The return is not quite complete, but it is perhaps sufficiently so to render it both interesting and instructive. Of course it does not furnish a sufficient basis for broad generalisation. Its value lies rather in the fact that it gives concrete instances of the way in which the measure will work in different cases, and how it will affect schools of different sizes and characters.

In estimating the amount it will be necessary to raise by rate under the Bill I have adhered to the figure of 5*d.* in the pound because it has been accepted very generally throughout the country, and was adopted in my former article. But the more the matter is considered the more certain it seems to be that this

is a very low estimate. Not only does it make no allowance for the extremely heavy establishment charges which will be thrown on County Councils—an army of clerks, and the needful accommodation for them, besides stationery, printing, postage, &c., but it assumes an influence in favour of economy which it will be quite beyond the power of County Councils to exercise, for the following reason. Most of those who have any practical knowledge of, or interest in, the working of local government are agreed that it would be in the highest degree unfortunate if County Council elections were determined on denominational or political grounds. This is, however, a very real danger. If it is to be avoided it can only be by members of the County Councils agreeing not to sit as such on Education Committees. But, *per contra*, if they do not do so, there will be no restraint on the estimates of these committees. The improvement of education and not the diminution of local burdens will naturally be their principal object. On the other side the Education Department, having all the real, and a considerable part of the personal, property of the nation to come and go upon, and cheered on by the Education Committees, will invent new codes, demand additional cubic space per child, extra class rooms, more highly skilled teachers, &c. &c., and the unhappy County Councillor, who knows a great deal about roads and bridges, pigstyes and swine fever, but very little about educational details and the intricacies of codes, with these two parties on either flank, and the indignant ratepayer *en face*, will find neither peace nor security save in a hasty retreat into private life.

But even accepting 5*d*. as a fair forecast, it is striking how large an increase this imposes on the people. It is true that in six cases out of the twenty-one given below less will be paid in rates than is now spent in voluntary contributions, but in almost every instance this is due to the exceptional liberality of the landowner. In only one do the other residents now pay as much as they will in future. On the other hand, some of the increases are enormous, running up to 322, 424, and in one case to 950 per cent. In the aggregate the cost is more than doubled, £3259 being required, where hitherto £1427 only has been raised.

Another curious and disquieting feature of the position is that these increases fall, as a rule, much more heavily on the tenant than on the landlord, who in some localities will apparently enjoy no despicable degree of relief (discounted however by his having in all probability to bear henceforth the whole claim for the maintenance of the fabric). This seems to point to a great deal of

grumbling on the part of tenants, to demands for a readjustment of rent, and to a general disturbance of existing relations, not at all agreeable to contemplate in the interests of either party, and a condition of affairs which prudence should have led the Government by all means to avoid.

In any event it is probable that the provision for maintaining the school building will more than ever fall to the share of the landowner, and it is interesting to ascertain, if possible, what his liabilities will be. I am indebted to a gentleman of great experience for the following estimate :

It has been found that through a term of years it costs voluntary schools as near as may be one shilling a year per school place to keep the fabric in anything like a fair condition, and a little more if the edifice be small. In many localities, owing to the shifting of the population, there is more accommodation in the school house than is now required, but it has to be kept up all the same. Now the Voluntary Schools throughout England and Wales have 3,705,000 school places, and consequently at the above rate it will take £185,250 per annum to keep them in repair. And this is probably below the mark, as the inevitable tendency of Education Committees will be to level up to something approaching the School Board standard.

Many other reflections are suggested by this return, but they will doubtless readily occur to any one who cares to examine it. If further proof be required of the tendency of this legislation let the inquirer obtain similar statistics for any school with which he is connected. It is a very easy matter. If the results are much the same he will doubtless be convinced that it is expedient to insist, while the measure is still in the lower house, upon such modifications of the Government's proposals as shall relieve the ratepayer of the intolerable and growing burden which threatens him.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

OF

	T.	U.	Total	
. *d.*	£ *s.* *d.*	£ *s.* *d.*	£ *s.* *d.*	Subscriptions for the last financial year from
o	o o o	45 o o	—	Landowners.
	—	40 o o	—	Other residents.
	—	—	—	Endowments.
	—	—	—	Church collections.
o	o o o	85 o o	1427 9 o	Total.
l.	Nil.	Nil.	—	Rent.
6	5 3 4	200 o o	—	Total cost of rate of 5*d.* in the £ to
o	9 10 4		—	Landowners. Other residents.
6	5 3 8	200 o o	3209 17 7	Total.
o*	5 9 5	12 6 8	498 11 5	Annual average cost of maintaining, altering, and enlarging school buildings in the last three years.
6	1 13 1	212 6 8	3758 9 o	Total amount to be raised by rates and subscriptions.
o	619	670	22,587	Population.
o	75	110	2723	Average school attendance.

STATISTICS SHOWING THE EFFECT OF THE EDUCATION BILL UPON THE COST OF CERTAIN VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS.

	A.	B	C.	D.	E.	F.	G.	H.	I.	J.	K.	L.	M.	N.	O	P.	Q.	R	S	T.	U	Total	
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
Subscriptions for the last financial year from																							Subscriptions for the last financial year from
Landowners	25 0 0	65 2 6	59 18 0	71 7 6	50 0 0	50 0 0	30 0 0	13 14 0	77 1 0	55 5 0	40 0 0	60 0 0	—	15 5 0	28 2 0	7 3 0	35 0 0	43 0 0	29 1 0	10 0 0	45 0 0		Landowners
Other residents	110 0 0	48 1 4	45 1 3	12 0 0	114 5 5	30 0 0	20 0 0	13 5 2	—	4 15 0	46 11 8	—	16 1 10	8 13 6	5 14 7	—	30 14 6	—	13 4 6	—	40 0 0		Other residents
Endowments	—	26 15 0	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	18 6 8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		Endowments
Church collections	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		Church collections
Total	135 0 0	139 18 10	104 19 3	83 7 6	164 5 6	80 0 0	50 0 0	26 19 2	77 1 0	60 0 0	86 11 8	60 0 0	38 8 6	23 18 6	33 16 7	7 3 0	65 14 0	43 0 0	42 5 6	10 0 0	85 0 0	1127 9 0	Total
Rent	Nil.	Nil.	Nil.	Nil.	80 0 0	Nil.	Nil.	Nil.	Nil.	11 0 0	0 10 0	5 0 0	Nil.	Nil.	3 0 0	Nil	30 0 0	0 1 0	Nil.	Nil.	Nil		Rent.
Total cost of rate of 5*d.* in the £ to																							Total cost of rate of 5*d.* in the £ to
Landowners	50 0 0	503 8 7	336 0 0	154 0 0	37 17 7	174 12 5	170 8 0	123 0 0	15 2 6	23 2 9	116 0 0	15 1 8	10 8 1	12 4 2	15 1 0	12 11 2	1 0 0	0 15 0	178 0 0	5 3 4	200 0 0		Landowners
Other residents	500 0 0				110 7 5				27 6 0	33 9 4	43 13 7	34 19 11	34 4 10	21 6 8	17 11 3	24 9 6	88 16 8	19 15 10		99 10 4			Other residents
Total	550 0 0	503 8 7	336 0 0	154 0 0	148 5 0	174 12 5	170 8 0	123 0 0	42 8 6	56 12 1	159 13 7	50 1 7	44 12 11	33 10 10	32 12 3	37 0 8	89 16 8	20 10 10	178 0 0	105 3 8	200 0 0	3209 17 7	Total
Annual average cost of maintaining, altering, and enlarging school buildings in the last three years		202 0 0*	27 5 6	52 0 0	4 6 4	—	—	47 17 0	56 11 0*	36 3 6	12 0 0	3 4 3	—	7 9 5	2 7 6	7 9 2	3 6 2	9 3 0	8 12 6	6 9 5	12 6 8	198 11 8	Annual average cost of maintaining, altering, and enlarging school buildings in the last three years.
Total amount to be raised by rates and subscriptions	—	755 8 7	363 5 6	206 0 0	152 11 4	—	—	170 17 0	98 19 6	92 15 7	171 13 7	53 5 10	44 12 11	41 0 3	34 19 9	44 9 10	93 2 10	29 13 10	186 12 6	111 13 1	212 6 8	3748 9 0	Total amount to be raised by rates and subscriptions
Population	6700	3218	1509	1340	1224	1000	1000	670	540	527	501	454	425	362	356	294	212	147	819	619	676	22,687	Population.
Average school attendance	700	363	163	216	136	100	110	94	50	94	45	72	51	71	66	46	73	32	56	75	110	2723	Average school attendance

* School building has been enlarged.

GREATER BRITAIN

PEACE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Our pages last month reflected the cross-currents of public opinion in Great Britain and the Colonies towards the negotiations between the British Government and the Boers, which, after dragging on for about two months, were about to be settled one way or the other by plebiscite of the Boer delegates assembled in conference at Vereeniging. On the one hand were those who had never ceased declaring ever since the preliminary conference at Klerksdorp, in the beginning of April, that peace was absolutely assured, but they appeared to be tolerably indifferent as to the price we might pay for it. On the other hand were those, like ourselves, whose scepticism as to the result of the negotiations was only tempered by anxiety lest his Majesty's Government might be tempted to close "a sort of war" with "a sort of peace." We shared the wide-spread dread lest, in the interests of false economy or the Coronation, or for any of the hundred and one other excuses which weak-kneed and weary Ministers could adduce for shirking their duty, the great sacrifices of the last two and a half years might be thrown away, as similar sacrifices have almost invariably been thrown away at the end of previous British wars, and we might find ourselves confronted with the *fait accompli* of a patched-up peace which would only be regarded by the enemy as a convenient armistice in which to prepare for a renewal of the contest. It is proverbially easy to be wise after the event, but we unhesitatingly declare that no one was prepared for what actually occurred. The optimists anticipated that the Boers would be bribed into peace by compromising political concessions, *e.g.*, on the language question, representative government, and amnesty. The pessimists, on the other hand, denied that the Boers regarded themselves as beaten, and predicted a resumption of the war for another year. The present settlement is therefore a most agreeable surprise to both parties. Mr. Wilson, a particularly well-read

military student and a severe critic of the Government when they have deserved censure, does not hesitate to call it "A glorious peace," no extravagant phrase, seeing that the terms ultimately accepted by the enemy are substantially what is known as unconditional surrender, which is the utmost that the victors can demand of the vanquished.

The full story of the negotiations has yet to be told, for the Parliamentary paper (*Correspondence Respecting Terms of Surrender of the Boer Forces in the Field*), purporting to relate the facts, is full of tantalising gaps which will only be filled in when the inner history of this great event becomes public, which may not be for many years. Even the fragmentary story now issued is full of interest, though in the general excitement caused by the peace rejoicings it appears to have remained unread by some of our leading commentators, otherwise praise would have been apportioned with a more even hand. The closing chapter of the war opens with a telegram from Lord Kitchener to Mr. Brodrick, the Secretary of State for War, dated Pretoria, March 12, 6.55 P.M. :*

Schalk Burger states, in answer to my letter forwarding correspondence with Netherlands Government, that he is prepared to make peace proposals, but wishes first to see President Steyn, and asks for safe conduct through our lines and back. Shall I accede to this request?

To which Mr. Brodrick replied :

WAR OFFICE, *March 13th*, 1902, 12.30 A.M.

We have no objection to Schalk Burger being allowed to pass through our lines to interview Steyn, if you and Milner agree in thinking it desirable.

As a result of these telegrams, Mr. Schalk Burger and his colleagues of the Transvaal Government came into Pretoria on March 23 in quest of Mr. Steyn, who, however, could not be found for some days. On April 1 Lord Kitchener telegraphed that the late President of the Orange Free State had been discovered, and expressed his willingness to meet the Transvaal Boers at Klerksdorp, while the latter desired the additional presence of Generals Botha and Delarey, which was "being arranged, and all will meet at Klerksdorp three or four days hence." Such was the genesis of the Klerksdorp conference, which was regarded at the time by very few people as a peace conference, while many pronounced it to be a surreptitious

* It is interesting to note that the Boer overture was made four days after Lord Kitchener had reported "bad news about Methuen," *i.e.*, when that unfortunate officer was attacked by Delarey, his force put out of action, and himself and guns captured—one of the most regrettable and deplorable incidents of the war.

council of war. Lord Kitchener again telegraphed for instructions on April 10 as the Boer representatives desired to lay proposals before him, and he suggested their coming to Pretoria, to which Mr. Brodrick replied, "We agree to your receiving the Boer representatives at whatever place you consider most convenient. You will, no doubt, ask Milner to be present at the meeting." On April 12 Lord Kitchener reported that the Boers had proposed the following terms:

The Boer representatives wish to lay before his Majesty's Government that they have an earnest desire for peace, and that they consequently decided to ask the British Government to end hostilities, and to enter into an agreement by which, in their opinion, all future war between them and the British Government in South Africa will be prevented. They consider this object may be attained by providing for following points:

(1) Franchise;
(2) Equal rights for Dutch and English languages in education matters;
(3) Customs Union;
(4) Dismantling of all forts in Transvaal and Orange River Colony;
(5) Post, Telegraph, and Railways Union;
(6) Arbitration in case of future differences, and only subjects of the parties to be the Arbitrators;
(7) Mutual amnesty.

But if these terms are not satisfactory they desire to know what terms the British Government would give them in order to secure the end they all desire.

I have assured them that his Majesty's Government will not accept any proposals which would maintain independence of Republic as this would do, and that they must expect refusal.

The British Government at once replied, refusing to "entertain any proposals which are based upon the continued independence of the former Republics which have been formally annexed to the British Crown."

A further meeting took place between Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener and the Boers, of which the Commander-in-Chief gave the following account:

PRETORIA, *14th April*, 1902, 6.10 P.M.

The High Commissioner and I met the Boer representatives this morning, when I communicated to them the substance of your telegram. We then endeavoured to induce them to make fresh proposals, but President Steyn, who throughout acted as their leading spokesman, immediately took the line that while the Boer Governments were competent to make peace, they were not competent to surrender the independence of their country; that only the people could do this—the people, as explained, meaning the burghers still in the field. If he was to suggest anything involving the abandonment of independence, it would be a betrayal of their trust.

Schalk Burger and General Botha took precisely the same line. As no progress could be made the meeting was adjourned by mutual consent till this afternoon. The Boer representatives then suggested an armistice in order to consult their people; but I pointed out, with Lord Milner's full con-

currence, that we had not got nearly far enough in the direction of agreement to justify such a course. Finally it was agreed that I should send you the following message, which was read over several times and fully agreed to by the representatives, to whom I have given a copy of it:

Begins: A difficulty has arisen in getting on with proceedings. The representatives state that constitutionally they have no power to discuss terms based on the surrender of independence, inasmuch as only the burghers can agree to such a basis; therefore, if they were to propose, it would put them in a false position with regard to their people. If, however, his Majesty's Government would state the terms that, subsequent to a relinquishment of independence, they would be prepared to grant, the representatives, after asking for the necessary explanations, without any expression of approval or disapproval, would submit such conditions to their people. *Ends.*

On April 16, as the result of a Cabinet Council, Mr. Brodrick thus replied:

We have received with considerable surprise the message from the Boer leaders contained in your telegram of April 14.

The meeting was arranged at their request, and they must have been aware of our repeated declarations that we could not entertain any proposals based on the renewed independence of the two South African States. We were, therefore, entitled to assume that the Boer representatives had relinquished the idea of independence, and would propose terms of surrender for the forces still in the field.

They now state that they are constitutionally incompetent to discuss terms which do not include a restoration of independence, but request us to inform them what conditions would be granted, if, after submitting the matter to their followers, they were to relinquish the demand for independence.

This does not seem to us to be a satisfactory method of proceeding, or one best adapted to secure, at the earliest moment, a cessation of the hostilities which have involved the loss of so much life and treasure.

However, in their anxiety "to spare the effusion of further blood, and to hasten the restoration of peace and prosperity to the countries afflicted by the war," Lord Kitchener was informed that "you and Lord Milner are therefore authorised to refer the Boer leaders to the offer made by you to General Botha more than twelve months ago." The position of affairs was thus truly described in the House of Commons on April 18 by Mr. Balfour: "Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener have had two conferences with the Boer delegates. At their request Lord Kitchener, while refusing an armistice on military grounds, has agreed to give facilities for the election and meeting of representatives of the various commandoes to consider the position. The Boer leaders have left Pretoria for this purpose, and it is not believed that communications can be resumed within less than three weeks."

The scattered Boer commandoes spent about a month in electing delegates to the Conference, which was held in our

lines at Vereeniging on May 14, when they assembled to the number of 165. After they had spent three days in deliberation Lord Kitchener was able to apprise the Imperial Government (May 17) that he had been informed by Mr. Schalk Burger and Mr. Steyn that a Commission, consisting of Louis Botha, Christian De Wet, Hertzog, Delarey, and Smuts, had been appointed with "power to negotiate, subject to ratification by the burghers." On the evening of May 19 the Commander-in-Chief sent a telegram, which must have caused consternation in Downing Street as showing the continued intractability of the Boers :

PRETORIA, *May* 19, 7.20 P.M.

Meeting took place at 11.30, and Boer Commission made following proposals.

1. We are prepared to surrender our independence as regards foreign relations.

2. We wish to retain self-government under British supervision.

3. We are prepared to surrender a part of our territory.

Lord Milner and I refused to accept these terms as basis for negotiation, as they differ essentially from the principles laid down by his Majesty's Government. After a long discussion nothing was decided, and it was determined to meet in the afternoon. Commission met again at 4 P.M., when Lord Milner proposed a form of document that might be submitted to the burghers for a "Yes" or "No" vote. There was a good deal of objection to this, but it was agreed finally that Lord Milner should meet Smuts and Hertzog with a view of drafting, as far as possible, an acceptable document on the Botha lines. They will meet to-morrow for that purpose. Lord Milner stipulated for the assistance of Sir Richard Solomon in the preparation of the draft document.

As the *Times* pointed out in a leading article on June 3, "the readiness and decision of Lord Milner saved (the negotiations) from disaster only a fortnight ago." The document thus drafted for submission to a "yes" or "no" vote at the Vereeniging Conference is given in a further telegram dated May 21. Then comes the most remarkable hiatus in this very carefully edited Blue Book, as we can hardly believe that there were no communications between London and Pretoria during the next five days ! By May 27, however, Mr. Chamberlain had gained the day, for he telegraphed to Lord Milner expressing the Government's approval of the draft subject to certain modifications, of which the most important emphasises the necessity that burghers in the field outside the two States should declare their acceptance of the position as British subjects just as much as the burghers inside and the prisoners of war. Mr. Chamberlain very wisely added : "In making this communication to the delegates, you must inform them that if this opportunity of an honourable termination of hostilities is not accepted

within a time fixed by you the Conference will be considered at an end, and his Majesty's Government will not be bound in any way by their present declarations. Lord Kitchener should have a copy of this telegram."

THE TERMS OF SURRENDER.

On May 28 the Boer delegates left Pretoria for Vereeniging to submit Lord Milner's settlement as amended by the Home Government to the burgher Conference. Three days later Lord Kitchener sent the following gratifying telegrams to the War Office:

PRETORIA, *May* 31, 5.15 P.M.

It is now settled that the Boer representatives will come here immediately, and also the High Commissioner from Johannesburg.

It is possible that the document will be signed to-night.

I have received from them a statement saying that they accept and are prepared to sign.

11.15 P.M.

Negotiations with Boer delegates. The document containing terms of surrender was signed here this evening at 10.30 P.M. by all Boer representatives, as well as by Lord Milner and myself.

We reproduce the text of the Terms of Surrender, which, it may be said, reflects as much credit upon the draftsmanship as upon the statesmanship of its authors, and really leaves little or nothing to be desired either in substance or form:

His Excellency General Lord Kitchener and his Excellency Lord Milner, on behalf of the British Government, and Messrs. M. T. Steyn,* J. Brebner, General C. R. De Wet, General C. Olivier, and Judge J. B. M. Hertzog, acting as the Government of the Orange Free State, and Messrs. S. W. Burger, F. W. Reitz, Generals Louis Botha, J. H. Delarey, Lucas Meyer, Krogh, acting as the Government of the South African Republic, on behalf of their respective burghers desirous to terminate the present hostilities, agree on the following Articles:

1. The burgher forces in the field will forthwith lay down their arms, handing over all guns, rifles, and munitions of war in their possession or under their control, and desist from any further resistance to the authority of his Majesty King Edward VII., whom they recognise as their lawful sovereign. The manner and details of this surrender will be arranged between Lord Kitchener and Commandant-General Botha, Assistant Commandant-General Delarey, and Chief Commandant De Wet.

2. All burghers in the field outside the limits of the Transvaal or Orange River Colony and all prisoners of war at present outside South Africa who are burghers will, on duly declaring their acceptance of the position of subjects of his Majesty King Edward VII., be gradually brought back to their homes as soon as transport can be provided and their means of subsistence ensured.

* Owing to illness Mr. Steyn was not present and did not sign, his place as "acting President" being assumed by General de Wet.

3. The burghers so surrendering or so returning will not be deprived of their personal property.

4. No proceedings, civil or criminal, will be taken against any of the burghers surrendering or so returning for any acts in connection with the prosecution of the war. The benefit of this clause will not extend to certain acts, contrary to usages of war, which have been notified by Commander-in-Chief to the Boer Generals, and which shall be tried by Court-martial immediately after the close of hostilities.

5. The Dutch language will be taught in public schools in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony where the parents of the children desire it, and will be allowed in Courts of law when necessary for the better and more effectual administration of justice.

6. The possession of rifles will be allowed in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony to persons requiring them for their protection on taking out a licence according to law.

7. Military administration in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony will at the earliest possible date be succeeded by Civil Government, and, as soon as circumstances permit, representative institutions, leading up to self-government, will be introduced.

8. The question of granting franchise to the natives will not be decided until after the introduction of self-government.

9. No special tax will be imposed on landed property in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony to defray the expenses of the war.

10. As soon as conditions permit, a Commission, on which the local inhabitants will be represented, will be appointed in each district of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, under the presidency of a magistrate or other official, for the purpose of assisting the restoration of the people to their homes and supplying those who, owing to war losses, are unable to provide themselves with food, shelter, and the necessary amount of seed, stock, implements, &c., indispensable to the resumption of their normal occupations.

His Majesty's Government will place at the disposal of these Commissions a sum of £3,000,000 for the above purposes, and will allow all notes issued under Law 1 of 1900 of the South African Republic and all receipts given by officers in the field of the late Republics, or under their orders, to be presented to a Judicial Commission, which will be appointed by the Government, and if such notes and receipts are found by this Commission to have been duly issued in return for valuable considerations, they will be received by the first-named Commissions as evidence of war losses suffered by the persons to whom they were originally given.

In addition to the above-named free grant of £3,000,000, his Majesty's Government will be prepared to make advances on loan for the same purposes free of interest for two years, and afterwards repayable over a period of years with 3 per cent. interest. No foreigner or rebel will be entitled to the benefit of this clause.

In order that there might be no misunderstanding upon the amnesty question, Lord Milner, when handing the Boer delegates a copy of the Surrender Agreement which his Majesty's Government were prepared to approve, "read them the following statement and gave them a copy" together with a statement of the views of the Cape Government.

His Majesty's Government must place it on record that the treatment of Cape and Natal colonists who have been in rebellion and who now surrender will, if they return to their Colonies, be determined by the Colonial Governments and in accordance with the laws of the Colonies, and that any British subjects who have joined the enemy will be liable to trial under the law of that part of the British Empire to which they belong.

A telegram from Lord Milner to the Colonial Secretary, dated June 1, contains the interesting statement that prior to affixing their signatures to the terms of surrender the ten Boer delegates put in a resolution of the burgher assembly at Vereeniging authorising them to sign. Unfortunately, this document is not published in the Parliamentary paper, but according to the well-informed *Times* correspondent at Pretoria, it is a formal acknowledgment of complete defeat by the Boers. It sets forth that in view of the absolute refusal of the British Government to prolong negotiations and their insistence on dictating terms, and of their own reduction in numbers, and the hopelessness of ever getting back the prisoners of war, and in order to save the existence of their race, they had brought themselves to consent to relinquish their cherished independence. Similar declarations have been repeated in various documents subsequently promulgated by the Boer leaders justifying their action in assenting to peace. A translation of one of these published in the *Natal Mercury* fully confirms the view that the enemy were at their last gasp when they gave in. The leaders declare that the country was being devastated and the subsistence of man was vanishing, and they had no hope of winning their cause owing to the overwhelming numerical preponderance of the British. In accepting terms they would enable their people "to advance to the full enjoyment of privileges they were entitled to hope for." There appears to be some conflict of opinion as to the final voting at Vereeniging. According to the *Times* correspondent already quoted, although there was considerable discussion over the final offers of the British Government, and the speeches were mostly hostile, "the motion to accept the conditions of peace was carried almost unanimously." On the other hand, Reuter's correspondent, writing three days later, states that "the balloting in the voting at the Vereeniging Conference of Boers was fifty-four for surrender and six against." If the assembly consisted of 165, as has been generally agreed, these figures indicate the abstention of nearly two-thirds of the delegates. But whatever the internal dissensions among the Boers, their final decision to accept the generous terms granted by the British

Government must be considered thoroughly satisfactory. From a military point of view, as the *Times* Pretoria correspondent points out, we are saved some months' campaigning, while from a political point of view we gain not only the advantage of beginning the work of reconstruction forthwith, "but of beginning with the fact that the remnant of uncaptured Boers through their chosen leaders have formally acknowledged the lawful sovereignty of the King, which, with the people, who in many respects are very law-abiding, may mean a great deal." While the word "generous" is clearly applicable to the terms as regards all non-political matters and unessentials, they are characterised by firmness as regards the chief political issues. The "concession" on the language question has been misinterpreted in some quarters, for we are only granting such reasonable facilities as would be granted in any case. There will be no interference with the established status of English as the only official language. The Taal is an inferior dialect which we trust will be discouraged in every way as it can only handicap those who learn it. Sentimental officials in the Education Department at Pretoria would do well to bear this in mind. Any well-meaning efforts on their part to perpetuate it in the schools will only be successful at the expense of the Boer children whose efficiency in the struggle for life will be impaired. The use of arms, with a permit, is a reasonable and even necessary concession in a country where isolated white farmers and their families are scattered among a large native population. It must have been accorded in any case.

THE BOER SURRENDERS.

After signing the terms of surrender at Pretoria, the Boer leaders returned to Vereeniging, where they were shortly afterwards followed by Lord Kitchener and his staff, who went to make the necessary arrangements for the general surrender of the commandoes. Lord Kitchener has shown no less skill and judgment in his masterly management of the surrender than he had previously shown in his conduct of the operations which finally compelled the Boers to contemplate surrender. The latter were very slow in bowing to the inevitable, but having once accepted their fate they did not conceal their hearty satisfaction at the conclusion of the contest. Their acquiescence has been greatly assisted by the attitude of the British Army from the Commander-in-Chief down to the youngest private. The former set an excellent example at his first meeting with the burghers at Vereeniging, which his officers

and men have not been slow to imitate. He entered the large marquee which had been used as an informal house of assembly, and without any formal preliminaries he addressed them a few simple soldierly sentences which were translated one by one by an interpreter. He congratulated them on the good fight they had made, and said it was no disgrace to be defeated by an overwhelming force. Had he been one of themselves he would have been proud to have done as they had done. He heartily welcomed them as citizens of the great Empire, and hoped they would do their duty to it and to their Sovereign as loyally as they had done to the old State. He expressed the hope that all would co-operate for the welfare of the country and towards the reconciliation, and assured them that on the British side at least nothing would be found wanting. One of the delegates briefly replied expressing the pleasure and honour they felt at having in their midst the Commander of the forces of the glorious British Empire, and responded to Lord Kitchener's overture with the statement that as regards future co-operation nothing should be lacking on their side. Lord Kitchener then explained the arrangements for surrender, which would be carried out by three Commissioners, General Walter Kitchener in the Western Transvaal, General Bruce Hamilton in the Eastern Transvaal, and General Elliot in the Orange River Colony. Lord Kitchener ultimately left Vereeniging, having, we are told, "both by the courtesy of his visit and his remarkably tactful speech produced an excellent impression on the delegates. The personal concession allowing the members of the late Governments and the principal Commanders to keep their arms was also much appreciated."

The manner in which the fighting Boers have accepted the situation and carried out the terms of settlement and surrender is no less remarkable than their tenacity and devotion to their cause throughout the war. On June 6 Lord Kitchener was able to report that the first batch of 1100 men "laid down their arms yesterday. After this had been done Commissioners addressed Boers, who gave three hearty cheers for the King. Best possible relations exist; no hitch occurred anywhere." On June 7 he telegraphed: "Yesterday progress continued in entirely satisfactory manner." On June 8: "Disarmament proceeding satisfactorily. Good spirit displayed everywhere." Although that mysterious and wayward tyrant, the military censor, has been sitting heavily on the wires, a few unofficial accounts of the surrenders have been allowed to trickle through, and they

constitute a series of moving scenes from which we have, unfortunately, only the space to select one or two. General Elliot received the surrenders in the Orange River Colony. On the first day, accompanied by a small staff, he went to meet two burgher commandoes marshalled by General De Wet near Vredefort Road. After explaining the proposed arrangements, General Elliot expressed his admiration for the Boers' pluck and endurance, whereat his audience cheered lustily while their Commandants expressed surprise at the presence of the General with only a few officers, whereas they had expected he would come with at least 15,000 troops. Reuter records the sequel :

General Elliot and General De Wet returned to Vredefort Road, followed by the commandoes marching four deep, in column formation. Arriving there at 2.30 P.M., they drew up in a long single file in the station. There the process of laying down arms began. Van Neikerk's commando surrendered first. They were a strange-looking body of men, some wearing frock-coats, others jackets made of the skin of the springbok, with breeches patched with the same fur. The Boers laid down their arms one by one, each, as he did so, giving his name, place of residence, and other particulars. The results of Van Niekerk's surrender totalled as follows: 118 burghers, 84 Lee-Metford rifles, 13 Mausers, 5 Martini-Henrys, 84 bandoliers, and 1533 rounds of small-arm ammunition. Van der Merwe, whose men were mostly clad in khaki, accounted for 67 burghers, 46 Lee-Metfords, 5 Mausers, 4 Martini-Henrys, 37 bandoliers, and 266 rounds of small-arm ammunition. They were allowed to retain their horses and saddles, and each received a surrender pass. The Boer officers declare that they brought in all their rifles, cartridges, and men, except 12 burghers who had no horses and were coming in on foot behind them.

After the laying down of arms was completed General Elliot again addressed the burghers, stating that the one British desire was to see every one back upon his farm as soon as possible, adding that the King had telegraphed from England expressing his satisfaction at the close of the war and eulogising the Boers as well as the British forces. His Majesty hoped that the burghers would enjoy prosperity and happiness in the future. Field-cornet Raath thanked General Elliot for the King's message, and said that the burghers intended to be just as faithful to the new as to their late Government. The correspondent adds : "Not many troops were about and there was no boasting of any sort. In fact, good fellowship prevailed between Briton and Boer."

By far the most striking speech made by any Boer leader was that delivered at the concentration camp near Winburg by General De Wet on the occasion of the surrender of the Winburg, Senekal, Ladybrand and Ficksburg commandoes,

together with a portion of the Bethlehem and Bloemfontein commandoes. The redoubtable guerilla leader first thanked the women for the staunch support they had given the Boer cause both on the veldt and in the camp, without which the Boers would have been obliged to give in long ago. He had no desire to belong to a nation whose women were not staunch, and he had heard in every camp of their determined solidarity, which had encouraged the burghers immensely. Even had all the Boers in the field been killed in the course of the war, "it would have been the duty of the women to bring up their children to be as hardy as the burghers he had brought in that day." They were now under a new Government—"only now and never before, and that was the British Government, and he had to explain to them that it was a thoroughly lawful Government to-day." He concluded thus :

I say that our Government is the British Government, and I am now under that Government, as I fought till there was no more hope. However bitter it was, it was time to lay down our arms, and I advise you to be faithful to our new Government. Perhaps it is hard for you to hear from my mouth the announcement that we have a new Government, but God has decided thus, and we were obliged to part with our cause, which we had upheld for two years and eight months. As a Christian people God now demands us to be faithful to our new Government. I heartily thank my sisters for their allegiance and faith in our cause. Let us submit to God's decision over myself and my people, and I beg you to serve our new Government faithfully with myself and burghers.

Then again if Commandant Kemp may be regarded as expressing the views of the irreconcilables, with whom he has usually been classed, the prospects of a racial and political peace in South Africa are infinitely more satisfactory than was conceivable a few weeks ago, though we should be careful not to accept too literally declarations made during a great revulsion of feeling. Still Commandant Kemp's confession sounds sincere and is worth recording. He reached Mafeking on June 6, and after declaring that he had been in favour of holding out, but had accepted the opinion of the majority, he added :

We did our best, and we must be satisfied with the result, since Lord Kitchener has declared that no shame attached to giving in. We were outnumbered, and though we might have gone on for another couple of years, there was no certainty of success. The men are quite satisfied with the terms of peace. We have no ill-feeling against England, and there will, I think, be no bitterness in the future. On the contrary, I believe we shall get on all right together. We expected to win, and it was only quite recently that we realised the hopelessness of our case.

East, west, north and south of the vast theatre of war the spirit of the burghers and the attitude of the British seems to

have been everywhere the same. The former unfailingly proclaimed their delight at the prospect of peace, while our officers and men, as might have been expected, invariably behaved with the utmost propriety and consideration. In describing the surrenders in the remote region of Balmoral, *e.g.*, Reuter's correspondent tells us that when Müller's commando reached the appointed place, a short distance outside the town, they showed "a wonderful spirit."

> They threw down their rifles with shouts of joy, and nearly all insisted on shaking hands with the British officers, manifesting unfeigned delight that hostilities were at an end. When they entered the town they sang songs laughing and cheering. In the evening a big "sing-song" was held. It was kept up till a late hour, and among other refrains "Rule Britannia" was sung with great heartiness.
>
> The remarkable feeling of comradeship displayed between the British soldiers and the Boers is a leading feature of the surrenders everywhere. The soldiers have behaved magnificently, not a single word being uttered which could possibly hurt the feelings of the defeated burghers, who are most enthusiastic in their appreciation of this considerate treatment. They declare that they never expected such magnanimity, and that the British soldier is a thorough gentleman.

The only bitterness recorded so far among the surrendering Boers is against the National Scouts—to whom we are glad to see Lord Kitchener has paid a warm and well-deserved tribute, and whom it will be the duty of our authorities to stand by loyally as they have stood by us in the time of storm and stress—and a still greater resentment against the European Powers, especially France and Germany. The burghers declared that the war had been protracted unnecessarily owing to the hopes held out by the attitude of the Press of these two nations, one leading burgher expressing the hope that one day he would be allowed to fight on the side of the British troops against one of these Powers.

The great surrender proceeded smoothly and satisfactorily beyond the most optimistic expectations, and within a fortnight of his address to the Vereeniging Conference, Lord Kitchener was able to announce in a telegram dated Pretoria, June 16, the submission of the last batch of outlying Boers in the Transvaal: On the following day, June 17, he recorded 700 more surrenders at Bloemfontein, adding: "All surrenders in Transvaal and Orange River Colony now complete. In the former 11,225 men, with 10,843 rifles, have surrendered; while in the latter 5395 men, with 5280 rifles, have surrendered." The numbers from Cape Colony have so far not been officially announced, but according to Reuter the total surrenders to date, including

1120 in Cape Colony, amount to no less than 17,700 Boers—a figure which has since risen to 18,400. It is stated that during the recent negotiations General Botha informed the British Commander-in-chief that there were still 16,000 Boers on commando, a figure which would have only excited derision in "well-informed" quarters, where the total fighting Boers were computed at 8000 at the very outside. The size of the surrender, gratifying as showing that our army was fighting a larger force than was ever imagined, has thus completely upset all the orthodox estimates of the strength of the Boer army, which all told contained not less than 80,000 men, as we can see from the following figures :

Concentration and Prison Camps	42,000
Dead, wounded, and sick	11,000
Lord Kitchener's captures	9,000
Surrenders	18,400
	80,400

This shows that the closest estimate yet made on the British side was that of Sir Charles Warren in the October number of the *National Review*, when he put the enemy at 84,000, a statement received with general scepticism at the time. On the surrender of the last commando, Lord Kitchener addressed this very remarkable telegram of thanks to the three distinguished Boer Generals, Botha, Delarey, and De Wet :

Now that the surrender of the arms in the hands of the burghers in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony has been completed, I desire to place on record my high appreciation of the unflagging energy and unfailing tact with which you have facilitated the work of my Commissioners.

I recognise how much it is due to your exertions that the burghers have displayed everywhere such a loyal spirit in accepting the change of Government that has taken place, and I can inform you that the manner in which the burghers have come in has greatly pleased his Majesty the King, and deeply impressed the British people, who are heartily anxious to welcome them as fellow citizens.

I feel confident that a new era of complete reconciliation between all races has now dawned in South Africa.

This is surely a fitting finale to one of the most extraordinary events in our history.

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

The King's Illness.

When we went to press on the eve of the appointed Coronation day at the end of June the whole British Empire was breathlessly watching round the bedside of the King, who had suddenly been stricken down in Buckingham Palace. At the eleventh hour his Majesty had been compelled to abandon his gallant desire to go through with the ceremony in Westminster Abbey, and to resign himself to a dangerous operation. The consternation caused by this announcement is now an old story, but it will leave an ineffaceable impression on the mind of the present generation. Many millions of people had long planned their holidays, and were already giving themselves up to rejoicing, so it would be mere affectation to minimise the disappointment and even distress caused by the postponement of the Coronation, but certainly the conspicuous feature of the crisis was the devotion instantaneously and universally manifested towards the person of the King. Private inconvenience became merged in the public sorrow. Thoughtful arrangements were made for the dissemination of bulletins throughout the country at the earliest possible moment, and they were as eagerly scanned as the news from the seat of war in the worst period of 1899. Gradually fear was replaced by hope, but it was some days before hope gave way to confidence, and it is now asserted that the King's recovery was regarded at the time as little short of miraculous by those in a position to appreciate his peril. The success of the operation is generally credited to the skill and the daring of the great surgeon who performed it. He realised that the only chance of saving life lay in running considerable risk. It must not be forgotten that without Lord

Lister's discoveries and inventions no such operation could have been even contemplated. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the medical details of the case, as the subject has been exhausted by learned dissertations in the newspapers. Suffice it to say that slowly at first, and then with increasing steadiness, the King emerged from the Valley, and the bulletins changed their note. On June 24 the public were informed: "It will be some days before it will be possible to say that the King is out of danger." On the following morning: "No untoward symptom has presented itself," while in the afternoon it was announced: "The general strength is well maintained, and there are no symptoms causing special anxiety." Some faint idea of the strain upon those about his Majesty may be gathered from the statement of the *British Medical Journal* that for the first seven nights after the operation Sir Frederick Treves was unable to go to bed, while neither he nor Sir Thomas Barlow ever left the Palace for more than an hour. On June 26 the Sovereign was declared to be "Less weak, and his temperature is now normal." On June 27 there was "Substantial improvement," while on June 28 a load was lifted off the community by the announcement, "We are happy to be able to state that we consider his Majesty out of immediate danger."

Recovery.

After this there was such uninterrupted progress that on July 5 the doctors declared, "We are glad to be able to state that we consider the King to be now out of danger," and the possibility of removing him to his yacht in the Solent, at the end of July, began to be discussed. So excellent was the patient's progress that by July 16, *i.e.*, only three weeks after the operation, his Majesty was able to travel to Portsmouth where the *Victoria and Albert* was waiting to take him to Cowes. Under the magical influence of sea air he is expected to be so far restored to health as to be able to be crowned in Westminster Abbey, on a date thus provisionally fixed for August 9:

> The King's medical advisers state that his Majesty's progress has been more speedy and less complicated than was at first anticipated. His Majesty's excellent constitution has played a conspicuous part in bringing this about. If the present rate of progress is maintained and if no complication arises, the King's medical advisers are of opinion that his Majesty would be able to undergo the fatigue of the Coronation ceremony on a day between August 8 and 12. The exact date will be shortly announced.
>
> The procession through London which was to have taken place on the day following the Coronation is cancelled

A few days later came the official intimation fixing Saturday, August 9, as Coronation Day. The country has followed this rapid recovery with a sympathy and satisfaction it would be impossible to exaggerate, and the national rejoicing would be even keener than it is if the whole story of the Sovereign's real heroism were generally known. There has also been a strong undercurrent of anxiety ever since the announcement of an immediate Coronation. In spite of the confidence inspired by the reputation of his Majesty's surgeons and physicians the public cannot resist the fear lest the King may be running unnecessary risks. True the ceremony is to be shortened, and doubtless every precaution which medical ingenuity can suggest will be taken to ease the King's burden on this momentous day, but in any case a tremendous strain must be imposed upon a man who has lately gone through such an ordeal, especially if the weather be unfavourable. If as the time approaches his Majesty's advisers see cause to reconsider their decision as to the safety of the step they have sanctioned, it is to be hoped that the earliest possible intimation may be given to the community, as it is most desirable to avoid a repetition of the previous calamity.

Resignation of Lord Salisbury.

On July 5 we had the "somewhat important announcement," as the *Times* termed it, that Sir Schomberg McDonnell, for fourteen years the principal private secretary to Lord Salisbury, had obtained the post of secretary to the Office of Works, *vice* Lord Esher, who is understood to have abandoned the public service in order to enter the firm of Sir Ernest Cassel. As our leading journal observed, the promotion of Sir Schomberg McDonnell "may suggest a doubt whether the Prime Minister has any thoughts of finding a new secretary. It cannot fail to revive the rumours of his resignation after the peace and the Coronation." This, however, was the only clear intimation given of Lord Salisbury's settled intention to retire from public life, and it passed generally unnoticed at the moment. It would, therefore, be difficult to exaggerate the sensation caused, on the morning of Monday, July 14, when the British public were presented with the *fait accompli*, not only of the resignation of the great statesman who had held the highest political office open to a subject, for a longer period than any other Premier since the time of Lord Liverpool, but that his successor had actually been installed. According to the official *communiqué*, Lord Salisbury had, on the previous Friday, had an audience of the King at Buck-

ingham Palace—a favourable and popular indication as to the state of his Majesty's health—when he tendered his resignation, "which was graciously accepted by his Majesty." Subsequently Mr. Balfour was summoned to Buckingham Palace, and after a visit to the bedside of another eminent invalid, Mr. Chamberlain, and a consultation with other members of the Salisbury Ministry, the Leader of the House of Commons "accepted the post of Prime Minister." Thus, in twenty-four hours the whole thing was settled without any outsider being aware that anything unusual was afoot. We may permit ourselves at any rate to admire such beautifully oiled machinery. The motives for the late Premier's action are too simple to admit of speculation. He deems the present the right moment to lay down the tremendous burden of which he has for some time been anxious to discharge himself. The greatest enterprise with which Lord Salisbury has been associated, and indeed one of the greatest undertakings in which this country has ever been engaged, has triumphantly terminated by the practically unconditional surrender of the Boers. In passing we may note that he has the satisfaction of linking his name with almost the only Peace in English History at which our statesmen have not thrown away in negotiation what had been gained in the field.

A Great Career.

Some idea of the length of Lord Salisbury's political career is indicated by the forgotten fact that he actually sat in the House of Commons before the Crimean War, while he threw up his first Cabinet Office when Secretary of State for India in the distant days of Lord Derby's famous "leap in the dark" when the Whigs were dished by a Tory Reform Bill, which frightened John Bright on account of its radicalism. Since the middle of 1885 the retiring Premier has borne the greatest burden which an Englishman can carry, with only two short intervals, amounting in all to three and a half years, of comparative rest in Opposition. During the greater part of this time he has combined with the Premiership, which he has altogether held for a year and a half longer than Mr. Gladstone, the exacting and exhausting duties of the Foreign Office. His tenure of the greater office has indeed been longer than that of any of his predecessors, except Sir Robert Walpole, the younger Pitt, and Lord Liverpool. Possibly his decision to seek so well-earned a rest was not wholly uninfluenced by the fact that there did not seem to be any reasonable prospect of escape from power in the near future. The Unionist party has acquired so prosperous and powerful a position as not to be seriously challenged by

any other party. Indeed it could only be compromised through sheer ineptitude. It is a lamentable and perilous fact that his Majesty's Opposition, in spite of spasmodic efforts at a sham reunion, should remain a negligible quantity, while some competent observers affirm that its exiguous influence is actually declining. In other words, Lord Salisbury has brought the fortunes of his followers to such a pitch that the Constitution ceases to function. It is understood that the King was most anxious to mark his appreciation of the great services which the retiring statesman had rendered to the British Empire during his two long terms of office by some signal mark of favour, obviously a dukedom, but the ex-Premier characteristically begged to be allowed to retain the title by which he has been known throughout the greater part of his public life. Among the countless tributes he has received none has been more felicitous than that of the *Times*.

> He never stooped to the small arts of popularity, but the democracy, to their credit, respected the man who had often opposed their desires, and who never courted their support by unworthy or undignified means. He has been represented as cold and haughty in his temper, but nothing could be further from the truth. The reserve which has been ascribed to pride has been due partly to the unobtrusiveness of modesty, and partly to a certain refinement of taste and feeling which has led him to keep his own private life sacred and to respect the sanctity of the private life of others.

The New Premier.

It cannot be truthfully said that this week-end rearrangement of the Government excited any widespread or profound enthusiasm. It was not merely that men felt the loss of Lord Salisbury to be irreparable, but outside the ranks of the Parliamentary Tapers and Tadpoles and journalistic worshippers of any rising sun—doubts were entertained as to whether the new Premier would prove to be the right man in the right place. Mr. Balfour's claims on the Party for faithful and skilful service, as also his general intellectual equipment, are beyond question. There was in his favour a strong feeling that the Premiership should revert, at any rate for a period, to the House of Commons, of which he has been the Leader during the last seven years, and whose confidence he still commands and where his personal popularity is unshaken. He is unapproachable as a House of Commons man, being cheered alike by pro-Boers and Irish Nationalists; but there are other institutions and other interests besides the House of Commons, and in reviewing the new Premier's record, it must be confessed that there are not too many occasions since he left the Irish Secretaryship when he has displayed the qualities required of

whoever is to sit in the seat of Palmerston, Peel, Pitt and Chatham. One such occasion has, however, lately been on everybody's lips. It is now known that during the blackest period of the black winter of 1899, Mr. Balfour showed his old insight, vigour and determination, and played a great, if not a decisive, part when the disgraceful proposal to surrender Ladysmith reached the panic-stricken Mandarins of Pall Mall. Not only did he resist the cowardly counsels which came from unexpected quarters, but he is credited with prompting the despatch of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener to retrieve our sinking fortunes. By his action he fairly wiped out the deplorable speeches he subsequently made at Manchester, as what a man does in a crisis is infinitely more important than what he may say of it. We can only hope that in his new sphere, in which he becomes responsible for the general supervision of our National Defence, we may see a revival of the same spirit. It is vital to the good government and also to the safety of the British Empire that the Prime Minister should supply the connecting link and the motive power, without which our entire administrative machinery becomes chaotic and futile. Let us hope that the Balfour of the Irish and South African crises may once more re-enter the political arena where his appearances have been few and far between. It must be admitted that so far the omens are not entirely favourable. The new Premier threatens to remain absorbed in the somewhat trivial routine of the House of Commons and to see the more serious questions with the false perspective of the mere member of Parliament. Surely some subordinate might preside over these farcical McHugh proceedings while among a dozen colleagues one must be competent to pilot the Education Bill?

The Foreign Office Meeting.

The first act of the new Premier was to summon a meeting of his Parliamentary supporters at the Foreign Office, at mid-day on the same day that his appointment was announced. Mr. Balfour, who was loudly cheered, made a short speech deploring the loss of "the services of the chief who for nearly fifty years had been engaged in active political life, and who for twenty years had been the central figure, the embodiment of the policy which this great party represents." Though he had had no opportunity of consulting the party, he had "consulted those with whom I have been working in the Cabinet for these many years, and if the kindness which you are prepared to extend to me is at all equal to the kindness which they have

extended to me, then, indeed, the terrors—or difficulties, I should perhaps say—of the task before me are greatly mitigated." But this did not apply to all his colleagues, as one "of the most important of them, with whom I have been associated through all my political life, and who has occupied, as he deserves to occupy, the highest positions in the House of Commons and the State, has told me that I ought not to count, that I cannot count, upon his further assistance—I mean the Chancellor of the Exchequer." Mr. Balfour provoked general applause by foreshadowing further changes in the Cabinet, though "the policy of the Unionist party remains now what it has always been. If changes there must be in the headquarters staff responsible for carrying on operations, there is at all events no change in the objective of those operations or in the methods by which alone that objective is to be obtained." Mr. Balfour was followed by the Duke of Devonshire, who has once more exhibited his capacity for standing aside. The Liberal Unionist statesman paid a striking tribute to Lord Salisbury, whom he succeeds as Leader in the House of Lords.

My lords and gentlemen, there must have been in the character of such a man a reserve of strength and of sagacity which the country has come to recognise without imposing upon him the necessity of resorting to those means on which other leaders have mainly had to rely. A man of this character—of this power and high strength of character—could not disappear from the sphere, from the arena, of politics without being greatly missed.

The Duke of Devonshire concluded by pledging the support of his own followers to the new Premier. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach likewise spoke explaining why he felt bound to retire with Lord Salisbury.

I feel this a break in a sense which perhaps no other man in this room can feel it to be. Lord Salisbury and I have been colleagues in the Cabinet and out of office in the most inmost councils of the party for over twenty-five years. His retirement is to me something which I cannot find words to express; it is to me a break with the traditions of my past political life. Two years ago I begged him, for reasons into which I need not enter—they were personal reasons, not political—to relieve me of office. He insisted that I should retain it, and he has insisted ever since, and, I think, rightly, so long as we were face to face with the difficulties and the troubles of the South African war. Now I feel that the moment has come when such poor service as I could render can be no longer necessary to the public. There are younger men who will do the work at least as well as I have been able to do it. I have, therefore, told Mr. Balfour that it is my strong desire, not to use a stronger term, now to take the opportunity of retiring from the office I have so long had the honour to hold.

Mr. Chamberlain's Message.

The most interesting episode at the Foreign Office meeting was Mr. Austen Chamberlain's speech containing a message from his father, the Colonial Secretary —who was still suffering from the effects of his severe cab accident—who desired "in the first place to express his deep sense of the obligation which the whole Unionist party owes to Lord Salisbury for his leadership of the party in most critical times, and his personal regret at the termination of political relations which have been so pleasant, and marked on Lord Salisbury's part by so much generosity and consideration." In the next place the Colonial Secretary had requested the speaker to say "how greatly disappointed he is that he cannot be here to-day to welcome Mr. Balfour to the leadership, and to say with what pride and pleasure he would give all the assistance in his power to Mr. Balfour in the responsible task which lies before him." Two years ago, at a meeting of the Liberal-Unionist Club, called, as the Colonial Secretary expressed it at the time, on behalf "of the Liberal-Unionist party to mark their appreciation of the splendid service which Mr. Balfour has rendered to the country, and their special sense of his loyalty to the Unionist alliance, whose existence at the time, and through so many years of conflict and struggle, is largely due to his tact and wisdom and generosity," he (Mr. Chamberlain) declared that to achieve with the universal approval of his countrymen the position Mr. Balfour had won a man must be possessed of very exceptional gifts.

> A man to do this must have great ability and distinguished intellectual gifts, and then, perhaps, he may earn their respect; but, if he wants their regard, he must have some of those qualities for which our guest is so distinguished, he must have his transparent sincerity and simplicity of character, his generosity to his opponents, and his chivalrous loyalty to his friends. It is because Mr. Balfour has these qualities that he is beloved by hosts of friends, that his colleagues find it a privilege to be associated with him and to work with him, and would find it an honour to serve under him.

On behalf of his father Mr. Austen Chamberlain added:

> Two years have passed since that was said, but they have only served to strengthen and confirm the feeling which my father then expressed. He bids me to say to you, Mr. Balfour, that you will find in him a colleague equally attached to you by private friendship and public regard, and, in offering you his own support, he feels that he may speak also in the name of the whole Liberal Unionist party in the House of Commons.

Mr. Chamberlain.

A member of Parliament who was present at the Foreign Office meeting declared that had the appointment of the Premier been submitted to a ballot, Mr. Chamberlain would have been chosen by a great majoriy, and there is probably no part of the country, nor

any corner of the Empire, in which a similar result would not have been obtained. Outside a few political and social coteries men feel very strongly that the Colonial Secretary was not only marked out for the Premiership by the signal and overshadowing services which he has rendered to the State, but also, and this is more important, that he is the pilot most likely to weather the storm which may burst upon us during the next few years. It is impossible to speak too highly of the self-effacement, the generosity, the loyalty and the chivalry he has shown in consenting to stand aside and to waive his paramount claims in favour of a colleague, but Unionists generally will only be reconciled to the present as a temporary arrangement. Those traducers who have represented the greatest of living Englishmen as an intriguing, grasping, and self-seeking adventurer, who would sacrifice everybody to his own advancement, who betrayed Mr. Gladstone because he was not willing to make way for him, and as at all times prepared to tomahawk his way to the highest positions, must, if they be capable of shame, have been greatly shamed by the *dénoûment* of the past month. Mr. Chamberlain's large-hearted treatment of Mr. Balfour recalls the judgment once passed upon him by a political colleague and private friend : "Chamberlain is represented by his enemies as a rancorous politician. It would be far more accurate to say he is governed by his affections." Mr. Chamberlain's conduct has been morally magnificent, but with great respect we must say it is not politics. Nor is it in accordance with national or imperial interests.

Reconstruction.

Acting on the hints thrown out at the Foreign Office meeting Ministerial organs confidently predicted that one of Mr. Balfour's earliest tasks would be a radical reconstruction of the Government. In the words of the *Spectator*, "That Mr. Balfour will find it wise and necessary to reconstruct his Cabinet is universally admitted. Already the resignations of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Lord Cadogan are announced, and it seems certain that Lord James of Hereford and Lord Ashbourne will follow their example, and most probable that the Lord Chancellor will also choose this opportunity to retire and to recognise the popular desire for the infusion of new blood into the Administration." Similar statements were to be read in other journals, and even the caricaturists, of whom Mr. Gould is the king, took a hand in the fascinating game of Cabinet-making. We cordially agree with the *Spectator* that a general consensus of opinion earmarks certain great, wise, and eminent Mandarins as ripe for retirement ; we should even

be disposed to greatly extend the list. Every day, on opening the morning paper, a hopeful public have expected to learn that new energy and fresh brains had been introduced into the Cabinet, but up to the hour of writing they have looked in vain. We, however, are not among the disappointed, as past experience has taught us that there is rarely any solid foundation for these rumoured reconstructions, as in nine cases out of ten the reconstructed flatly refuse to promote the operation, and British Premiers are too good-natured to insist. In the present instance it is credibly asserted that Lord Halsbury has remained deaf to suggestion, and if one Cabinet Minister successfully defies the head of the Government, it becomes exceedingly difficult to be disagreeable to the others. The country suffers from a huge, overgrown flabby Cabinet, which should be reduced to manageable proportions by being shorn of its superfluous offices and strengthened by an infusion of brains and backbone. It is really ludicrous that such posts as the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, the Irish Lord Chancellorship, and several others should carry a seat in the Cabinet. It must also be said that the *personnel* of our politics is in a parlous condition if all the suggestions that have been put forward, with regard to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, are to be taken seriously.

Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

Should Sir Michael Hicks-Beach fulfil his undertaking to retire, we venture to express the hope that Mr. Chamberlain may be induced to become Chancellor of the Exchequer. Objections may be made to this suggestion, the chief of which is that he could so ill be spared from an office where his presence is regarded as indispensable. In favour of the move is the fact that during the next few years the Chancellorship of the Exchequer might in the right hands become the pivot of the British Empire. It should be the greatest of Imperial offices, and one in which it might be possible to do even more towards the organisation and consolidation of the Empire than the Colonial Office. It is apparent to all who care to see that one of the principal questions looming ahead of us is the economic policy of Great Britain and the commercial relations between the mother country and the daughter nations. We require at the head of our finance a man who will examine the whole situation quite independently of the accepted shibboleths, and among our leading men the only one with a thoroughly open mind is Mr. Chamberlain. The public utterances of the Colonial Premiers have been a liberal

education to the people of this country, who have hitherto been steeped in a political economy worthy of the Chinese. It is being steadily borne in upon reflecting minds that it will be impossible for this island (quite apart from the Empire) indefinitely to remain the dumping-ground of the surplus produce of foreign communities. By discharging this function for the civilised world, we weaken our national strength by undermining our principal industries, while to a corresponding extent we build up the strength of possibly hostile Powers. Profound as would be the regret throughout Greater Britain should Mr. Chamberlain relinquish the Colonial Office, it would be generally recognised that at the Exchequer he would have at least as great opportunities of furthering the cause of British Imperialism as in Downing Street. There are Englishmen so mean-spirited as to insinuate that it is not open to this country to reconsider her fiscal policy for fear of "hurting the susceptibilities of foreign countries," particularly Germany, but we do not think that England has sunk so low as to entrust the direction of her economic policy to Berlin, or as to invite the Kaiser to nominate our Chancellor of the Exchequer. Germany did not consult us in organising her *Zollverein* nor does she ask our leave before clapping fresh duties on British products. Sir Edmund Barton, the Australian Premier, has opportunely reminded us that we are masters in our own house :

> It was very largely pressed upon them that the trade of the United Kingdom with foreign countries was at the present time much larger than its trade with its Colonies. That was true; but trade with the Colonies was steadily advancing. Trade with some foreign countries was not steadily advancing; in some cases it might be declining. We were told to keep our hands away from arrangements with our own kith and kin, because it might be we should offend certain people outside his Majesty's dominions. We had just passed through a time in which we had exhibited very little of such fear; and he did not see why we should be victims of any such fear.

A Warning.

There is a serious danger ahead of the Week-End Government of which the country will do well to take early note. It can only be fully appreciated by recognising the greatest of the public services which Lord Salisbury rendered to his countrymen during his last term of office. For obvious reasons the subject has never been seriously discussed, but there can be no inconvenience in referring to it to-day. Indeed, it is imperative to do so because his relinquishment of the direction of affairs leaves our interests exposed to the very peril which he successfully avoided. Ever since the year 1895 the German Government has tried by hook or by crook to obtain control of British foreign policy, and

now that the war in South Africa is over those efforts will be redoubled, all the more as the standing obstacle to a German alliance was—Lord Salisbury. The story of his resistance to a policy fraught with disaster to our interests will probably never be told in its entirety. It is sufficient to say that on the formation of the Unionist Government in 1895, the Kaiser hurried to this country with the intention of entangling us in an arrangement in which we should occupy towards Germany very much the same position as Austria, *i.e.*, we should be a mere satellite revolving round the German planet. To Lord Salisbury there seemed no reason why Great Britain should accept such a *rôle*. He was consequently not prepared to entertain the Imperial programme and eluded the Emperor. As a profound student of the policy of the Berlin Government (*vide* the famous *Quarterly Review* article in the year 1864), the late Premier was presumably of opinion that Germany is the last nation in whose power we should place ourselves, as she has seldom kept an obligation and has rarely failed to betray an ally. This is a lesson which in recent times both Austria and Italy have learnt. As our well-informed contributor "An Englishman" points out in the course of his striking tribute to the retiring Premier, Germany's Re-insurance Treaty with Russia after entering the Triple Alliance should deter other Powers from ever trusting her again. The baffled Kaiser returned from Cowes to Germany and Lord Salisbury set to work to broaden the basis of our foreign policy by improving our relations with the Dual Alliance, and with such success that when the Berlin Government, whose *amour propre* was still smarting from the rejection of their addresses, launched the famous Kruger telegram —a calculated act of impulse—and, as is not generally known, followed up this unfriendly act by the still more hostile action of endeavouring to induce France and Russia to combine in an anti-British demonstration; these Powers were for once found unwilling to play Germany's game. So much has indeed been confessed to by no less a person than Count von Bülow, who admitted in the Reichstag that the Kruger telegram revealed the "isolation" of Germany and the consequent necessity of a "new tack" in her policy.

Lord Salisbury's Efforts.

The chapter of accidents was unfortunately against the wise policy of our Foreign Minister. The Bourgeois Government went out of office in France, to be succeeded by the Méline and Hanotaux combination, who were prepared to dance to Germany's piping, while Russia, under Prince Lobanof, remained steadily unapproach-

able. In spite of much discouragement Lord Salisbury publicly pronounced Russophobia to be an antiquated superstition, and thus dealt one of the heaviest blows sustained by Bismarckian policy during the present generation. Though inoperative at the time, this dictum has sunk into the minds of many Englishmen, and is slowly laying the foundation for what will ultimately be recognised as the true foreign policy of Great Britain. The feelings of the Wilhelmstrasse can be more easily imagined than described. From that moment the word went round, and even penetrated into this country, that Lord Salisbury was "the great stumbling-block to Anglo-German friendship." Then followed a very unfortunate period in our foreign relations, which we do not care to scrutinise too closely, during which undoubtedly the Foreign Minister consented to humour colleagues less instructed than himself, and we saw a series of Anglo-German agreements—the policy, it must be owned, being materially promoted by the reserved attitude of St. Petersburg—which were hateful to many Englishmen, and of which the odium naturally, though not altogether fairly, fell on Lord Salisbury. From the end of 1897 to the end of 1899 the Kaiser seemed to be having everything his own way. He snatched Kiauchau from under the very nose of Russia and England, and, by representing to each in turn that he had the support of the other, he prevented their combined action. This and not the Port Arthur episode, which was its inevitable sequel, was the real beginning of our loss of prestige in China and the cause of all subsequent troubles. Perhaps the culminating moment for the Kaiser was the Fashoda crisis, when he acted as the friend of both sides. Plentiful assurances of German moral support were heaped upon this country in the event of our coming into conflict with France, while the published confidences of the late President Faure make it abundantly clear that the French Government received encouragement not less warm. The two nations were being egged into a war of which the entire profit would have been reaped by Germany. It is possible that our Berlin friends overshot the mark on this occasion. For the French paused when they realised how anxious Germany was that they should fight.

Germany's Opportunity.

In the autumn of 1899, at the beginning of the Boer War, the Kaiser paid another visit to this country, accompanied by Count von Bülow, and between them they undoubtedly succeeded in misleading some of Lord Salisbury's principal colleagues, he himself

being in temporary retirement at the moment. There followed another ignominious chapter in our foreign policy, during which we, who to-day boast that we "grant" but do not "seek" alliances, seemed to be seeking alliances that were not granted. How thoroughly Lord Salisbury had penetrated the Prussian character, which is essentially that of the *faux bonhomme*, and how wisely he had acted in keeping clear of an alliance with that Power, must have been brought home to all of us by the events of the past winter. Only those who are so blind that they will not see can to-day keep up the fiction of a friendly Germany. In order to float a fleet that will be large enough to hold the command of the North Sea, we have seen not only journalistic Germany, professorial Germany and pious Germany, but also *official* Germany engaged in a common movement of which Anglophobia was the mainspring. Whether it went further than its responsible promoters contemplated we are unable to say, but this much is clear—that immediately Lord Salisbury's resignation was announced, the resources of intimidation were replaced by those of cajolery. It is vital to German interests to get a lien on Downing Street, as she will then be able to turn round upon other Powers and extort black-mail from them, the ultimate cost, of course, falling upon us. What is alarming in the present situation from the British standpoint is that there is no one left in the Cabinet with any serious working knowledge of German policy or German methods; and we can see from Mr. Balfour's ingenuous speech at Fulham how slight are the powers of resistance which English amateurs will be able to offer to the concentrated and disciplined efforts of the splendidly organised diplomatic machine erected by Prince Bismarck. Although Lord Salisbury is no longer in the Government to act as a "stumbling-block" to an Anglo-German alliance, which in the long run would be almost more disastrous to our interests than a defeat in war, he cannot fail to remain a great influence and a great safeguard. It will be extremely difficult, as public opinion has still a certain measure of influence, for his successors to inveigle this country into international enterprises which are diametrically opposed to the policy he so long pursued. The Kaiser is determined, nevertheless, to make the attempt this autumn, probably beginning upon Mr. Brodrick, who is expected to attend the German manœuvres. Why the Secretary of State for War ever accepted this invitation has not been explained. Presumably he wished to show that there "is no ill-feeling," or, in other words, that we are grateful to Germany for wiping her boots on the British uniform during the last three years.

The Renewal of the Triple Alliance.

The Treaties nominally uniting Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy in an offensive and defensive alliance, were formally renewed in Berlin on June 28 for a period of twelve years. It was appropriate that the ceremony should take place in the German capital, as the renewal is regarded as a moral triumph for German diplomacy. Both the junior members of the Triplice had latterly developed misgivings as to the wisdom of continuing a partnership of which the entire benefit appeared to go to the senior partner. So long, however, as the Emperor Francis Joseph occupies the throne of the Hapsburgs, Austria will automatically remain a member of the Triple Alliance. But it was confidently asserted that the young King of Italy would refuse to renew unless the terms were materially modified. According to the inspired Berlin Press there has been no such modification, but the inspired Press is not always accurate when it has a political object to serve, and there are serious indications that some change has been made in the conditions of the Alliance. The abandonment of the military conventions, *e.g.*, which are inseparable from anyfighting alliance, would be a vital alteration, and it is hardly disputed that they have been omitted, though their omission is attributed to some earlier date. No less remarkable is the fact that M. Delcassé, the cautious Foreign Minister of France, should have felt himself in a position to inform the Chamber of Deputies that he had received assurances from Italy that the renewal of the Triple Alliance was in no sense a menace to France, for "the King's Government had itself taken care to clear up the situation and make it precise," and had shown "that in no case, and in no form, could Italy become either the instrument or the auxiliary of an aggression against our country." Italy's explanation showed that "nothing any longer impedes the development of a friendship that has already had fertile consequences." No French Minister has been able to speak in any such terms of Italy during the last twenty years, and as the diplomatists of Berlin have not ventured to give any *démenti* of M. Delcassé's positive assertion, we may assume that Italy has given France categorical assurances of neutrality in the event of a Franco-German conflict. Italy has been at no less pains to establish independent relations with Russia, thereby causing many grimaces in Berlin.

Anglo-Italian Relations.

French diplomacy may be warmly congratulated upon the patience, skill, and success, with which it has worked to restore the old Franco-Italian friendship, and so long as France is exempt from Clerical Governments there is no reason why this *rapprochement*

should not develop. But were the Clericals, even of the Méline *nuance*, to recover power in Paris, the prospect would be at once overcast, as the Quirinal would suspect, probably with good reason, the revival of intrigue between the French Government and the Vatican. The relations between the latter and foreign Catholic Powers are a perpetual anxiety to Italian statesmen, and a constant menace to the unity of Italy, and it is perhaps not extravagant to suggest that the solitary influence which induced Italy to remain even nominally in the Triple Alliance was the doubt as to the possible support which under other auspices France might give to the temporal aspirations of Italy's deadly enemy. While welcoming the Franco-Italian *rapprochement* we may sincerely regret that it should be founded on the failure of British diplomacy. In discussing our alleged understanding with Italy in regard to the *status quo* in the Mediterranean, Lord Cranborne, the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, informed the House of Commons that "there never was a treaty or agreement with Italy," but his superior, Lord Lansdowne, subsequently acknowledged that there was what the ordinary man would term an agreement, though it is officially described as "an exchange of views." The subject is clearly analysed by "Diplomaticus" in an article in the *Westminster Gazette* (July 19). In 1891 Sir James Fergusson, then Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, stated in the House of Commons that there had been "an exchange of views" between Great Britain and Italy, with the result that "Italian statesmen are well aware that his Majesty's Government were at one with them in deciding that there should be no disturbance in the existing order of the Mediterranean and the adjacent seas." Lord Lansdowne supplements this statement to-day with the avowal: "We both desire the independence of the territories bordering on the Mediterranean, and, if occasion should arise, it is our desire that we should be found co-operating for the maintenance of these objects." In other words there was a Mediterranean agreement with Italy providing for combined action by the two Powers, but as "Diplomaticus" points out, Italy appears to have withdrawn from this undertaking for Lord Lansdowne added: "From this position (the Anglo-Italian Agreement) we, at any rate, have not receded." These words "*at any rate*" tell their own tale. Italy has exchanged our policy of the *status quo* for the French policy, whatever it may be. There is need for further elucidation.

The Education Bill.

During the past month the House of Commons has concentrated itself mainly upon the Education Bill, with an occasional evening off on the Buller business, or the evictions on Lord De Freyne's Estate, though under protest it has also grudgingly spared a few hours to the foreign policy of the British Empire, and even to such a trifling subject as national defence. The attitude of the powers that be towards these questions is significantly illustrated by the following extract from the proceedings of the House of Commons :

Lord C. Beresford had given notice of the following question, which in his absence was put by Sir J. Colomb: "To ask the First Lord of the Treasury whether the attention of the Government has been given to the need for some re-enforcement of intellectual equipment for directing the forces of the Empire, and for better preparation in advance with regard to the defence of the Empire, and will he state what steps will be taken to remedy the alleged deficiencies in these respects."

Mr. Balfour: I should be delighted to increase in any way the intellectual equipment in connection with this or any other subject. (Laughter.)

Mr. T. G. Bowles: The right hon. gentleman has not stated what steps he will take in that direction.

Mr. Balfour was understood to reply: I shall be glad to avail myself of such talent as may be obtainable. (Laughter.)

We will not spoil this passage by any comment—moreover, the *Morning Post* has exhausted the subject.

Nothing perhaps conveys a better idea of the mismanagement of our Parliamentary business than the fact that, in spite of unending debates, the present Session will close without passing the Education Bill, so our legislators are to be brought from their golf and their grouse. However, if it pleases them it is not for outsiders to object, though taxpayers are perhaps entitled to express an opinion on the reluctance of the House of Commons to devote more of its time to what in the eyes of everybody without its walls are infinitely more important questions, and to the habitual absence of Cabinet Ministers when anything of real moment is before the House. We would not suggest that there could be any greater national issue than the efficient education of the community, but, as everybody knows, this is not the issue on which opinion is divided in the House of Commons, nor is it the cause of the prolongation of the debates. There are not half a dozen Members who care for efficiency in education more than they care for efficiency in other matters, and there is hardly a man on either Front Bench who has shown by his speeches any serious grasp of the question in its larger and more vital aspects. The discussion has degenerated into a miserable squabble as to whether the parson

shall be ousted from the management of the parish school. This at any rate appears to be the main concern of the Opposition. It is very difficult to forecast the form of the Education Bill when it is finally placed upon the Statute Book. Mr. Balfour, who, though Prime Minister, remains in charge of this measure, has already felt constrained to make a series of concessions which have completely altered its character, and when a weak Government, however huge its majority, begins to give way there is no knowing where the process will end.

Changes.

Among the more important changes effected in the Bill was a valuable concession to the Duke of Northumberland and those who had pointed out with irresistible force that an intolerable strain must be imposed upon the rural districts by the inevitable rise of the rates. On June 23 Mr. Balfour announced that the Government would increase the grant to Elementary schools by a sum of £900,000. This would allow a distribution of 7*s.* 6*d.* per child, but owing to the inequality of wealth in different districts it was proposed that there should be an all-round grant of 4*s.* per child, the balance of the fund being divided among the poorer districts, according to their relative rateable incapacity. By an ingenious, if somewhat complicated arrangement, the result of the 1*d.* rate in any district is to be taken as the test of poverty. Where it produces as much as 10*s.* per child the district will receive nothing beyond the 4*s.* grant, but where it produces less the district will be helped in proportion to its poverty, 8*s.* per child being, however, the maximum. This concession by no means meets the case made out by the Duke of Northumberland, but it is a substantial solatium to the poorer districts, and will mitigate the burden of the Bill. Some days later (July 8) Mr. Balfour, to the astonishment of many of his supporters, but with the approval of the majority, accepted an important amendment proposed by Sir William Anson, the Warden of All Souls, extending the Cowper Temple Clause to the new Secondary Schools, and prohibiting the use in these schools of any catechism or formulary distinctive of any religious denomination. This amendment was carried in the face of a very strong protest from Lord Hugh Cecil, who was only able to muster twenty-nine followers against a majority of 318. On the following day came a still more important alteration, when Mr. Hobhouse proposed the elimination of the Option Clause, thus making the measure compulsory. As the Cabinet were divided on this question, Mr. Balfour left the decision in the hands of the House, with the result that the

Hobhouse motion was carried by a majority of 169 votes (271 to 102). The immense importance of this change, which was not unexpected, as the Local Option clause of the Bill had been severely criticised in many quarters, is indicated by the fact that the new Local Education Authorities are thereby compelled to undertake the task of providing elementary as well as secondary education. In other words, School Boards outside London are to be abolished, and it is no secret that a similar policy is to be applied to the metropolis itself next year.

Preferring the Grievance.

Later, on July 21, Mr. Balfour moved two amendments reconstituting the management clause. He now proposed that public elementary schools provided by the local education authority should have a body of managers consisting in some cases of four appointed by the County Council and two appointed by the council of a borough or urban district, or by the parish council, while in others six managers should be appointed by the council of a borough or urban district. He proposed with regard to voluntary schools that four "trust managers" should represent the denomination to which the school belonged, while two represented the locality, one of whom in rural districts was to be the parent of a child in the school. The parents were also to be represented on the management of "provided" schools. Moderate men such as Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. Gray expressed approval of these amendments as providing a combined representation and bringing the ratepayers and parents into close relationship with the voluntary schools; but Mr. Bryce, who represents the most bilious form of Radicalism, professed to believe that the grievances of the Nonconformists would be aggravated rather than diminished. In a spirited reply Mr. Balfour dwelt on the great change to be effected by the Bill, reminding his narrow-minded opponents that henceforward secular education would be transferred absolutely to a popularly elected body, while religious education would be placed in every denominational school under a Board containing six members of whom one, it was true, might be the parson, but the other five would be laymen, two of them representatives nominated by a popularly elected body. It was therefore ludicrous to say that the Bill left untouched the one-man school, which was the *bête noir* of the Opposition. It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Balfour gets his way in the lobbies whether he stands firm or gives way, and in the present instance his amendment was carried by 237 votes to 93. We do not suggest that this should prevent him from being conciliatory

upon details, but it should encourage him to be firm in resisting encroachments on the essentials of the Bill. That there is a Nonconformist grievance in rural districts is not to be denied, but so far no means of dealing with it has been suggested which would not inflict infinitely greater injustice on others. The Government, which is in a position of some difficulty on the religious question, being divided, like the Unionist Party, is prepared, according to one of the Prime Minister's latest speeches, with a plan to admit denominational teaching of all varieties in every Elementary School in every district in which it is the only school, provided a sufficient number of parents desire it. But, as he pointed out in sketching this policy, what is sauce for the goose must be sauce for the gander. Denominational teaching must be permitted in Board Schools in single school districts in exactly the same way as the teaching of alien denominations would be allowed in Church or Methodist schools in similar conditions. This certainly seems an equitable solution of the eternal controversy, but the Bryces and the Lloyd Georges are politicians to whom equity does not appeal. They prefer the grievance to any possible remedy, and the attitude of the Opposition generally does not promise a pacification upon this question.

The Buller Business.

There has been a further development in the Buller case, but it is unnecessary to discuss it at any length, as the subject is rapidly losing its public interest and importance. The question was reopened by General Buller himself, who circulated a statement to the Press on July 7, containing, among other documents, the authentic text of the famous heliogram which he sent to Sir George White on December 16 after the battle of Colenso, as also the *ipsissima verba* of the telegram he despatched at the same time to the Secretary of State for War. We propose letting all the documents speak for themselves as they require no elucidation. Here at last is the actual message to General White—repeated the following day. It does not appear to us to differ so materially from the "unauthorised version" published in the November *National Review* as to justify General Buller's repudiation of the latter.

From Sir R. Buller to Sir G. White.

December 16, 1899.

I tried Colenso yesterday but failed; the enemy is too strong for my force, except with siege operations, and those will take one full month to prepare. Can you last so long? If not, how many days can you give me in which to take up defensive position? After which I suggest you firing away as much ammunition as you can, and making best terms you can. I can remain here

if you have alternate suggestion, but unaided I cannot break in. I find my Infantry cannot fight more than ten miles from camp, and then only if water can be got, and it is scarce here.

Note.—*In his subsequent message of December 17, Sir R. Buller said the above message had been signalled correctly, but asked to make the following corrections:— Strike out from "if not, how many" down to "after which" inclusive, and substitute "how many days can you hold out?" Add to end of message, "whatever happens, recollect to burn your cipher, decipher, and code books, and all deciphered messages."*

Message of December 16, as altered by that of December 17, 1899.

I tried Colenso yesterday, but failed; the enemy is too strong for my force except with siege operations, and these will take one full month to prepare. Can you last so long?

How many days can you hold out? I suggest you firing away as much ammunition as you can, and making the best terms you can. I can remain here if you have alternative suggestion, but unaided I cannot break in. I find my Infantry cannot fight more than ten miles from camp, and then only if water can be got, and it is scarce here. *Whatever happens, recollect to burn your cipher, decipher, and code books, and all deciphered messages.*

Sir George White's reply was as follows:

From Sir G. White to Sir R. Buller.

December 16, 1899.

Yours of to-day received and understood. My suggestion is that you take up strongest available position that will enable you to keep touch of the enemy and harass him constantly with artillery fire, and in other ways as much as possible. I can make food last for much longer than a month, and will not think of making terms till I am forced to. You may have hit enemy harder than you think. All our native spies report that your artillery fire made considerable impression on enemy. Have your losses been very heavy? If you lose touch of enemy, it will immensely increase his opportunities of crushing me, and have worse effect elsewhere. While you are in touch with him, and in communication with me, he has both of our forces to reckon with. Make every effort to get reinforcements as early as possible, including India, and enlist every man in both Colonies who will serve and can ride. Things may look brighter. The loss of 12,000 men here would be a heavy blow to England. We must not yet think of it. I fear I could not cut my way to you. Enteric fever is increasing alarmingly here. There are now 180 cases, all within last month. Answer fully. I am keeping everything secret for the present till I know your plans.

Fresh Documents.

Sir Redvers Buller's cablegram to the War Office after Colenso, dated Chieveley Camp, December 15, 1899, ran as follows:

Sir Redvers Buller to Secretary of State for War.

Chieveley, *December* 15.

My failure to-day raises a serious question. I do not think I am now strong enough to relieve White. Colenso is a fortress which I think if not taken on a rush could only be taken by a siege. There is no water within eight miles of the point of attack and in this weather that exhausts infantry. The place is fully entrenched. I do not think either a Boer or a gun was seen by us all

day. Yet the fire brought to bear was very heavy. Our infantry was quite willing to fight but were absolutely exhausted by the intense heat. My view is that I ought to let Ladysmith go and occupy good positions for the defence of South Natal and let time help us. But that is a step on which I ought to consult you. I consider we were in face of 20,000 men to-day. They had the advantage both in arms and position. They admit they suffered severely but my men have not seen a dead Boer and that dispirits them. My losses have not been very heavy. I could have made them much heavier but the result would have been the same the moment I failed to get in with men I was beat. I now feel that I cannot say I can relieve Ladysmith with my available force, and the best thing I can suggest is that I should occupy defensive positions and fight it out in a country better suited to our tactics.

Lord Lansdowne thus replied :

From the Secretary of State for War to General Sir R. Buller.

War Office, *December* 16, 1899.

The abandonment of White's force and its subsequent surrender is regarded by the Government as a national disaster of the greatest magnitude. We would urge you to devise another attempt to carry out its relief, not necessarily *via* Colenso, making use of the additional men now arriving if you think fit.

It might have been imagined that such disclosures would have finally ended a painful controversy, but General Buller's friends insisted on reopening the question in the House of Commons. They established no new point in his favour, but they extracted from the Government the further damaging fact that at the time Sir Redvers Buller suggested the surrender of Ladysmith he had in his possession a message from Sir George White stating that the garrison had seventy days' provisions from November 30, "and I believe I can defend Ladysmith while they last." The Government, with all this before them, and a good deal more which has not yet come out, but which we have no doubt General Buller's friends will ultimately succeed in extorting, deliberately appointed him to command the First Army Corps after having declared through the mouth of the Secretary of State for War that only officers fit to command in war should be appointed to this command. In the course of the debate Mr. Brodrick endeavoured to defend this utterly indefensible appointment on the ground that General Buller, though a failure in war, was "a good peace commander," a monumental phrase which will not soon be forgotten.

"Are the Books wrong?"

It is highly satisfactory to find the *Daily Mail*, which must be read daily by at least a million people, beginning to challenge the shibboleths. In an incisive little article entitled "Are the Books Wrong?" our contemporary alludes to certain remarkable economic facts, which the Cobdenites, who are far stronger in Parliament and on the Press than in the country, have found it

convenient to ignore. The American Beef Trust, which is one of the latest conceptions of the New York plutocracy, has been compelled by popular feeling, at the head of which President Roosevelt so wisely placed himself, to relax its efforts on the other side of the Atlantic; but we have felt their full force in this country, where we are blessed with a *laisser faire, laisser aller* system, under which the devil takes the hindmost, *i.e.*, the poorest. American beef has lately been forced up 1*s.* a stone higher than at the corresponding date in 1901. The *Daily Mail* points out:

> It must be remembered that this country, by permitting its agriculture to decay, has placed itself entirely in the hands of the foreigner in these matters, and is now at last beginning to feel the inconvenience, not to use a stronger term, of the position. Other nations in Europe are not suffering in the same degree, because they have not been content to depend wholly on America for their food, and Germany in particular is at this moment engaged in increasing the duties on agricultural and pastoral produce to save her home farmers from the fate which menaces them before the formidable competition of the United States.

The orthodox have been trained from their infancy to imagine that import duties must be paid by the consumer, whence it might be inferred that the price of meat in benighted countries groaning under the mediæval system of protection would be invariably higher than under our enlightened *régime*. But according to official agricultural returns for 1901, the first quality beef was slightly cheaper in Berlin in 1900 and 1901 than in London, in spite of the duty levied by Germany on imported cattle. The price of meat in Paris is likewise lower than in London in spite of duties imposed by France upon the importation of cattle and meat. In other words, France and Germany succeed in raising a considerable revenue from their duties while their consumers apparently pay less for their food. We wiseacres raise no revenue while our people are paying more for their food. As the *Daily Mail* adds: "It is all very puzzling, and not at all according to the books on political economy. Is it possible that the books are wrong?" These same books, it should be added, have been rejected by the entire civilised world, except ourselves, which proves what fools all other mortals be, including the people of the British Colonies.

Lord Kitchener's Return.

Lord Kitchener, having completed his great task in South Africa, returned to this country on July 12, when he received one of the most spontaneous ovations ever accorded to an English General. From the moment he landed at Southampton it was one triumphal progress. He was received at Paddington

by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Lord Roberts, the Minister for War, several other members of the Government, and every officer of repute in London, and drove to St. James's Palace through lines of enthusiastic spectators whose numbers it would be impossible to estimate, but they must have amounted to several hundred thousand. After being entertained at lunch by the Prince of Wales, who made a tactful little speech on behalf of the King, dwelling particularly on the "patience, tenacity and skill" which the General had displayed in South Africa, he was taken to the King in Buckingham Palace, who personally invested him with the new Order of Merit. We must not forget to note that accompanying Lord Kitchener in his drive through London was that splendid soldier, Sir John French, and it was hard to say, judging from appearances, which of the two Generals most disliked their reception. But London enjoyed it immensely.

The Combes Government.

The new French Government, of which Senator Combes is Premier, in succession to M. Waldeck-Rousseau, has survived its first Parliamentary Session, although a new Chamber of Deputies is notoriously destructive to Ministries. Contrary to the general belief in England, M. Combes, who is an unknown figure on this side of the Channel, occupies a really stronger Parliamentary position than his eminent predecessor. It is estimated by competent observers that he can count upon no less than 320 stalwart Republican Deputies. In the limited time at its disposal, the Ministry has achieved little, but the foundations of its future labours have been laid. The Bill reducing the period of military service from three years to two years, and abolishing all exemptions has been approved by the Senate. It will come before the Chamber after the recess, and there is little doubt as to its becoming law. The *Times* Paris correspondent declares against it on the ground that by forcing the 66,000 men who at present are let off with one year to serve for two years, the hatred of barrack life will be greatly increased. However, the French have such a passion for equality that the feeling that everybody is on the same footing may conceivably reconcile a great many people to the rigours of the army who formerly distrusted the system of enlistment, and regarded the service as a hot-bed of class favouritism. Still more serious than the necessity of raising more recruits is the financial problem, which stares the Combes, as every other French Government, in the face, though many of them have resolutely refused to look at it. The

selection of M. Rouvier as Chancellor of the Exchequer was interpreted as an earnest that the deficits were no longer to be trifled with. The Budget itself will not be settled until October, but in a discussion on the supplementary credits, M. Rouvier frankly admitted that the deficit could not be estimated at less than 180,000,000 francs, *i.e.*, considerably over £7,000,000. Others put the figures as high as £12,000,000, while the revenue tends to decline and trade languishes. If the Government means business, there must either be a serious reduction in expenditure or a heavy increase of taxation. The Radicals, who form the bulk of the Ministerial Party, clamour for a progressive Income-tax, to which, however, M. Rouvier has so far not been converted.

Conversion of the Debt.

The new French Minister of Finance has already achieved one triumph, both Chambers having sanctioned the Bill he introduced on July 8 for the conversion of the French $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. *Rentes* into 3 per cents. This gigantic operation affects nearly one-third of the funded debt of France, *i.e.*, a capital sum of over £271,000,000. This amount is to be added to the existing 3 per cents., which total, £586,000,000, the whole being consolidated into a single stock of £858,000,000. In spite of the hideous extravagance of successive Legislatures and the gross mismanagement of many Ministries, France is so rich, and her credit is so high, that she is able to borrow at 3 per cent., whereas some of her neighbours are compelled to pay $3\frac{1}{2}$, while there are first-class Powers who cannot raise money at 4 per cent. It is a pity that this reform should be effected at a time when the advantage gained by the Exchequer, viz., 32,000,000 francs, is swallowed up by a deficit. This is the main difference between the Rouvier and the Goschen operation in this country, when our 3 per cents. were reduced to $2\frac{1}{2}$. We have not the space to describe the very ingenious manner in which the French Chancellor of the Exchequer has gilded the pill for the small *rentier*, who for long has looked askance at an operation which must inevitably reduce his income ; but his objections are mitigated by a series of bonuses to be paid before the reduction of interest finally comes into operation, and the pleasure of ready money will probably console him, as it consoles many others, for permanent loss.

Abolition of Likin.

As we go to Press comes the momentous news from the Peking and Shanghai correspondents of the *Times* that the Chinese Government has at last consented to the entire abolition of *Likin* on all merchandise, native or foreign, throughout the Empire. As the Shanghai correspondent adds :

> The conditions of this article, which the Chinese propose shall be included in the British commercial treaty, show a broad statesmanlike grasp of the situation, and a wise provision for improved commercial relations and the development of the Empire's resources. They reflect the greatest credit on the Chinese commissioners and Sir J. L. Mackay, whose energy, patience, and tact in advising the Chinese have led to the present results.

In addition to this the inland native Customs, not to be confused with *Likin*, are to be regularised and placed under the Imperial Maritime Customs. In return the duties on foreign imports are to be increased. The correspondent expresses the hope that the British Government will strongly support this first manifestation of a sincere desire on the part of the Imperial Government of Peking to introduce serious reforms. He also advises that public opinion should be suspended and criticism deferred until we have fuller knowledge of the proposals. The reader can, however, see for himself that, as the *Times* points out in a leading article," a reform of the first magnitude " has been achieved. By common consent *Likin*, *i.e.*, the vexatious and arbitrary *octroi* duties, has been the standing obstacle to the increase of foreign trade in China, and to the development of Chinese resources. Let us hope that English merchants, who are apt at times to take short-sighted and sectional views, and who cannot be said to have given Sir James Mackay that moral support to which he was entitled, may now be induced to realise the wisdom of promoting the success of the present reform.

LORD SALISBURY AND CONTINENTAL ENTANGLEMENTS

FULL of years and honours, after directing or inspiring British foreign policy for a longer period than has fallen to the lot of any recent Premier, Lord Salisbury has retired from office, leaving the nation conscious of a great loss. It is not merely that he was possessed of a knowledge and experience unmatched among modern diplomatists, and that he combined with these invaluable qualities a singular understanding of the British temperament—a remarkable power of judging men and foretelling their action—but also that he had the faculty of concentrating upon the vital aims in national policy and sacrificing to them the non-essential. His one fault as a British leader and statesman was a certain lethargy, a certain want of initiative, which led him rather to wait upon events than to strive to bring them about, while, despite his external cynicism, he was at times too unsuspicious in his dealings with foreign diplomacy.

But he succeeded in averting foreign intervention during the critical months of the struggle in South Africa—when, had such intervention come, it might have been fatal to the Empire—and thus rendered immeasurable service to his country. He made concessions where concessions were absolutely necessary, but he took care that we should only have to fight one war at a time. It is probable that his two agreements with Germany, by one of which he virtually resigned Samoa to that Power and by the other of which he gave her a measure of influence in the Yang-tsze Valley, were recognised by him to be of the nature of blackmail, extorted by a possible enemy in an hour of great national peril, for it is one of his many virtues that he understands Germany. It is significant that the semi-official German press should have hailed his departure from office with relief, and should even have hinted that latterly owing to his guidance relations between England and Germany have been somewhat strained. There could be no greater tribute to a British Minister than German abuse.

There is good reason for German satisfaction at his resigna-

tion. For the past few months, realising the certainty of British success in South Africa, and fearing the possible consequences of a growing isolation in Europe at a time when Germans have been daily insulting Great Britain, King Edward VII., and the British army, German diplomacy has resumed its efforts to draw the United Kingdom nearer to itself, and to inveigle us into an alliance from which no one but Germany could derive any benefit. All manner of influences high and low in England have been enlisted on behalf of this promising scheme, but the Germans have hitherto encountered an unexpected obstacle in Lord Salisbury. Impervious alike to blandishments and to threats, inaccessible, by reason of his high birth and station, to the charm of royal or imperial condescension, with a memory too good to have forgotten the events of 1896, 1899, 1900, and 1901, he steadily discountenanced any *rapprochement* with Germany, because he saw and understood that such a *rapprochement* would not be an alliance, founded, as is the British alliance with Japan, upon the solid rock of community of interests, but something more closely resembling the embrace by the boa constrictor of its victim, with the added injury to British interests that such a *rapprochement* would be used as a weapon to extort fresh concessions from France and Russia, the ultimate expense of which our Empire would be called upon to liquidate.

Nothing could, in fact, be more disastrous for us than such an alliance as Germany is seeking to obtain. The infants in diplomacy who suppose that she is going to guarantee us her aid in the event of a struggle with Russia, have entirely failed to comprehend recent German history or German policy. Is it at all probable, in the first place, that a nation which has been openly praying for the downfall of the British Empire, and which, as judged by its press and by its platform, as well as by its pulpit, is bitterly hostile to England, can prove a true and loyal ally in a terrible and protracted war? Is it possible for Englishmen, for English statesmen and for English soldiers, after the manner in which they have been treated, not by mere irresponsible scribblers, as Mr. Balfour seems disposed to suggest, but by German statesmen and generals to become the auxiliaries of their detractors? Or can any one in this country now be persuaded that the anti-British propaganda in Germany was carried out without the indirect countenance and tacit assistance of the German Government? We have only to note that Russia is never attacked in the German press to discover how wide and far-reaching is the arm of officialdom in the Fatherland when it chooses to exert its power.

In the past two years three facts have weakened the position of Germany on the Continent. The first is the ever-increasing uneasiness which the Pan-German movement is creating in Austria, tending very distinctly to cool Austria's friendship for her ally and increase Hungarian suspicion. The second is the inclination now manifest on the part of Italy, who is also alarmed at the progress of the Pan-German propaganda, to draw closer to France and Russia. That tendency has not, it is true, as yet gone so far as some have supposed ; it would be absurd to speak of anything like a Franco-Italian alliance. But it has gone far enough to disquiet Teuton statesmen. The third fact is the breakdown, if only for the moment, of the traditional German policy of playing England off against France and Russia. Berlin watches with the utmost alarm for the first signs of any *rapprochement* between these three Powers, and notes with inextinguishable chagrin the decay in England of hostility to the Dual Alliance. Recognising that gratitude is quite out of place in international relations, Germans do not at all like to see the correct behaviour of France and Russia during the late war so often emphasised in the British press ; still less do they like to see that behaviour contrasted with their own ; for if by any chance England, France, and Russia should understand one another, and refuse to fight among themselves for the entire advantage and profit of Germany, where would Germany, with her tottering system of alliances, be ? In this hour she is beginning to reap the bitter fruits of a forty years policy of duplicity to which all too little attention has been paid in England.

It is vital for her to secure peace for the next five years, so as to be able to build up her great fleet, with which to destroy England's maritime ascendency. It is not a little amusing to find her official scribes in this hour endeavouring to explain away alike their attacks upon the British Navy and their aggressive schemes so indiscreetly avowed in the hour when England appeared upon the verge of defeat in South Africa. Efforts are being made to veil in oblivion the articles of Von der Goltz, Janson, Boguslawski, and Verdy du Vernois, those distinguished generals who have, as M. Lockroy noted in his articles upon the German navy, been "assisting with their pens the maritime projects of the Kaiser," by preaching the ease with which England could be invaded and the need of preparing for such an invasion. At the word of order the German press is now assuring foreign readers that an invasion of England is impossible —and this though the harbour works at Emden, the destined

ports of embarkation, are being pushed forward with a feverish activity and rapid embarkation is being practised at the naval manœuvres ! The same semi-official scribes are beginning a bitter campaign against the British Navy League, which has committed the unpardonable offence of drawing attention to the rapid progress of the German navy, and which has also translated into English some of the articles written by German officers for home consumption, and never meant to reach the eyes of Englishmen. Fulfilling the epigram of Tacitus, *pessimum amicorum genus laudantes*, the British Navy is now being pronounced perfect, and this though privately the good Germans laugh at our British organisation and our gunnery. At the same time in German journals insinuations are now appearing to the effect that the editor of this *Review* is in the pay of Russia and France !

Such are the means by which the German Government levies "an unproclaimed war" upon those who dare to run counter to its designs. In the United States at this present moment all its secret energies are being exerted to the creation of ill-will between the United States and England. That was the true purpose of Prince Henry's visit—a fact which did not escape Lord Salisbury's attention. It is not likely to render a German alliance popular or acceptable in England, because it is a sign of secret malignity.

The position of a Continental state a powerful party within which has more or less openly avowed its intentions of at a future date annexing Holland, half Belgium, the German cantons of Switzerland, the greater part of Austria-Hungary, the Danubian Principalities, and Asia Minor, not to mention sundry territories which at present belong to the British Empire, must of necessity be critical ; for that party, the Pan-Germans, is tending to alarm the allies of Germany, and to bring about an understanding between England, Russia, and France, an understanding which would be fatal to the German plans. Not one of these three Powers could see without the utmost concern the seizure of Holland by Germany. All three, whatever their divergent interests, are vitally concerned to prevent such a *dénouement*, while the Young Italian party views with the utmost alarm the secret project of Germany to advance to the Adriatic should Austria falls to pieces. It is, then, essential for Germany to keep apart the three Powers. If possible, in the first stage of the German plans the hatred of the Continent is to be diverted against England, the most formidable obstacle of all in the way of an annexation of Holland. England is to be taken in tow by Germany and thus to be made an object of French and Russian

dislike, and put off her guard, while the preparations are being completed for her overthrow. That accomplished, Germany will be able to speak boldly with France and Russia. It is a daring scheme, but on looking back it will be found that precisely the same tactics were employed on the eve of the wars with Austria and with France, to disarm Francis Joseph and Napoleon III.

In the years from 1864 onwards, when Prussia feared the hostility of France, she was the ally of Austria, and with Austria as her helpmate fell upon poor little Denmark. Denmark conquered, Prussia immediately proceeded to pick a quarrel with her unfortunate ally Austria, and worsted that ally decisively at Sadowa. It is, by the way, "a naval Sadowa" that the writers and professors, who always dominate her policy, are declaring must be inflicted upon England. Next she turned all her attention to France. The first object, accomplished even before 1866, was to make a personal conquest of Napoleon. This was effected without any excessive difficulty by a certain amount of flattery and condescension. The Prussian ambassador at Paris, M. von der Goltz, obtained an influence with the French Emperor which clear-sighted Frenchmen deplored and thought disastrous, and which did indubitably shake the position of the Napoleon dynasty in the hearts of Frenchmen. After Sadowa this occult influence with the Emperor enabled Prussia to reap the full fruit of her victory. Led on by Bismarck, the French ambassador at Berlin was manœuvred into proposing the annexation of Belgium, and, the better to put him to sleep, received the promise of an offensive and defensive alliance with Prussia. In 1867 the old King of Prussia, William, visited France, and was the guest of the very Sovereign whose destruction he was secretly planning ! Nothing could exceed the cordiality and warmth of his demeanour ; he charmed Napoleon and the people of Paris exactly as his grandson has charmed the people of London. More than this, he invited the French War Minister to attend the Prussian manœuvres, while the Prussian Minister in his turn was invited to Châlons. This seemed clear proof of an understanding between France and Prussia, for such visits of War Ministers were something totally different from the permission always accorded to military attachés to watch such operations. Napoleon took it in this light, and the exchange of these civilities prevented the French Government from openly avowing the impending danger from Prussia to its parliament, and thus obtaining the armaments which were vital to France if she was to win in the fast approaching conflict. The French Minister of War could not come forward

and say "Germany is the foe" without stultifying his august master and his master's diplomacy. "One only argument," says M. de la Gorce, in his masterly history of the Second Empire, "would have silenced all objections to the Military Law of 1867. This argument, the danger imminent, was the only one which it was not permitted to the French Minister of War to employ."

The parallel is instructive and full of warning. But if we would know how Germany treats her allies, we have only to look at Bismarck's own writings and at his own cynical avowals. In 1854, when Prussia was the nominal ally of Austria, he proposed to assemble a large force in Upper Silesia, where, to quote his own words, "our troops would be in a position whence they could with equal facility step over the frontier of either Russia or Austria (the supposed ally) . . . His Majesty would instantly become master of the entire European situation." So that Bismarck was ready without a word to turn his force against his ally Austria, and to aid her enemy, Russia. What course he took depended upon which course promised most plunder.

In 1887 Bismarck illustrated the value of German alliances once more. He was then bound by a military and diplomatic understanding with Austria, which was the basis of the Triple Alliance. It was directed mainly against Russia. Under these circumstances, as war between Russia and Austria appeared imminent, Bismarck did not scruple to go behind his ally, and secretly concluded the famous "Re-insurance treaty" with Russia, by which he undertook to abandon Austria in case Russia attacked that Power! This was an act of perfidy of the blackest nature, but, as we have seen, not unparalleled in the story of German diplomacy. As the good Germans, by way of taking the initiative, and defending themselves by attacking others, are always asserting that England is a faithless ally, it is fortunate that we have in Bismarck's own papers the statement of a German Minister to the effect that England always was to Prussia a perfectly trustworthy ally. But the expediency of making an agreement to which we shall religiously hold, while it will inevitably be disowned by the Germans whenever occasion arises, is more than dubious. It need scarcely be added that the conclusion of such an agreement would be vigorously opposed by a party, which is yearly growing in strength, in England.

An even later example of the extent to which German sincerity can be trusted may be given, though here unfortunately it is impossible to produce the proofs of facts which are known to but few. When the futile Yang-tsze agreement was concluded

between Germany and England, the confidential agents of the German Embassy in London gave out that this agreement was equivalent to an offensive and defensive alliance between England and Germany, and expressly assured English journalists that it covered Manchuria and the contingency of war with Russia, the object obviously being to induce certain British journals on the strength of this to indulge in attacks on Russia. In the same way the same agents pretended that the alliance with Japan was primarily directed against Russia, again with the intention of inducing the English press to commit itself. It would surprise many of our readers to discover how active and enterprising, how perpetually on the watch to inspire friendliness to German interests and hostility to Russia, these German agents are in London. They purvey news of importance, hoping to secure in exchange tacit support of German interests, and, owing to the unsuspicious nature of the British character, they have acquired a very wide and dangerous influence in the London press. Statements "inspired" by them can often be detected, and wherever encountered should be held more than suspect. It is characteristic of our own conservative front-bench politicians, that without exception they disregard the power of the press abroad and take no steps to influence it. Thus Germany can exert a subterranean power in England, while England can exert none in Germany.

Should England enter into any kind of alliance with Germany, serious obstacles will be thrown in the way of those who desire to make preparations to meet the growing navy of Germany. It is essential that a port and naval arsenal should be established on the north-east coast, where we have no base of any kind to confront the magnificent German system of naval arsenals on the littoral of the North Sea, and that our fleet should be put in thorough order and its shooting brought up to the German level. But the establishment of that base and the reorganisation of the navy will require many years and many millions of money. How can any Ministry which has just concluded an alliance with Germany come before Parliament and ask for those millions for this specific purpose? It is precisely the dilemma in which Napoleon III.'s ministers found themselves, only repeated at British expense. The true test of German sincerity in proposing an alliance would be for England to make some such condition, as that no more shall be spent upon the German navy than is being expended upon it in the present year, while on our part we might undertake to make some similar concession with regard to the army, economy on which would be a national gain.

But does any sane person imagine that Germany would agree to such a proposal? Her object in soliciting a British alliance is, we repeat, to disarm England in the critical years while the German navy is still unready for action, and then to deliver the British Empire to a coalition in which she will have the lion's share of the plunder.

Such an alliance would, in its results upon British policy, be even more disastrous than defeat in war. To sink to the position of a State whose policy was dictated by its most determined enemy and rival would be the lamentable end of this country, supposing the German plans are realised. And German diplomacy is hard at work striving to effect their accomplishment. True to the programme pursued against Napoleon III., the first assault is being directed upon our King, while the second stage in the proceedings may be expected to be an invitation to the British Minister of War or to Lord Roberts to proceed to the German manœuvres as the Kaiser's guest. In thus repeating line by line and act by act the policy of 1867, the Germans are calculating upon England's ignorance of European history. The next step will be to obtain from us concessions of a character to alarm Russia and France. The port of Koweit, on the Persian Gulf, is ardently coveted by Germans, as the terminus of their Euphrates Valley railway. It will not be surprising if within the next few months we hear that on the one hand an Englishman has been placed on the board of this line, where he will be a puppet in German hands, and on the other that, in consequence of this concession, the British Government is to grant Koweit to Germany. The end of this, if German hopes are realised, will be the advent of Russia to the Persian Gulf, and a conflict between Russia and France on the one side, and England and Japan on the other, weakening four of the Powers, which stand in the way of the realisation of the German schemes and giving Germany the trade of the world and the predominance in Europe.

But will the Powers concerned fall into the trap thus artfully digged for them? To defeat these designs a cordial exchange of views between the Ministers of the Powers concerned is required. Let Lord Lansdowne, the Tsar, and M. Delcassé put their heads together. There need be no truckling to one another; England need not black the boots of Russia as Germany has done for so many years, but her agents might well point out to the Tsar the folly and uselessness of such a struggle as we have foreshadowed. They might well suggest the danger of fighting for the shell of the oyster while some one else is to appropriate

the succulent contents of the bivalve. If Russia is unreasonable, there is no reason why we should not reconsider our plans, but the attitude of the Russian Government during the war leads to the belief that, approached in the proper manner, the Tsar's Ministers would not be unreasonable. The three Powers might also inform the world that they will sanction no meddling with Holland, and guarantee the independence of that country. Such a guarantee would be of great value to the Dutch, who are genuinely alarmed by German insinuations to the effect that England is contemplating an attack upon the Dutch colonies. It could cause no offence in Germany, unless the German Government is secretly encouraging the Pan-German designs upon Holland. Inevitably a declaration to this effect would bring together England and France, who have no longer any serious quarrels. The frank and loyal manner in which France settled various disputes, though incited by Germany, as the published papers of M. Faure have shown, to go to war with us, has proved that the outstanding differences between the two Western Powers can be decided without an appeal to arms, by mutual concession. All that can be done at Berlin to prevent such a pacific and friendly settlement will be done, for it is the first article of German policy to keep England and France apart. That "nightmare of coalitions" which so weighed upon Bismarck's mind is ever present in the minds of the Kaiser's Cabinet.

In framing our national policy during the next few years, which will be years of extreme danger, we must above all remember Bismarck's dictum: "I cannot feel it right either in myself or in others, that sympathies and antipathies with regard to foreign Powers and persons should take precedence over my sense of duty in the foreign service of my country. Such an idea contains the germ of disloyalty to the ruler or to the country which we serve." In working out the foreign policy of England it is necessary to be not pro-Russian, or pro-German, or pro-French, but to seek that course of action which will most surely advance the peaceful and non-aggressive progress of England. But this involves a clear understanding of the aims which British policy should seek to accomplish, and is there in the mind of British statesmen such an understanding? It is for this reason that the withdrawal of Lord Salisbury from our councils may well prove a measureless calamity to the Empire.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

THE INDUSTRIAL ARBITRATION ACT OF NEW SOUTH WALES

THE "Industrial Arbitration Act"* of New South Wales, which is the most recent and notable experiment of Australian politics, is not the first measure of the kind which has passed an Australian Parliament. Mr. Kingston, of South Australia, now Minister of Customs for the Commonwealth, was the pioneer, and though his Act, passed in 1891, has, for reasons which do not affect the general merits of the question, proved a dead letter, the credit is his of having been the first responsible Minister to propose a method for the judicial determination of industrial disputes. His example was followed by the Hon. W. P. Reeves, now Agent-General for New Zealand, who passed the first New Zealand "Conciliation and Arbitration Act" in 1894, which has been several times amended and (with the amending Acts) was consolidated last year. Five years experience of the working of this measure has naturally revealed defects in method and errors of principle which the framers of the Bill in New South Wales believe they have avoided. Thus the Conciliation Boards, which existed in New Zealand as a preliminary stage through which proceedings were sifted before they reached the court, have found no place in the legislation of New South Wales; nor does the New South Wales Act give the same facilities for setting the court in motion, while its control over the parties is stricter after a dispute has begun. The Acts differ in other important particulars, which it would be tedious to enumerate. Framed thus in the light of New Zealand experience, and applied to a community of fuller industrial development and less isolated than

* The full title of the Act is: An Act to provide for the registration and incorporation of individual unions, and the making and enforcing of industrial agreements; to constitute a court of arbitration for the hearing and determination of industrial disputes and matters referred to it; to define the jurisdiction, powers, and procedure of such court; to provide for the enforcement of its awards and orders; and for purposes consequent on and incidental to these objects. [Assented to December 10, 1901.]

New Zealand, the New South Wales Act may fairly be regarded as a crucial experiment which should enable a decisive answer to be given as to the practicability and benefits of the legal method of settling industrial disputes. The measure, moreover, was conducted by its framer through both Houses of Parliament without material alteration, and expresses the ideas on which it rests with a rigid and logical completeness which is rare in an Act of Parliament. If such a measure fail in New South Wales, it is safe to say that no measure, having the same object, is likely to succeed elsewhere; while if, on the other hand, it succeed in giving confidence to capital and higher wages and improved conditions to the wage-earners, such a success, in a country with varied industries and in active competition with other Australian States, cannot be ignored by publicists in other lands. Indeed, the measure has already attracted attention in Great Britain, America, and France, so that a short explanatory account of its provisions may not be without interest.

The underlying principle of the Act is that an industrial dispute is a public nuisance, which ought to be restrained by the State like any other breach of the peace. Differences between capital and labour can never be fought out at the sole expense of the combatants, but cause the greatest hardship to innocent victims—to the women who, as the strike proceeds, see their homes stripped of every article which makes a home; to the tradesmen who are driven into bankruptcy through giving an enforced credit to the men on strike; to the children who grow up with seeds of disease implanted by starvation, to be a burden to a future generation; and to all in an ever-widening circle who, in the mysterious interdependence of modern commerce, are affected by the dislocation of any industry. Australia, too, like other countries, knows by experience that a strike may sometimes cause an industry to be closed up, and that the loss from even a successful strike is not made up for many years. There was more than a chronological connection between the great labour upheaval of 1891 and the financial crisis which caused, in succession, the stoppage of building societies and banks.

Granting, then, that the object aimed at is desirable, the question becomes one of method. Is it possible to substitute for the cruel, barbarous, and wasteful method of the strike or lock-out, the humane, peaceful, and reasonable method of judicial determination?

Those who have passed this Act believe that the answer to this question must be in the negative, so long as the idea prevails that each employer ought to be at liberty to make what terms he

pleases with his workmen individually. No student of economic history needs now to be reminded that "freedom of contract"—in the sense that an employer is justified in buying labour as he would buy goods, that is to say, at the cheapest rate at which an isolated workman may be willing to sell it in order to escape starvation—leads in practice to industrial anarchy; and that there can only be a true "freedom of contract" when the parties to a bargain are on such a footing of equality that either is equally able to decline the proposed terms. The parties to the sale of goods in the wholesale market are on such a footing of equality; but if the labourer, who has only his labour to sell, is left to make his own bargain with an employer unaided he must in the long run take work on any terms, or starve. In modern times the workman is placed on equal terms with the employer by the action of trade unions, which are to him what capital is to his employer, in that they enable him to wait until the market for his labour rises. The present industrial tendency towards association is a recognition of this fact, and forms at once the basis and the justification of the method of this Act.

The Act applies to and operates upon organised labour only. The limits which it recognises are not individuals, but associations, so that no one can invite its aid for himself alone, but must share with others of his class whatever benefits he may receive.

These associations are termed "Industrial Unions," and must be of two kinds: "Industrial Unions of Employers," and "Industrial Unions of Employees."

Any employer or association of employers—and the term employer includes a company—who, or which, has employed in the aggregate fifty hands, taken on a monthly average over a period of six months, can be registered as an Industrial Union of Employers. Workmen, however, cannot come under the Act without first becoming members of a trade union, which in New South Wales must be registered under an Act similar in terms to the English Trade Union Act. Any registered trade union having its headquarters in New South Wales, or any branch of a trade union registered outside, may, if the Registrar of the Arbitration Court be satisfied that it is a *bonâ fide* union, and that its rules provide satisfactorily for its continuance in a sound financial position, and its management by responsible officers, and the granting of reasonable facilities for the admission of new members, be registered under this Act as an "Industrial Union of Employees."

Every industrial union after registration acquires the fullest power to own and dispose of property. It can also sue its mem-

bers for the recovery of subscriptions, and for penalties which have been incurred by them for breaches of its rules.

An industrial union is, however, in this peculiar position : That though it has the same rights as an ordinary body corporate, it can only be sued upon obligations which are imposed by the Act which constitutes it. That is to say, while its corporate property is liable for the performance of the order of the Arbitration Court, or for the payment of damages in respect to contracts entered into by the union under powers conferred by the Act, an industrial union cannot be sued for libel, conspiracy, or any other tort, nor for any breach of a contract which it makes under the Act.

It may be remembered that, until the House of Lords declared the contrary by its decision in the Taff Vale Railway case, there was a general opinion among lawyers * that a trade union was only clothed with a legal personality for the protection of its funds from embezzlement or theft, and that, while it could invite the criminal law to punish dishonest officers, it could not either sue or be sued in any civil court as a corporate body.

In the words of the Royal Commissioners on Labour, it had "collective power without collective responsibility." Some English trade-union leaders have regarded this position as the very charter of their liberties, and have opposed all schemes for giving trade unions a legal right to make collective bargains, or bring a trade dispute before a court for settlement, lest in gaining new corporate powers they should be conferring a new weapon on capitalists by exposing the corporate funds of a union to the risks of litigation. The decision of the House of Lords in the Taff Vale Railway case must already have destroyed the force of this objection, and it may be that English trade unionists will now find an escape from legal entanglements in further statutory recognition of their corporate rights upon the lines and with the limitation of the Industrial Arbitration Act of New South Wales. For although only a trade union or branch can be registered as an Industrial Union of Employees, the Act confers the larger corporate rights upon the industrial union, not *quâ* trade union, but *quâ* industrial union, while at the same time it expressly limits the liability of the corporate property to obligations incurred under the Act. Thus registration as an industrial union becomes a real protection to the property of a trade union.

Trade unions are also encouraged to register as industrial unions by being granted the same facilities as friendly societies for recovering subscriptions and fines from members, and also by

* See the appendix by Sir Frederick Pollock to the Report of the Royal Commission on Labour.

being permitted to make collective bargains with an employer in respect of any industrial matter. The court is further empowered in certain cases, which will be discussed later, to order that preference be given by an employer to members of an industrial union.

In accordance with the idea that the Act can only operate through and upon organised bodies, no one—with the exception of the Registrar, who represents in this matter the general public, and who will be an officer of the Attorney-General—but an Industrial Union can set the Act in motion by bringing a matter before the court. Any person, however, whether registered or not as an Industrial Union, can be made a defendant. If this were not so, the omission or refusal to register would allow an employer to escape the Act and make it a dead letter. But the Act also rests on the assumption that the general public is equally interested with the parties in the peaceful settlement of industrial disputes. Consequently, power is given to the Registrar to submit a reference to the court even against the will of the contending parties. It is not considered that this power will be often used, but it is certainly desirable to hold it in reserve for cases which may grow into serious disturbances if a settlement be not effected—the object of the Act being to prevent any dispute being fought out, unless and until every effort has been made to settle it by the rules of civilised warfare.

Closely connected with the power of the Registrar, as representing the public, to refer disputes to the court, is a section (sect. 34) which for the first time in the history of legislation makes it a misdemeanour to strike or lock-out.* The exact terms of this novel and important provision are as follows :

> 34. Whoever—
> (*a*) before a reasonable time has elapsed for a reference to the court of the matter in dispute; or
> (*b*) during the pendency of any proceedings in the court in relation to an industrial dispute,
> (1) does any act or thing in the nature of a lock-out or strike; or suspends or discontinues employment or work in any industry; or
> (2) instigates to or aids in any of the above-mentioned acts,
>
> shall be guilty of a misdemeanour, and upon conviction be liable to a fine not exceeding one thousand pounds, or imprisonment not exceeding two months:
>
> Provided that nothing in this section shall prohibit the suspension or discontinuance of any industry or the working of any persons therein for any other good cause:
>
> And provided that no prosecution under this section shall be begun except by leave of the court.

* Neither the provision as to the Registrar nor as to strikes exists in the New Zealand Act.

If this provision prove effective it will revolutionise the methods of industrial warfare, by substituting campaigns by organised bodies, and under strict rules, for isolated and irregular contests. Just as war is no longer permitted to be waged by private persons, but has become the business of the nation, so in future must industrial struggles—which are a species of civil war—be waged under rules and by persons of recognised responsibility. That it will be possible to prevent strikes entirely no one can yet hope; because in great industrial crises causes of dispute must inevitably arise which no court can settle, just as some disputes between nations are beyond the influence of diplomacy. But although no reasonable person claims that arbitration is a panacea for all industrial grievances, it is certain that a compulsory investigation before an impartial court of all disputes between capital and labour will often prevent small grievances from being magnified into a cause of war and will, at least, delay an open rupture until the questions at issue have been fully laid bare for the final determination of the high court of public opinion. "*οὐ περί μικρῶν ἀλλ' ἐκ μικρῶν αἱ στάσεῖς γίγνονται.*" Great strikes on great questions may still occur, but if this Act be effective the little strikes which may at any time cause great ones will be settled without interruption of work or loss of capital. For these clauses have a twofold justification. It is no doubt a great thing to settle an industrial dispute, but it is of even more importance to settle it without an interruption of work; and it is the double merit of this measure that while it prohibits any resort to the barbarous methods of the strike or lock-out until every method of peaceable settlement has been exhausted, it also gives, in making this provision, a security to both employers and employed against sudden interruption of work which does not exist in any other country.* Half the difficulties between labour and capital arise from an inability to bring together the contending parties, because when a strike or lock-out has once begun new passions complicate the issue and delay a settlement. This Act, by prohibiting a strike or lock-out until the matter in dispute is

* Provision is, of course, made against an evasion of the Act by a dismissal by the employer of workers who belong to an industrial union. Section 35 is in these terms: If an employer dismisses from his employment any employee by reason merely of the fact that the employee is a member of an industrial union, or is entitled to the benefit of an award, order, or agreement, such employer shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding twenty pounds for each employee so dismissed. In every case it shall lie on the employer to satisfy the court that such employee was so dismissed by reason of some facts other than the above-mentioned in this section: Provided that no proceedings shall be begun under this section except by leave of the court

dealt with by the court, not only gives the parties time for the proverbial second thoughts, but so clearly defines the points in issue that the way towards a settlement remains always visible. Without the provisions of section 34 these objects could only be imperfectly achieved, and it is striking evidence of the loyalty of New South Wales trade unionists to their ideals, and the sincerity of their desire for industrial peace, that they have voluntarily abandoned the strike—which is their strongest weapon—in order to give force and cohesion to this Act.

As might have been expected such a clause excited considerable opposition. It also produced a curious division in the labour ranks. The older and more wealthy unions—consisting for the most part of skilled artisans, and possessing considerable funds—warmly supported it; but it was received coldly by the newer unions of unskilled labour and widely denounced by the Socialists. Said one of their organs—

> We urge again, as we have already urged, that the strike is the only economic weapon which the workers possess, and that this cleverly devised bungle of Wise's is calculated to deprive them of that weapon. Let the workers consider. In the Newcastle district, to wit, the miners, by reason of the existence of certain abnormal circumstances, can, by means of a general strike, if they so desire, secure their demands. When Wise's Bill is law the owners can place that power out of their reach by appealing to the Arbitration Court when danger threatens, and the workers cannot suspend work while the court is sitting, and when the award is given they must comply with it, however unjust, or submit to a fine of £500 through the union, or £5 per man if there are no union funds available. If the members cannot find the £5 they must go to gaol.

Yet the clause prohibiting strikes and lock-outs* should prove a real protection to trade-union interests, which now suffer terribly through the indiscretion or inexperience of the officers of the worst managed unions. There are few strikes which could not have been settled by the more experienced trade-union officials had their services been called for early; and no one is so unwilling to advise a strike as the secretary of a great trade union who feels his responsibility and knows the magnitude of the stake. Yet the steadier and more prosperous unions are continuously exposed to the risks of a strike "out of sympathy," in the origin of which they have had no voice and out of which

* A lock-out and strike are defined as follows: "Lock-out" means the closing of a place of employment or the suspension of work by an employer done with a view to compel his employees or to aid another employer in compelling his employees to accept a term or terms of employment. "Strike" shall mean the cessation of work by a body of employees acting in combination done as a means of enforcing compliance with demands made by them or other employees on employers.

they can gain no profit. But under this Act no union can be called upon to join a "sympathetic" strike, or to contribute out of its funds to support a strike until proceedings before the Arbitration Court have shown which side has the right and indicated the prospects of success or failure. This is a change which may be warmly welcomed by trade unions in Great Britain.

It remains now to speak of the position under the Act of the employer. The great advantage to him is security. The Act enables him to make his calculations with confidence that they will not be interfered with by an unexpected strike or by sudden and unreasonable alterations in the rate of wages. He must, it is true, surrender his right to "do as he likes with his own men" —for instance, he is forbidden to dismiss a workman merely because he belongs to an industrial union, and may be called upon to prove before the court that he dismissed him for another reason—and he will be required to comply with many provisions relating to the remuneration, safety, and well-being of his employees, which at first he may find irksome. But this has been the experience of employers since the passing of the first Factory Act, and yet it has not been proved that good members of the class have anything to fear from a compulsory elevation of the standard of working conditions to the level which they have themselves voluntarily adopted. That the court may make ridiculous awards which will destroy trade is quite possible; and the same may be said of any court of law, if it be assumed that its members are corrupt or silly. But with a reasonable, careful, and impartial tribunal, such as the Act provides, a fair employer has much to gain and little to lose. He obtains at once a means of checking those trade abuses which every trade deplores, but which some unwillingly adopt because they fear to be outstripped by rivals in the race of competition;* he can make contracts for the supply of labour direct with a trade union, in the knowledge that these can be enforced by law upon union funds; he is relieved from the fear that he will be undercut by the improper practices of an unscrupulous rival; and, above all, he gains a tribunal which will determine for him, at slight cost, questions which at the present time he can only settle through the loss and inconvenience of a lock-out. He will have, it is true, to submit to compulsion; but that is his fate to-day if he is the loser in an industrial struggle. What is the acceptance of terms by the successful party to a strike but an acceptance under compulsion? And is compulsion by a strike superior in any point to compulsion by the order of a court? These are questions

* The Act permits an employer to bring a rival employer before the court.

which deserve an answer by employers who do not wish to be the slaves of words. The truth is, as will appear later, when the compulsory clauses of the Act are discussed, that the compulsion exercised by the court will be generally indirect, and will consist rather in the laying down of rules for general observance than in the exaction of specific penalties. The direct compulsion on an employer is, rather, that he is required to submit a dispute to the court before attempting to settle it in his own way. No court can compel a man to work or an employer to employ ; but it can direct that no one shall take the law into his own hands, and that work in any industry, if it be carried on at all, shall be conducted under specified rules and conditions. That this power involves a readjustment of the prevalent ideas of the relation between employer and employed is beyond question ; but it may be, nevertheless, a readjustment which is rendered necessary by changing industrial conditions, and which will prove to the advantage even of those who are least willing to make it.

It would not be fair to judge of the position of the employer under this Act entirely from the experience of New Zealand, where, owing to the permission of any seven persons engaged, for no matter how short a time, in one employment to register themselves as an industrial union, employers have been exposed to being harassed by trivial complaints arising from the perversity or ill-will of their workmen, and sometimes, it is to be feared, incited by trade competitors. Under the New South Wales Act, not only must the dispute be referred to the court by the representatives of a *bonâ fide* trade union, but these must be specially authorised to take this step by a majority of the members, whose votes are to be taken under special regulations, which provide for the expression of the real sense of the majority.

Hitherto I have spoken of industrial unions only as parties to an industrial dispute ; but the Act contemplates that they shall have a much more useful attribute by empowering men to enter into "industrial agreements." The intention of these clauses was thus described by the mover of the second reading of the Bill upon its first submission to the Legislative Assembly in 1900 :

> I think it is open to very grave question whether, as the law stands now—unless that law is altered—trade unions have not almost reached the limits of their beneficial influence. In the past they have been most useful both for purposes of offence and defence during the period of transition. What is needed now is to turn them into an instrument of construction which can be used for the rebuilding of the fabric of our industrial society. But as the law

stands, a trade union can do very little work for industrial peace. At present they are powerful as strike associations; but they need to be something more. A trade union can never fulfil its proper functions if it is a mere machinery of menace, exhausting its powers spasmodically, and debarred by its action from accumulating capital; but it must become also an instrument of industrial peace, by obtaining from Parliament the power to make a collective bargain with an employer, which shall not only be binding in honour, but will have behind it a legal sanction.

To realise these anticipations it is necessary to bring about by process of law that which has been effected in several of the most important English industries by economic compulsion. In the iron and coal trades of the North of England, in the textile industries, in the boot trade, and in many other large industries, the system of collective bargaining already prevails, and the rates of wages, terms of employment, the number of apprentices, hours of labour, &c., are regulated by joint committees of masters and men even to the minutest detail. In all cases where collective bargains are much used, there is virtually a compulsory trade unionism; and for various reasons, which are fully discussed by the Royal Commission on Labour, and in Mr. and Mrs. Webb's *Industrial Democracy*, practically all the applicants for employment are members of a trade union, and no employer employs non-unionists. This compulsion is none the less strong because it is not enforced by law; but it can only exist in highly organised and skilled trades, and under very special conditions. The object of this part of the New South Wales Bill is to give all trades unions the power which only a few of them now have to make collective bargains, and to add a legal sanction to all such arrangements.

If the working of the Act realises the anticipations of the framer the clauses which give the power to make industrial agreements will prove the most important portion of the measure. But since it is notoriously difficult to forecast the operation of social or industrial legislation, it may be that many years must yet pass before the practice of making bargains about the terms of employment between associated bodies of workmen on the one side and associated bodies of employers on the other, which now prevails in the principal industries of the North of England, will become either general or possible. Still, the working of these clauses will certainly not prove the least interesting feature of this great industrial experiment.

The court which will administer the Act will consist of a president and two members, upon whose impartiality and good sense the measure must depend for its success. The president must be a judge of the Supreme Court, while of the two

members one is elected by Industrial Unions of Employers and the other by Industrial Unions of Employees. The two members of the court hold office for three years, during which period they are only removable by the Governor upon an address from both Houses of Parliament—(this is the same tenure as that of the Supreme Court Judges)—and receive a statutory salary of £750 a year, with the usual allowances for travelling and other expenses. Sitting together the president and members form a Court of Record, which has power to determine absolutely all industrial disputes according to the best evidence available. No appeal lies from its decisions, but these can be reversed or modified at any time. The president determines alone all questions as to the admissibility of evidence, and has sole cognisance of all interlocutory matters such as the preparation of issues, granting of summonses, &c. During its proceedings the court can appoint assessors if desired by the parties or of its own motion; it can call for an employer's books, but its members are under an oath of secrecy not to reveal their contents, even to the parties; it can refer technical questions to professional men and accept their reports as evidence; it can hold views and inspections, and for that purpose may enter anywhere; in fact, there is no method of obtaining testimony to which it is not empowered to resort, and it is expressly enjoined to give its decisions according to equity and good conscience, without being bound by legal rules of evidence. The object has been to create a dignified and impartial tribunal, which, while it shall be restrained by the legal knowledge and training of a Supreme Court Judge, shall have all the elasticity of a Board of Arbiters. Thus, though legal representatives are given audience, the costs of their appearance cannot be charged to the losing party. Before a case comes into court the representatives of each side are required to discuss with the president the form in which the issues are to be presented, and any other preliminary matters. Those who watched the Commercial Court, under Mr. (now Lord) Justice Mathew, will appreciate how much may be done in this way by a tactful and capable president to smooth over difficulties and shorten the proceedings at the hearing.

The court is given power to decide finally and without appeal (1) all questions arising out of an industrial agreement; (2) all industrial disputes. The former class of cases calls for little comment. In dealing with them the court will either have to interpret a contract or to apply its terms to subsequent conditions, and will act like any other competent tribunal which is called upon to determine disputes about a contract. It is in the cases

which do not arise out of an agreement, but relate to the terms upon which employment is to be carried on in the future, that the real difficulties of the court will arise, and the question which this Act will help to solve is whether such questions are capable of judicial determination.

The Act defines "industrial dispute" in the same terms as the New Zealand Act :

> "Industrial dispute" means dispute in relation to industrial matters arising between an employer or industrial union of employers on the one part, and an industrial union of employees or trade union or branch on the other part, and includes any dispute arising out of an industrial agreement.

This definition, probably, includes every possible cause of industrial conflict. No wonder, then, that the success of the measure will depend upon the sagacity and fairness of the court which is required to adjudicate upon these questions. Fortunately, the president—Mr. Justice Cohen—has already made a reputation for judicial impartiality, and adds commercial knowledge to legal attainments. The members of the court have yet to be elected; and there is no doubt some risk that each may regard himself at first, rather as a partisan of the class which he represents, than as a judge. It is satisfactory, however, to find from the experience of New Zealand that high judicial position soon creates a sense of responsibility and cultivates judicial qualities. I have learnt from inquiry that no cause of complaint has arisen in New Zealand from the lack of impartiality of a member of the court; but that on the contrary, each of these gentlemen, whether representing the employers or the employees, recognises that his first duty is to the public, and that he is bound by his oath to administer justice. The presence of these two members is not, as some critics have contended, a superfluity, nor is it likely that the judge, like an umpire between two arbitrators, will simply have to "split the difference." On the contrary, I believe that the members, even though they differ from each other, will be of great assistance to the court. Most industrial disputes either begin or are continued, owing to the inability of a certain side to appreciate the other's point of view. The employer who is soaked in the idea that he can run his own business as he pleases, simply does not understand the language of a workman who contends for the right "to a trade," or "a living wage"; and not the least of the services which will be rendered to the administration of the Act by the expert members of the court, will be that each will be able to interpret to the court and to the parties the ideas which underlie the rival contentions.

The powers which are given to the court to settle disputes

correspond of necessity to the definition of the term "dispute." Thus the court can declare a minimum wage, prescribe the hours, remuneration, and conditions of labour, limit the employment of women and children, restrain encroachments by one trade upon the work of another, regulate the number of apprentices, make logs for piece-work, deal with the employment of non-unionists, and generally make such order as the nature of the dispute requires. Two of these powers deserve special notice, viz., those relating to the minimum wage and the employment of non-unionists.

Section 36 is in these terms:

> 36. The court in its award or by order made on the application of any party to the proceedings before it, at any time in the period during which the award is binding, may—
>
> (*a*) Prescribe a minimum rate of wages or other remuneration, with provision for the fixing in such manner and subject to such conditions as may be specified in the award or order, by some tribunal specified in the award or order, of a lower rate in the case of employees who are unable to earn the prescribed minimum; and
>
> (*b*) Direct that as between members of an industrial union of employees and other persons, offering their labour at the same time, such members shall be employed in preference to such other persons, other things being equal, and appoint a tribunal to finally decide in what cases an employer to whom any such direction applies may employ a person who is not a member of any such union or branch.

To English readers these may seem extravagant provisions; but it must be remembered that in Australia the "minimum wage" condition is inserted in all Government contracts, and is secured by law in Victoria, through a somewhat cumbrous and unsatisfactory method of a wages board for each industry. Consequently if the court had not this power to determine a minimum wage it would be unable to deal with a very fertile cause of strikes.

The same observation applies to the sub-clause which empowers the court to give a preference to unionists. Without entering into the question whether wage-earners should decline to work with non-unionists, as barristers are permitted by law to decline to hold a brief with laymen or with one who is disbarred, it is sufficient for practical legislation that some of the most troublesome strikes of modern times turn upon this point, and that these could never be settled by the court unless it had power to determine within what limits the unionist contention should prevail. Accordingly, both in New Zealand and New South Wales, the court can, under certain conditions, direct that preference be given to members of an industrial union.

But this is not, as has been objected to by some, a prohibition of "free labour." In the first place the power cannot be exercised to the prejudice of any person already employed, but only where two persons, one a unionist and the other a non-unionist, are making applications at the same time. And even then it is a power of which very sparing use is likely to be made. In New South Wales there are industries, such as coal-mining at Newcastle, in which, as in the more important industries in the North of England, only union labour is employed. Should an employer in one of these industries attempt to introduce non-union labour for the purpose of destroying unionism, a case would, I apprehend, arise for the use of this provision ; just as the court would certainly refuse to apply it in a case where the majority of the employees were non-unionists or where the union was not able to supply a sufficiency of labour. Judge Backhouse, who was commissioned by the Government of New South Wales in 1901 to make a report upon the working of the Arbitration Act in New Zealand, says that in practice the similar provision of that Act has not worked hardship, and the complaint against it is a "sentimental grievance." It is true that if the unions are strong enough they can secure this preference without the aid of a court as they have already done in the coal trade of Durham and the textile trades. But in all these cases there are peculiar conditions of industry which are fully explained in Mr. and Mrs. Webb's "Industrial Democracy" and the report of the Royal Commission on Labour, and which cannot exist in Australia for many years. These enable trade unionists to gain by economic compulsion a preference which in countries where industries are less localised and employers less united they can rarely gain except by compulsion through process of law.

The powers which are given to the court—apart from provisions of legal procedure—to perform its varied functions are contained in section 37, and will be best understood in the terms of the Act :—

37. In any proceeding before it the court may do all or any of the following things with a view to the enforcement of its award, order, or direction—

(1) Declare that any practice, regulation, rule, custom, term of agreement, condition of employment, or dealing whatsoever in relation to an industrial matter, shall be a common rule of an industry affected by the proceeding;

(2) Direct within what limits of area and subject to what conditions and exceptions such common rule shall be binding upon persons engaged in the said industry, whether as employer or as employee, and whether members of an industrial union or not;

(3) Fix penalties for any breach or non-observance of such common rule so declared as aforesaid, and specify to whom the same shall be paid;

(4) Grant an injunction to restrain any person from breaking or non-observing any order, award, or direction of the court;

(5) Order the cancellation of the registration of an industrial union;

(6) Order that any member of an industrial union shall cease to be a member thereof from a date and for a period to be named in the said order;

(7) Fix penalties for a breach or non-observance of any term of an award, order, or direction not exceeding five hundred pounds in the case of an industrial union, or five pounds in the case of any individual member of the said union, and specify the persons to whom such penalty shall be paid;

(8) Impose a fine not exceeding five hundred pounds for any breach or non-observance of an award, order, or direction by a person bound by such award, order, or direction who is not a member of an industrial union;

and all fines and penalties for any breach of an award, order, or direction of the court may be sued for and recovered either—

(*a*) In the court by the persons entitled to receive the same; or

(*b*) Before a stipendiary or police magistrate, sitting alone as a Court of Petty Sessions, under the Small Debts Recovery Act, 1899, notwithstanding any limitation as to amount contained in that Act, by an inspector appointed under the Factories and Shops Act of 1896, or any Act amending the same;

Provided that any appeal from an order of a court of petty sessions under this section shall lie to the court on the terms and in the manner prescribed by the rules of the said court.

The device of the "common rule," which is the most noticeable of these provisions, was suggested by a passage in the "Industrial Democracy" of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, and is now used for the first time in this Act.

It illustrates the happening of the unexpected in the working out of legislation that the framers of the New Zealand Act do not appear to have foreseen that the court could not remain a mere judge of a dispute between two parties, but would be forced by circumstances to become a regulator of the conditions of employment in every industry. Yet the assumption of these duties was inevitable from the first if the employer who was directed by an order of the court to improve the condition of his workmen was not to be placed at a disadvantage in the competition with his rivals. This necessitated an extremely cumbrous provision for adding to a reference any parties who might be interested in the subject-matter which led in one case to the presence of a record of over 300 parties. This was one of the things which produced Mr. Seddon's much-misrepresented observation that the Act was being "ridden to death," and it has now been remedied by legislation. But the New Zealand

Acts still stop short of the "common rule." Yet, unless there are to be two classes of employers in the same trade—the one bound to observe the terms of an award, the other free from it—some such device is necessary to prevent injustice. In practice, I believe that it will be the method of compulsion most usually adopted—that the court will become a sort of elastic and self-acting Factory Act, which will assimilate the conditions of employment in each trade to those which prevail in the best-conducted establishments; and thus gradually abolish what Mr. Charles Booth has termed the "parasitic" industries, the existence of which, though it may be a source of wealth to a few individuals, is so injurious that, even had the State to provide for those who are employed in them, the transaction would in balance show a profit. It is in this view that the orders of the court under section 37 are made enforceable by the factory inspectors. Each award, in short, will have the effect of a regulation or series of regulations under the Factory Acts, in that it will prescribe the conditions which must be observed within a certain district by every one who wishes to carry on a particular trade. Awards of the court will, however, be a less interference with "liberty" than Factory Act regulations—first, because instead of being made "ex parte," by a clerk in a Government office, they will be made after argument in open court; and, secondly, because any one by showing cause can at any time be excluded by the court from the operation of a "common rule." The court, of course, may err by attempting too much; but if, as may be anticipated, it confines itself within reasonable limits, it has the power by means of the "common rule" to render an immense service to the industrial community at a minimum disturbance of industrial conditions.

The other methods of compulsion provided by the Act explain themselves. That they may, in some instances, be difficult to enforce may be conceded to the critics; but all who know how readily trade unions in the past have obeyed awards which have no legal sanction, and who recognise that British people have an inbred respect for the decisions of a Court of Law, will question whether it will often or ever be necessary to proceed to the last extremity in order to secure obedience. It may be conceded that it would be difficult to enforce obedience by exacting penalties from the individual members of a powerful union; but fairness demands that it should also be recognised that a levy can be made upon the corporate funds of a union, and that an award is not likely to be flouted if it is backed—as a just award would be backed—by the force of public opinion. But even granting that

the Act may fail on some occasions, it will justify its existence if it succeed, in any considerable number, in preventing strikes. What is most needed in modern industry on both sides is stability —a sense of security.

The Act puts both employer and employed in a position to obtain these objects. Whether it succeed in giving them their full desires has yet to be proved by experience, and will depend in no small degree—as all measures of this kind must depend—upon the character and intelligence of the men who compose the court. We may, however, hope to be at least as fortunate as New Zealand in obtaining a competent tribunal; and we know that under those conditions a similar, but more imperfect, measure has worked for five years with conspicuous success. It is true that they have not been such years of trial as would have been a similar period of industrial distress; but they at least furnish this negative testimony that the operation of such an Act does not of necessity drive away capital or cripple industries, while they offer positive proof that in times of prosperity—the times, that is, when in other countries strikes are most frequent—industrial disputes can be peaceably decided without the stoppage of industry for a single day. New Zealand is, unquestionably, just now in a very high state of prosperity, and it would be easy, therefore, to press the example of the State too far; but it will certainly be just ground for pride if, after five years experience of this Act, the Prime Minister of New South Wales can say, as Mr. Seddon has been able to say with pride, when speaking of the New Zealand Act:

> With us a strike of the miners is impossible, as it is also impossible for the owners of the mine to shut down. This is a condition of things which does not prevail anywhere else. There is the safeguard for you. The result has been this, that even the employers who were the first to object to that legislation are to-day the strongest in favour of it, because where they had strikes of any kind, where there is a large amount of capital invested, the effect of that capital being laid up for weeks, and exactions being demanded which that capital could not bear, would be as disastrous as it would be to our mining. The law, as it now stands, has prevented disputes which, if there had been an industrial struggle, must have meant a loss of a million of money to us a small community, whereas the whole cost of the proceedings, and the whole thing summed up, would not amount to £1000.

Should this anticipation be realised, the English people in Great Britain will have to think more seriously than they do at present of the problems of Industrial Arbitration.

B. R. WISE.

GUIZOT

François-Pierre-Guillaume Guizot was born at Nîmes on October 4, 1787, and died at Val-Richer in Normandy on September 12, 1874, at the age eighty-six. His parents, Sophie Elizabeth Bonicel and André Guizot, were Protestants, and were married in December 1786 according to the rites of their Church. Such marriages were not then legal. The birth of their eldest son could not therefore be registered, and the young couple could not appeal to the famous edict of 1787, which removed Protestant disabilities in this respect, for that decree had no retrospective effect. It would be difficult to point out any period in human history in which greater changes took place in the social and individual life of man than during the time he lived. He was born at a time when the French Penal Laws against Protestants were rigidly enforced, and long before Catholic disabilities in these islands had been removed. He lived to see an English Ministry largely dependent on Irish Catholics for its existence, to become himself Prime Minister of France, and to receive, as representative of the French Academy, Lacordaire the Dominican into that august society. He came into the world shortly before the destruction of the ancient monarchy of France, and he left it a few years after the foundation of the new German Empire and the partial dismemberment of his country. The age in which he lived was an age of warriors and statesmen, of poets and historians, and men of science. He saw Napoleon in the zenith of his glory. He knew Wellington, and he fully appreciated the rectitude of purpose of the Iron Duke, the moderation and wisdom that great soldier showed in the hour of his triumph and his persistent friendliness to France to the close of his life. He was himself a statesman, an orator, and a very great historian. He may fairly be said to be the prophet of constitutional monarchy in France. When that form of government was established in 1814 he held office in the first Ministry of Louis XVIII. He was Prime Minister of King Louis Philippe when it came to an end in 1848, and he stood in very much

the same relation to it that Mr. Grattan did to the Irish Constitution of 1782. He sat at its cradle and he followed its hearse. I first had the honour of being presented to Monsieur Guizot by Count Montalembert in the month of March 1862. I happened to be, as a very young man, in Paris at the time, and Montalembert was kind enough to ask me to a great assembly at his house at which the leading political men of the old parties were to meet. The question of Italy was then uppermost, and several brilliant speeches had been made both in the Chamber of Deputies and in the Senate on the subject. A great impression had been produced by the speeches directed against the attitude adopted by the French Government towards the Italian movement by such men as Anatole Lemercier, who was a devoted Bonapartist; by Kolb-Bernard, who represented the Catholics of Flanders; and, above all, by M. Keller, the member for the Department of Haut-Rhin. The scene in Montalembert's house was most remarkable. Distinguished men of very different opinions on almost all important subjects, united only in their hostility to the Imperial *régime*, were gathered together. Their manners were as different as their opinions. The boisterous vehemence of Odilon Barrot was a striking contrast to the calm dignified demeanour of men like M. de Falloux. I do not think that there was a single man of eminence in that room, including the distinguished master of the house, who was not in the old parliamentary days at some time or other a strong opponent of M. Guizot. Yet when the door opened and he entered the room he was received as if he were a distinguished royal personage. I have never seen a private person anywhere treated with such deference and respect. He was then long past seventy. He was surrounded by deferential people, and one of the remarks which he made then to the circle of which he was the centre is perhaps worth recording, because of a criticism made by Kraus in his delightful little work on Cavour which has recently appeared. Dr. Kraus reproaches Guizot because he says that in the year 1861 he did not perceive the coming greatness of Prussia. I am not sure that such a reproach is of grave importance in forming a judgment of the statesmanlike qualities of Guizot, but all I can say is that at the meeting at Montalembert's to which I have just alluded, and which took place before Bismarck became prominent, Guizot in discussing the probability of a European war expressed decidedly the opinion that when that war took place Prussia would emerge from it as a great Power. But long before this conversation, in a letter written to the French Ambassador at Vienna on February 25, 1847, and quoted by

M. Thureau-Dangin in his *Histoire de la Monarchie de Juillet*, Guizot points out the danger to France and to Europe from Prussian activity, intrigue, and ambition.

The next time I saw M. Guizot was at the house of the Mohls after the war of 1870. Madame Mohl most kindly gave a little dinner party in order that I should have the honour of meeting M. Guizot. He appeared to be then more vigorous than the first time I had seen him. He seemed to have none of the infirmities of age. His hearing was particularly sharp. One of the guests at dinner was a young Japanese nobleman of considerable distinction, who shortly afterwards, when still extremely young, was placed at the head of the Japanese Embassy in Paris, but who unfortunately died very prematurely. After dinner he came up to pay his respects to M. Guizot and asked permission to speak English, as he was afraid to speak French to a great master of that language. I was astonished at the ease with which M. Guizot wielded our language, and it was extremely interesting to observe the keen interest which the old statesman and historian took in the country which was just beginning to enter into relations with the western world. I walked home with him that night. It was a long way from the Rue Du Bac up the whole length of the Champs Elysées to a street near the Arc de Triomphe, and it was impossible not to marvel at the vigour, physical and mental, of the old man. He told me that his great desire was once more to visit England before he died. He said, however, that he was afraid to do so because of the fatigue which would result from his being obliged to speak in the English language. I expressed astonishment and remarked that I had that very evening heard him speak English with ease. He insisted, however, that it was too much for him although he did not feel it at the time, and that the result of the conversation to which I alluded would be to deprive him of some hours sleep. When I called upon him the next day he told me that he had suffered as he had predicted. On that occasion he gave me a detailed account of a visit he paid to Westminster Abbey with Macaulay as his guide. The enthusiasm with which he spoke of that event in his life was quite extraordinary. It made such an impression on me that when I sometimes hear persons express a wish to have been present at some historical scene, I always think that I should like to have been present when Guizot was shown over Westminster Abbey by Lord Macaulay.

Guizot's earliest recollections were about the Revolution and the Reign of Terror. His father perished on the scaffold on April 8, 1794. He remembered the agents of the Terror

searching for his father, but in a still more vivid way he recalled the fall of Robespierre. He was with his mother and brother on the terrace outside their house at Nîmes when the news was brought of the fall of Robespierre and the events which took place on the 9th and 10th Thermidor. His mother made her children kneel down and thank God for the deliverance of the country. It was most interesting and instructive to converse with M. Guizot about the literature of the Revolution. Early in the year 1847 three writers of eminence, Louis Blanc, Michelet, and Lamartine published works which made a great sensation at the time, in which they panegyrised the bloody drama of 1792 and 1793. As time went on the apologists of the Terror became more bold. Guizot held all such works in slight regard, as destitute of historical value, and he used to insist that no one of consideration endeavoured to justify Danton, Robespierre, and the other Terrorists, as long as the generation lived that knew them. I cannot, in the course of a short paper of this kind, give any detailed account of the life and work of M. Guizot. I can only notice very briefly some striking characteristics. He was appointed in 1812 Professor of History in the University of Paris. He got this appointment through the influence of M. de Fontanes, at that time holding the chief office in the University. He was called the Grand Master. When M. de Fontanes sent for the new professor to announce to him his appointment, he told him that Napoleon always read the inaugural addresses of professors, and expected to find in them a panegyric of himself and of his methods of government. Guizot replied by a very curt refusal. Some days afterwards, at a dinner at Courbevoie, where Fontanes owned a country house, Guizot was one of the guests. Fontanes came back to the subject and gently pressed Guizot to reconsider his refusal. His attempts were vain, and at last Fontanes said with a smile, "How very obstinate these Protestants are! I must get out of the difficulty with the Emperor as well as I can." Guizot delivered his first lecture on history on December 11, 1812. That lecture marks the opening of a new era in historical science. M. Bardoux does not hesitate to say that before Guizot there was no true teaching of history in France. This is not an exaggeration. Many great authorities have held that Guizot was the greatest professor of history that France has had. I know myself that such was the opinion of Döllinger, Ranke, Waitz, Droysen, and others. Lord Acton thought his only rival for the first place amongst French historians was Fustel de Coulanges. When on that December day, 1812, being only five-and-twenty years of age, he began his course of lectures at the

Sorbonne, he broke entirely new ground and became at once the founder of a school. In insisting in the first lecture that the historian "doit dégager les idées dominantes, les grands évenements qui ont déterminé le sort, le caractère d'une longue suite de générations," and ought to take as his guide "la raison et ses données positives à travers le dédale incertain des faits," Guizot introduced a new method which was not only a revolution in the mode of teaching history, but also in the manner in which history ought to be understood. During his whole life-time as a teacher of history it was never his desire to please, but rather to instruct and convince. History was for him the means for spreading ideas. The origins and the logic of the history of France were never set forth with so much penetration and so much elevation of view. He exposed the origin and character of the great institutions of the Middle Ages in lectures which afterwards appeared under the titles of *Essais sur l'Histoire de France*, *l'Histoire de la Civilisation en France*, *l'Histoire de la Civilisation en Europe*. These represent the continuous work of ten years.

The historians and publicists who wrote before Guizot, began by studying political institutions in order to explain the degree of civilisation to which a nation had reached. Guizot began by studying the society itself, and he pointed out that political institutions are effects before they become causes. They are the outcome of social forces which they in their turn modify and shape. The older schools of French historians produced complete confusion in the ideas and views of the past history of France. They had no clear insight. This may be seen in the differences of opinion which prevailed amongst them regarding the early government of the country. Count de Boulainvilliers, for instance, maintained that the Government of France between the time of Clovis and Hughues Capet was aristocratic. L'Abbé Dubos contended that it was a pure autocracy. L'Abbé Mably tried to make out that it was something very like a Republic. All these views were false, or perhaps I should rather say, incomplete. Guizot insisted that the reason why these writers arrived at such contradictory conclusions was because they did not study how the nation was organised before they investigated its form of government.

The position of the individual is the first question that ought to occupy the attention of the historian. Since the dismemberment of the Roman Empire the position of the individual has been regulated mainly by the agrarian settlement of the country. The feudal system which existed so long was the outcome of this and grew up gradually.

Guizot acknowledges fully its grandeur and its use. It accomplished great things in its day and under it, for instance, the various modern languages of Europe began to take shape. Nevertheless, towards the end of its time everywhere and specially in France it was an object of popular aversion. Guizot insists that it was the political character of the feudal system, and the nature and form of its power, which made it the object of popular hatred. He is, however, careful to point out that the feudal system did not come into existence all at once, and that it was not in its early form what it became in the fifteenth or sixteenth century. It grew everywhere into a confederation of small despots, unequal amongst themselves, having certain duties and rights to one another, but each of them in its own little domain exercising arbitrary and unchecked power.

In his *l'Histoire de la Civilisation de l'Europe*, Guizot passes in review, in a very remarkable chapters, the various attempts which have been made in the history of Europe to co-ordinate the old social forces. There was the scheme of Gregory VII. to establish a great theocracy; the Italian republics from the eleventh to the sixteenth century; the republican attempts in Switzerland; the mixed constitution of the States-General in France, the Cortès of Spain; and the Parliament of England. And we must not imagine that these chapters contain merely facts and documents. The historian gives us a brilliant account of the really important events which have shaped the destinies of Europe.

Guizot began his life as an historian, and he ended it while engaged on a history of France, which I venture to say is, for the remarkable judgment and vigour displayed in its composition, for the happy art with which small things are set aside, and the attention of the reader directed to the dominating forces of history, one of the best works of its kind that have ever been written. *L'Histoire de France racontée à mes petits-enfants* will appear to be an astounding performance, when one considers that one, if not two, of the volumes must have been written after Guizot had passed his eightieth year.

Besides being an historian, Guizot was beyond question one of the greatest of orators, and made some of the few speeches of the nineteenth century that live. Space does not allow me to quote them at any length, but there is one from which I desire to give an extract or two.

During the hundred days, Guizot was sent by some members of the Royalist Liberal party to Ghent, where Louis XVIII. had established his Court. The object of his mission was to point

out to the King the necessity for adopting a more liberal policy than he had followed during the first Restoration when he should again be at the head of the Government of France.

When Guizot became a Prime Minister of Louis Philippe, he was continually taunted with this journey to Ghent, most unfairly by the Royalists, for he went there in the interests of the King, and equally unfairly by the Liberals, because he went there in the interests of liberty. On January 26, 1844, a debate took place in the Chamber with reference to a great Royalist pilgrimage to Belgrave Square, in London, when many persons of high position tendered their allegiance to the Count de Chambord, and behaved in a manner which was distinctly treasonable to the established government of France.

During the course of his statement Guizot was interrupted with loud shouts of Ghent, and insults of various kinds. It is now nearly sixty years since that speech was made—it must have been delivered without preparation—and, notwithstanding the time which has elapsed, no one can, I think, read it without his blood being stirred, and perceiving that in its own way it reaches the highest kind of eloquence. I can only, of course, give a couple of extracts :

Il y a quelque chose de plus fort et de plus obstiné que toutes les interruptions et tous les murmures : c'est la conscience et la volonté de l'homme de bien. . . . Je répète, oui, je répète que je suis allé à Grand. Je suis allé porter à Louis XVIII. les conseils des royalists constitutionnels qui prévoyaient sa rentrée probable en France. (Here great interruption.)

He continued :

On peut épuiser mes forces, mais j'ai l'honneur de vous assurer qu'on n'épuisera pas mon courage. . . .

Je n'ai jamais défendu, je n'ai jamais servi qu'une seule cause. . . . Le désir de concourir pour ma faible part à la fondation de ce beau et grand gouvernment a été ma seule pensée politique. C'est ce désir, c'est ce sentiment qui m'a fait affronter les orages que vous soulevez aujourd'hui contre moi. Ces orages, je les ai prévues. Ne croyez pas que, lorsque j'ai été porter à Louis XVIII. les conseils de la monarchie constitutionnelle, ne croyez pas que je n'ai pas pressenti, que je n'ai pas entendu vos paroles, vos murmures, vos colères ; je les ai pressentis, et je les ai acceptés, et je les surmonterai, car j'ai mon pays avec moi. (Great and prolonged interruption.)

After a speech of considerable length, Guizot concluded as follows :

Je connais l'empire des mots, l'empire des préventions, l'empire des passions populaires et aveugles ; mais j'ai confiance dans la vérité, dans le bon sens et le sentiment de mon pays.

Ce n'est qu'avec l'aide de ces forces, avec l'appui du bon sens et du senti-

ment public sans cesse invoqué et discuté dans cette enceinte, que nous avons parcouru depuis 1830 notre laborieuse carrière. Nous continuerons et nous arriverons au terme; et, quant aux injures, aux calomnies, aux colères extérieures, on peut les multiplier, les entasser tant qu'on voudra; on ne les élèvera jamais au-dessus de mon dédain.

After making this speech Guizot went home so exhausted that he had to retire to bed, and slept continuously some sixteen or eighteen hours.

In considering the merits of Guizot as a statesman, a distinction has to be drawn between his foreign and home policy. As regards the policy which he thought the interests of his country required him to adopt towards foreign Powers he shared largely the views of Talleyrand. We all know the line taken by Talleyrand at the Congress of Vienna. Although he was the representative of the Power against which all Europe was combined, he became so completely the master of the situation in Vienna that the Emperor Alexander one day remarked: "Talleyrand speaks and behaves himself as if he were the Minister of Louis XIV. and not of the King who has been restored by our arms." The sagacity and moderation of Talleyrand was of extraordinary importance to his country. What he did for France at that time has never been quite appreciated by his countrymen. All sorts of mean and unworthy motives have been ascribed to him, yet his colleagues thought most highly of him. When in the year 1848 Prince Metternich had to fly from Austria and take refuge in England, the Duke of Wellington asked him to Strathfieldsaye. One evening the Duke and Metternich were talking at dinner over the old times of the Congress of Vienna. In the course of conversation Wellington remarked: "That of all the Members of the Congress no one had served his country with more ability or enlightened patriotism or far-sighted sagacity than Talleyrand." Metternich quite agreed. There was only one person present when this conversation took place, a young lady then eighteen years of age, who is still alive. She told me herself about this conversation, and it is difficult to imagine a higher testimony to statesmanship.

Now the main idea of Talleyrand, and that which Guizot held after him, was that the true interests of France, consisted in the preservation of the smaller European States, and that consequently she should always protect such States, and above all discourage and prevent the growth of a strong homogeneous power in Northern Germany with a frontier touching that of France. "We decline to have Prussia for a neighbour," said Talleyrand to Gagern, "Prussia is a quarrelsome power."

To preserve the treaties of 1815, in so far as they were favourable to the existence of small States, and to strengthen the power of France in the Mediterranean, was the cardinal idea of Guizot's foreign policy. I cannot but think that if such a policy had been consistently carried out it would have preserved to France a dominating position in Europe. It would have been impossible, perhaps, to have prevented the consolidation of Northern Germany under Prussian hegemony, but it would not have been impossible, seeing the great dislike that existed on the banks of the Rhine to Prussian methods of government, and which continued to exist till 1870, to have established an independent neutral State between France and her warlike eastern neighbour.

No one I think also who has studied Italian affairs can doubt that at one time the policy of federating the various Italian States was not an impossible one. The difficulty was to make the Federal bond strong enough to enable Italy as a whole to have a consistent foreign policy.

The Revolution of 1848, and the policy of the second Empire in overthrowing the treaties of 1815, have altered the whole situation, and the abandonment of the policy of Talleyrand and Guizot was largely responsible for the misfortunes of France.

As regards the internal policy of Guizot it is impossible to speak in terms of much praise. He resisted with an obstinacy, which was quite incredible to Lord Palmerston, and indeed to all who knew Guizot, all schemes of reform. When he came into power in 1840 the question of parliamentary reform became pressing. There were two laws in existence which regulated the political organisation of France: One was the law of April 30, 1831, which established a 300 and a 200 francs franchise and a qualification for members of a 1000 and 500 francs. Then there was the law of September 10, 1830, which required any deputy holding public position under the Crown to be re-elected. It must be remembered that holding certain offices did not, as with us, disqualify a person from a seat in Parliament. In the year 1842 when the question of parliamentary reform first came on in a serious manner there were out of the 459 members of the Chamber of Deputies no less than 149 paid officials, of course under the control of the Government. The whole number of electors in France was not more than 224,000. One has only to consider what these figures mean to be convinced that such a state of things could not possibly continue in a country which desired, as France appeared to do then, to possess institutions somewhat similar to those of England. Nevertheless, Guizot

for years stoutly resisted every attempt, however small or insignificant, to remedy this state of things. At last the movement for parliamentary reform became so strong that even he thought it might be desirable to give way. It is not generally known, but I am sure I am correct in stating that late in the winter of 1847 he advised his King to send for some one who would enjoy public confidence and would be able to introduce a moderate Reform Bill. He contended that he himself, although he was inclined to think such a measure now necessary, was not the person considering his past to introduce it. Louis Philippe declined to enter into the matter at all, and although some of his own family urged that the time had come when the institutions of the country should be put on a broader basis, he obstinately refused. Then we all know what happened. In the last days of February 1848, some disorderly movements took place in Paris. The King lost his nerve and parted with Guizot at a most inopportune moment. The revolutionary movement became more confident at once, the distracted counsels in the King's palace allowed it to gather strength, and at last Louis Philippe, although there was in Paris an army of the steadiest and best troops in the world, surrendered the Tuileries to a half-armed and undisciplined mob.

Constitutional monarchy came to an end in France, and although Guizot no doubt might have got the better of the Revolution for a time if he had kept the support of the King, still he must be held largely responsible for the destruction of a form of government which he spent his life in endeavouring to consolidate.

The remainder of the life of Guizot was spent in comparative retirement. He published his Memoirs, and this is a work of first-rate importance. They throw the greatest light on the most important facts in the history of the monarchy of July. They make us intimately acquainted with all the personages who played any part in the public life at that time; and the manner in which Guizot handles these events of his own age, reminds one very strongly of his earlier books on the origin of civilisation in Europe. He had just finished his fourth volume of his *l'Histoire de France* when he felt his end approaching. His daughter tells us that on his death-bed he was continually speaking of his country, and exhorting those around him to be of good cheer, and not to relinquish the hope that she would recover from her great disaster.

Early in life he had written these words: "Nos pères n'ont pas vécu plus doucement que nous, ni recueilli plus tôt et à

meilleur marché les fruits de leurs travaux. Il y a dans le spectacle de leurs destinées de quoi s'attrister et se fortifier à la fois. L'histoire abat les prétentions impatientes et soutient les longues espérances."

In my last conversation about a year or less before his death he expressed his earnest desire that the relations between England and France should again be on a confidential and friendly footing such as was the case when he was in charge of the foreign affairs of France, and the international policy of England was directed by Wellington, Aberdeen, and Peel. There are many in England who share that hope, and who are of opinion that a cordial understanding between England and France would naturally lead to other arrangements certain to forward the interests of civilisation.

ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT.

YOUNG'S "NIGHT THOUGHTS"*

NOT long ago I heard a curious little anecdote. A lady gave a trifle to a poor old couple, telling them to spend it on a Christmas dinner. She inquired afterwards whether the dinner had been satisfactory and was met by an apology. The pair, it appeared, had been on their way to the butcher when they passed a book-stall, upon which was displayed a copy of Young's *Night Thoughts*. It suggested the reflection that the pleasure given by a dinner was transitory, whereas the book would soothe the remainder of their lives. They sacrificed the lower to the higher appetite, and every one will hope that they never repented the decision. I wondered whether Young would have been duly gratified could he have foreseen the incident. Few, indeed, he might have said, are the authors who give real pleasure to any one more than a century after their death. Perhaps, too, as a moralist he should have been more pleased by the favour of the comparatively uncultivated class than hurt by the blame of superior persons. The vulgar read, if they read at all, because they really enjoy. The critic is apt to ask the irrelevant question whether enjoyment is correct. This reflection might console him if he had been forewarned of another judgment. In 1857, George Eliot wrote a scathing review of Young and his works. She said very forcibly that he was a time-serving parson of the period, who masked a low moral sentiment under an affectation of lofty religious emotion. M. Thomas, of whom I am about to speak, attributes to this review rather more influence than I can quite admit. He thinks that it checked a reaction towards Young indicated by recent publications of his works. George Eliot, however, was not then able to speak *ex cathedrâ*. Moreover, the article was anonymous, and appeared in a review the circulation of which was not only limited, but limited to the class which of all others was least likely to care for Young. Jeffrey or Macaulay, at the height of their popularity, might do something to check or stimulate a rising taste. An attack in the

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Westminster Review upon a work accepted as edifying by the religious world would, I fancy, be more likely to rouse its admirers' wrath than to quench their zeal. When the essay was collected in George Eliot's essays it revealed for the first time to most readers that he had ever been attacked in modern times. My own impression was, I confess, one of surprise that she should have thought it worth while to trample upon so obsolete an idol. I can agree with M. Thomas that the attack was one-sided. Indeed, it represents to some degree the bitterness of a deserter. George Eliot had been a student of the *Night Thoughts* in her youth ; she quotes a passage which she still admired and knew by heart, and apologises for dwelling chiefly upon the defects, which she mentions in order to excuse her alienation. The denunciation illustrates the change which had come over her own religious views. Still, as she states objections which are certainly felt by other people, they help also to explain the decline of Young's popularity. Most of us, I suspect, who have read the *Night Thoughts* at all have a vague sense of something unsatisfactory. The solemnity somehow takes us the wrong way ; the tone is uncongenial in spite of the undeniable ability ; it recalls the frame of mind produced by the old-fashioned "Sunday book" of our childhood, when on some false pretence of story-telling or poetry we were beguiled into a second edition of the morning's sermon. But, even considered as a sermon, there was something jarring in the substance, though we could not precisely say what. That was what George Eliot endeavoured to explain, and, I fancy, with some success.

Meanwhile Young has found a commentator of whom he would have every reason to be proud. M. Thomas has investigated him in the most approved and thorough-going fashion. He has made elaborate inquiries into the biography, unearthed materials neglected by all previous biographers (including the humble author of an article in the last biographical dictionary), and, though the data are still provokingly scanty, has made the story as clear as we can ever hope it to be made now. He has gone through Young's half-forgotten plays and satires ; traced their sources and their relation to previous literature ; expounded the true significance of the *Night Thoughts ;* analysed the minute peculiarities of language, metre, and style ; extracted Young's critical principles from his various prose works ; and, to say nothing else, given full accounts of his literary influence in England, Germany, France, Italy, and Spain. No classic could desire more exhaustive treatment, and it must be added that, though one doubts at first whether the subject is worth the

labour, the results are given with the lucidity and good arrangement which a Frenchman does not smother under his erudition. He shows sufficiently that Young had remarkable abilities, and that his works mark an important stage in our literary history. Perhaps some of us may feel the stings of conscience, and, taking down the *Night Thoughts* from the dusty corner of the library, try to rekindle the dying flame of enthusiasm. I will give, as honestly as I can, the result of such an experiment in my own case.

I will start, however, with M. Thomas by considering the man himself. George Eliot confirmed her literary verdict by insisting upon the facts of Young's career. M. Thomas' respect for his author has led him to interpret them in a more favourable sense. The result seems to be that after the most careful researches the framework of established fact is so shadowy that it might be plausibly fitted to a varying interpretation. We can dwell lightly or harshly upon certain indications, but when all is said, we have to rely upon rather vague presumptions. The biography, at any rate, illustrates the change which was taking place in the position of the English man of letters. Young, born in 1683, was five years older than Pope, who, however, became the literary dictator while Young was still struggling for fame, and died just as the older man established his reputation by the *Night Thoughts*. English authors of a later date have often cast a longing glance to the days of Queen Anne, when poets, dramatists, and essayists were winning solid rewards from political magnates. They go over the list, Congreve, Addison, Prior, and the rest, and wish that they, too, could be made Commissioners of Hackney-coaches, or even rise to be Secretaries of State. The next era was to be dominated by Walpole—"Bob, the poet's foe," as Swift called him—who would not throw away money without a more substantial return than a play or a complimentary epistle in verse. Young, who was over thirty when Anne died, had entered the race under the earlier conditions. He had become a law fellow of All Souls in 1708, and the position raised him above the level of the mere hack-author. Vague reports that his youth was not so eminently respectable as his later years are of little importance, and though he seems to have owed his position to personal favour rather than to special academical distinction, he had no doubt shown marked intellectual promise. Two of his friends were joining in the competition for patronage. Tickell, with whom he was especially intimate, became one of Addison's "little Senate," and was to receive a comfortable appointment when Addison himself had patronage to distribute; William Harrison, who, like Young, was a Win-

chester man, had been taken up by Swift, when his sudden death, pathetically described in the *Journal to Stella*, cut short a promising career. It was quite in order for Young to have similar aspirations. Though he did not leave Oxford for London, he saw something of the wits, and we catch one or two glimpses of him at the clubs where the patrons and their clients met to talk politics and literature—and some other matters. He showed his powers by poems which are mainly in the contemporary fashion, and was plainly quite ready to receive due acknowledgment of their merits from either Whigs or Tories. An epistle is addressed to Lord Lansdowne—one of the twelve peers created to neutralise the Whig majority in the House of Lords—and he is enthusiastic over the Treaty of Utrecht, which all sound Whigs were denouncing. A more remarkable poem on the "Last Day" is loyally dedicated to Queen Anne, who has the best reason for expecting that day with confidence. The poet sees her soaring on that occasion through "the first and second heavens" into boundless spaces "on the other side of creation," till his imagination fails in the effort. Another poem, celebrating Lady Jane Grey, is dedicated to the Countess of Salisbury, whose beauty and virtue might be expected to "work a sort of miracle" and "make our very senses and affections converts to our religion." Meanwhile the Whigs Steele and Addison paid him compliments and he probably contributed some trifles to the *Guardian*. On the death of Queen Anne he lamented the national loss in another poem, but dries his tears by reflecting upon the accession of so noble and universally beloved a monarch as George I. Young was not a keen politician like Steele, on the one side, or Swift, on the other, and perhaps is not to be blamed for the judicious detachment which allowed him to pay compliments all round. His dedications, however, exceeded the wide limits allowable in those days so far that he became ashamed of them himself and tried to suppress them. That to Lady Salisbury seems to have been not quite barren in results.

The old circles were broken up at the Queen's death. Addison soon afterwards went to Ireland and then married his countess, and the little Senate ceased to meet. The Tories were demoralised and dispersed. Swift retired to eat his heart out in his deanery, and Pope, now making his fortune out of Homer, had always found the club-life too much for his strength. Young remained for a time at Oxford, and was now looking to success on the stage—then by far the most profitable kind of achievement. Two of his tragedies were produced soon afterwards, but meanwhile his orbit was affected by his attention to an erratic

and not quite heavenly body. Wharton is still perhaps best remembered by one of Pope's most brilliant, and it would seem, most accurate portraits :

> A constant bounty which no friend has made,
> An angel tongue which no man can persuade;
> A fool with more of wit than half mankind;
> Too rash for thought, for action too refined;
> A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
> A rebel to the very King he loves;
> He dies, sad outcast to each Church and State,
> And, harder still, flagitious yet not great.

Wharton, who was just emerging from his minority when he made Young's acquaintance, had already shown his eccentricity and his "angel tongue." He had married a wife, deserted her, gone abroad to flirt with the Pretender, and returned to support the Whig Ministers. They gave him a dukedom, it appears, to attach him to their side. Young had already taken him for a patron, and, besides abandoning other prospects, gave up his claim to two college livings in consideration of a pension. He stood for a seat in Parliament in the duke's interest, and he was rewarded by other tokens (not clearly ascertainable) of the duke's bounty. He was ready, that is, to become a creature of this meteoric dignitary. There was nothing in this, as M. Thomas fairly argues, positively disreputable. Wharton hoped to remedy the deficiencies of his education under a tutor of literary distinction. The pair once spent six weeks at the duke's country house "talking Latin," and at the end of the time the pupil, we are told, talked Latin "like that of Tully." He would be able to quote Horace in the House of Lords. Young, however, one would suppose, must have seen some startling symptoms. In 1721 Wharton, who had personal reasons for his interest, denounced Ministers in high moral tones for their suspicious tenderness to the South Sea speculators. A remarkable retort was made. A Bill was brought in for the suppression of blasphemy, and justified on the ground that a "Hellfire Club" existed of which Wharton was president. About the same time Young's tragedy, the *Revenge*, was produced, and it was published next year with an extravagant dedication to the duke, who, said Young, had suggested the best scene in the play, and to whose bounty he owed his present fortune. Wharton, he thinks, had emulated the spirit of a Regulus in his parliamentary performances. Wharton meanwhile was getting into difficulties, he had lost £120,000 in the South Sea business, and after a time vanished to the Continent to join the Jacobites. It is certainly not proved that Young's fault was not an innocent belief in a

brilliant, if eccentric, young man. Indeed, it seems that Young showed a want of worldly wisdom in his selection of patrons; he flattered the wrong people, but this amazing panegyric is hard to reconcile either with common sense or any sense of personal dignity.

Young's *Revenge* became a standard play after a time, but had little success at the first performance, and he now took to satire. A gentleman whose hopes of preferment had so broken down might naturally be in the satiric mood. M. Thomas maintains, moreover, that the state of British morality at that period was especially low. I will not argue the point, but I fancy that no satirist ever lived who could not plausibly explain his indignation by such a pretext. Swift was uttering his misanthropy through the mouth of Gulliver about the same time; but Swift is not a man to be summoned as an impartial witness. Of him, if of any man who ever lived, it may be said that his wrath meant bitter personal disappointment and disgust with the human species as well as with the period. In point of fact, I can see no reason to suppose that the general moral tone was much better or worse just then than it was just before or just after. In one direction, undoubtedly, there were grounds for a severe judgment. Political corruption was conspicuously flourishing. Swift's verses "upon reading Dr. Young's satire" suggest the obvious comment. Young, while occasionally denouncing corruption in general, discovers that the King and Walpole and Dodington are models of all the virtues. To Swift, of course, they were the embodiment of the evil principle, and Young's attacks upon vice are uttered in the same breath with praises of its chief patrons. The author of the *Drapier's Letters* might well protest. In fact, Young was doing his best to get a share of the good things distributed by Walpole and his colleagues for a sufficient consideration. He had made acquaintance with Bubb Dodington, who has become famous, thanks to his memoirs, as the very type of the lowest political jobbers of the age. In 1722 he was staying at the splendid mansion which Dodington had just built in Dorsetshire, and was charmed (so we are told in a poetic "epistle to Dr. Young") with his host's flowing Burgundy and wit. They talked of architecture and the dinner over their wine and pipes. The writer calls upon Young to take a higher flight, and sing the praises of the "godlike" monarch,

> Lovely though great, and awful though serene,

known to mortals as George I. Young was quite ready to take the hint. His zeal was stimulated by one substantial favour. In

1726 he received a pension of £200 a year. It may have been given for his literary merits, though probably they would not have been recognised without Dodington's interest, and Young seems to hold that he had rendered some services in return. In those days a pension would probably imply that he had been employed as a political pamphleteer, but no traces remain of such work. Swift observes that he had to flatter knaves or lose his pension. If flattery was to be the consideration he certainly did something. He published a poem to Walpole (upon his installation as Knight of the Garter) so unctuous that, like his dedications, it had to be suppressed. About the same time he suddenly took orders. The reason, as M. Thomas plausibly suggests, may have been that he wished to qualify himself for the wardenship of All Souls, which was just becoming vacant. The chances of other preferment would not be less in his new career. He became chaplain to the Princess of Wales—soon to be Queen Caroline—and on the death of George I. received the honorary appointment of chaplain to the new King. He showed his loyalty by certain naval odes, now simply comic in effect, for Young was at his worst in such performances, which were ridiculed by Fielding at the time. Substantial preferment, however, did not come; and Young considered himself to the end of his life as a man with a grievance. The question is raised why he was neglected. The first problem would be why he should have been rewarded. He was as yet known chiefly as a play-writer and a satirist. Play-writing was so little of a recommendation that Young had withdrawn his last tragedy from the stage upon his ordination as unbecoming to his new character. The most respectable pretext for church preferment in those days was the confutation of a Deist. Young had done nothing in that direction and certainly had not the claim which, thanks to Queen Caroline's unusual perspicacity, raised Butler to the bench some years later. Personal connection with the Ministry would in those days supply a more effectual motive. Young, as M. Thomas shows, had been indiscreet enough to pay a visit to Bolingbroke and Pope, who were staying together at Dawley. That, no doubt, might rouse Walpole's suspicion. In any case, however, it seems that Young was ill-advised enough to drift towards Frederick Prince of Wales, who was at this time being also courted by his friend Dodington. Soon afterwards Frederick stood godfather to Young's only son, and such a connection would of course be fatal to any favour from Walpole. Young never mentioned his old patron again, and indeed it seems to show imperfect appreciation of facts that he should have been still complaining of neglect when he had given so plain a mark of adherence to the

head of the Opposition.* He tried afterwards to court the Pelhams and especially the Duke of Newcastle, the great dispenser of patronage in later times. He made piteous appeals to the duke in 1747 declaring that his neglect amounted to infamy and reproach. In 1758 he was still applying to Archbishop Secker, who made a rather cruel reply to the old gentleman now seventy-five. Secker is unable to be of any service, but sarcastically observes that Young's fortune and literary eminence put him above the need of advancement and that his sentiments are no doubt of corresponding elevation. At last, upon the accession of George III., Young got his one bit of preferment; he was appointed "Clerk of the Closet" to the Queen Dowager; and about this same time his friend Dodington at last wriggled himself into a peerage, to die soon afterwards.

Now, looking back upon the story, we may agree with M. Thomas that Young had done nothing absolutely contemptible. He had not "ratted" or been employed in the baser kind of political service. But it is at least equally clear that there is no indication of any independence of spirit. He had flattered great men, the splendid Chandos, for example, and Macclesfield (the Chancellor who was soon afterwards impeached for corrupt practices), as well as Walpole, and Dodington, and Chesterfield, and Compton, and Newcastle. He had not deserted the Whigs, and had no temptation to desert the bestowers of patronage. His adulation must of course be judged by the standard of the time; but even judged by that standard it was so lavish that he was himself ashamed and other people scandalised. Pope, though with a little too much bragging about it, was setting an example of literary independence. Young represents a survival of the weaknesses of the old generation. He believed in patronage when the system was dying out. His ties to Oxford seem to have kept him outside of London society, though he knew some of the leaders. He had an erroneous impression that the great men were on the look-out for literary genius, and was unreasonably disappointed when they did not rise to his baits. He was not the man to anticipate Johnson's sturdy revolt against patronage; and when he failed to get his rewards, became querulous and embittered. We need not be too hard upon the poor man;

* In 1733, if M. Thomas fixes the date rightly, Young was applying to Lady Suffolk, the King's mistress, and asking her to apply to Lord Townshend. As Townshend had certainly left the Ministry and retired finally to the country in 1730, the date has been doubted; and M. Thomas has not quite removed the difficulty by discovering that Townshend still held some small office. Anyhow as Lady Suffolk's influence was coming to an end, the application would show that Young was curiously ignorant of the true state of things.

we may remember that weakness of a similar kind may be rather disguised than obsolete even at the present day; but certainly we cannot find any trace of the masculine courage and cheery spirit which attracts us in his elder contemporary, Steele, for example, or in his junior, Fielding, in spite of their many errors. Secker's sneer was perhaps ill-timed, but it marks the impression of the times. Young was not the man to feel that he could stand upon his own merits, and that the disgrace, if any, would fall upon the men who failed to recognise them.

I must still, however, speak of the later history which led to his masterpiece. Young took the college living of Welwyn in 1720 and in 1731 married Lady Elizabeth Lee, a widow with three children and daughter of the Earl of Lichfield. To George Eliot it seemed clear that the attraction was the lady's wealth and rank. The marriage no doubt brought him into connection with some influential people. M. Thomas, however, shows that she had been left penniless and disposes of the first charge. Such indications as exist are in favour of a real affection and a happy marriage, and Young is entitled to an honourable acquittal. Ten years later Lady Elizabeth died, and the event brings us to the *Night Thoughts*. It is connected with a very pretty problem for the writer of a literary biography, upon which I must venture a few words. Young declared emphatically that certain facts mentioned in the first night really suggested the poem. "Thy shaft," he says, in a characteristic apostrophe to Death:

> The shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain,
> And thrice ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn.

In plain prose, three people died within three months. Their poetical names were Lucia, Philander and Narcissa. Lucia is clearly Lady Elizabeth. Philander and Narcissa were identified almost directly with Lady Elizabeth's daughter and her daughter's husband, Mr. Temple. The marriage took place in 1735 and in 1736 the Youngs had gone with the Temples to Lyons, where Mrs. Temple died of consumption. The identification, however, is difficult. Young in the poem says that as Narcissa died in a country where heretical ceremonies were forbidden, she had to be buried clandestinely, and he becomes eloquent in bestowing denunciations upon the bigotry of this proceeding. Now Mrs. Temple was buried regularly in the Swiss cemetery, though the service had to be performed at night. Moreover, Philander in the poem dies before her, whereas Mr. Temple returned and made a second marriage. The death of Lucia, that is Lady Elizabeth, again did not follow for more than three years. M. Thomas here suggests a very feasible identification: Philander, he says, was not Temple but Young's special friend Tickell, who

in fact died within three months of Lady Elizabeth. Two deaths are thus explained; but then who was Narcissa? Here arises an intricate controversy. In the first life of Young (1765) it is said that Narcissa was his daughter, and that she died not at Lyons but at Montpellier. Montpellier is again mentioned in a life of 1777. A few years later (1787) certain British tourists at Montpellier found that the natives were subscribing for a monument to be placed upon Narcissa's grave. The bones of a young girl were discovered at the supposed place, and a gardener remembered that his assistant, since dead, had been employed in the clandestine burial and related incidents which agreed with the account in the poem. By this time, indeed, it had been translated and become very popular in France: the gardener's memory had obviously been refreshed from this source, and the story grew in distinctness and in time threw out a later variant with some palpable inconsistencies. M. Thomas of course admits that there is nothing strange in the growth of the legend. Given British tourists and French sentimentalists ready to drop a tear, there will never be a want of intelligent gardeners with tenacious memories. The mention of Montpellier probably started, and therefore does not corroborate, the story. Montpellier was then the favourite health-resort for British travellers, and indeed the party in all probability was on its way thither. A biographer likes to be specific and it was a very easy slip to put Montpellier for the vaguer South of France. I have often made worse blunders. M. Thomas, however, holds that this early statement makes probable a real foundation on fact. If so, we have to find a real Narcissa, who must have died in 1740, in the period fixed by the other two deaths, when Young must have taken her to Montpellier, and who passed for his daughter. Now, in the first place, there is no trace that Young ever had a daughter, and it is implied by other statements that he had not. In 1751, again, Young himself told a German interviewer that Narcissa and Philander were Mr. and Mrs. Temple, and that they died about the same time. The old gentleman was clearly diverging from the truth. M. Thomas infers that he had some mystery to conceal. There is, he has discovered, a suspicious gap in the register at Welwyn. Young, he suggests, may possibly have had an illegitimate daughter, who was perhaps adopted by Lady Elizabeth, and she may have died at Montpellier under the alleged circumstances. The conjecture is a bold one, and suggests one obvious difficulty. If it be correct, we must suppose that Young left Welwyn in the middle of the winter immediately after his wife's death, took a girl who had passed for his daughter to France, where she died (as he puts it) "snatched in her bridal

hour." He then published a poem which at once became famous, fully describing the facts. People at once began to ask who Narcissa was? Now everybody in Welwyn must have been discussing the vicar's sudden departure after his wife's death with a girl who must have been known to them. Is it conceivable that she should have vanished without leaving the slightest trace of her existence? Could all the people in a country town have missed so obvious an identification or failed to give information to the curious?*

Another hypothesis, I must confess, seems to me easy and obvious. Young was indulging in poetic licence and was not oppressed by any guilty mystery. He had no doubt been moved by the sudden death of his step-daughter, and had been annoyed by the restrictions upon the burial of Protestants in France. When Lady Elizabeth and Tickell died within three months it struck him that the situation would be more pathetic if Mrs. Temple's representative were made to die in the same period, and the exaggeration of the clandestine ceremony would give a good chance for rhetoric. In his statement to the German he was a little embarrassed by his consciousness of the fiction, and modified the story to evade a full confession of his manipulation of historic truth. This, indeed, implies that Young was exploiting his sorrow in a way not quite pleasant. But is there anything in his character to make that improbable? M. Thomas' hypothesis implies that he lied in any case. Moreover, the other references to Narcissa, especially to her bridal hour, apply to Mrs. Temple better than to a girl who, on M. Thomas' theory, can hardly have been more than ten or eleven at the date of her death.

I will say nothing of Young's later years, which were passed in dignified retirement, though still, as we have seen, disturbed by hankerings after preferment. He seems to have behaved strictly to his son, but the facts are too vague to justify any decided opinion. He was regarded with general respect; he was held to be a great light in the literary and religious world; ladies of distinction courted him and came to him for consolation; and though he saw little society, his conversation was courteous and attractive. His later works, except one short pamphlet on *Original Composition*, were of little value.

* M. Thomas here makes a slip, almost his only slip, I believe. He tries to find some independent proof that Young was absent at the beginning of 1740. In the proceedings before Lord Hardwicke about the Wharton estates, an affidavit by Young was accepted, when, as M. Thomas remarks, it would have been easy to bring him in person from Welwyn. The answer is that oral evidence was never admitted in the Court of Chancery, and consequently there is no presumption that Young was not at home.

I pass, however, to Young as an author. The plays and the satires, though long dead, were good enough to deserve their temporary success. The English tragedy of the period has become weary reading. It was distracted between the French model, to which Addison made the nearest approach in his *Cato*, and the old English barbarisms which had still a hold upon the stage and were beginning to be studied by literary critics. The ideal, as Steele puts it in a prologue, was to combine French "correctness" with British "fire." Rowe, Shakespeare's first editor, was trying feebly enough to imitate his author and adapting Massinger. Young's best work, the *Revenge*, imitates Othello while suggesting also a leaning towards Corneille. M. Thomas observes truly that Zanga in Young's play has more intelligible motives than Iago, who, moreover, is an *esprit borné*, whose talk savours of taverns. Zanga, he thinks, is a nobler villain. In spite of which I confess that to my mind, as to George Eliot's, Iago is one of the most living though villainous human beings ever portrayed, whereas Zanga is a peg to hang declamations upon. Perhaps that is British prejudice. Anyhow, the *Revenge* is a very clever performance, but as dead as Home's *Douglas* or Hughes' *Siege of Damascus*. The satires, though more characteristic, were soon eclipsed by Pope. One reason is obvious. Satire is a rather dreary form of literature which requires some special salt to keep it fresh. Dryden's masculine intellect found a sufficient stimulus in the political passions of the time. Johnson in his grand *Vanity of Human Wishes* was expressing, with the help of Juvenal, his own profound convictions. Pope's satires are edged by the personalities, which equally in his exquisite compliments and his bitterest invective show his abnormally sensitive nature. Young, in spite of the occasional remarks upon corruption, has none of the true satiric wrath. He is not impelled by fierce indignation. The satires are mainly a collection of little character-sketches, often drawn, as M. Thomas shows with his usual care, from La Bruyère and sometimes from the *Spectator*. They correspond to a common taste of the period. To make such vignettes permanently interesting, one would require exquisite workmanship —the fineness of language, the flashes of insight, and the dexterous insinuations of which Pope is master in his best moments. Young has not Pope's singular felicity and substitutes something else. What that is may perhaps be indicated by a passage which M. Thomas admires. It is a sketch of the *précieuse* fine lady :

> O'er the belles-lettres lovely Daphne reigns;
> Again the God Apollo wears her chains;
> With legs tossed high on her sophee she sits
> Vouchsafing audience to contending wits;

> Of each performance she's the final test;
> One act read o'er she prophesies the rest;
> And then, pronouncing with decisive air
> Fully convinces all the town—she's fair.

I confess that this lady, tossing her legs, strikes me as vulgar and the language as flat. The culminating witticism of the final antithesis represents a common trick with Young. "Female Atheists" are

> A match for nothing—but the Deity!

Another set of ladies

> Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune fly,
> And beggar half their race—through charity.

Young often strikes out, like Pope, a proverbial phrase. He praises Chesterfield for his manly "openness of heart" displayed in a court

> Where nature's end of language is declined,
> And men speak only to conceal the mind,

an anticipation of the phrase generally given to Talleyrand. Chesterfield was not a very happy instance of the virtue, for though he condemns lying, he fully argues with Bacon that it may be quite right to conceal the truth. Young, however, comes very near to striking out an epigram which has proved its merit by success. Still Young has not the mastery of language and delicacy of ear which enabled Pope, in spite of the rigid limits of his versification, to produce so many brilliant passages and to use antitheses (as in the case of Wharton) to edge a shrewd exposure of inconsistency without falling into too obtrusive a paradox. Pope's best work, for he can fall into coarseness worse than Young's, seems to imply the polish acquired by intimacy with the most cultivated circles of his day, whereas Young is the comparative outsider trying to force a good thing without being quite at his ease. He has something of academical rust, and is borrowing commonplaces from books rather than putting their personal observation into exquisite shape.

This brings us to the *Night Thoughts*. Their success was clearly due, as M. Thomas remarks, to the strong personal emotion which they certainly embody—whatever may be the truth of the Narcissa story. The didactic poems of the day, Prior's *Solomon* or Pope's *Essay on Man* for example, affect to be written by disinterested philosophers. They put abstract logic into verse, and there is no suggestion of any flesh and blood author behind the poetical lecturer. Young's sorrow is unmistakably genuine, however unsatisfactory may be the historical account of its cause. It appealed to the generation which was already moved by Pamela and was about to shed tears

over Clarissa. Everybody, whatever the reason, was in a great disposition to cry, and here was an eloquent and singularly clever man who was weeping out of sincere affliction. The *Nights*, again, were explicitly intended to supply a corrective to Pope's *Essay*, which had shocked the orthodox by leaving heaven and hell out of account, and led to a superficial optimism which could satisfy nobody. The doctrine that whatever is is right had begun to be a bore. Young appealed to sentiments which had been embodied in the old creed, but seemed to be simply ignored in this colourless philosophising. His poem was therefore eagerly accepted by Wesley and his followers, whose religious views were opposed to deistical theories upon the same issues. A religion which tends simply to ignore the dark side of things must be unsatisfactory. Young, however, did not sympathise with Wesley. He probably despised the "enthusiasm" of Papists and Methodists as lustily as the bishops who denounced it. Young's poem, in fact, is as "rationalistic" in one sense as Pope's *Essay*. After the first nights, in which he dilates upon his sorrows and the vanity of the world, he plunges into a long argumentation; sets up a wretched infidel whom he can browbeat and convict of selfishness and stupidity to his heart's content; and employs some thousands of verses in establishing what he considers to be a satisfactory basis of his religious doctrine. It is in this part of the performance that he propounds the theory which shocked George Eliot, though, to do him justice, he sometimes uses inconsistent language.

Briefly his morality is of the purely selfish variety. Infidelity arises from disbelief in the immortality of the soul, that is of posthumous responsibility. God's first command is "Man, love thyself":

> Rewards and punishments make God adored,
> And hopes and fears give conscience all her power.

If spirits die, he says, "wisdom and worth" are calamities inflicted to make us more wretched. If, in short, we are not to be handsomely paid for virtue hereafter, virtue is a blunder and we are logically bound to be vicious. Young, it is true, shared this view with a good many of the orthodox writers of the time. The ablest of them, however, saw the objections to identifying religion with "enlightened self-interest." M. Thomas thinks that Young was greatly impressed by Butler's *Analogy*, and there is this in common, that Butler, like Young, was protesting against the curious deistical optimism. But Butler, whatever his precise position, is specially on his guard against this version of the argument. His characteristic doctrine, the supremacy of conscience, implies that it is at least something more than a judicious calculation

of theories. So it is an essential part of his argument that virtue *as such* is rewarded, and vice *as such* punished in this world. His argument, that is, goes to show that this world, even apart from revelation, is seen to be so constituted as to testify to a moral government of the universe. Young, who regards the world as an Aceldama, "a field of blood, of inward anguish and of outward ill," cannot appeal to such indication of providential order. A superior set of beings would regard it as "the Bedlam of the universe." His main argument, therefore, expanded at enormous length, is the argument from the stars. Devotion, he tells us, is the "daughter of astronomy," and in one of his queerest lapses from taste, appeals to "Newtonian Angels" for "a telescope" to reach the throne of the Creator. The language of the stars has received various interpretations. Perhaps their most obvious meaning is the littleness of man and his incapacity for framing schemes of the universe. To Kant as to Wordsworth in the *Ode to Duty* they symbolise the supreme law revealed in the physical as in the moral world. They speak of an absolute "categorical imperative"—a code of duty which has nothing to do with the selfish interests of the individual. Young's ethics, however, were not of the sublime or stoical variety. The stars apparently are called upon to tell him that at the last "pay day," as he calls it, there will be ample assets for so solvent a bank, and that there will never be a Universe without a Dr. Young in it.

The mathematical argument, in fact, obviously requires some complementary considerations. He purposes to offer "consolation," and there is a logical gap to be filled before we can soothe sorrow by meditation on the enormous distance of the fixed stars. Nothing was more antipathetic to the teaching of that time than mysticism or "enthusiasm." The mystic who could wish that heaven and hell might be removed that men might serve God from pure and disinterested love talked nonsense. The "enthusiast" whose religion assisted the direct action of divine grace upon the heart, passed for a hypocrite or a deluded dreamer. Yet the poet who would offer anything deserving to be called consolation must be one to whom the mystical attitude of mind is at least congenial. He must recognise the essential beauty of the higher instincts and not make them differ from the lower by the incidental consequences to the man's happiness. Serious sorrow is the severest test of character, and the consolation which a poet can offer is the best indication of his depth and truth of feeling. Wordsworth is to my mind supreme in that respect, because he shows most powerfully how sorrow can be transmuted into strength, and the sympathies for our fellow sufferers be deepened. Cowper, one of the greatest masters of pathos, touches us by

finding relief from his mental tortures in quiet scenery, which speaks to him of sympathy for man and beast. The mystic poet can find "intimations of immortality" in the primitive instincts and finds an indwelling divinity in the visible order of the world. Young has, like his contemporaries, to turn to abstract logic; and shows little sensibility to any outward object except the stars. He expounds what he calls "the philosophy of tears," upon which he gives a long lecture to the infidel. He insists upon the argument from the general worthlessness of human pleasures, which comes near to being an argument from misanthropy. He tells us frankly how many years he has spent in seeking for court favour; how miserable his disappointment has made him; and how thankful he is that he has been landed in a retired spot, whence he can look from a distance at men worrying each other like wolves till death inearths them. He did not, as we have seen, quite learn content. His lamentations generally are too much of a piece with this avowal. His philosophy of tears teaches us that we should always be thinking of death. He preaches a long sermon, divided into three heads, upon Narcissa; her youth should remind us that we may die at any moment; her gaiety that death may come in disguise; and her fortune that we must never allow wealth to distract our minds from the grave. One may pity the poor man, but one cannot feel that his grief is of the ennobling variety. He can, indeed, discourse eloquently in his way upon the beauty of virtue, and expect to see "glories beaming from the brow" of the good man, and "to trace his footsteps by the rising flowers"; but the conception of "virtue" is radically mean, and the eulogy has a strain of affectation. Any touch upon the manly or heroic chord would produce a discord in the perpetual whining. His orthodox contemporaries admired his bullying of the infidel. It strikes us more as if the poor man was swaggering to persuade himself that he really believed. When he wishes to be specially orthodox, the want of moral elevation makes him put the usual topics in the most repulsive form. In the early poem on the *Last Day* there is a strange passage, written vigorously enough, where a damned sinner remonstrates with the Creator, who is all love and mercy, and yet sentences the wretch to go on blaspheming for ever in a sea of fire. The sinner asks leave to die after a few million years, but Young remarks that it is "too late." The sinner "justly doomed" drops to the bottom of the burning pool. The "justice" is taken for granted. The kind of moral insensibility implied in thus accepting the most hideous version of a dogma for the sake of a telling antithesis is, I think, the main cause of our want of sympathy.

We may pardon such things in the old Puritan brought up upon concrete imagery, which indeed may perhaps be spiritualised. Great men have held that love made hell. But it is because Young is a rationalist on one side, and trying to retain his dogmas on the other, that the contrast becomes painfully jarring. We seem to see an energetic preacher, thumping his pulpit, bullying his congregation, and trying to work himself up to belief. I have dwelt upon this in order to explain George Eliot's aversion. The correlative question is why such a teacher met so fully the demands of the time. To explain that we should begin by most fully admitting Young's very remarkable rhetorical genius. He never goes to sleep; he has a restless and acute intellect; a surprising ingenuity in performing variations upon his theme, such, for example, as a long amplification (at the end of the third night) that "death is the crown of life." The same quality appears in his later quaint but striking personification of Time, and other such entities. He reminds us occasionally of Donne. Their careers were so far alike that they both took orders at about the same age after long dependence on patronage, and both preached a pessimistic view of the world. I do not mean that Young has Donne's subtlety nor the poetic power concealed under Donne's conceits. But if Young had been brought up under the same influences he would have been a distinguished member of Donne's school. As it is he started from the principles and methods of Pope. His blank verse often runs into couplets:

> Like children babbling nonsense in their sport(s)
> We censure nature for a span too short.

The "Nights," like the satires, abound in telling proverbial phrases—"All men think all men mortal but themselves," "Procrastination is the thief of time," "An undevout astronomer is mad," "That hideous thing, a naked human heart"—and a long list which may be found in any dictionary of quotations. The constant effort often becomes tiresome; his style, but for an occasional attempt at the Miltonic, is jerky, a coagulation of short sentences, interrupted by notes of exclamation and interrogation; he tortures platitudes into antitheses, and does not shrink from gross faults of taste. Human nature is a book:

> But the grand comment, which displays at full
> Our human height, scarce severed from divine,
> By heaven composed, was published on the Cross.

Whatever his faults, one has only to compare Young with the contemporary scribblers of the Pope school to admit that he was

not approached for intellectual activity. He is not, like most of them, simply repeating a set of conventional phrases. I cannot honestly say that I like the man or believe him to be a true poet. But considered as a popular preacher I can, I think, fully understand why he should have drawn audiences and set a fashion which was followed in European as well as English literature. He not only expressed a prevalent sentiment, but gave it an original and striking form. Orthodox critics might pick any number of holes in his performance, but it was new, vigorous and impressive even by the questionable peculiarities, which we feel more strongly when the whole tone of sentiment has been changed.

This suggests a final remark. Young wrote a lively pamphlet upon *Original Composition* in his old age, in which, besides some general remarks, sufficiently obvious, he criticised Pope for his imitative spirit and his adherence to the formal code of correctness. Nobody I suppose ever doubted that originality was in itself desirable, but this condemnation of the prevalent poetical creed, though not without precedent, has some interest. To critics who look upon the Pope dictatorship as a kind of nightmare, crushing the higher poetic faculties, Young may pass for one of the early liberators. I can partly admit the claim. The obvious fault of the Pope school was the subordination of imagination to logic. Perspicuity and good sense are to be the cardinal virtues in verse as in prose. The poet has always the impression that the first duty is to prove something. Convince the understanding before appealing to the emotions is a better precept for a preacher than for a poet. The *Essay on Man* professes to be a metaphysical exposition, and the poetry which it contains is smuggled in indirectly. The limitations of such art made themselves felt. Pope discovered to his horror that he had been the mouthpiece of Bolingbroke. He had no doubt expounded the general creed of many men of the world and "persons of quality," of the little world, in fact, in which he habitually moved. But a new class of readers was rapidly growing who were in want of a different mental sustenance. They were the people, for example, who insisted upon reading *Pilgrim's Progress* in spite of the scorn of critics. Pope's poetry might be satisfactory to scholars, but it ignored Apollyon and the valley of the shadow of death, and had a pallid and rigid tone compared with the good, stern, Calvinistic theology embodied in concrete imagery. So far Young perceived accurately what was the element missing in Pope's abstract argumentations. Poetry which was to come home to the ordinary mind must leave the

placid metaphysical region where it was in danger of expiring from inanition and hiding under a superficial optimism the ugly side of things and the corruption of human nature. A literary revolution became imminent, to which other causes might of course contribute. In various ways the poet who wanted to appeal to men's hearts or to their imaginations found himself hampered by the conventions and limitations of Pope's school. Young, in applying the "philosophy of tears" and forcing poetry to become really emotional, was certainly helping to burst the bonds of the existing system. It would be another question how far he found the right line of escape from the old tether or succeeded in producing a permanently satisfactory type. To my mind the question is answered by the facts. The *Night Thoughts*, it may be, is not quite dead, but it has got into a moribund state from which I do not believe that any critical nursing will be able to rescue it. The faults have become conspicuous as we have drifted away from the sentiment of the period. He seems to be always striking a wrong note, and the feeling, though not hypocritical, is constantly false and affected. That is, I take it, because the poem is a kind of hybrid. It is still didactic and argumentative in substance, though Young is always straining to get something more out of his method than it will bear. He is often pointed and ingenious, and frequently managed a really impressive bit of rhetoric. His emotion is genuine and poignant, though mingled with affectation. He is always trying to work it up by antithesis and sham emphasis upon terribly commonplace thought, and he seems to be painfully rousing himself into an effective agony instead of moving us by simple and direct pathos. One is not in the presence of a man of high intellectual power or deep emotion or, certainly, of lofty morality. He is weak in character and rather an amazingly clever man than a man of real insight and grasp of his subject. Therefore he is always attitudinising and suggesting forcible feebleness instead of genuine strength. On such times he was able to impress contemporaries, because he supplied a genuine want, and they could condone even gross faults of taste which were at least an improvement upon the monotony and flatness of his rivals. It requires a great deal of ability, no doubt, even to set a fashion and to break up an established literary delusion. Still he loses some of the real merits of his predecessors without shaking off their faults, and to us who look at him from a distance the poetry loses in charm, as all poetry must decay which has so large an ingredient of the false and simply eccentric.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

A TALE OF TWO FEET*

Enter Tsai-Yen, a little Chinese girl, dressed in bright colours, but looking very sad. She carries a small fire-box under her arm. After putting it down, she begins trying to practise the recognised hobbling walk of Chinese women. She is not very successful, and gives it up at last. Then she lifts her petticoat and shows her feet, which are rather large for a Chinese woman.

Tsai-Yen. It is no use ! I cannot do it. (*After trying to hobble.*) Pity me, good people ; I am Tsai-Yen, called the Clodhopper, because I have such big feet. I am food for the mirth of all my acquaintance—no one will be seen with me. And it is not my fault, indeed it is not. My mother—now gone to the Yellow Springs—was possessed by a foreign devil in the shape of a white missionary, who persuaded her, when I was a child, not to bind up my feet. (*She stamps on the ground.*) Oh, it was a cruel deed ; how could my mother listen and make her insignificant daughter a laughing-stock and a shame ! I have no mother, no friends, and no companions, and, worse than all—I have no lover. When some glorious, shining Mandarin sends a go-between to my widowed father—for his sleeves are full of gold—and asks if his glittering precious jewel, Tsai-Yen, is still unwed, my father replies, "The mean thing of the inner chamber, my paltry daughter, is at the service of the richly endowed and intelligent noble." Then I am brought out, and at first my face—for that is fair enough, do you not think ?—pleases the go-between, and then she asks after my feet;—and then she is afraid, and goes back to the Mandarin. He sends a messenger to say that so superlative is my father's virtue that he feels the alliance is too great for such as he. Hai yah ! have the red silk strings never been twisted by the Fates round my ankles and the ankles of a young man ? I have got some money—see. (*She pulls out of her sleeve some pieces of red paper.*) And I have come to this lonely place to sacrifice to the gods who dwell beneath the sea.

* The acting rights of this play are the property of Colonel Grundy (Astrop Grange, Banbury).

It is time I made my prayer and my miserable offering (*holding up her paper money*). And even this I pulled from my father's sleeve, for I have none of my own. He will be angry when he knows ; but I shall tell him a foreign devil took them while he was asleep.

There is a sound of tinkling music in the distance. She stoops down and pokes the coals about in her box. Then she makes postures round and round while she mutters to herself. She takes a piece of the red paper money and, stooping, holds it over the flame till it is burnt, saying in a low tense voice :

O ye who dwell beneath the sounding seas, send me a lover who loves me for my eyes and hair, and not my feet. Send me a lover too blind to see my feet and yet not too blind to see my face and to admire its fragrant beauties.

She waits expectantly, then stands up and dances slowly round the box, murmuring to herself. This process is repeated two or three times, until a middle-aged Mandarin, gorgeously dressed, walks past deeply immersed in his book, over which he holds an umbrella. He never looks up, and Tsai-Yen does not hear him, so they knock up against one another. The Mandarin drops his book and supports Tsai-Yen for a moment. She gets away, turns round and, facing him, says :

Lai-lo ! He has come. Ah, you are my lover !

Then she hides her face in shame. The Mandarin picks up his book and goes on reading, slowly walking away. Tsai-Yen sees him go with dismay, but, determined to stop him, she runs and pulls his coat. He looks round, but goes on. Then she pulls again. He tries to look cross, but his face breaks into a smile, and he comes back.

Mand. What are you doing here, sweet moon-face ?

Tsai. I am praying to the gods to grant me a lover.

Mand. And is not their number like that of the stars in heaven ?

Tsai-Yen begins to whimper, shaking her head over and over again.

Mand. Tut, tut, my child ; surely you should not desire what is so easy of attainment ! Learn wisdom. Look at me. In my life I have had as many lovers as there are pebbles on the seashore, and I desire them not.

Tsai (*still whimpering*). But when I have as many glorious years to count as you, oh resplendent cock, perhaps I may also learn wisdom—but now——

Mand. (*displeased*). I am not so old as you would think, oh foolish lily blossom, but I live no longer in illusion—a virtue of the first rate has been my pattern, though in my time I have committed many faults. I have been over curious about fine stuffs and embroideries, and even pearls and precious stones; to make a constant use of these as I have done is guarding very ill against the Passions, as the great Emperor Tay Tsong has somewhere said. But now, though I yet wear them (*showing his necklaces, &c.*) I care not for the appearance of things.

Tsai (*starts at these words*). O burning sun of the East, is it indeed true that your refulgent Majesty cares not for the appearances of things?

Mand. (*loftily*). Yes, it is true; and so I counsel you, pretty goldfish, think no more of lovers.

Tsai. If I had but one lover, oh mighty one, indeed I would think no more of them. But now—— (*She begins to cry again.*)

Mand. If I were not so mean in my body, and so paltry in my mind, I would be your lover.

(*Tsai-Yen looks up.*)

Tsai. Ah, say that once again, and make it true.

Mand. What! does the pink and white apple-blossom love this barren pole already?

Tsai (*bends down to the ground*). That do I.

Mand. (*turns to the audience*). This is awkward. Not that I could devise better than to marry this sweet willow-like daughter of the barbarians. But I belong to the Imperial Family, and may not wed with the broken feet. The women of the Imperial Family never crush their feet. If she did but belong to the higher order! And yet how dull are the ladies of the Court!

Tsai (*raises herself*). What may your insignificant servant do to please the brightness of your eyes?

Mand. How engaging is she! She must have guessed my difficulty, for see how careful she is to conceal her feet. How shall I break the woeful intelligence to her? (*To Tsai-Yen.*) Pretty blossom, let me see your skill in dancing. I have vowed to marry no woman who cannot dance in the manner which pleases me. (*He makes a few pirouettes himself.*) Though I make no doubt——

(*Tsai-Yen pouts and turns away.*)

Mand. She is afraid.

Tsai. Not so. I will dance.

(*The Mandarin, after shutting up his umbrella, sits in the centre of the stage, fanning himself. Tsai-Yen dances round him, to*

the sound of music, making graceful postures and taking great care the whole time not to show her feet. But at last she slips, and one of her feet shows for a moment. The Mandarin is enchanted and rushes to her. He lifts her up, goes on his knees, and says:

Mand. Most beautiful, variegated swallow—for that must be your name—my love for you overpowers me. If you will deign to love so poor a being, I will marry you.

(*Tsai-Yen raises her hands.*)

Tsai. Ye who dwell beneath the sea, ye gods of the air, I thank ye. (*To audience.*) He knows nothing, and yet I must tell him. Most noble and glorious gentleman, when in a short space, after what I shall reveal, you leave me for ever, I shall always remember that, until you knew my shame, you said you might have loved your wretched servant. That memory will comfort me.

(*She turns away crying. The Mandarin is much alarmed.*)

Mand. Sweet lollypop, what, crying again! Why should I leave you for ever? By my pig-tail, I will never leave you of my own free will.

Tsai. Many have wished to wed me until they saw me, but never after.

Mand. Many have wished to wed you until they saw you, but never after! Why, have I not seen you? Is not your face most fair to look on? Have you not two eyes like lakes under the moon, and lashes black as a stork's legs? Have you not lips as red as roses, and a neck like a white dove's? Are not your hands the colour of jade, and your feet——

(*Tsai-Yen screams and runs to the side of the stage, stooping so that her skirts hide her feet.*)

Tsai. Say no more, no more; you are like the rest. Go and leave Tsai-Yen to her widowhood.

Mand. (*After a pause, offended.*) If you are so foolish, child, truly, I will go.

(*He begins to walk away slowly, turning round to look at Tsai-Yen at every step. At last he comes back.*)

Mand. What have I said or done to harm the most beautiful bird of the air?

Tsai. You made mock of my feet. Is it my fault that I am a shame to my companions?

Mand. A shame to your companions! I was about to praise your golden-lily feet, for that they are not deformed and defaced

like other women's feet. Know you not that I have the Order of the Yellow Riding Jacket and the Peacock's Feather—that I am of the blood Imperial ? The women of Imperial blood let their feet grow, and walk and dance, even as you ; that is why this miserable being loved the flower of the East so rapidly.

(*Tsai-Yen clasps her hands and runs to the Mandarin.*)

Tsai. Every man but you has fled before my feet ; no man would take my shame into his house. Joy and gladness have come. No more will I curse my mother.

Mand. Now we may dance in better fashion. Were you not singing and chirping when I came upon you ? I thought I heard the carolling of many birds. I, too, can both sing and dance. Come, so will we spend our lives. Come!

(*They begin to dance, singing the following couplets in turn.*)

He.

The sun and the moon have met at last.
Hear what the little stars say.

She.

But the sun was obliged to run very fast ;
The stars would not show the way.

He.

But now he has caught the silvery moon,
See how the little stars wink.

She.

Will she love him long, will she leave him soon,
What do the little stars think ?

He.

The sun holds the moon in his arms to-night ;
See how the little stars fall.

She.

But to-morrow the moon will show her light
And the little stars hear her call.

Together.

The day wins the night, or the night the day,
The little stars cannot tell.
Let us dance together, now that we may,
The little stars wish us well.

(*The curtain goes down on the dancing couple.*)

MRS. ALFRED LYTTELTON.

April 1898.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, *July* 14, 1902.

MR. PRESIDENT, President Eliot, and you, my fellow Harvard men: Before I say what I intended to speak of let me speak for all of you, I am sure; let me speak for all Americans to-day when I say that we watch with the deepest concern and sympathy the sick bed of the English king, and that all Americans, in tendering their hearty sympathy to the people of Great Britain, now remember keenly the outburst of genuine grief with which all England last Fall greeted the calamity that befell us in the death of President McKinley.

WITH these words President Roosevelt prefaced the carefully prepared address he delivered at the Harvard Commencement in the last week of last month, and those words, few as they are, and simple as they are, have a greater import and mean more for the future friendly relations of the two great English-speaking nations than any number of effusive declarations, or treaties of alliance, or solemn covenants. What President Roosevelt did is so significant that its great significance is perhaps not appreciated by Englishmen, certainly it cannot be appreciated by Englishmen who have not lived in the United States or who have not closely studied and followed American politics.

One has to go back not more than a dozen years to see how entirely the relations between the United States and Great Britain have changed. One has to go back only twenty years to see what an absolute revolution has been worked. Conceive, if one can, although it is a violent stretch of the imagination to suggest anything of the kind, James G. Blaine prefacing a speech with a sympathetic reference to the British king or the British people. It is impossible to think of Mr. Blaine in that connection, but if through any oversight Mr. Blaine had been betrayed into mentioning England decently, and in respectful language, we know what would have happened. From one end of the country to the other there would have gone up a roar of condemnation. Mr. Blaine would have been accused by news editors, by Irish societies, by public men, men like Senator Frye, of Maine, and Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts,

for instance, of truckling to England, of being "un-American," whatever that may mean, of having sullied himself and his pure democracy.

Think what would have happened even ten years ago. The imagination is not vivid enough to picture Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Harrison being anything more than perfunctorily and officially polite. If compelled by the usages of civilised nations to mourn or rejoice with Great Britain they would not have used a single word more than the official code required, and they would have weighed each of those words carefully to see if a lighter shade of expression would not pass current equally as well. I recall that during the Harrison administration the birth of a grandchild of the Queen was the subject of official notification to this Government, which necessitated that the President should send the usual letter of felicitation, beginning with the stereotyped formula : "Great and good friend." This letter having been published there was a great ado about it. Some of the newspapers thought it was "un-American" for the President to write to the Queen of England ; others did not see why he should bother to acknowledge the receipt of a letter announcing the birth of royalty ; others again objected to his addressing her Majesty as "great and good friend." To their democratic souls that appeared too much like "singing placebo." When these criticisms appeared in the press the State Department hastened to furnish a semi-official explanation. The public was told that the letter itself, as well as the President's form of address, meant nothing, and the public was asked not to draw the hasty conclusion that the President really looked upon the Queen as his great and good friend, or that he cared in the slightest how many royal grandchildren might be born. So the Government having absolved itself from the charge of "un-Americanism," sanity was once more restored.

It was only eight years ago, on April 17, 1894, to be exact, that Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, displaying that broad statesmanship for which he has always been so famous, offered an amendment to the pending Tariff Bill, which was intended to be a menace to England, and to force her to adopt a policy which Mr. Lodge has since declared to be unscientific and unsound, and which was opposed to the financial system which England had established three-quarters of a century before. It is no reflection on Mr. Lodge's intelligence and statesmanship that he was at that time a silver man, for many other men were tinged with the same heresy, but Mr. Lodge was a little more extreme than some others. He proposed to impose a double rate of duty on all imports from Great Britain or her colonies,

" and such additional and discriminating duties," in the language of the amendment,

> upon the products and manufactures of Great Britain or her colonies shall remain in force until Great Britain shall assent to, or take part in, an international agreement, together with the United States, for the coinage and use of silver; and whenever Great Britain shall assent to, and take part in, such international agreement for the coinage of silver, then the additional and discriminating duties therein imposed upon the products of Great Britain and her colonies shall cease.

I mention these things simply by way of contrast. It is because the contrast is so great that it is so significant. President Roosevelt's graceful and sympathetic words not only do not meet with condemation but, on the other hand, are regarded as natural and proper in the circumstances. I have carefully watched the newspapers to notice if any objection has been taken to what the President said, or whether any writer has reproved him, the President of a Republic, for showing sympathy because a monarch had been stricken down.

It is impossible for one man to read every newspaper published in this country, but among those papers I have seen, the leading newspapers in various parts of the country, I can find no evidence that the President's course has been disapproved. On the contrary, there is distinct evidence that it has met with very hearty approval. " In his speech at Harvard yesterday President Roosevelt feelingly expressed American sympathy for the British king and the people at this moment," is the opening sentence of the New York *World's* editorial reviewing the President's speech, and other newspapers also refer to it in the same tone of approval. It is quite certain that in referring to the King and his people President Roosevelt put into words the feeling then generally entertained by the American people.

That this deduction is correct is made evident from the tone of the American newspapers, and from the personal expressions of men and women. The sympathy offered by the press of the United States is not perfunctory. It rings true. In every line that has been written you feel that at the bottom of every American's heart is a feeling of affection for England despite the things that have happened in the past to keep the two nations apart, and now that there is a fitting occasion to show that feeling it is not felt to be improper to display it. America read the bulletins with an interest scarcely less acute, I am sure, than did England. All the references to the King in the American press were of the most sympathetic character, and instinctively the newspapers felt how terrible the shock to the Empire and how great the disappointment of those Englishmen gathered in

London to take part in the coronation ceremonies, and they shared with them their solicitude and regret. As the Philadelphia *Times* so feelingly remarked, and this utterance is typical of scores of other papers :

> It is not alone the kinship, by blood and institutions, of two great peoples that causes a deeply sympathetic sorrow on this side of the Atlantic at the stroke of disease that has befallen King Edward VII. It is also the personality of the ruler which, despite the detraction that ever sulks about a throne, had begotten a frank liking for him throughout the civilised world. . . . As Prince and King, the quality that has most distinguished him, being the one that he was most called upon to exercise, is the true instinct of the fitness of things, whether political, social, or æsthetic. . . . The heartfelt good wishes of this kindred people are with the British nation and the English royal family to-day, as theirs were with us when, a few months ago, the blow of the assassin fell upon our President.

Equally striking was it to notice the attitude of the average man. When the news reached Washington of the operation on the King and the postponement of the coronation there was the same feeling of personal grief as was voiced when the news reached Washington that President McKinley had been stricken down by the hand of an assassin. The circumstances were so dramatic and so intensely pathetic that they appealed even to the dullest imagination ; and the King has always been popular in the United States. His fondness for manly sports of all kinds, his "true instinct for the fitness of things," as the Philadelphia *Times* so aptly expresses it, his known partiality for Americans, and the recollection, still vivid, of the happy impression he made when as a youth he visited this country, have made Americans think of him as the man first and the king afterwards.

This incident illustrates the general feeling. The day the King was operated on a performance of a comic opera was given in New York. One of the characters wears a wishing cap in the last act. Near the end of the play he said : "I have only one wish left, and that is, that King Edward will regain his health." The audience applauded vigorously and the orchestra played "God Save the King."

Now these things are so striking and so significant that they are worth dwelling on at some length. They not only show how much better are the relations that exist between the two countries than formerly characterised them, but they also show that Americans, as a whole, take a broader and more tolerant view of their kin across the sea and really want to dwell in amity with them. The causes which have produced this better

state of affairs are too elaborate to be entered upon here, but our gratitude may be given to two men, one alas! sleeping so still that neither praise nor blame can disturb him, the other, fortunately, in the full possession of his health and strength, and, let us hope, to remain so for many years to come. The share that Lord Pauncefote had in bringing about a better understanding between the two countries all the world now knows, and for that work both countries must hold his memory in grateful reverence. To President Roosevelt much credit must also be given. A man of positive views, a man that has written much and spoken often, a man that has dealt with the history of his country when that history was written in the blood spilled by his countrymen warring with England, a man that, as an American, has more than once found it necessary to take exception to England's American policy, Mr. Roosevelt has not walked in the footsteps of some of his demagogic predecessors or contemporaries; he has not found it necessary to indulge in abuse of England or to try and arouse anti-English feeling. As the historian, as the essayist, as the politician, and as the President his attitude has been absolutely correct. As President he was asked to violate law and precedent and lay an embargo on the shipment of mules and horses from New Orleans. Politicians intimated to him that his chances for another term as President would be materially increased if he would pander to the anti-British sentiment then existing. Mr. Roosevelt scorned the suggestion. He would not sell his birthright for votes. He ordered an investigation, he convinced himself that the charges brought were unfounded and that there was no warrant for Federal interference, and that was the end of the matter so far as he was concerned.

An incident that has never before appeared in print shows the President's generous nature and how staunchly he stands by his friends. When the impression was sought to be conveyed that Lord Pauncefote had intrigued against the United States prior to the outbreak of the Spanish war, his lordship, being in poor health, was greatly distressed by these slanders, which had, I believe, much to do with hastening his end. President Roosevelt knew exactly how valuable Lord Pauncefote's services had been, and what a sincere and devoted friend he was to the United States. President Roosevelt sought the first opportunity to so tell Lord Pauncefote. He assured him that he knew that at a time when the United States needed a friend, and a friend was a very valuable asset, the United States had found that friend in Lord Pauncefote and his Government. "Now that we don't need friends," the President said sub-

stantially, "we have got more than we know what to do with, but that doesn't remove the sense of obligation we have for the friend who stood by us when we had fewer friends and really needed them." Lord Pauncefote was sensibly touched by the President's kindness and graceful allusion, and he valued very highly the knowledge that even if the public mind had been in a measure poisoned the responsible officials of the Government knew the facts and did not want to try and forget them. When Lord Pauncefote was mortally stricken the President defied precedent by calling at the Embassy to make personal inquiries as to his condition. Mr. Roosevelt neither advertised that visit nor sought to conceal it. He called at the British Embassy exactly as he might have called at the house of any other personal friend. That Presidents had not been in the habit of calling on foreign Ministers had no weight with him.

But it must not be assumed from what has been said that Mr. Roosevelt is "under English influence," a phrase more frequently on the lips of politicians a few years ago than it is to-day, or that Mr. Roosevelt would be unduly yielding in case of a dispute with England. Not for one moment. Mr. Roosevelt is a man of very positive convictions, of very tenacious purpose, a man from whose composition obstinacy has not been left out. Mr. Roosevelt is, first and foremost, an American, a man that would be very apt to say, "my country right or wrong, but always my country"; a man that having taken his stand could not be budged an inch. We need not apprehend any rupture between the two countries, but there is always danger of friction so long as the vexatious Canadian questions remain unsettled.

The appointment of a new ambassador might be a fitting opportunity to bring to a close a controversy which has dragged along for so many years, and which more than once has very seriously threatened the continuance of friendly relations between the United States and Great Britain. These Canadian questions are the only ones to disturb the serenity of the Foreign Office and the State Department. The genius of Lord Pauncefote removed every other contentious subject, and Lord Pauncefote always cherished the hope that he might remain in Washington long enough to bring about an understanding in regard to the Alaska boundary and other matters which were brought before the High Joint Commission.

If an agreement is to be reached as to the Alaska boundary —and I repeat that it is to the best interests both of Great Britain and Canada that such an agreement should be reached,

and there will be no better opportunity to try and effect that arrangement than during the coming year—it must be understood in England that the United States will not consent to submit the claim to the arbitration of a European ruler, or to a court in which the casting vote is given by a European. Quite recently—and I have absolute authority for the statement I make—the question of the Alaska boundary was incidentally brought up in a conversation with the President. The President emphatically declared that he would not consent to arbitration. He went into the matter at some length, showing that he was thoroughly familiar with the merits of the controversy, and that from the American standpoint there was not the slightest foundation for the Canadian claim, and that the claim had never been asserted until quite recently. He rose from the desk at which he was sitting, walked over to a large globe, called attention first to the maker's name, an English firm which supplies the Admiralty with its charts, and showed that on this globe made by an English firm, whose work is officially recognised by the British Admiralty, the Canadian border was placed where the Americans claim that it ought to be, and not where the Canadians would now like to place it. It was suggested to the President that the whole matter might be quickly and easily settled by giving the Canadians a port on the Lynn canal. The President refused to give the suggestion the slightest consideration. Canada shall not be given a port, he said in substance, because he regards the Lynn canal as American territory, and nations do not give away their territory. He went on to talk about arbitration and to explain why arbitration was out of the question, because it was like a man taking something that did not belong to him, and when the rightful owner claimed it answered by saying, " Let us arbitrate." Clearly then arbitration is impossible.

The disputed boundary line is held in abeyance because of the conclusion of the *modus vivendi* agreed to three years ago and terminable at the pleasure of either party without previous notice. On this slender thread hangs not the peace of two great nations—that would be an exaggerated statement to make —but certainly the continuance of friendly relations, because there is always the danger of a clash between reckless miners or over zealous officials that may start a blaze that might take all the wisdom of President and Ministers to quench. Surely no one wants to be spectator to that. But the *modus vivendi* cannot continue indefinitely. There must come a time, and that time is not very far distant, when something more than a mere temporary arrangement will be demanded. It speaks much for

President Roosevelt's self-restraint, his respect for his predecessor's memory, and his desire to maintain friendly relations with England, that he has not terminated the *modus*. It is known to this writer that President Roosevelt did not approve of the *modus vivendi*, and did not believe that it should have been entered into. But it was done by President McKinley, and that was sufficient reason why it should be permitted to stand. I do not believe that President Roosevelt has ever criticised President McKinley for having concluded the *modus*, he has not even suggested that it should be terminated, but I think it is a fair statement to make that if he were required to act upon it as an original proposition he would refuse to give it his approval.

There is a possible way by which an agreement can be reached, although no one can be certain that the plan will be favourably received by the Senate. While this Government would decline to submit the dispute to arbitration, it is not improbable that it might consent to have the case brought before a tribunal composed of three members of the High Court of Justice and three members of the Supreme Court of the United States, the decision of the majority to be final and binding on both parties. That would leave the adjudication of the matter to a tribunal which would be governed not by political considerations but by the legal evidence adduced. Americans would have full confidence in any decision reached by members of their court of last resort, and would feel that if one of those members helped to constitute the majority the validity of that judgment could not be called into question. Englishmen would yield equal obedience to the mandate of a court so constituted.

Before the court can be created it would be necessary to negotiate a treaty providing for its existence. Such a treaty will not be ratified without serious opposition. The usual anti-English element in the Senate will object to it, as that element always objects to the ratification of any treaty with England; the men who oppose the President on personal grounds will object, and the Senators from the north-west may be reasonably counted upon to object, as they are opposed to any agreement with England respecting the Alaskan boundary. Still, despite these formidable obstacles, the treaty may receive the necessary support, and this is the only way by which the matter can be settled. And it ought to be settled.

Congress adjourned on the first of this month, and unless the President calls an extra session there will be no meeting of Congress until next December. In the meantime the election

for the Congress that will come into existence on the fourth of next March will have been held, and those elections will prove whether the Republicans have lost ground or held their own since they last appealed to the country two years ago. The Republicans this year will go to the country largely on the record they have made in Congress. It is a record of which they need not feel ashamed. While some of the things to which they were pledged failed of accomplishment, the session is remarkable for some notable legislation.

The most important measure to become law is that providing for the construction of an isthmian canal, the consummation of the efforts of half a century to link the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific. Aside from its national and international importance, this Bill probably involves a larger sum of money than any other single undertaking by the Government with the exception of war expenditures. The canal is estimated to cost very nearly £40,000,000, and it is expected that ten years will be consumed in construction. The Philippines Bill is another important measure. It provides the Asiatic possessions with a complete system of civil government, under a civil governor and his associates, appointed by the President. Taxation was lightened by the repeal of the additional inland revenue taxes imposed to raise money to pay the expenses of the war with Spain, and popularly known as "war taxes," which brought into the Treasury £14,000,000 a year. The Treasury is so overburdened with cash that it can safely cut down receipts to this extent and still rejoice in a surplus. Another important measure is the creation of an irrigation system for the arid region of the West, which it is expected will make that region of great agricultural value. The United States has embarked on an experiment of the greatest magnitude and the greatest value economically, and if it proves a success millions of acres now worthless will be made profitable and provide homes and farms for thousands of settlers.

Against the record of achievement is to be set the failure of the dominant party to enact legislation granting Cuba reciprocal trade concessions and to regulate the trusts. When Congress met last December President Roosevelt recommended that it give Cuba the benefit of the American market, which had been promised to the Cubans by President McKinley, and President Roosevelt also urged that trust legislation be enacted. Congress saw fit to disregard both recommendations. The selfishness of the members from the beet-root growing states and the power of the sugar trust was strong enough to defeat a measure which the country at large heartily

favoured. The President, however, has publicly announced that justice is not to be denied Cuba, and that Cuban reciprocity will come "as sure as fate," to use his exact words, next session. He has also determined to make the control and regulation of trusts one of the most important questions at the next session.

Not only must the Republicans go to the country on the record they have made as a party but also on the record Mr. Roosevelt has made as their President. Mr. Roosevelt is stronger before the country to-day than he was when the tragic event of ten months ago lifted him out of the semi-obscurity of the vice-presidency into the blazing publicity that surrounds the White House. His courageous fight for Cuban reciprocity has made him new friends without causing him to lose any of his old ones. Mr. Roosevelt's greatest popularity has always been in the West, in some of those states where sugar beets are grown and in which there was the strongest opposition to Cuban reciprocity. But although Mr. Roosevelt exerted all his power to secure the passage of the Cuban Reciprocity Bill, the Westerners who opposed his policy are still loyally espousing him, and take it for granted that he will be the nominee two years hence. Already several states have held their conventions and adopted resolutions pledging to him their support in the National Convention. It is unusual for state conventions to do this so long in advance of the holding of the National Convention, but their action is a warning to other men not to think of becoming candidates, and is notice that no other man except Roosevelt need expect the votes of their delegates.

There are, of course, other Republicans who would like the nomination, but at this time they are not seriously considered. Mr. Roosevelt's future, as well as that of some of these ambitious men, will be written in the events of the next few months. If the Republicans carry the country in November Mr. Roosevelt still further strengthens himself in the public estimation ; if the Democrats are successful Mr. Roosevelt's prestige will be damaged but not destroyed.

The trust legislation which Mr. Roosevelt is determined to press upon Congress is a two-edged sword. The country is in favour of regulating the trusts, but the men who control the trusts, and who make huge fortunes out of their promotion, and by manipulating their shares upon the stock exchange, are apt to resent any interference which may decrease their illegitimate profits. These men wield such an enormous influence, and control so much money, that they may be able to destroy

Mr. Roosevelt if they regard him as "dangerous." The country, however, approves Mr. Roosevelt's course, and although the Democrats sneer at him, and profess to find in his declarations insincerity, the general public believes in his sincerity and courage. The indications at this time point to the Republicans retaining their control of the House of Representatives, and to Mr. Roosevelt receiving the presidential nomination two years hence.

What strengthens the belief that the Republicans will retain their power is the internal war raging in the Democratic party. A short time ago it appeared as if the Democrats were "getting together," but now it is evident that Mr. Bryan still cherishes the hope that he may for a third time be the Democratic nominee, and if he is not the candidate he is determined to dictate the party's choice. The opening of a Democratic club in New York last month was made the occasion for ex-President Cleveland, ex-Senator Hill, and other leading Democrats to speak on the future of democracy. Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Hill have been bitterly hostile in the past, but the fact that they were able to sink their differences and speak from the same platform was hailed as a happy augury. Mr. Bryan was invited but he did not attend, nor did he send any excuse to explain his absence. The newspapers having commented upon his refusal to attend the meeting, Mr. Bryan said he had not received an invitation, whereupon the chairman of the committee of arrangements produced a registry receipt showing that the letter containing the invitation had been duly received and receipted for by Mr. Bryan. This explanation put Mr. Bryan in rather an embarrassing position.

Mr. Bryan is now the editor and proprietor of a weekly paper called the *Commoner*, published at his home in Lincoln, Nebraska, its chief purpose, apart from making money for its proprietor, being to abuse every man who differs with Mr. Bryan. In the issue of the *Commoner* following the meeting in New York Mr. Bryan indulged in his favourite pastime of vilification. He accuses Cleveland of having secured his nomination in 1892 by a corrupt bargain with the financial interests, of having

filled the Cabinet with corporation attorneys, and placed railroad attorneys on the Bench of the United States to look after the interests of their former clients. He turned the Treasury over to a Wall Street syndicate, and the financial member of his official family went from Washington to become the private attorney of the man who forced the Treasury department to sell him bonds at 105 and then resold them at 117.

His administration, instead of being a fountain of Democracy sending forth

pure and refreshing streams, became a stagnant pool, from whose waters foul vapour arose, poisonous to those who lingered near.

Having debauched his party he was offended by its effort to reform, and gave comfort to the enemy. Virginius killed his daughter to save her chastity. Cleveland stabbed his party to prevent its return to the paths of virtue.

There is much more of the same sort, and Mr. Hill is also not spared. Democrats, that is the Cleveland Democrats, and those who want to forget the past, are naturally discouraged by this violent attack, and yet they say it has served a more useful purpose than Mr. Bryan contemplated when he penned his diatribe. It shows, they say, that Mr. Bryan at last realises that his sceptre is passing from him. For the past six years he has dominated the Democratic party, and has been its master. Now he sees that mastery passing into other hands. To show that he is still master, to recover the power that is no longer his, he is forced to resort to violence and use invective that is usually reserved for a political opponent.

Democratic conventions in several states have ignored Mr. Bryan and his works. They have turned their backs on the platform which Mr. Bryan forced the Convention to adopt two years ago when he was nominated. This has been done deliberately. Sane Democrats, both North and South, want no more of Mr. Bryan. So long as Mr. Bryan dominates the party the Democratic party will be repudiated by the country. Mr. Bryan is not so foolish as not to know this, but Mr. Bryan would rather see his party defeated and destroyed than see any other Democrat elected president. That is where Mr. Bryan's unselfish devotion has led him.

A. Maurice Low.

BRITISH SAILORS AND THE MERCANTILE MARINE

As a derelict goes voyaging about the ocean with no one in charge, sometimes submerged, sometimes awash, and sometimes afloat, its true position in the sea known definitely to few, so drifts along from year to year the question of the disappearance of British merchant seamen, unsolved as regards the truth and unessayed with a solution.

It was not long ago insinuated in the columns of the *St. James' Gazette* that British merchant sailors represented the scum of the cities, and were nothing more nor less than a set of drunken rascals, while seamen hailing from foreign lands were patterns of obedience and sobriety. Never was a delusion more hard to blot out from the public mind ; not because the man in the street is unwilling to hear the truth of the case, but because the matter has never been properly thrashed out, or given unreservedly to the country.

That British seamen are not as saintly as could be wished is freely acknowledged, but they are no worse than their neglected surroundings make them. So long as the law regards with nonchalance the existence of dens of vice in the neighbourhood of docks and wharfs, and permits to go unrestricted the evil practice of the harpy and crimp, so long must people not be surprised if simple and uneducated seamen sink to the level in morale and physique of those who corrupt them on shore.

The fallacy that Dutchmen (foreign seamen) are more econonomical to employ than are British sailors may be controverted at once. It has many times been stated, both by shipowners and authorities on shipping affairs, that all seamen "sign on" their ships at the current rate of wages existing in the port, which statement can be verified by reference to the books kept by the superintendent of seamen at any shipping-office. Foreign seamen are not more economical to employ as regards wages than British seamen ; though it may be possible they are found more cheap in another way ; and that is, that a low-class foreigner is not so

particular regarding what he eats as a British sailor, and, therefore, in the absence of a statutory dietary scale it may be found a profitable investment to ship the un-self-respecting foreign seaman in preference to the more particular and more polished British sailor.

To refute the idea that foreign seamen are more sober and more amenable to discipline than British sailors, it becomes necessary to put the matter to a statistical test; let us, therefore, examine the figures of crime standing against the seamen who visited the port of Glasgow (the port with which the author is best acquainted) during the three years 1899, 1900, 1901.

Seamen.	Total numbers visiting the Port of Glasgow.	Total number of arrests and convictions.	Percentage of total crime.	Total number of offences of insobriety.	Percentage of insobriety offences.	Total number of offences for assault and disorderliness.	Percentage of offences for assault and disorderliness.	Total number of other offences.
Figures for Year 1899.								
British . .	49,831	374	0.75	266	0.53	88	0.17	20
Foreign . .	4,611	70	1.52	19	0.41	35	0.76	16
Figures for Year 1900.								
British . .	52,313	283	0.54	211	0.40	39	0.07	33
Foreign . .	4,425	56	1.27	25	0.56	20	0.45	11
Figures for Year 1901.								
British . .	53,040	207	0.39	145	0.27	42	0.08	20
Foreign . .	5,097	46	0.90	18	0.35	17	0.33	11
The Average Total for the Three Years.								
British . .	51,728	288	0.56	207	0.40	56	0.11	24
Foreign . .	4,711	58	1.23	21	0.44	24	0.51	13

From the above statistical analysis it would seem that the British seaman, man for man, is both more sober and more amenable to discipline than the foreign seaman, notwithstanding certain arrangements existing in the port of Glasgow which tell distinctly against seamen. For instance, some of the "Lines" trading to Glasgow fix the hour of midnight as the hour to sign on seamen, with the consequence that during the long evening's wait, when the public-houses are open, and drinking prolific, they

are exposed to all the temptations of "treating" by past and probable future shipmates.

When all these things are taken into consideration, and when it is remembered how seldom the merchant sailor gets ashore, and how his wages are paid to him in large sums after long intervals, one cannot help thinking that in comparison with the following statistics showing the number of similar prosecutions against the civil population of England and Wales, the British sailor does not cut so bad a figure after all, and is not the hopeless blackguard he is so often made out to be.

Calculating from census returns the population of England and Wales was in 1900 practically 32,145,027 persons. Deducting from this number 11,250,750 children under fifteen years of age, it is found that the liquor consuming population of England and Wales was about 20,894,277 people. The number of prosecutions for drunkenness for 1900 in England and Wales was 152,201. Giving a percentage of drink crime against the civil shore population of 0.72 as compared with 0.40 of the British sailors visiting Glasgow in that same year.

Having traversed the insinuations most frequently put forward as an explanation of the disappearance of British seamen from the Mercantile Marine, and found them void of any real truth, one must look somewhere else for facts to form a basis of the cause.

About the year 1840 it became apparent to legislative authorities that British seamen for the Mercantile Marine were becoming scarce, and in order to prevent the total extinction of the British sailor they enacted in 1844 that British shipowners be compelled to carry apprentices in their ships according to a certain manning scale; with the result that the number of apprentices indentured annually to a sea career rose in one year from 6259 to 15,704. After this date the normal rate of apprenticeship maintained a steady increase until the year 1853, when the navigation laws were wholly repealed, with the consequent result that the number of boys—29,970—then employed at sea steadily decreased until to-day, when their number is no greater than 5617. In this same period, 1853–1900, the annual rate of apprenticeship has fallen from 5845 to 1215 of the present year, which is the smallest number of apprentices ever known to have been enrolled.

A considerable number of these apprentices, moreover, are known to be boys whose parents have paid large premiums for their sons to be trained as officers and not as forecastle hands; as, for example, is the case with those boys serving in the famous clipper ships sailing under the flag of Messrs. Devitt and Moore, of London.

That the British boy of the present day is not averse from going

to sea can be proved by the fact that, when the Navy League applied recently, through the medium of the daily press, for boys with good characters willing to go to sea, they were inundated with applications, receiving more than two hundred for twelve vacancies.

The only explanation, therefore, which can be put forward as the real cause why British seamen have decreased is that since the repeal of the Navigation Laws in 1854, since the practice of paying high premiums for apprenticeship has been adopted, it has become year by year more difficult for the poor British boy to get to sea, however much he may want to. That this should be so is not surprising, for it must be borne in mind that a boy is not of much use on board a ship, and is always expensive to feed. Therefore shipowners are naturally inclined to hesitate before they voluntarily burden themselves with such "ullage," and do not generally do so unless they can see some means of recompense ahead. It is true that the shipowners' federation have recently made a most laudable effort to replace the boy sailor by offering to carry free of premium a certain number of boys on their ships ; but this effort being on a very small scale, is overshadowed by the practice of the majority of shipowners, who charge high premium fees from the parents of those boys who wish to adopt a sea career.

It is seldom in the present day that a boy can get indentured as an apprentice for a smaller fee than £20 per sailing-ship voyage, and in cases not infrequent the fee demanded has been known to reach as high as £50 to £70 a sailing-ship voyage. When it is known that sea apprenticeship does not in any way guarantee a boy being taught the proper business of a sailor, but as often as not devolves into that of cleaning pig-sties, polishing metal, or scrubbing paint-work, one can understand how it is that those of humble means hesitate before they allow their sons to go to sea.

There can be small doubt that the seamen's life, whether as fireman or deck hand is truly a skilled trade ; nevertheless, as compared with the wages paid to skilled artisans on shore, such as carpenters and bricklayers, the seaman's pay is most meagre. Whereas bricklayers and carpenters in 1897 were earning in Manchester £8 8*s.* and £7 2*s.* 6*d.* respectively per month, the sailor and the fireman were only getting £4 and £4 5*s.* per month, and one must remember that the shore-keeping artisan enjoys an eight hours day, and has the benefit of the Workman's Compensation Act when injured ; while the seafarer has to toil through a twelve hours day in all weathers and all climates, and is denied the benefit of his employer's assistance (if not voluntarily

given) when he is laid up through an accident. In parenthesis it may be mentioned that of 6700 people killed in the field of labour in 1900, no less than 3899 represented the sailors' death roll.

In the present state of severe freight competition, it would have nothing else than a demoralising effect on our marine trade if shipowners were compelled by law to carry apprentices without some compensation in return.

Though the matter is very complicated, it cannot fail to impress the political student that if some form of subsidy was granted by Parliament to shipowners, it would not only assist them to plant their feet firmer in the world's freight market, but would also form a basis upon which the Government could work for establishing a sound apprenticeship system, to benefit alike the Royal Naval Reserve and the Mercantile Marine. In granting subsidies it should never be the policy to subsidise shipping-lines as a whole, or for a long period ; but to grant a bounty to vessels individually, and for periods of not more than three years. The vessels to be subsidised ought to be built on plans providing sufficient strength in the decks for mounting a light armament, and when the ship is drawing her full draught the engines should be below water ; the plans of subsidised vessels should also be submitted from time to time to the Admiralty for that office to demand, or make note of, progressive improvements in the ship's fittings. The vessels should not be less than a certain size, say 6000 tons gross, and should possess a mean sea-going speed of at least eighteen knots, and should be wholly British owned, and employ only British officers and seamen, and should carry British apprentices in number according to a proportionate manning scale, and should be held at the Admiralty's disposal whenever required ; but in return for these somewhat stringent services, these particular ships should be relieved from paying all light dues, and should receive a subsidy calculated on their capacity for carrying cargo, on their I.H.P. and speed ; the bounty should be sufficiently generous to enable these ships to compete in any market with any subsidised ships of any foreign power.

By adopting such a policy the country would be building up for itself a Mercantile Marine unsurpassed for size and speed, and would be founding a school wherein to train her British seamen, and above and before all else would be adding to her active naval power that strength which has been found in all naval wars to be deeply rooted in a national and loyal Mercantile Marine.

GRAHAM.

A SCHOOL JOURNEY IN DERBYSHIRE

Let Nature be your teacher.—Wordsworth.

"LEAD your child out into Nature, teach him on the hill tops and in the valleys. There he will listen better, and the sense of freedom will give him more strength to overcome difficulties. But in these hours of freedom let him be taught by Nature rather than by you. Should a bird sing, or an insect hum on a leaf, at once stop your talk; bird and insect are teaching him; you may be silent." So wrote Pestalozzi in 1774 in his journal recording his little son's education. Always under the spell of Rousseau, and ever seeking to realise his master's educational ideals, wild and paradoxical though they often were, Pestalozzi practised in his school and with his child what he taught in his journal.

One of his pupils recording his experience at Yverdon in 1804 writes: "The first elements of geography were taught to us on the soil. As a beginning our walk was directed towards a narrow valley in the neighbourhood of Yverdon through which the Buron flows. We were made to contemplate it as a whole, and in detail until we had a true and complete picture of it." Then follows an account of how the children laid in stores of clay from the river, and returning to the school, modelled the valley under the direction of the teacher. Rousseau, who saw, and forced the unwilling world to see, the folly of dealing with words and symbols in teaching children, writes in 1762: "You want to teach that child geography, and you seek for globes, spheres, maps and hosts of apparatus. What is the good of these representations? Why do you not begin by showing him the object itself, so that he knows at least what you are speaking to him about?"

The ideas of the class-room taught child, especially if he be so unfortunate as to live in a large town, are full of quaint and pathetic errors, about the simple and natural things of the earth. "Look at that mountain," cried a small boy to his companion the other day, as the two peeped into the quadrangle at Owens College. The listener paused, and also looked for the mountain, and found it to be the huge boulder stone, which is set up there

to tell the story of the work of glaciers to the passer-by. And Manchester is on the border of the wild Derbyshire country, with its Peak and its mountain ranges, but the children of cities, for the most part, learn their geography in a class-room, with maps and perhaps pictures to guide them.

The observations of town children, when taken into the country for a walk in spring, incline one to weep rather than laugh. "I thought all trees was green, and lots of them are white," said a small boy of seven, solemnly contemplating the hawthorn hedges, smothered with blossom, with something like rapture. "It ain't a sparrow, is it?" he asked in a puzzled whisper, surveying the familiar bird, clean, well-groomed, and streaked with light feathers, from a cautious distance as it sat on a fence. "Well, it's a washed 'un," he replied with conviction, when answered that a sparrow in truth it was. "A snake a real snake," he shouted in excitement, as he hung fascinated over a black slug. "Oh, look at the tree full of violets," was his observation on beholding a lilac tree in bloom.

The early training of the little child ought to be largely directed towards putting him into harmony with his surroundings, and you have only to spend an afternoon out-of-doors in the country with a dozen children, in order to learn all there is worth knowing about the kind of lessons children require, to put them into right relations with the world into which they are born; for as Ritter says, "wherever our home is, there lie the materials for the study of the entire globe."

Children are attracted by the bee, the flower, the butterfly, the earthworm, the snail, the horse-chestnut, and a thousand other things of the kind. Listen to the comments they make on the colour of the bird, flower, and insect, the size, the likeness and unlikeness to similar and dissimilar things, and note the keen interest with which they watch the behaviour of the snail, the bee, the earthworm, and the rabbit. They want to know how the spider spins his thread, how the grub turns into a butterfly, why the bee creeps into the flower, whether the earthworm has eyes to see with, how the sand-martin makes his nest, why the bog-violet has purple streaks, and a host of other things, which only a very patient and well-informed person can hope to deal with. The child who has not revelled in country sights and sounds has been cheated out of his inheritance of the richness and the fulness of the earth; and those who refuse to follow him in his curious speculations concerning the things which interest and delight him, are helping to banish from his mind for ever the beauty and wonder of the universe, and to

rob him of that touch of poetic insight which is so easily killed in childhood.

It was Rousseau who first made the rigid world consider these things. His *Emile*, which perhaps hardly contains an idea not to be met with in the pages of Locke, Montaigne, Rabelais, and the ancient writers, and which is at best, an unpractical work, tailing off into a somewhat dreary romance, is probably the one book on education which nobody can read without admitting that here, at least, begins the dawn of a rational system in the teaching of children. Rousseau would keep his pupil away from the world, and bring him close to the heart of Nature, and the great, unerring Mother should herself teach him wisdom, virtue, and happiness.

Rousseau never did anything half so practical as a school journey himself, yet he has succeeded in making generations of teachers undertake them in various countries in Europe.

To begin with Switzerland, the country of that practical idealist, Pestalozzi, we find that here school excursions and school journeys form a definite part of the system of education in all classes of schools and training colleges for teachers. As many as ten school-excursions are insisted upon yearly in some of the cantons, the expenses of which, as well as the teachers' fees for conducting these excursions, are borne by the State.

The German schoolmaster has been practising, as well as theorising, on school journeys for over a hundred years, and the accounts of experiments in this direction, which Salzmann, Bender and others joyfully undertook under the charm of Rousseau's influence, form excellent reading for the instruction of English teachers to-day. The German teacher knows that Nature-study and Geography must be taught out of doors, and he does it.

He knows, too, that it is possible to take his class with him, and wander about the country for several days, seeing and learning things which no printed page can teach, and he does this also. I have been permitted on various occasions to tramp after these classes and learn how the Germans keep school out of doors. Readers of this *Review* may remember an account, published some years ago, of a school journey in the Valley of the Unstrut with a class of small boys and their teachers, studying rivers and tributaries, and the castles of the bold Crusading Knights who once lived on the hills. I have also accompanied Belgian school-children and their teachers to the field of Waterloo, and heard how the story of a famous battle may be taught so as to live for ever in a child's memory; and I have wandered with classes of Hungarian schoolgirls on the hills

above the Danube, and with Hungarian schoolboys sailed down the Danube into Servia and Roumania, studying history, geography and politics all the way.

If you question the teachers of the children as to the why and wherefore of these journeys, they talk to you about Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Herbart, and tell you that experience and intercourse are a larger factor in the education of the child than all the instruction of the class-room.

In England there is very little systematic outdoor teaching in our schools, partly because this kind of teaching does not yield quick returns for examination papers, and partly because it is not an English habit to consider education purely from an educational point of view.

An interesting experiment in the way of a school journey was recently made in Derbyshire with a class of school children from eight to twelve years of age, and some twenty and odd students who were training for teachers. The main idea of the journey was to show the children how to learn, and the students how to teach, out of doors. The students were women of the training department in connection with the Owens College, and the children were girls—with the exception of two boys—from the little practising school, which has recently been established to carry out the theories of education taught to the students. The time was June and the weather was fine, and the students had just escaped from the examination room and the final and intermediate papers.

The children's minds had been prepared for the journey, and consequently they were eager and expectant. They knew they were to see mountains, streams and rivers, and to wander through valleys and contemplate a watershed. They all drew maps of each day's journey, marking the Hayfield railway station; the plantation where flowers, leaves and insects were to be studied; the Clough, where they were to consider water action, and the height from which they were to contemplate a watershed; and the road to Charlesworth, and on to Melandra, and from thence to Glossop. They studied the ordnance map, and the scale, and noted the curve of the railway, the road to the Roman camp at Melandra, and the way back to Glossop through Dinting, and on to Park Hall, where the company were lodged and fed. The children also drew a plan of a Roman camp, and learned useful Latin words, to distinguish the various features. They received very definite instructions the day before the journey concerning the minimum essentials in the way of baggage allowed to each. The students had definite offices assigned to them; for upon

them rested the responsibility of the whole undertaking, while the mistress of the school and the mistress of method from the training college accompanied them as critical spectators. Certain students formed the leaders of the party. It was their duty to find the way, to lead the company, and to see that everybody arrived at the places and times stated in the programme. Then there was the rear-guard. These students came last, encouraged the stragglers, and even carried them when the way was steep or the child small and footsore. The caterers carried the lunch, or bought it at the villages. They had to feed the party, and select suitable and sheltered spots for the repast. There were likewise nurses, who carried needles, thread, lint, and plaster, and attended to small accidents on the way, either of person or attire ; and, as befitted a properly conducted school journey, there were plenty of teachers full of information on various topics, and provided with quick eyes and wits to see and make use of the accidental material which came in their way. There were also reporters and critics, whose eyes were everywhere, noting the blunders as well as the successes of the expedition, and writing down what they noted, ready to burst out into blame or praise at the evening conferences after the children were in bed. To certain students were also assigned the offices of ladies-in-waiting and ladies-of-the-bedchamber. It was the duty of the former to cut bread and butter like the immortal Charlotte, and to attend to everybody before they thought of themselves. The latter supervised the washing and dressing operations of the children, and were responsible for the neat appearance of their charges and the proper changes of pinafores and blouses.

So the party started in the freshness of the early morning; the children charged with expectation, the students sober with responsibility, and all alike bearing hand-baggage, lunch, and a packet of chocolate. Some charming conversations, which could not be called lessons, took place in the railway carriages between the students and children. The latter were encouraged to look out for sign-posts giving the number of miles, and to calculate from these data as to the rate of travelling. Also it was noted that in the short journey they passed from Lancashire into Cheshire, and then into Derbyshire. Arriving at Hayfield station, the caterers collected the luggage and found means to convey it to Park Hall, and the leaders went into the village to ascertain the way, while the rest drew up in the station, and a teacher stepped forth and gave a lesson on the Great Central Railway, in which the children were led to arrive at various conclusions for themselves.

Then the company marched on in an orderly fashion through the village, along the highway, and then beside a babbling stream, until they reached a wooded hillside close to the moors and mountains. Here a halt was made for lunch, and while they ate on the hillside, a skylark carolled from above and a cuckoo called from across the stream. Then there were ants' nests around them, and busy spiders swinging on fine threads and looping green caterpillars and the nest of a hedge-sparrow. These fascinating things were discussed, and after the egg-shells, orange-peel, and paper were neatly buried, the children sang their school songs with freshness and spirit; after which the farm was visited, the process of churning witnessed, buttermilk tasted, and quarts of milk drunk. Then the march was resumed, across the river, up the hill, on to the moorland, and away into the heart of wild and beautiful mountain country. A lesson on water-action was given from a commanding height, with illustrations at hand in the form of valleys, mountain streams, and rivers, and the children afterwards examined the vegetation of the moorland, and collected moss, fern, bracken, heather, and tiny snail shells. It was a long walk down hill to the sheep pond, where hundreds of sheep and some well-grown lambs waited to be washed. This sight gave great joy to the children, and they sat on the hillside and watched and speculated, and ate chocolate as a substitute for afternoon tea.

The march was again resumed, and later the children halted by the riverside and listened to a lesson on a river; then came a walk of two or three miles to Park Hall, where all were to be lodged and fed. This is a fine old mansion with acres of garden and grounds about it, which the Co-operative Holiday Association have recently taken over. Very special terms were made for the entertainment of the party, indeed the cost of the whole expedition, including railway fare, amounted to less than 9*s.* a head per child.

At half-past six children and students sat down to a plentiful hot meal, after which there were post-cards to be written to parents, and the children's records to be entered in their note-books. At nine o'clock, when the children were safely in bed, and the duties of the nurses and ladies-of-the-bedchamber over, a conference was held on the day's proceedings. The reporters pointed out the errors of the day and criticised the lessons, to which criticisms the leaders, teachers, and others responded, and several points were discussed in detail. At half-past ten everybody went to bed.

The children assembled in the garden next morning and sang their morning hymn before they came in to eight o'clock break-

fast. At 8.30 the march began. The second day was a complete success, in spite of the intermittent showers of rain. The gulf between students and children was bridged, and everybody understood one another. "A day's walk together does more to establish relations than six months in the class-room," observed one student. "Yes," replied another, "and you feel differently for ever towards a child after you have washed it." A halt was made at the signpost, and a kind antiquarian friend joined the party, and gave much information. Boundary stones were examined and discussed, height above sea-level ascertained, the monk's road and old cross pointed out; monasteries and abbey lands considered, and a discourse was given on the old Abbot's chair. The derivation of local names was remarked upon, and Glossop was mentioned as originally meaning "a shining place between hills."

There were many botany talks too. The birds'-foot trefoil, milk-wort, water-buttercup, marsh violet, veronica, ladies' mantle and cuckoo flower were examined, and some interesting details were observed about each; and the mists on the hills were also noticed, and the features of the landscape from time to time pointed out. There were showers, and everybody was wet and weary when Charlesworth was reached. Refuge was permitted in the chapel at Charlesworth, and here a lesson was given on the history of the place in Tudor times, while the caterers provided an ample and simple lunch in the vestry of piles upon piles of bread and butter, hard boiled eggs and cheese. The walk to Melandra lay through meadows, and the calves, foals, and geese, seen from time to time, attracted the children more than the old Roman quarry and Roman road. An hour was spent at the Roman camp, and the children greatly appreciated the explanations and consulted the plans they had drawn in school. The coins, pieces of Roman glass, pottery and nails, particularly pleased them. "The Romans must have lived or they couldn't have made a camp," remarked one girl of eleven, who had been inclined to doubt their very existence before.

Another walk followed in the rain, and then the party reached Glossop, where hospitable friends welcomed them and gave them tea.

A visit to a paper-mill was the next item on the programme, and the whole process was observed from the preliminary stage, when the logs of wood fresh from the forests of Norway were committed to the machines, to the final stage when the white, glossy sheets of paper were piled and stored. Waggonettes awaited the return from the paper-mill, and then came a drive

home through the fresh rain-washed lanes to dry stockings, slippers, comfort and a hot meal at home.

The evening passed as before, except that in the conference more praise and less blame was given to the day's proceedings, and there was time for some singing and music ; for praise can be bestowed quickly, while the laborious method of finding fault is a slow process.

On the third day, school was held on the moors in the morning, and the lessons were recapitulated, revised, and some attempt was made to arrange the material in an orderly fashion in the children's minds and notebooks.

Perhaps the singing lesson on the moors was the most successful. Then came a midday meal at home followed by a half-holiday, and the childrem rambled about the grounds, visited the greenhouses and fruit-gardens, found a hedgehog, watched the rabbits scuttling away into the bushes, played hide-and-seek, and then put on their white frocks and helped the students to receive and provide tea for the parents and friends who came to visit them.

The whole party returned to Manchester in the evening, and the children are now constantly referring to the ideas gathered on the expedition to illustrate points in the school work, while the students are already planning future journeys of a more ambitious character.

CATHERINE I. DODD.

THE SEARCH-LIGHT IN NAVAL WARFARE

GREAT importance is attached to the use of the searchlight in warfare, and of late years we find battleships and cruisers fitted with projectors in all available positions, while the great naval ports have installations of the arc light as part of their equipment, offensive and defensive.

The use of the search-light in peace time, for navigating in narrow channels, for signalling, and for a hundred other purposes is so well known as to need no comment, but in time of war it is possible it might be more of a curse than a blessing.

The introduction of the search-light was practically coincident with the introduction of the torpedo-boat, and was looked on as more or less the antidote for the new poison, but the torpedo-boat has grown into the destroyer with greatly increased speed and sea-going qualities, while the search-light stands where it was, the only difference being that many more are now fitted in a ship than was originally the case.

On a dark night at sea a ship is practically invisible when all her lights are out, bow and steaming lights doused, and deadlights over the scuttles, and nothing but a few screened candles about the decks, invisible from outboard, to prevent confusion. All that can then be seen is at the most a black loom against the blackness of the night, almost without shape, and so long as no light is revealed it would be difficult for a destroyer to find an isolated ship or even a fleet of ships.

Given a known destination a destroyer has been found extremely useful in intercepting ships in peace time, because her great speed enables her to patrol a line across the known course, so that the deviation of a few miles is immaterial, and then she has had everything to guide her, whether by night or day; but with her prey going to an unknown destination, or even if the destination be known, travelling at an unknown speed on an unknown course, it becomes a matter of extreme difficulty

even for a flotilla of destroyers to intercept either ship or fleet at night.

The invisibility of the fleet is not shared in equal proportion by the destroyers, for when steaming at high speed they make considerable noise, and what is a still further disadvantage to them, they frequently pour forth a stream of flame from their funnels which would be a deadly defect with a smart man behind a gun on board the ship to be attacked.

Any one who has noticed a train at night must have observed the lurid glare above the funnel of the engine, while by daylight there is nothing but a stream of smoke and steam, and exactly the same thing happens in a torpedo-boat or destroyer.

The tactics I have seen observed in destroyer attacks on a harbour are for the flotilla to creep up under the dark shadow cast by high land and then to make a dash for the entrance as soon as discovered ; but in these mimic attacks the harbour and its approaches have been well known to the commanders of the flotilla and they start with a fair chance of success, while the search-lights used against them from shore positions do not reveal any works which need fear the weapons carried by a destroyer.

In the open sea the matter is quite altered. The whereabouts of the fleet to be attacked is not precisely known and has therefore to be searched for, and as long as no lights are shown the chances are with those sought for rather than with the seekers. It is presumable that every precaution would be taken, every manœuvre adopted to elude the pursuers whether it was known they were on the track or not. It is hardly presumable that a battle fleet would blunder past within sight of an enemy's port by daylight or near nightfall so as to give the hostile flotilla an idea within a thirty-mile radius of its whereabouts.

Judging by experience at night-firing and on other occasions when it has been necessary to keep the search-light on a moving object, or from which the ship is moving, I have no great faith in its utility in a sudden emergency. It is difficult to pick up the object, in the first place ; the light is thrown in a beam of no considerable width, and, even should it pick up an object while being trained around the horizon, the chances are that the beam will not be stopped at that point, and before a quickly moving vessel has been again found it might well have come within effective range. A multiplicity of beams playing on one side tends rather to confusion, and all the time they are playing the position of the ship is clearly revealed.

The beam of light, dazzling as it is at the projector, loses much of its power at a comparatively short distance, and smoked glasses worn by those subjected to its rays would place them beyond any fear of being dazzled, and allow them to take steady aim at their foe.

We have yet to learn the effect of the torpedo on the *morale* of our commanders, but there can be little doubt but that it will have great effect on some and search out the weak points of their character, and it will be the man of nerves who will cause danger to his ship or to the fleet at a critical moment. To the nervous and imaginative the sea is full of voices and mystery by night, and, with a chance of torpedo-boats about, every wave, every moon-glint on the swell will be conjured into a torpedo-boat, and the search-light will be switched on, and even if it only plays for half a minute the mischief may be done. One will want iron nerves and stoical indifference to danger when the great game is played; in peace manœuvres it is a game of bluff between the ship and the torpedo vessel, but in the great game there will be no question of umpires' awards and evidence of collapsible torpedo heads, for all concerned may fail to answer the muster after the battle. There will not be that hot-blooded excitement of close quarters on the battlefield, where the Victoria Cross is won by men who are not responsible for their actions; but there will be weary waiting, hours of watching in darkness, cold, and fog; deadly inaction till mind and body are exhausted, and then in a moment the fight may be begun and ended.

When, instead of a torpedo flotilla, we consider the approach of a hostile fleet of superior force, even greater danger may be courted by the ill-judged use of the search-light. The danger to be feared from a torpedo is somewhat problematical, but the danger from a superior force is almost a mathematical certainty modified by the human equation.

If search-lights are to be of use they should be more frequently practised. A handy man is required behind the projector, just as he is behind the gun, and he should be able to bring it to bear on an object quickly and with certainty. It would be better if he could lay it on the supposed object first and then switch on the light, instead of switching on the light and then flashing it in all directions to find the object.

A bull's-eye lantern renders the holder of it absolutely invisible, as the ray of light is so dazzling as to be almost blinding, but the search-light projector, with its plain glass, has not the same effect, though its ray is infinitely more powerful; and, furthermore, a bull's-eye lantern with its dark slide down is at once

dark, but the projector with the light switched off leaves the glowing ends of the carbon showing in the reflector for some moments.

One illustration of the danger of the use of the search-light occurs to me. At the attack on the Taku forts the Russian vessels *Bobr*, *Korectz*, and *Guiliak* suffered more heavily than the other ships, as they used the search-light to play on the forts.

In the *Bobr* the 9-inch gun was put out of action by a Chinese shell after its fourth round.

The *Koreetz* was struck by six shells, one of them causing a fire in the ward-room.

The *Guiliak* was struck above the military-top by a 75-mm. shell, and also by two 6-inch shells, one of which penetrated the hull below the water-line and exploded some 100 cartridges in the 75-mm. magazine.

The Russian losses in killed and wounded were one officer and sixteen men killed, three officers and sixty-six men wounded, against one officer and four men killed, three officers and twenty-five men wounded in the three ships of other nationalities, which suffered scarcely any damage—though the German *Iltis* and British *Algerine* bore the brunt of the action.

TELESCOPE.

FROM SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF A DIPLOMATIST

I MUST confess that my first impressions of Athens—in 1862—were disappointing. But for the brilliancy and transparency of its atmosphere, the grand outlines of the mountains that surround it, and, above all, of course, the marvellous temple-crowned steep that barred the end of the very street in which I was housed, the general aspect of the third-rate *Residenz-Stadt*—so oddly grafted on a dilapidated Turkish village by the Royal Bavarian art-patron who was its founder—appeared to me mean and, worse still, prosaic to the last degree. To most dwellers in Athens the perfect profile of the Attic hill-ranges and the splendour and purity of the Attic sky seem well-worn commonplaces that will not bear repetition, so universally are they accounted to be the redeeming features of perhaps the most tiresome, and certainly the most troublesome, of minor capitals. As for me, I never wearied of their beauties, and of the two neither uneventful nor uninteresting years I passed in Greece, the memories that have remained with me most vividly are perhaps those of early rides, all over the wild barren country made lovely by its wondrous colouring when the sun had not yet grown too fierce, and every breath one took in seemed a fresh draught of life and vigour ; and of late vigils in the broad light of a golden moon, when the town was hushed in sleep, and the silence was unbroken by any sound save the plaint of some nightingale in the neighbouring olive-groves. To my mind—and I am fully conscious of the heresy I am propounding—the poetry of Greece (and wondrous poetry it is !) lay far more in her atmosphere and light, in the glorious canopy spread over her by nature, than in the shattered relics of her art, or in her imperishable historical associations.

When I first set foot in Greece, however, there was certainly little that was poetical in the aspect of things. King Otho had been driven out a fortnight before, and although a Provisional Government had been installed, with M. Boulgaris at its head, the country was a prey to anarchy. Nothing could be more revolting than the spectacle presented by the Greek military. The

troops at Athens, which had been chiefly instrumental in the revolution just accomplished, were in a state of complete insubordination. The streets swarmed with these ruffians, who disgraced their uniforms by every kind of outrage, ill-used women, broke into houses and robbed passers-by in the broad daylight, or, in their more harmless moods, paraded the town in carriages they had seized, lolling in drunken fashion on the cushions, and chanting the most unmelodious ditties with that hideous nasal intonation peculiar to Greek singing.* It was altogether a repulsive spectacle, and I trust I may never again see the like of this licentious soldiery. Fortunately, in the nation itself there was a healthy undercurrent, and some of the leading men, such as those eminent survivors of the struggle for independence, the aged Mavrocordato and the historian Tricoupis, showed considerable shrewdness in at once making sure of English sympathies by putting forward Prince Alfred † as a candidate for the vacant throne. I arrived when the Alfredist movement was at its full tide, and found my chief, Mr. Scarlett, fairly embarked in it. There was a grand popular demonstration in front of the Legation within a few days of my landing, and a deputation insisted on seeing Scarlett, who was sorely put to it to find language ambiguous enough not to commit him, and yet sufficiently cordial not to damp the enthusiasm of the hour. It certainly was an anxious time for him—I might almost say for us, as he was good enough to consult me freely on every question that arose. The position was indeed very difficult, for Lord Russell sent out no instructions and left our most pressing telegrams unanswered; thus allowing us indeed to infer from his reticence that the movement in favour of Prince Alfred was not altogether unwelcome to our Government, but giving us no other cue as to their intentions. Under these circumstances the Legation could only remain passive, and simply allow the Alfredist fever to run its course unchecked. The French and Russian Missions, on the other hand‡—and more especially the former, under the guidance of M. Bourée, who was the very type of the *remuant*, somewhat self-seeking agent of his country—meanwhile became most active centres of intrigue in favour of the candidature of the Duke of Leuchtenberg. It is indeed worthy of

* The same sounds, as I have since learned by experience, are to be heard from the Indians of South America.

† Afterwards Duke of Edinburgh.

‡ It is perhaps superfluous to mention that Great Britain, France, and Russia were at that time the recognised Protecting Powers of Greece. The history of the reign of King Otho is indeed mainly made up of the not all too creditable intrigues and contests of the so-called partisans of these several Powers.

remark that a Russo-French understanding as against us—for that is its only imaginable *raison d'être* *—was already foreshadowed in Greece at that comparatively remote period.

All of a sudden, about the middle of December, Lord Russell's silence was broken by a telegram—certainly the most astounding it has ever been my lot to decipher. It announced the departure, on a special mission to the Provisional Government, of my old Vienna colleague Mr. Elliot, who was charged to decline the offer of the crown for Prince Alfred, but at the same time to announce her Majesty's intention of handing over the Ionian Islands to Greece, and of further recommending to the Porte the cession to that kingdom of Epirus and Thessaly, on condition of the Greeks selecting a candidate for the throne who should be agreeable to her Majesty, and adopting a liberal constitutional form of government. With all due respect for the memory of the departed statesman, I must own that I cannot remember any despatch that filled me with greater amazement, or seemed to me to point to a policy more prejudicial to our interests. At any rate, we at the Legation were in despair over it. Lord Russell's artless, almost *naif*, assumption that he could obtain from the Sultan, for the mere asking, the cession of two valuable provinces, was promptly dispelled by Sir H. Bulwer's unequivocal reports as to the disastrous effects which such a proposal would assuredly produce if in any way mooted at Constantinople. As for the surrender of Corfu, it certainly appeared to me then a serious political mistake. It was the first step in the course of self-effacement and abdication of prestige and influence so fatally followed for some years by the Liberal Administration, and which now has been happily replaced by a more virile and truly national policy. "Une puissance qui commence à rendre est une puissance finie," was Prince Bismarck's well-known comment upon this Ionian transaction; but I am anticipating. At the same time it must be allowed that the manœuvring of our Cabinet about the Greek throne, ably seconded by Elliot's diplomacy, had been extremely adroit. As long as it was necessary, Prince Alfred was pitted against the Russian and French candidates, Leuchtenberg and the Duc d'Aumale (the latter being put forward also, though less prominently); but when once the field had been cleared by the election of our own Prince, our final candidate was produced in the

* Written in 1879–80. It need not be pointed out that the existing Dual Alliance was primarily directed against Germany, and not against this country, the political condition of Europe having been profoundly modified, of course, since the events dealt with above.

person of the present King, then Prince William of Denmark. Before we reached, however, the choice of the Danish Prince, our Legation had to go, as it were, through a severe course of the *Almanach de Gotha*. During something like a fortnight, telegrams came pouring in upon Elliot on the subject of the candidates successively recommended by her Majesty to the Greek nation. The list was in itself a curiosity, and comprised, I remember, the King Consort (Ferdinand) of Portugal, Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, a Prince of Holstein, Prince Leiningen, the Archduke Maximilian, and several others whose names I cannot now call to mind; and the cyphered messages coming over the Turkish lines, and reaching Athens in a dreadfully mutilated form, we were very hard put to it to make out who were the different illustrious personages proposed for acceptance. Elliot and I often sat late into the night puzzling over these Foreign Office conundrums.

There was a certain amount of excitement about life in this disturbed capital which I at first enjoyed very much; but one got tired of blatant crowds and discordant "zitos"—even though in honour of an English prince—and indeed became somewhat ashamed of one's popularity. It was inconvenient, too, after the first novelty had passed away, to have to walk the streets at night, and, for that matter, at the earlier stage of the revolution, also by day, with one's hand on the six-shooter in one's coat-pocket. The city was not only full of a lawless military rabble, but some of the political leaders, like Grivas and Mavromichali, had brought up bands of retainers from distant Acarnania and Maina—the most picturesque cut-throats imaginable, armed to the teeth and clad in braided jackets and dingy fustanellas—and with these swept the thoroughfares, much as in the Eternal City the patricians in the worst days of the Republic, or the Orsinis and Colonnas of more modern times. The National Assembly, meeting at Christmas-time, swelled the ranks of these gentry, for many of the provincial members came to town with their clients and dependents, who, while stormy sittings were going on within, strutted about the lobbies and courtyard, or held a parliament of rags and tattered finery in the sunny street outside, squatting on their haunches, with belts full of daggers and pistols and with scowling looks more alarming even than their weapons. In reality harmless fellows enough, I have little doubt, but pestilential with garlic and the vilest tobacco.

On the innumerable *fête* and saints' days of the Greek Church these worthies had an unpleasant trick of letting-off their fire-locks in the air in sign of rejoicing, not with blank cartridges,

but loaded with ball. Several unfortunate people were killed in this way while looking out of window, and Miss Scarlett herself once had a narrow escape. Before long, however, there was plenty of gunpowder burned in right earnest at Athens, and on one day of special turmoil and disturbance I remember being out walking with Eber, the ex-Garibaldian general—at this period correspondent of the *Times* at Athens—and getting into the line of fire of two skirmishing parties, when, to my great relief, this undeniably valiant Magyar gave me an excellent example of prudence by skedaddling as fast as he could. Eber lodged at the same hotel as Geofroy and myself, and we habitually dined together, and afterwards adjourned to his rooms. He had a silver tongue and silky ways, was full of anecdote and information, and a charming musician to boot. Altogether a very accomplished person, with whom I struck up a considerable friendship.

But much the most serious experience I had of Greek civil warfare was the contest that broke out at Athens a few months later, and culminated in some very severe fighting on July 2, 1863. Two opposing military factions, respectively headed by an officer rejoicing in the name of Papadiamantopoulo, and by Colonel Coroneos, afterwards well known in connection with the Cretan insurrection of 1866, came to open hostilities that day. I had left the Hôtel d'Orient by this time and occupied lodgings in the neighbourhood of the Patissia road, where I was roused quite early in the morning by the loud report of big guns, followed by the rattle of musketry. I dressed with all speed, and going on to the flat-roof of the house at once made out that a field-battery was drawn up on the Place de la Concorde hard by, whence it was pounding away straight down the Boulevard du Stade in the direction of the Artillery barracks, in which Papadiamantopoulo (*Coquin des diamants*, to borrow old Lady Aldborough's free translation of knave of diamonds) had set up his headquarters. From my observatory I could see that the hot dusty streets all round were thoroughly deserted, the usual traffic having vanished in presence of the murderous strife that was going on. Presently our newly-arrived attaché, George Jenner, who lived in my neighbourhood, turned up, and, after a hurried breakfast, we agreed that our proper course was to make for the Legation. To get there, however, we had to proceed up the greater part of this very Boulevard du Stade, so that we had a lively walk of it, and, although we carefully hugged the houses as we went along in single file, were in the line of fire the whole way, the whirring of the bullets past us being much too close to

be pleasant, one shot striking a telegraph-post just over our heads. The rest of the day we spent at the Legation without precisely knowing how the fight was going on and what turn things were taking. The silence, broken only by the distant discharge of firearms, and the perfect emptiness of the streets on this glorious July day, had an extremely lugubrious effect, but later on in the afternoon it was quite exciting to watch the practice of a couple of howitzers that had been hauled halfway up the hill of Lycabettus. The shells came tearing through the deep blue sky, apparently straight at us as we stood at the open window, but passing, of course, high over the Legation roof and plunging into the lower part of the town which was held by Coroneos. Presently my friend Geofroy came round to us, having, at considerable risk, run the gauntlet of the fighting, which was sharpest in the immediate neighbourhood of his hotel, where Coroneos was making a most determined attack on the National Bank, almost next door. Scarlett fully discussed the situation with Geofroy, who remained his guest for the rest of the day, and it was agreed that the Ministers of the three Protecting Powers were bound to make some attempt to stop the wanton shedding of blood that was going on. As the French Minister, Bourée, lived some distance out of town at Patissia, Geofroy suggested that towards evening, when the firing would probably slacken, Scarlett should endeavour to communicate with him as well as with the Russian Minister, Bloudoff. Scarlett falling in with this proposal, Geofroy and I sat down and drew up the draft of a joint note, to be signed by the three Ministers, proposing an immediate suspension of hostilities, and advising both contending parties to submit their differences to the National Assembly pending the arrival of the newly elected king. Thus the afternoon wore away.

Just before sunset we heard the sound of wheels, and, looking out, saw a string of half a dozen carriages rapidly approaching, with the Union Jack flying from the foremost of them. They drew up at the Legation door, Captain Hillyar, of H.M.S. *Queen*, two-decker, jumped out, and, with him, a guard of some thirty marines he had brought up from the Piræus on hearing how serious matters looked. It was very satisfactory to hear the ring of the rifles on the pavement as the men grounded arms at the word of command given in English. The marines were quartered in the yard and garden of the house, and we went to dinner in a much more comfortable frame of mind. In the evening the firing entirely ceased, and Scarlett, with Geofroy and myself, sallied forth in quest of Count Bloudoff, who lived in the

square immediately facing the Royal Palace, and must have passed an unpleasant day, for his house was riddled with bullets. Although habitually disinclined to act in concert with his colleagues, he agreed on this occasion to everything that was suggested. The most important point settled with him was that a detachment of his sailors (for he, too, had received a garrison that evening) and some of our own marines should at once take possession of the National Bank. This was fortunately accomplished without opposition, and we then all got into Scarlett's carriage and drove out to Patissia, where a final council was held in M. Bourée's house. The upshot of it was that the Russian and French first secretaries, Prince Léon Gagarine and Geofroy, together with myself, were charged first to call upon the President of the National Assembly in the name of our chiefs, and, having obtained his concurrence to our proposal for an armistice, then to seek out the chiefs of the two contending factions and lay it before them. We were further to give formal notice to them that a mixed guard of sailors and marines from the Russian, French, and English ships would be placed over the National Bank till order and tranquillity were completely restored. We started on this mission at about nine o'clock at night in an open carriage with the colours of the three Protecting Powers and a white flag of truce flying from the box-seat. The President of the National Assembly (Moraïtini, if I mistake not) received us with great manifestations of joy and at once agreed to everything we had to propose. The poor man was, in fact, in a great fright, and only too glad of our intervention. From him we went on to the former royal stables, now turned into artillery barracks, where, after some parleying, we obtained admittance to the doughty Papadiamantopoulo, who also turned out to be reasonable enough, and readily signed the declaration of truce we had brought with us. I suspect he had been having rather the worst of the fight, and, for that reason, did not demur to handing over the bank to our care. Finally, we drove down to the very rough headquarters occupied by Coroneos in the lower suburbs, on the road to the Piræus, nearly opposite the Cerameicus cemetery discovered of late years. We found this redoubtable chieftain installed in a kind of shanty not far from the Botanical Gardens, and, although in a sulky mood, still not unwilling to sign. When he had done so, however, we took a parting shot at him by telling him of the occupation of the bank, and warning him that it was now under our protection. I have seldom seen a man look more savage than he did when he heard this ; and no wonder, for he felt he was now baulked of the main prize he had been

contending for. His face was convulsed with rage, and he said something extremely impudent about foreign interference in Greek affairs which I remember I answered very sharply. Thus ended our mission, and, with it, the most eventful birthday I ever passed.

From that time forward we became answerable for the peace and order of the town till the arrival of the King, who had been elected in March, and was expected in the course of the autumn. Scarlett had telegraphed, on the outbreak of the fighting, to Admiral Smart at Malta, and in a few days the whole Mediterranean Squadron, composed of half a dozen line-of-battleships, was at the Piræus. These, with one or two French and Russian vessels, placed so powerful a force at the disposal of the Ministers that they next proceeded to insist upon every Greek soldier being sent out of the town, threatening, in case of refusal, to land guns and men and occupy it themselves. I well remember how the unfortunate Greek Minister for Foreign Affairs for the time being, M. Calligas, was summoned to our Legation and informed of this decision in stern language by the assembled Protecting trio. Of course he could only bow his head and submit, and thus we were well rid for a season of the glorious Greek army, and no longer in daily fear of disturbance.

After this digression I will return to something like a sequence of events. In January, only a few weeks after my arrival, I accompanied Scarlett and his charming daughter (now Lady Walsham) on a ten-days voyage in that fine old two-decker the *Queen*. The Scarletts took with them two remarkably pretty Greek young ladies of the name of Carpouni, who, with their father, had sought refuge at the Legation during the first wild days of the revolution. Carpouni was a devoted Othonist, and his wife, a Bavarian lady who had come to Athens with Queen Amélie, had been a great favourite at Court and the Queen's special *confidante*, so that the whole family were objects of popular dislike, and scarcely deemed themselves in safety after the departure of their royal patrons, whom Madame Carpouni herself had followed into exile. Very scant justice has been done to the memory of Queen Amélie, who was a remarkable woman and, as well as her less gifted consort, sincerely attached to Greece, and indeed strongly imbued with those delusive dreams of a resurrection of the national greatness and glory which it is hard not to forgive the Greeks, however fatal they have been to the substantial welfare and rational development of their country. Much ridicule has been cast on the King and Queen for adopting the national costume, which was more generally worn in those days,

and identifying themselves with many of the national habits and prejudices. The royal Teutonic couple, disguised *en Palicare et Palicaresse*, were, no doubt, a sight to raise a smile, but beneath this harmless, though ill-judged, masquerading, they harboured feelings of the deepest devotion to their adopted country and an earnest desire to serve it to the best of their ability. The Queen herself was an ardent Philhellene, and, during her anxious, troubled reign no doubt found relief from much vexation and humiliation in her passionate faith in the *grande idée* which would at no distant day restore the splendours of Hellenism and seat her consort and herself on the throne of Byzantium. A characteristic instance of this subject being always uppermost in her thoughts was given me by Boudouris, who, at the time of my stay in Greece, was one of the cleverest and most active of Greek politicians. Boudouris had been partly educated in England, spoke English perfectly, and was constantly at the Legation, to which he made himself very useful by bringing the last news of the day. He has since held office on several occasions, sat as Deputy for Poros for some years, and is a brilliant specimen of the modern Athenian. Boudouris, like most of his fellow politicians, had been in opposition to the Court, and, after being greatly in favour with Queen Amélie, had incurred her displeasure by some cutting remark he had permitted himself. A ball was about to be given at the Palace, and his friends taunting him with the sorry figure he would make at it now that the royal hostess had withdrawn her countenance from him, Boudouris audaciously laid a wager that he would compel her Majesty, one of whose habitual partners he had been, to dance with him on that occasion. The Queen was passionately fond of dancing, and her balls, in true German style, always ended with a *cotillon*, in which she herself took part. Boudouris laid his plans accordingly. When the well-known figure came round which consists of two men being taken up to one of the ladies who has to choose between the flowers, animals, or other things whose names they may have assumed, he contrived to be led up to the Queen with another man. The lady who had charge of him made a profound curtsey and asked : "Which does your Majesty prefer : Thessaly or Macedonia ?" The Queen, without hesitation, replied "Macedonia," and promptly found herself twirling round the room with the peccant and exulting Boudouris ! I need not explain that, when given the choice between the two coveted provinces, she had at once named that which lay the farthest on the road to Constantinople. Poor Queen Amélie ! The buildings of her experimental farm near Menidi and the various charitable and

educational establishments she founded still remain to show how actively she sought to benefit the country. That her efforts, and those of her weak, but well-intentioned, husband are now rightly appreciated by a select few at least, was proved to me, many years afterwards, during my last sojourn at Athens. A Greek statesman who was then in office, and is certainly one of the most straightforward of men, told me that he had spent the summer in Southern Germany. "When there," he said, "I expressly went on a pilgrimage to Bamberg and stood by the tomb of King Otho. If ever a man truly loved Greece he did, and he meant thoroughly well by her."

Thanks to our three young ladies and to the hospitality of Captain Hillyar of the *Queen*, we had a delightful cruise on glassy seas and under the sunniest of skies, visiting first Poros and its ancient disused arsenal, and then going across to Nauplia, whence we made excursions to Argos and Mycenæ. Our party also included Sir Percy and Lady Shelley, whose yacht, the *Flirt*, we had in tow most of the time. The only incident to mar the pleasure of our expedition occurred at Nauplia, where an unfortunate seaman of the *Queen* was killed in a brawl with some native boatmen. There was nothing in the least political about this untoward occurrence, but, to impress the Greeks with the value we attached to the lives of our men, we buried the poor fellow on shore next day with great pomp, and Hillyar, who was much incensed by the murder, gave all Nauplia a thorough scare by beating to quarters in the dead of the night. Any one who has had the doubtful pleasure of being on board a man-of-war during this operation will realise the effect it must have produced on the wretched Nauplians, who, roused out of their slumbers by our broadsides, no doubt thought we were bombarding them in retaliation for the crime committed the day before.

There never can have been much society at Athens. At this time, with the exception of various members of the Soutzo family and their connections, there was little beyond such as we made up *entre collègues*. Of our own Legation we had George Jenner,* then quite a youth, and later on Graham Sandford, who was mostly remarkable for his good looks. With the latter, by the way, I tried the doubtful experiment of sharing a house and its expenses, but did not find it answer—as, indeed, I fancy it seldom does. The Prussian Chargé d'Affaires, fat Count Keyserling, was very amusing, but *très mauvaise langue*—a striking instance of the fallacy which credits very stout people with exceptional good-nature and benevolence. In spite of his size he was extremely

* Afterward H.M. Minister at Guatemala.

fond of dancing, which made the caustic Russian Envoy say of him : "Le Comte Keyserling a la circonférence d'un ballon, mais il en a aussi la légereté." As for M. Bourée, the French Minister, no one could be more entertaining than he. Unfortunately he was an inveterate *faiseur* and intriguer, and was strongly marked with what a witty Belgian diplomatic friend of mine used to call "la tache Consulaire, la seule ineffaçable." The Italian Minister, that arch-revolutionist Mamiani, lived in the greatest retirement ; we saw more of his clever and talented secretary, Count Joannini, whom I was destined to meet again some years later under very different circumstances. But much the most interesting and important person of our small set was Comtesse Bloudoff, the wife of the Russian Envoy—beautiful indeed in those days and full of charm and cleverness. Her *salon* in the corner house of the Place de la Constitution—a delightful bit of the cultured Western world from which one felt so much cut off at Athens at the time I speak of—was a real god-send to us all. How pleasant are my memories of balmy evenings spent on her balcony looking over the Palace square, evenings

> When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
> And they did make no noise—

when the scent of orange blossoms, mingling with the harmonies of a full choir of nightingales, was wafted over from the royal gardens, while above Lycabettus the moon sailed high and clear through the translucent Attic sky ! During the brief—all too brief—spring-time, while the plains round the city were still fully clad in tenderest verdure—the horses and mules standing shoulder high in the green barley—and the olive-trees, which had not yet received their dull coating of dust, cast the delicate tracery of their shade across the glare of the white country roads, the charming Comtesse would take long drives with her lovely little girls all round the neighbourhood, resting at times in the Botanical Gardens, which stand where once flourished the groves of the Academy, or wandering by the sea-shore at Phalerum, and wherever she went, a knot of us, of whom I was not the least faithful, went too. Dull indeed to us would have been existence at Athens without her winning presence and kindly welcome.

In August the torrid heat drove me to seek for a while the cool breezes of the Bosphorus, and I then for the first time became acquainted with the wonders of Constantinople. Here I found at the Embassy Edward Herbert, and got to know that original, talented and most kind-hearted of would-be cynics, Henry Labouchere. Here, too, I met my future colleague,

the "Irish Arab," Lionel Moore, in those days full of life and health and spirits. Doing the Mosques and other sights one broiling hot day* with Herbert, I witnessed the fire by which the greater portion of the Old Seraglio was burned to the ground. We had just left Stamboul, and were riding across the Galata Bridge, on our way back to Missirie's, when the rush past us of a lot of half-naked savages dragging a wretched hand fire-engine, and wildly yelling as they went, made us pause and turn. There, right behind us, we saw the magnificent grove of ancient cypresses, in the grounds we had passed through barely a couple of hours before, all alight and looking like so many pyramids of fire. Behind this crackling screen of writhing, tortured trunks and branches—almost human they seemed in their agony—the kiosks and detached dwelling-houses that made up the Palace were blazing fiercely, while the volumes of smoke rising heavily in the breathless, sweltering air hung in lurid masses over the whole promontory of Seraï Bournou. It was both imposing and terrible to see these walls—perhaps the most deeply blood-stained in the world—wrapped in their final fiery doom. The flames made short work of them, and before evening fully two-thirds—fortunately the least interesting historically—of the vast, straggling Palace were reduced toshapeless ruins.

Very shortly after this I returned to Athens, where nothing of special note occurred up to the King's arrival. I brought back with me from Constantinople a Bagdad pony—a very good-looking grey—which I had bought of Labouchere. Although slightly gone in the fore-legs, like so many of that breed, he made a very fair hack and served me well in my long, delightful early morning rides.

Politically, everything remained quiet till the royal landing on October 30 (1863), on which occasion the Athenians, indeed all the Greeks, went wild with joy and excitement, and gave their new sovereign a truly enthusiastic welcome. For several days the city was given up entirely to public rejoicings, of which the most remarkable features—a sight indeed to be remembered—were some fireworks, which were let off immediately behind the columns of the Temple of Jupiter, while the heights of the Acropolis above were simultaneously illuminated with Bengal lights. The effect was exceedingly fine, however fairly it might be criticised on strictly æsthetic grounds as unworthy of such classic surroundings. But, although everything went merrily as a marriage-bell, it was impossible not to feel compassion for the boy-king whose lot was cast among so turbulent and fickle a

* August 12, 1863.

race as the Greeks. He was, and looked, so young and artless that the experiment seemed to all of us questionable and indeed highly hazardous, and although it has answered far better than the most sanguine had any warrant to hope, even now the rashness of the conception appears to me scarcely compatible with true statesmanship. I can well remember how strongly that impression came home to me and others the day on which the youthful Sovereign took the oath to the Constitution in the National Assembly. The sight of this slight, delicate stripling, standing alone amidst a crowd of callous, unscrupulous politicians, many of whom had been steeped to the lips in treason, and swearing to observe, as he has so faithfully done, the most unworkable of charters, from which nearly every safeguard, beginning with the suppression of a Second Chamber, had been studiously eliminated—without, I regret to say, any opposition on the part of our Government, at that time all powerful in Greece—was indeed painful and saddening. It is true that our Danish Telemachus had brought with him, as mentor and political adviser, a Count Sponneck, who had played some part in the public affairs of his country, and had a great reputation for prudence and sagacity. I had occasion to see a good deal of Count Sponneck during the journey I afterwards made with the King to the Ionian Islands, and must confess that I was much disappointed in him, and, more especially, struck by his phenomenal want of tact.

At this time I was much engrossed by personal worries into the particulars of which it is needless to enter. Nor were matters improved by my stupidly slipping up one morning on the marble floor of the vestibule at the Legation and coming down with such force as to break my right arm. This occurred at the end of November, and when I was well enough to get about freely I applied for leave of absence, and resolved to go to Italy for a change. On January 2, 1864, I went on board the Messageries boat at the Piræus, again having for a companion Geofroy, who, this time, was leaving Athens for good. The steamer had just come in from Constantinople, and as I paced her deck, taking stock of the fellow passengers with whom I was to be thrown as far as Messina, I soon singled out a tall, good-looking, middle-aged Englishman accompanied by a young lady —evidently his daughter. All I noticed at first was that she was very fair and slight, and extremely graceful, as well as *parfaitement bien mise*. I speedily got into conversation with the father, who, it appeared, had just been engaged on important railway business at Constantinople. He had found out who I was from

seeing me brought on board by a man-of-war boat of the *Revenge*, and mentioned to me Lionel Moore and other Therapia acquaintances. While we were conversing, the sound of a piano, very skilfully played, reached us from the deck saloon, and presently there came some slight Italian melody—one of Campana's, I rather think—sung with exquisite taste and feeling by a most lovely mezzo-soprano voice of unusual compass.

On the first two days of our journey we had a perfectly smooth sea, but soon got into so thick a fog that we had to anchor at Poros for the night. Music made the hours fly in the most delightful way, and even after doubling Cape Matapan, and getting into rougher waters, I well remember how I held on to the piano, when joining my new and charming friend in some duet—she, meanwhile, achieving miracles of equilibrium on the music-stool —till at last the violent lurching of the vessel drove us to safer seats. Messina was reached all too soon, and there for the time I had my last look at the bright, winsome face which many years after came to gladden my life and home for good.

After a short stay in Italy I received orders to return at once to Athens and take charge of the Legation between the departure of Scarlett and the arrival of his successor, Erskine. I sailed from Leghorn on May 7 and landed at the Piræus on the 12th. Two days later the Scarletts left, much to my regret, and I moved into the Legation House, where I made myself very comfortable for the time with Eric Farquhar, an extremely nice fellow, who was lost all too soon to his friends and to the service, dying of typhoid fever a few years afterwards at Peking.

The protracted negotiations for ceding the administration of the Ionian Islands to Greece had now come to an end, and the arrangements for handing them over to their new masters were all but completed. On the first occasion I had of seeing Count Sponneck after my return, he informed me that the King would shortly go and take possession of the Islands in person, and that his Majesty hoped that I, as well as the French and Russian Chargés d'Affaires, as representing the three Protecting Powers (by a fortunate chance both Bourée and Bloudoff were absent on leave), would accompany him on the occasion. I telegraphed home for instructions, and was told to accept the invitation and take my passage in the *Revenge*, the flagship of Admiral Yelverton, then stationed at the Piræus. My colleagues, Vicomte Amelot de Chaillou (next to Edmond de Polignac the most amusing Frenchman I ever knew) and Prince Léon Gagarine, received instructions similar to mine, and we all prepared with great alacrity for an expedition which, in addition to its political interest, promised to be delightful, as it indeed proved in every

sense. The young King left Athens the last week in May, and travelled overland, by Corinth and Argos, to Tripolitza and Sparta, making a triumphal progress through the Peloponnesus, and being met at Calamata by the corvette *Hellas*. It was arranged that we should rendezvous with his Majesty at Navarino, and I accordingly went on board the *Revenge* on the morning of June 1, taking George Jenner with me and leaving Farquhar to look after the Legation at Athens.

I greatly regret that I should have kept no daily notes of a journey which was so well worth recording in all its details, and that I am, thus, entirely thrown on my memory—which, fortunately, happens to be a fairly tenacious one—for an account of it. At Navarino we found the *Magicienne*, carrying the flag of the French Admiral d'Aboville, and the Russian frigate *Oleg*. We were soon joined by the royal corvette and at once left for the north, steaming in due order of naval etiquette : the *Hellas* leading, our ship following astern on her port and the Frenchman on her starboard quarter, while the Russian brought up the rear. About noon the following day we slowed down, and presently cast anchor in the Bay of Katacolo, where we found that magnificent specimen of the old three-decker, the *Duke of Marlborough*, 130 guns, waiting for us. She carried the last battalion of our troops withdrawn from Corfu and had Sir Henry Storks, the Lord High Commissioner of the Islands, on board. We had barely cast anchor when a State barge flying the Ionian standard left her side and steered for the *Hellas*, on reaching which the colours were struck and carried on board by Sir Henry himself, who laid them at the feet of the King—a somewhat theatrical piece of display it seemed to me. The yacht *Undine*, with the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Sefton, was likewise here, and in the evening there was a banquet on board the royal corvette in honour of all these distinguished people. Long after dark the *Marlborough* steamed slowly past us on her way to Malta, her three tiers of ports lighted up, and affording a beautiful but, at the same time, to my mind saddening sight, for she bore away with her the last vestige of our dominion in the Islands.

Early on the morning of June 6 we were off Corfu, and there was a great stir throughout the combined squadron in view of the landing of the King. Fortunately, we three foreign representatives were not expected to take part in the ceremonies attending his Majesty's reception, so that, going on shore as private individuals in plain clothes, we had excellent opportunities of observing the conduct and demeanour of the Corfiotes on this memorable occasion. I have never seen crowds behave better,

though they were very excusably wild with enthusiasm, and manifested their joy in truly Southern demonstrative fashion. Distasteful as was to me the occasion of all these rejoicings, I must own that the decoration and illumination of the Esplanade were quite beautiful in their way, and that I passed a delightful evening wandering in and out of the dense throng in the company of De Robeck, Yelverton's nephew and flag-lieutenant, and his very pretty wife, a somewhat rustic, but most taking, graceful creature he had brought home with him from the Cape. I had rooms at the St. George's Hotel, but dined every day with the King at the Palace, as did also my French and Russian colleagues. After an early dinner, his Majesty used by turns to take one of us out driving all about the lovely neighbourhood in a mail-phaeton, with a very good-looking pair of horses he had brought out from England, and on our return from these drives he would keep whichever of us had been thus honoured till late in the evening, talking and smoking on the Palace balcony. Thanks to these long *têtes-à-têtes*, I speedily got to know the young Sovereign as one seldom does know crowned heads, and this closer acquaintance called forth in me feelings of the most sincere respect and attachment.

King George was at this time barely eighteen and a half, and his countenance bore an impress of such extreme youth and candour that the excitable Corfiote peasantry at once hailed him as *Hagios Georgios*, or Saint George. Although still boyish in many ways, and with a flow of animal spirits that made it sometimes difficult for us, his daily companions, to maintain the respectful reserve and gravity due to his regal station, he already showed much of that simple dignity and charm of manner which together with her transcendent beauty, have made his sister, the Princess of Wales, the beloved of all England. Even at this time it was possible to discern in him the sterling qualities which have enabled him to weather the many difficulties that beset his Government during the Cretan insurrection, again during the storm produced by the Oropos murders, and, finally, through this last most serious crisis in Eastern affairs.* But his truthfulness and straightforwardness, united to considerable firmness of character and high personal courage, at once assured to him an exceptional position with his subjects, while his powerful dynastic connections subsequently made him an invaluable link between Europe and his country at those conjunctures when Greece stood in greatest disfavour with public opinion in the West. I sometimes doubt whether the Greeks sufficiently realise the extent to which they are indebted to their King for the consider-

* The events of 1885–86.

ation and sympathy that have ever been shown to them. At the same time, the young Sovereign early borrowed a leaf out of the book of King Leopold of Belgium by letting—to quote that sagacious Sovereign's well-known jest—his subjects clearly understand that he always "kept a portmanteau ready packed," and was prepared to leave them at any moment if ever they should make it too evident that they desired to be rid of him. At the period at which I was honoured with his intimacy King George strongly showed the marks of the admirable home influences from which he had only just been removed. He had a holy horror of all vice and deceit, and I remember being both touched and amused one evening by his confiding to me his determination to marry as early as possible in order to be placed at once out of reach of the many risks and temptations to which he knew he was certain to be exposed. Very sensible and praiseworthy this, and in striking contrast with the traditions of some royal houses. It is difficult to say whether the young Sovereign harboured any ambitious views as to future territorial aggrandisement at this the dawn of his reign. His guide and mentor, Count Sponneck, on the other hand, while loudly disclaiming all sympathy with the *grande idée*, now and then betrayed aspirations which it would have been difficult to distinguish from that darling Utopia of the Greek race. To be quite fair, it was not to be expected that any ruler of Greece should altogether escape the allurements of so gorgeous a dream as that of a restored Greek Empire with its seat on the Bosphorus. Nevertheless, I am convinced that the young monarch was, and has remained, too strongly imbued with a sense of his obligations to the Power that placed him on the throne and endowed him with the brightest jewel of his crown, actively to favour schemes at variance with the well-known principles which then governed British policy in the East.

Fresh as he was from Marlborough House, King George very laudably desired to place his household on a certain footing of refinement and smartness, and in this respect he himself, with his gracious manners and neat appearance, set off by extremely well-made clothes, furnished an admirable example to his *entourage;* but he had some difficulty at first with his rough Greek aides-de-camp, who had never worn anything but uniform (which he personally disliked), and did not precisely shine in evening attire. I remember his making us all rather uncomfortable one day by administering a sharp rebuke across the table to some one of his suite for his untidy appearance at dinner. Amelot and I did him, I believe, a good turn at this time by advising him to take into his service M. Rodostamos, who had been aide-de-camp to

Sir Henry Storks, and was a gentlemanlike man accustomed to good society. His Majesty shortly afterwards appointed him his Maréchal du Palais. Rodostamos made himself very useful to us in helping to arrange a kind of *fête champêtre* we gave the King at a lovely spot on the sea-shore not very far from the town of Corfu. My very good friend, Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff, my acquaintance with whom dates from this time—he had been secretary to the Lord High Commissioner for some years—has often spoken to me since of the success of this entertainment, and of the high favour in which we appeared to stand with our royal guest. This, and a great reception held at the Palace—partly in honour of that designing lady, Princess Darinka of Montenegro, the widow of Prince Danilo, who had come down from her mountains on some errand of intrigue—were the only festivities of any account that took placing during our three weeks stay at Corfu. The brightest pictures, however, have their shadows, and I recollect that some of the most distinguished Corfiotes, men who had held high office under us —Sir Peter Braïlos Armeni among others, whom I saw a good deal of—expressed to me regret that the King's sojourn in the Island should not be turned to greater account by his Majesty and his adviser in studying the condition and requirements of its inhabitants. Of course, the extreme youth and want of experience of King George more than explained his not at that time applying himself closely to State business. No Sovereign has since shown greater political tact and understanding, or has more thoroughly identified himself with the interests of his people. As regards Count Sponneck, on the other hand, the remarks made were in some measure deserved. That singular statesman was then entirely engrossed in manipulating the Corfu constituency as he fondly imagined, in view of the impending elections, but his too transparent coquettings with the extreme Radical party, and, most of all, his habitual disparagement of everything that was Greek, were not likely to contribute to the popularity of his royal master. He had a particular knack of saying the wrong thing, which, with so quick-witted a people as the Greeks, had disastrous effects and made him many enemies. One ludicrous instance of this regrettable absence of tact I may here relate. Admiral Yelverton, who, like all of us, was much attached to the young King, made some remark to his counsellor as to the advisability of his Majesty devoting some time each day to serious study in order to fit himself for his kingly duties. "It is true, my dear Admiral," was the reply, "that the King has yet much to learn. But, then, please remember that he was brought up for the navy." Yelverton bowed and smiled and then looked at me

in comical astonishment. Before very long Count Sponneck made his position in Greece untenable and had to return to his native land.

With our departure from Corfu on June 25 began much the most interesting and amusing part of our tour. We touched successively at Paxo and Ithaca, at Santa Maura, whence we made an excursion to Missolonghi, at Argostoli in Cephalonia, at Zante, and finally at Cerigo, getting back to Athens on July 5. Our ten-days cruise among these beautiful islands, favoured by lovely weather and unbroken sunshine, and the truly splendid reception given to the youthful Sovereign, had quite an intoxicating effect even upon us sober outsiders. To borrow from an account of it in one of my despatches: "Everywhere his Majesty has met with a welcome which, in the people, showed itself in madly excited multitudes thronging his path and standing for hours shouting under his windows, apparently never tired of watching for a glimpse of his countenance, while, on the part of the upper classes, it took the more costly form of a prodigal display of triumphal arches, illuminations, and fireworks."

It was, indeed, a journey not to be forgotten, and, for us who were in closest intimacy with the Court, had an additionally attractive and humorous side, inasmuch as it enabled us to see the central figure and object of all these manifestations and of this striking outburst of popular enthusiasm as he really was—that is, a simple, unspoilt lad, full of fun and spirits, and, on occasion, not above a practical joke or two at our expense. In fact, leaving aside its important historical character, this summer junketing in the suite of our crowned "middy" is about the most curious chapter of my reminiscences, and, could I but recount them, certain of its incidents would seem taken from the realms of burlesque rather than from the experiences of a staid diplomatist on an official tour.

The first important island we visited after leaving Corfu, and landing for an hour or two at Ithaca and Paxo, was Santa Maura, and here I acquired proof—the only one afforded me during our cruise—of the existence of very bitter feelings against us, and these on the part of a man who owed a great deal to our Protectorate. At these larger places, where we usually made a stay of two or three days, the King took up his quarters on shore, the best houses available being prepared for his reception. Here at Santa Maura he was lodged at the former Residency, only just vacated by Colonel Sebright, or, as he preferred styling himself, Baron d'Everton, an officer who had administered the island with much credit. We were all lounging about the yard of this house after luncheon, waiting, in the shade of a huge palm-tree,

for horses to take us on an excursion in the neighbourhood, when one of the King's guests, M. Spiridion Valaority, a considerable landowner of the place, who had been high in office under our *régime*, and had, it seems, some reputation as a poet, told us, in reply to some remark about this magnificent specimen of Southern vegetation, that there was a story current of a snake having made its nest among its tangled, wide-spreading roots. Whereupon Count Sponneck, *mit gewohnter Plumpheit*, said: "Let us hear some of the melody of your verse and surely the snake will be enticed out of its hiding-place." "J'ai fait l'autre jour un poème," replied M. Valaority with marked emphasis, "dans lequel j'ai dit que le dernier des serpents était sorti de cette maison!" Nothing could be in worse taste than this unprovoked sally uttered in the presence of Admiral Yelverton and myself. An awkward silence followed, but the King made no secret of his annoyance, and, taking M. Valaority aside, insisted on his at once apologising to me, a disagreeable task, of which he acquitted himself with sufficiently good grace. "I shall never allow any one," the King then said to me, "to say anything disparaging before me about a country to which I owe so much." I have related this slight incident at some length because it was the only unpleasant occurrence of the whole journey, and was the occasion of so cordial an outburst on the part of the young monarch.

From Santa Maura we went for a very long ride on the mainland as far as the small town of Vonitza on the Ambracian Gulf, facing the coasts of Epirus, and looking over the fair waters where the fate of Rome and of empire was decided on that memorable day* when "the ribald-rid nag of Egypt" hoisted sail and fled "i' the midst of the fight," followed by "the noble ruin of her magic, Antony." It is to be hoped that some of us were duly interested in these classic reminiscences, but I must own that the general aspect of our cavalcade while passing through these famous regions was that of a parcel of Sunday riders rather than of a dignified escort attending on a crowned head; the young monarch himself, who was mounted, I remember, on a spanking black mule, challenging us by turns to run races with him, to the great distress of some of my excellent colleagues, who did not feel exactly at home on the rough, hard-mouthed *agoyate* ponies that had been provided for them. From Santa Maura, too, we went by sea to Missolonghi, where we landed and visited the dreary house in which poor Byron breathed his last, and the neglected spot where his remains lay until taken home, and which is now—or rather was then—appropriately

* The Battle of Actium.

marked by the iron skeleton of the printing-press he had brought out with him from England.

Speaking of Byron and Missolonghi reminds me that our Vice-Consul in that dismal place, at the time of our visit there, was a gentleman of the name of Black, who had been an officer in our army. A few months before, I had met at dinner one day, at the Legation at Athens, a stoutish old lady, very badly dressed, and of that distinctly Levantine type with which all visitors to the East are familiar, and, on being introduced to her, had been told she was the wife of this same Black. I sat next to her, and found her as uninteresting as she was unattractive. After dinner, when she had departed, Scarlett somewhat maliciously asked me what I had thought of my neighbour, and then, to my utter amazement, informed me that this poor old creature, with no trace left of even ordinary good looks, was no less a person than the original Maid of Athens! *Zoe mou sas agapo!* I confess that I rather resented not having been told this beforehand by my excellent chief, as I thus lost a chance of seeking to discover whether, under this sadly commonplace, comfortable exterior, there still lay hidden away any of the charm that had inspired the well-known love-song. But even on this subject, as on so many others of historical or literary interest, some doubt is permissible. Mrs. Black had, it seems, two sisters, older and better-looking than herself, and credible persons have since assured me that it is by no means clearly established which of the trio really attracted the poet's fancy. The family, however, it appears, selected for immortal honour the youngest, who afterwards became Mrs. Black, and to her certainly in later years Gounod inscribed his charming setting of the famous verses.

At Athens too, while I think of it, I met and saw something of another lady to whom a romantic tale likewise attached—the wife, namely, of George Finlay, the distinguished historian of Greece, and for many years correspondent of the *Times* at Athens, with whom I had much interesting intercourse during my sojourn in the Greek capital. The story told was that Finlay, in the days when he came out as a young volunteer in the cause of Greek independence, had resided for some time at Constantinople, and there had much frequented the family of a wealthy Greek merchant, for one of whose daughters he had conceived a strong attachment. He had proposed to, and had been accepted by, the young lady, but the father obdurately refusing his consent to the marriage, she had finally agreed to elope by sea with her admirer. As she was, however, watched and guarded with truly Oriental methods, no other means could be devised of getting her out of the paternal abode than by conveying her on board

the vessel in a big packing-case,* supposed to contain some of her father's merchandise. The stratagem succeeded admirably, and the precious freight was safely shipped; but when Finlay broke open the lid to release the devoted captive he found, to his utter dismay, not the enchanting object of his affections, but an elder and very plain sister of hers who had substituted herself for the heroine, whose courage had failed her at the last moment. Finlay, of course, strongly demurred to this exchange, and some compulsion, so it is said, was needed to make him put up with the wrong lady. The marriage was, however, duly celebrated on board a British man-of-war in the Bosphorus, and, whatever Finlay's disappointment, he found in the person who had thus audaciously thrust herself upon him a devoted wife. She survived him a good many years, continuing to live on in the picturesque old house—in the more ancient (Turkish) part of the town at the foot of the Acropolis, close by the spot where Byron himself had resided—in which Finlay, whose memory she worshipped, ended his days amidst his wealth of books and manuscripts. Unlike "the Maid of Athens," she was of the small, spare type of Levantine, with a dark skin and beady eyes, very simple and unpretending, having but little knowledge of the world and a moderate command of broken English—altogether the last piece of goods an ardent young Philhellene of such culture as Finlay's would have cared to smuggle out of her father's counting-house.

And having thus far indulged in digression, this reminds me, too, that next door to the home of Finlay was that of a still more devoted champion of the Greek cause, General Sir Richard Church. He must have been close upon eighty when I arrived at Athens in 1862, charged with many messages for him from my aunt, Mrs. Arabin, who, in her youth, had known him well at Naples—at the time he played so active a part in stamping out Muratism and brigandage †—Vienna and other places. Church, who came a great deal to the Legation, and was treated with much distinction by the young King—he held the honorary rank of Commander-in-Chief of the Greek Army—was a striking instance of how ineffaceable are our national stamp and habits. He had lived amongst the Greeks for at least forty years, after gallantly fighting for their freedom, and yet looked, for the life of him, as though he had never strayed from the sweet shady side of Pall Mall; and, in his well-cut frock-coat, high black stock just showing the shirt collar, and glossy hat cocked at the proper angle, might any day have walked down the steps at the

* According to one version, it was a clock-case—presumably a "grandfather."

† See *The Silver Skull*, by S. R. Crockett.

Senior United Service. He rented a large rambling mansion, belonging to his neighbour Finlay, made conspicuous by a crazy old Turkish tower which one of my informants remembers to have seen rock during the disastrous earthquake that destroyed Thebes. Before the house was a spacious courtyard shaded by venerable sycamores, and here this sprucest of veterans dwelt in the company of an ancient Greek aide-de-camp in full Palikari uniform and big mustachios, keeping up to the end his active English ways, riding down to Phalerum every morning and having his plunge in the blue waters of the bay before breakfast. But, with all his British bearing and mode of life, in heart and soul he was entirely wrapped up in the country of his adoption, and, unlike the cool, dissecting Finlay, was, or affected to be, so blind to its blemishes and failings as to be intolerant even of any reflection upon it. Of a Sunday he used to hold levées which were largely attended by a number of old Palikari chieftains in the national dress. These he would introduce to his visitors, one by one, as Mr. So-and-so, "the best man in Greece," in this respect reminding one of our old friend Mr. Jefferson Brick,* with "the most distinguished man of our country." In this simple, unshaken faith he went down to the grave, amidst the oleanders on the banks of Ilissus, where he fitly lies at no great distance from his neighbour, that other fighter in a noble, but now, alas! somewhat discredited cause.

From Santa Maura we made for Argostoli in Cephalonia, where we stopped two days, taking long drives in the interior and round a great part of the island, and marvelling at the splendid network of roads so boldly carried over the hills in all directions—all the work of King Tom † and his soldiery—mournfully wondering the while how these masterpieces of engineering, fully comparable to the achievements of the Roman legionaries, might come to fare under a purely Greek *régime*. Wherever we went, indeed, all over these lovely islands, so wisely and munificently administered by us for half a century, the same thought obtruded itself: what means had the Greeks of continuing to the Ionians the benefits which our power and riches had ensured to them? As an old retired soldier of ours bitterly said to me at Corfu, in pointing to the long line of substantial barracks just evacuated by our troops: "Why, sir, they haven't even got men enough to keep them properly swept!"

At Zante, where we made our last halt, we were received with greater enthusiasm even, if possible, than elsewhere; or was it that the enchanting scenery of this Flower of the East ‡ lent an

* Vide *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

† Sir Thomas Maitland.

‡ "Zante, fior di Levante."

additional charm to the welcome given us, and made the festive preparations appear more striking and more beautiful? We went here to an extremely pretty *fête champêtre* given by one of the principal *signori*, and on this occasion I had my only difference of opinion with the young King, under circumstances which, as it turned out, only served to increase my liking and respect for him. Zante was the stronghold of M. Lombardos, the arch-demagogue who, more than any one, had contributed to dissolve the tie that bound us to the Islands, and, not content with driving us to withdraw from them out of sheer disgust and weariness, had heaped every kind of contumely upon us, not even sparing the fair name of the Queen in his vile aspersions of everything that was English. I was, therefore, not a little surprised and distressed—my feelings being shared by some persons of the highest position and intelligence among the Zantiotes—when, on the very day of our arrival in the island, M. Lombardos was invited to the royal table and treated with marked distinction by both the King and Count Sponneck. The following day, at this *fête* in the neighbourhood, the King again singled him out in the crowd and conversed with him for a considerable time. His Majesty then came across to where I stood, and perceiving, I suppose, that I was somewhat disturbed, inquired what was the matter. I then, in the most respectful language, admitted to the King that I had noticed with regret the favour with which he was treating a man who had been our worst enemy, and whose subversive principles (Lombardos was well known to be in intimate relations with the most active members of the revolutionary party in Italy and Austria) made him a decidedly dangerous element in so young a monarchy as that of Greece. I ventured, therefore, I said, earnestly to warn his Majesty against him. Instead of taking my assuredly well-meant observations in good part, the King flared up, said he knew what was best for his interests, and, turning on his heel, left me abruptly. I had some conversation immediately afterwards with Count Sponneck, and spoke to him seriously on the subject of M. Lombardos and the regrettable effect which the exceptional favour shown to him might produce.

In the evening we dined as usual at the royal table on board the *Hellas*, and, as usual, too, I sat next Count Sponneck and opposite the King. Up to this moment his Majesty had preserved a very distant manner towards me, when suddenly—we were halfway through dinner—he called for a pencil, and, taking up a bill of fare that lay by his plate, wrote something at the back of it, and gave it to a servant to take round to me. It was in German—a language in which we frequently conversed—and

said, in the kindest terms, that he wished what had passed between us to be forgotten, and trusted it would in no way mar the friendship between us. I could only bow across at the moment, but when dinner was over, and we all went on deck for coffee, I did my best to make the young King feel how deeply touched I was by this most friendly and gracious act on his part. I carefully preserved the *menu* card, and afterwards had it framed, with a photograph of the writer on either side of it.

Our delightful tour now drew to an end, and from Zante we shaped our course for the Piræus, touching on our way, for an hour or two, at the barren, half-desert island of Cerigo, which, it is hard to picture to oneself as the original realm of Aphrodite. The day after our return to Athens Edward Erskine arrived from England to enter upon the duties of the post to which he had been appointed some months before, and as I had myself in the meantime been transferred to Berne, I determined to leave forthwith, and took my passage for Messina on July 8. On many grounds I regretted leaving Athens and parting from a few highly valued friends, foremost among whom was Admiral Yelverton, who had shown me the greatest kindness, and whom I shall ever look back upon as the most polished and accomplished specimen of the British naval officer it has been my good fortune to come across. Very sorry, too, was I to bid good-bye to Finlay, whose unparalleled knowledge and experience of the country had been most valuable to me in drawing up some of the reports which the Foreign Office began to require from us about this period. Besides Finlay and that kindly old warrior, Church, I much regretted Merlin, at that time Vice-Consul at the Piræus, who, later on, as manager of the Ionian Bank, became a very shrewd and competent judge of the intricacies of Greek affairs, and especially of the finance of that country. But from Merlin, who continued to reside at Athens, where he did excellent service to our Government, especially at the time of the dreadful Oropos catastrophe, I was yet to experience much kindness in after years.

The King, in whose future welfare I could not but take the sincerest interest, was pleased to grant me a farewell private audience, at which he was good enough to express the hope that I might some day be accredited to him in a higher capacity. That desire has since been accomplished, but, on parting from the youthful Sovereign, I little foresaw the complications which were to make my subsequent mission to him the most trying and distasteful, perhaps, that ever fell to the lot of one of the Queen's representatives.

GREATER BRITAIN

THE CONFERENCE OF PREMIERS.

WHILE the energies of the British Empire were concentrated upon the great struggle now happily terminated, we decided to devote the limited space at our disposal to that struggle, and we believe that the *National Review* has supplied the only continuous narrative of the thirty months' war with the Boers. We have reason to believe that this monthly epitome, while not wholly useless to our readers in this country, has been especially servicable to Englishmen living abroad and in the Colonies. Curiously enough it is from South Africa itself, where we should fear being accused of carrying coals to Newcastle, that we have received the greatest number of favourable expressions as to the value of this chronicle. Owing to the immense area of operations, the scattered population, and the vagaries of the censor, it has apparently been extremely difficult for those at the front to follow the course of the war. In its early stages it was impossible for people in Natal to follow the campaign in Cape Colony and the Orange Free State, and *vice versa*. One of the first telegrams to the outside world from Mafeking after its successful relief by Colonel Mahon was a request for "back numbers of the *National Review*," which made us realise the use of a plain unvarnished record of the war to those engaged in it. Now, however, that, thanks to the dogged devotion of our forces and the brilliant capacity of Lord Kitchener, we have at last secured peace, on terms which, owing in no small degree to the sagacity and steadfastness of Lord Milner, are worthy of our sacrifices, a war chronicle is no longer necessary. We propose, therefore, to devote "Greater Britain," as its name implies, to Imperial affairs generally, and not to those of one part of the Empire, thus reverting to the original idea with which this department of the *National Review* was initiated. For the moment the chief business of Greater Britain is being transacted in London, where the unique gathering attracted by the Coronation has been wisely

made the occasion for a Conference of Colonial Premiers. It would perhaps be hazardous to say whether this informal Cabinet Council will produce tangible results or not, but in any case it is a memorable event, if only because it succeeds similar Conferences in the past, and will be the forerunner of other Conferences in the future. Ultimately we may hope to evolve out of these recurring consultations something in the nature of an Imperial Council. For it is rather to meetings of the heads of the executives of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, than to direct Colonial representation in the so-called Imperial Parliament, *i.e.*, the House of Commons, that we may look for a solution of the problem commonly termed "Imperial Federation."

THE OPENING ADDRESS.

The first sitting of the Conference was held on June 30 in the Secretary of State's room at the Colonial Office, Mr. Chamberlain presiding. The following Premiers of self-governing Colonies were present: Sir Wilfrid Laurier (Canada), Sir Edmund Barton (Australia), Mr. Seddon (New Zealand), Sir Gordon Sprigg (Cape Colony), Sir Albert Hime (Natal), Sir Robert Bond (Newfoundland). Lord Onslow, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Sir Montagu Ommanney, permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies, were also present, while Sir John Anderson of the Colonial Office acted as secretary to the Conference. No official report of the proceedings has been published, but it was semi-officially announced that this first sitting was principally occupied by Mr. Chamberlain's opening statement enumerating the chief subjects to be discussed. The following is believed to be a complete list of the subjects introduced by the various parties to the Conference: The Colonial Office is responsible for (1) the political relations between Great Britain and the Colonies; (2) Imperial defence; and (3) the commercial relations of the Empire; to this were subsequently added (4) the relations of Australia and New Zealand with the islands of the Pacific, and (5) Naturalisation. So far as is known the Canadian representatives formulated no suggestions, for, as they put it, "we are here to listen." Nor were Cape Colony and Natal credited with any definite programme, their interests being presumably covered by the official Agenda. The Australian Commonwealth, however, is understood to have brought forward the following questions:

(1) Army and Navy supply contracts.
(2) Ocean cables, purchase thereof.
(3) An Imperial Court of Appeal.
(4) The mutual protection of patents.
(5) Loss of the most-favoured nation treatment if a British preferential tariff is given.
(6) Imperial stamp charges on Colonial bonds.

New Zealand, as might be expected with such a Premier as Mr. Seddon, contributed a statesmanlike and fertile programme :

(1) A preferential Colonial tariff to British manufactures carried in British ships to the Colonies.
(2) A reduction of duties on Colonial products under taxation.
(3) An Imperial army reserve for service out of the Colony in times of emergency.
(4) An increase of the Australian Squadron on the lines of existing arrangements.
(5) The mail service between Australia, New Zealand, and Canada.
(6) The future government of South Africa, together with the admission of professional colonists to practise there.
(7) Periodical Colonial conferences.

There has naturally been active speculation as to what actually transpired in Downing Street, but so far as we have observed the only newspaper professing to be cognisant of the proceedings is the *Daily Chronicle*, and as it is habitually careful in its facts, we may perhaps accept its brief report as accurate as far as it goes. Being an Opposition paper it unfortunately uses its information to make a gratuitous attack upon Mr. Chamberlain, a temptation which apparently no Liberal, whether he call himself "Imperialist" or be in fact a Pro-Boer, can long resist. We are told that the Colonial Secretary's opening address was "disappointing," as "it comprehended all things probable or possible, but formulated nothing." As "one who was present" is reputed to have said, Mr. Chamberlain was "comprehensive and incomprehensible," which was interpreted to mean that the speech was "broad, varied and comprehensive—but indefinite." The members of the Conference were "no further forward when the Colonial Secretary finished speaking than they were when he began, except in one very important particular—they learnt for the first time that the Imperial Government had nothing definite to propose." They had been invited to a conference upon four or five subjects, of which three were of national importance, and "upon which the Secretary of State for the Colonies might have been expected to speak with decision." On the question of "political relations" Mr. Chamberlain contented himself with expressing the hope that the four

Imperial Conferences of the last sixteen years might be followed by similar conferences at more frequent intervals. Three or four years ago he issued "a secret and confidential despatch" to the Governors of all the self-governing Colonies, inviting expressions of opinion as to the possible form of Imperial Federation. Among his own alternative suggestions were the following:

(1) Life peerages for distinguished Colonists; or
(2) The right of the Agents-General or other representatives of the Colonies to sit in the House of Commons; or
(3) The creation of a permanent Imperial Council in London to be elected by every part of the Empire; or
(4) The calling together of periodic conferences of Colonial Premiers in consultation with the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

His present speech indicated that he had no intention of proposing anything beyond the last of these propositions.

In discussing commercial relations Mr. Chamberlain's address according to the unfriendly reporter was "cheerily optimistic and rosy in its general anticipations, but absolutely colourless as far as any practical proposals were concerned."

He did not tell the Conference officially what they appear to have learnt privately—that he had been baulked in his ambitions in this direction by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Chamberlain had first dreamt of a *Zollverein*, then conceived the idea of an Imperial Customs Union (as a modification of the *Zollverein* idea), and finally decided in favour of the less ambitious but more practicable scheme of preferential duties.

This was generally regarded as his "irreducible minimum," but a fortnight prior to the Conference even this had been "swept away" by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's statement that the Imperial Government would enter into no Customs relations with the Colonies except upon the Free Trade basis. Mr. Chamberlain therefore proposed nothing beyond "an understanding among the Colonies to give preferential treatment to British goods in their Customs Duties, whenever their political and revenue necessities would permit." According to the *Daily Chronicle* Mr. Chamberlain was equally sterile on the subject of Imperial Defence, and contented himself with an undertaking to lay before the Conference the latest information as to the proportions borne by the different parts of the Empire towards the cost of its defence, and details of the various military and naval arrangements now existing in the Colonies. A member of the Conference is reported to have said, "Our programme of defence proposals is a blank sheet of paper."

In reply to the strictures of the *Daily Chronicle* we have only to say that, assuming its report to be correct, the Colonial Secretary seems to have shown considerable prescience in addressing his guests in Downing Street. The public speeches of the Colonial Premiers since they have been in England indicate that there is the greatest divergence among them upon the leading Imperial questions, save that they seem to be agreed that it is desirable that Great Britain should place Colonial imports on a favoured footing. We are entirely with them on this question, and desire to see the British Government adopting a far more pronounced and enlightened attitude than it has yet manifested, but the "wobbling" of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach made it extremely difficult for his colleague to address the Conference save in the most guarded manner. Then again, Mr. Chamberlain would surely have been acting in a short-sighted, not to say suicidal, manner had he come forward, say, on the question of Imperial defence, with a cut-and-dried policy enforced in a take-it-or-leave-it manner.

The second sitting of the Colonial Conference took place on Friday, July 4, and lasted two hours, which were devoted entirely to the question of defence. Besides Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Premiers, Lord Onslow, Sir Montagu Ommanney and Sir John Anderson, there were also present Sir John Forrest, the Australian Minister for Defence, Lord Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty, accompanied by Mr. Arnold Forster and Admiral Custance, and Mr. St. John Brodrick, Secretary for War, together with Lieut.-General Sir W. Nicholson, Chief of the Intelligence Department of the War Office. According to the *Daily Chronicle* the proceedings opened with "a concise, lucid, and moderately stated exposition," by Lord Selborne, who necessarily devoted his remarks to the naval aspect of defence. It was stipulated that the Admiralty's proposals should be treated as confidential until they had been agreed to, but they are said to have been "of a very reasonable character, and not unlikely to be acceptable as an excellent working basis." This "unauthorised" assertion gains some confirmation from subsequent speeches of the Colonial Premiers, particularly one of Sir Edmund Barton's. In the general discussion Sir Edmund Barton, Mr. Seddon, and Sir Gordon Sprigg pointed out that there were three possible ways in which the Colonies might participate in naval defence:

(1) By contributing to the creation of a Colonial branch of the Navy;

(2) By contributing to the maintenance of an Imperial Naval Squadron in Colonial waters;

(3) By a direct money contribution to the Imperial Navy, without any stipulations.

The Australian Premier is understood to have suggested the first of these, while Mr. Seddon strongly urged the second, and Sir Gordon Sprigg the third. An objection made to the Australian "suggestion" was that the creation of a Colonial navy would be a costly experiment, all the more as the ships would soon become obsolete. On the other hand, it was pointed out "that the enthusiasm of the Colonies could not be sustained if their contributions were swallowed up (like Cape Colony's thirty thousand a year) in the general expenditure of the Imperial navy." The Colonies undoubtedly recognise their interest in and duty towards British sea-power, but they wish to "see" as well as to help, and as a *via media* Mr. Seddon champions the continuance and extension of the existing arrangement, providing a squadron all the year round in southern waters at the expense of the Australasian Governments. In pursuance of this policy the New Zealand Premier is credited with having laid the following propositions before the Conference:

(1) That the Australasian squadron be strengthened (*a*) by increasing the number of cruisers; (*b*) by withdrawing some of the inferior gunboats and replacing them with modern and a better class of cruisers; and (*c*) by adding torpedo-catchers or destroyers, if deemed necessary, the extra cost of maintenance entailed to be defrayed under the existing agreement and on a population basis.

(2) That in arranging for this it would be an advantage to the Empire to have subsidised mail services established as between Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and Great Britain, the steamers carrying such mails to be British-owned, and to be of such a class and so fitted that in time of war they may be armed and used as cruisers.

The discussion on the commercial relations of the Empire was ultimately held on July 16, when the Colonial Secretary, though still suffering from his cab accident, gallantly struggled to Downing Street in order to take the chair. The Premiers were all present minus Sir Gordon Sprigg, who had left for South Africa in order to confront a crisis for which he is largely responsible, and with which he has little capacity to cope, his place being taken by the Agent-General for Cape Colony, Mr. Fuller. In addition to the representatives of the Colonial Office were Mr. Gerald Balfour, Lord Dudley, Sir Francis Hopwood, and Sir Alfred Bateman, representing the Board of Trade, while Sir Robert Giffen apparently attended as a guest. We cannot help regretting, if outsiders were to be admitted, that it was not possible either to find some less pro-

nounced partisan than Sir Robert Giffen, or to invite in addition some equally pronounced partisan on the other side. Mr. Patterson, the Canadian Minister of Customs, and Mr. Fielding, the Canadian Minister of Finance, were also present. This time journalistic enterprise was apparently foiled, and we have no report of the proceedings beyond the bald semi-official announcement that the subject of "the establishment of preferential tariffs between the mother country and the Colonies, and also between the Colonies themselves" was entered into, but "no definite proposals were submitted, and it was agreed that the discussion should be of an informal character, not binding the speakers, and leaving to a future meeting the formulation and further consideration of distinct proposals on the subject." It will be remembered that when the Corn Tax was introduced in the House of Commons it was not unnaturally surmised, both here and in the Colonies, that a new fiscal policy was about to be inaugurated by the mother country, and that other taxes might follow which would be remitted in favour of the Colonies prepared to reciprocate, while remaining in operation against foreign nations. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the eloquent Premier of Canada, made a striking speech in the Dominion Parliament emphasising this aspect of the question. After a considerable delay Sir Michael Hicks-Beach vigorously repudiated the notion that the British Government contemplated any new departure. When Canada learnt that there was to be no discrimination in favour of Colonial imports, and that the Corn Tax had no political significance, the Laurier Government decided to offer no further preference to the mother country than had been already conceded. It is likewise asserted that the financial position of Australia—the Federal revenue depending entirely as it does on Customs—precludes the idea of any substantial concessions in favour of British trade, for some years at any rate, while South Africa, pending Federation, is politically too unsettled to give more than moral support to the theory of preferential trade. Consequently the field was again open to the Premier of New Zealand, who is said to have made the following proposal:

> It is essential to the well-being of the mother country and his Majesty's dominions beyond the seas that in such dominions, where the same does not exist, preferential tariffs, by way of rebate of duties on British-manufactured goods, carried on British-owned ships, should be granted; and that in the mother country a rebate of duty on colonial products, now taxable, should be conceded.

Mr. Wise, the very able Attorney-General for New South Wales, who contributes a valuable artice to this number of the *National*

Review, is believed to have originated this ingenious and excellent proposal.

THE MAIN ISSUES.

If the foregoing recital be at all near the mark, and it has certainly received some confirmation from public speeches, it would be rash to expect any immediate solution of the greater Imperial problems submitted to the Colonial Conference. Our political relations will remain practically as they are, and it must be recognised, in view of recent events, that there is little to be desired on this score, though neither here nor in Greater Britain is sufficient importance attached to the necessity of organising the scattered resources of the Empire. The *Quarterly Review* points out, in a suggestive paper in its July number, that the pith of the controversy on political relations is to be found in the speech addressed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier to the Canadian Parliament on March 13, 1900:

> What we did, we did of our own free will; and as to future wars, I have only this to say, that if it should be the will of the people of Canada at a future stage to take part in any war of England, the people of Canada will have their way. Of course, if our future military contribution were to be considered compulsory—a condition which does not exist—I would say to Great Britain, "If you want us to help you, call us to your councils."

The mother country replies by throwing back the initiative on the Colonies, saying in effect, "If you wish to come into our Councils, we shall be delighted to welcome you." But on neither side has there been any responsible demand for any fundamental change in the present happy-go-lucky system. This was the moral of 1897, and would appear to be the moral of 1902. With regard to Imperial Defence, while it would be an exaggeration to speak of a deadlock between the parties, there is a clear divergence of view. British statesmen appear inclined to call upon the Colonies, not always in the most persuasive manner, to contribute to the cost of maintaining the Navy which protects every portion of the Empire in proportion either to their population or wealth. The whole burden of insurance should not fall upon one of the properties insured. The Colonial statesman replies, with some force, "As we have no control and little influence over the foreign policy of the British Empire, we hardly see our way to make the proposed contribution, all the more as we believe that even if the Colonies were cut adrift to-morrow, Great Britain would not be able to reduce her fleets by a single ship." This rough-and-ready reply, which is

forcible without being really convincing, is closely connected with the respective attitudes of British and Colonial statesmen on the subject of trade relations. It is so easy for the politicians of Westminster, while refusing to make any concession to Colonial sentiment on the subject of an Imperial Customs Union, to advocate Free Trade within the Empire, and it is so simple for pundits like Sir Robert Giffen, whose minds are still drugged by the delusions of a Manchester bagman, to summon the Colonies to abolish their tariffs. But, as Sir Edmund Barton lately pointed out in a powerful speech :

> To establish a system of inter-Imperial Free Trade would be to take away from a large number of the self-governing parts of the Empire such a proportion of their revenue that the balance would not suffice for the ordinary purposes of their government. . . . In Australia . . . Free Trade . . . would mean such a surrender of revenue as would force them to stagger under the burden of government, and not be able to carry that burden without a system of direct taxation so grinding, so enormous as to prevent the internal development of their country.

The Australian Premier significantly added in this same speech (at the Empire Coronation banquet): "If they were to increase their contributions—which he admitted were not enough—to the defence of the Empire in the proportion of what was taken away from their necessary revenues by a process of inter-Imperial Free Trade, we should take away from them their capacity to contribute to the defence of the Empire." So-called Free-Traders should exhibit some diffidence in lecturing the Colonies, considering their own dismal record as prophets. Their success in inducing the people of this country to swallow their nostrums fifty years ago was largely due to reiterated assurances that if we set the example of opening our ports to the world, the world would open its ports to us. Nor were they less assiduous in asserting that an international interchange of commodities must produce international peace and goodwill. The contrary has happened in both respects. The world is more protectionist than ever, while the only Free Trade nation is the most hated of all. In other words, the bagman's millennium has never come.

AN IMPERIAL COURT OF APPEAL.

Among the subjects brought before the Conference upon which a decision should be reached is the Australian proposal for the establishment of an Imperial Court of Appeal. At present the British Empire possesses two Courts of Final Appeal,

viz., the House of Lords for the United Kingdom, and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council for India and the Colonial Empire. Sir Edmund Barton and the reformers desire to create one Court of Appeal for the whole Empire. The objection which is entertained in the Colonies to the existing *régime* is not only the inconsistency of having two Appeal Courts, but that the Judicial Committee is wanting in authority and dignity, while its *personnel* is too often a reservoir at the disposal of the House of Lords. Instead of dealing boldly with the problem of unifying the appellate tribunal of the Empire, Lord Rosebery's Government in 1895 sought to "strengthen" the Judicial Committee by appointing Colonial members, but as no salaries were provided for the latter, the results have not been brilliant. During the subsequent discussions on the Australian Commonwealth Bill, the subject was again raised, with the result that a Conference was held in 1901, when Mr. Chamberlain expressed his "earnest desire to deal with the matter this Session by creating Colonial law lords," but finally announced "his Majesty's Government do not propose to make any material changes for the establishment of an Imperial Court of Appeal." The reasons given for this change of front on the part of the home Government were the supposed divergences at the Conference. Australia, New Zealand and Newfoundland favoured the creation of a new Imperial Court of Appeal, while Canada, the Cape, Natal, and the representatives of India and the Crown Colonies were satisfied with some improvement in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The Quarterly Reviewer, whom we have already quoted, is, however, inclined to dismiss this theory of the failure of the Conference: "It has been conjectured—we believe correctly—that there was another division of opinion nearer home": a discreet allusion to the open secret that the chief obstacle to this, as to every serious judicial reform, is the Lord Chancellor, Lord Halsbury, whose retirement is at the moment of writing being actively discussed by everybody except himself. Let us hope that Mr. Chamberlain will now insist on taking the matter into his own hands, and will refuse to allow this long-delayed and most important reform to be postponed in order to please the whims, vagaries and love of mischief of his colleague on the woolsack.

Mr. Chamberlain is said to favour an excellent scheme which was outlined by Mr. Haldane in 1900 in one of his admirable addresses, now republished in a volume entitled *Education and Empire*. There is no man whose opinion carries more weight

on such subjects than Mr. Haldane, and his present proposal is as admirable as it is simple, viz., the fusion of the Judicial Committee in the House of Lords, necessarily reinforced by the creation of Colonial Law Lords, thus constituting one supreme Court of Appeal for the British Empire. Mr. Justice Hodges, the Australian delegate at the Conference of 1901, thus expounded the merits of the proposed court :

> Such a court would bring the best legal thought in the United Kingdom in touch with the best legal thought in the Empire outside the United Kingdom. It would be a wonderfully strong court, and command the admiration and respect, not only of the whole British race, but of every race in the British dominions. It would be a powerful factor in the development of a closer union between all parts of the Empire. In the British dominions it would obliterate in the administration of justice all distinctions between place and persons. Just as there is one flag to protect the subject from external assault, so there would be one court as the final arbiter of internal disputes.

While the powers of opposition to undesirable political reforms are not sufficiently strong in this country, the resources of obstruction to desirable administrative or judicial reforms appear to be almost inexhaustible. We can only express our sincere hope that Sir Edmund Barton and his colleagues will pursue this matter to the end, and that an Imperial Court of Appeal may emerge from their efforts. There could certainly be no more splendid symbol of Imperial unity. Should they fail we hope they will at any rate enlighten the public as to the causes of their failure, so that blame may attach to the proper quarters. If the majority of the Colonies wish things to remain as they are, by all means let them say so, but if, on the other hand, they desire a reform, which commends itself to all thoughtful people in this country, there is no reason why they should incur the odium which belongs to others.

THE SUSPENSION OF THE CAPE CONSTITUTION.

Although the question of suspending the Cape Constitution was not in any formal sense within the purview of the Conference of Premiers, it is a subject of general Imperial interest, upon which they have not hesitated to express their opinions, and upon which it is appropriate they should be heard. Apparently the majority are opposed to Suspension and approve the action of the Imperial Government, though it is observable that the only ones acquainted with the local conditions, viz., Sir Albert Hime, of Natal, and Mr. Seddon, are supposed to favour Suspension. Whatever view may be taken

it is not to be denied that Mr. Chamberlain's famous despatch to Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, dated July 2, contains food for serious reflection. The Colonial Secretary briefly epitomised the petition presented by the forty-two members of the Cape Legislature in the beginning of May, which pointed out that the Constitution had already been violated, that the parliamentary representation of the country "is not and cannot be at present fairly provided for," and urging that having regard "to the existing division of parties, and also to the bitterness which would be aroused, it is not expedient to ask the local Legislature to pass the necessary Act of Indemnity." They therefore requested a temporary suspension of the Constitution for a period "during which his Majesty's Government would be enabled to deal with the existing difficulties, which, in their opinion, required an amendment of the Constitution, and afterwards to restore the Constitution so amended to the Colony." Mr. Chamberlain points out that the petition had been signed before the close of the war and the rebellion in Cape Colony, events which may possibly have modified the views of the petitioners; that there was no precedent for the action sought; that it would be impossible to give precise assurances beforehand as to how the Imperial authorities would deal with the questions brought before them in the event of suspension, &c. For these reasons his Majesty's Government are inclined to infer that even the petitioners would desire that "before so serious a step is taken, incontrovertible proof should be produced either that the continuance of the existing Constitution is a positive danger to the peace of the Colony and to the interests of the Empire, or that the great majority of the white population desired a complete transfer of authority to the Imperial Government, a desire which might be expressed in constitutional form by a resolution of the Cape Parliament." At present this latter requirement is not fulfilled.

The Members of Parliament assenting to the Petition form only a minority of the Legislature comprising less than a third of the House of Assembly, and less than one half of the Legislative Council, and it is to be observed that in the majority are included the present Ministers of the Crown, who are entirely opposed to the suspension, abrogation, or withdrawal of the Constitution, and have assured his Majesty's Government that they are confident that their policy will command a majority when Parliament meets.

The Colonial Secretary acknowledges the truth of the petitioners' statement that the Constitution had already been violated in various important particulars, and moreover that under martial

law many acts had been done from necessity which were not in accordance with the ordinary law.

> It is, therefore, clear that an Act of Indemnity must be passed to cover the past breaches of the law, to protect the military and civil officers, including yourself [the Governor], who may have exceeded their legal authority, and to validate their proceedings and the sentences of courts-martial. It will also, perhaps, be necessary to strengthen the Government with special powers for carrying out the pacification of the country, *e.g.*, with regard to the importation and possession of arms.

Such indispensable legislation could either be passed by the Imperial or by the Cape Parliament, and his Majesty's Government "entertained the hope that the Cape Government will not fail in its evident duty, and will be prepared to take all the steps necessary for the security of the Colony and for discouraging racial and political controversy likely to interfere with the restoration of its prosperity." The despatch concludes thus:

> Considering the whole question of the proposed suspension broadly, his Majesty's Government cannot but feel that to deprive the Cape Colonists, even for a time, of their constitutional rights by imposing a system of Crown Colony Government without giving to the present representatives of the people the opportunity of expressing their opinions on such a great change is likely rather to produce discontent and agitation than to pacify race hatred. It does not appear to them justifiable to assume beforehand that the Colonial Parliament will refuse to pass the necessary measures for the pacification of the country, and his Majesty's Government agree, therefore, with your Ministers that it is proper in the first place that the Colonial Parliament should be called together as soon as possible, and that the requisite legislation should be at once introduced.
>
> They have the more readily adopted this view because in addition to the general considerations to which I have referred they are assured that there exists among moderate men of all parties an earnest desire to avoid further strife and to allay the passions excited by the war and by previous controversy. They hope, therefore, that many who sympathised with rebellion will rankly abandon their former attitude, and that all will cordially co-operate with their fellow colonists in the work of pacification.

Since the publication of this despatch, the Cape Parliament has been summoned to meet on August 20, and we shall see what we shall see when it does meet, and how far Mr. Chamberlain's appeal for racial appeasement is listened to. The argument that suspension must be rejected because opposed by a majority of the white population of a community in which the Dutch are in proportion to the English as three to two, and of the Dutch an overwhelming majority have lately shown active or passive sympathy with our enemies in the field, is hardly conclusive. The people entitled to primary consideration are surely not the aiders and abetters of the other side in

the recent conflict, but the people of our own flesh and blood, who bore the brunt of the struggle for British supremacy. Past experience in South Africa shows that we should hesitate twenty times before rejecting their opinions on such an issue. We sincerely and devoutly hope that the optimistic views of his Majesty's Government may be justified by the results, but they will not be justified simply because Sir Gordon Sprigg, the "loyalist" Premier, may be kept in office by the votes of the Afrikander Bond. In that case the Cape Premier would occupy towards that disloyal Association a position analogous to that of Mr. Gladstone as regards the Irish Nationalists during his last and most ignominious term of office. All Unionists can realise the danger of a Radical Government maintained in power at Westminster by rebel Irish votes, but what of the position of a "loyalist" Government maintained at Cape Town by equally rebel Afrikander votes? In the one case you place your countrymen under the thraldom of the Redmonds and the Dillons; in the other you bow the knee to the Merrimans and the Sauers.

THE PROBLEMS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Lord Kitchener left Cape Town on his triumphant progress home on June 23, two days prior to which Lord Milner took over the Government of the Transvaal. It is unfortunate that the transition from military to civil government should have been accompanied by a serious blunder on the part of the former, for which we feel sure Lord Kitchener may be held entirely blameless. The hand of the War Office is surely traceable in the orders issued breaking up the chief command in South Africa in the following manner: the Transvaal and Bechuanaland are converted into five military districts; the Orange River Colony into two districts; while Cape Colony and Natal form separate commands. This is worse than mere confusion. As the *Times* correspondent in Johannesburg points out, it will in the first place be an obstacle to demobilisation, while politically it is a step in the rear. "The one great aim to be kept in view while the settlement of the country is going on satisfactorily is the ultimate federation of South Africa." Everything which serves to emphasise the separate tendencies of the different Colonies should be scrupulously avoided, while no opportunity should be missed of inducing them to co-operate in common affairs. As it is hoped to federalise the railways and harmonise the various systems of education, so "another step might have been taken in the same direction by unifying

the different commands under the High Commissioner as Commander-in-Chief." This would not have entailed anything more serious than the surrender of "certain paper privileges" on the part of individual Governors. The writer is careful to point out that such criticisms are quite independent of the individual appointments, which are generally approved of. One of the first effects of the establisment of civil government was the gradual relaxation of the Censorship, which enabled us to get glimpses of the real South Africa, and to appreciate the brilliant *rôle* of that office in the final transformation scene. We are not disposed to carp at the very natural desire in high quarters to appeal to our dramatic instincts, but we must guard against the illusions which may be fostered by the panorama of brotherly love between Boer and Briton, which was displayed to an astonished and delighted Empire by a great stage manager.

Some idea of the immense labours now cast upon the High Commissioner (in whom the British public have more confidence than ever since they have begun to realise the invaluable, if unostentatious, part which he played during the recent negotiations) may be gathered from a bald enumeration of the problems now confronting him, which is all we have space for. The scarcity of labour on the Rand, *e.g.*, is becoming so serious as to provoke a discussion as to the possibility of inducing white men to do work which had previously been left to the natives. If only the experiment now being tried attains success, one of the gravest features of the South African situation may be alleviated, for there would be an immense influx of British population, but it is premature to pronounce upon the matter. Then there is the repatriation of the many thousand Boer prisoners, who will shortly be flocking into South Africa from the various islands in which they have been imprisoned. The civil authority also becomes responsible for order over the immense area which was recently the scene of military operations, and which now, owing to the gradual withdrawal of the army, is to be handed over to the police. Not less important is the problem of land settlement, to which, as is well known, Lord Milner has devoted his energies for many months past. There are at this moment in South Africa an immense number of suitable settlers who are prepared to take up suitable land, of which there is an abundance, while in a political sense it is imperative, if we are to hold the country, that there shall be a large infusion of the British element, not merely into the towns but also into the rural districts. But the most pressing

problem is the *personnel* of the administration of the new territories. So far the Colonial Office has supplied a small number of officials, India has sent others, and some have been appointed in South Africa. But time must elapse before Lord Milner can fill up all the vacancies, as he is determined to put the right men in the right places. The standing obstacle at the present moment, according to a recent telegram from Pretoria, is the miserable inadequacy of the salaries when the enormous cost of living is taken into consideration. Even the humblest houses cost £300 a year, while cooks' wages run from £7 to £10 monthly, a Kaffir house boy's from £4 to £6, and the minimum cost of feeding a horse is £60 a year. Frozen meat costs 1*s.* to 1*s.* 2*d.* per lb., fresh meat being unprocurable; even newspapers cost 3*d.* How then is it possible to expect a married Civil Servant with from £500 to £700 a year to make both ends meet under such economic conditions? It is essential to the good government of the country that the salaries be raised to a proper footing.

CORRESPONDENCE

OF SHAKESPEARE AS A MAN OF SCIENCE—JUDGE WEBB'S REPLY TO PROFESSOR DOWDEN.

To the Editor of THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

SIR,—My friend and former colleague, Dr. Dowden, has paid me the compliment of saying that in *The Mystery of William Shakespeare* I have written "an entertaining book"; and he has paid me the still higher compliment of thinking I have written a book which requires to be confuted. Accordingly he has undertaken to "notice everything which a reasonable person can suppose to possess importance" in my chapter on Shakespeare as a man of science; and to prove that all which I regard "as proper to Shakespeare and Bacon was, in fact, the common knowledge or common error of the time." But unfortunately my accomplished critic has stumbled at the very threshold of his polemic. The question which I undertook to discuss was not the common knowledge or common error of the *time*, but the common knowledge and common error of Shakespeare and Bacon; and my critic will scarcely deny that in matters of science Bacon and Shakespeare had much in common. Whatever inferences may be deduced from the fact, it surely is a fact that the poet, like the philosopher, maintained the theory of pneumaticals, the theory of the transformation of species, the theory that the sun is the efficient cause of storms, the theory that flame is a fixed body, the theory that the stars are fires, and the theory that the heavens revolved around the earth. That the poet should have been as interested as the philosopher in scientific matters is surely a fact worth noting; and even if they resorted to the store of "the common knowledge or common error of the time," it surely is remarkable that they not only resorted to the same storehouse, but selected the same things, and incorporated the same things in their respective writings, and, so far as either their knowledge or their errors in matters of science were concerned, were in reality the same. But is it a fact that all that is proper to Shakespeare and to Bacon was the common knowledge or common error of the time? Take, for instance, the theory of pneumaticals. Bacon in his *Natural History* tells us that it was "scarce known" (s. 98); and yet it was as well known to Shakespeare as it was to Bacon. In fact it pervades the plays, as it pervades the ten centuries of the *Sylva*. Professor Dowden tells us, and I presume he is right, that the Shakespeare-Baconian theory of spirits is to be found in the *Encyclopædia of Bartholomew Anglicus*, and that it was possibly "influenced by Paracelsus," that Lemnius talks of "the vital and animal spirits," and that Scaliger was of opinion that music plays upon

"the spirits about the heart." But the Professor's string of learning about Scaliger, Lemnius, Paracelsus, and Bartholomew Anglicus, I fancy, would have had much the same effect on the Professor's player that the Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Lucanus Ocellus of Mr. Ephraim Jenkinson had on Dr. Primrose.

Professor Dowden tells us that the expression "Expense of spirits" is "not peculiar to the writer of the *Sonnets* or the writer of the *Sylva*"; but he inadvertently, no doubt, omits what is in reality peculiar to them—the fact that the one uses it in connection with "the use of Venus" and the other in connection with "the waste of shame." But was the expression one in common use? The Professor tells us that it may be found in Bright's *Treatise of Melancholy* 1586, and in Donne's *Progress of the Soul*, stanza xxi. Here I hope my friend will excuse me if I quote a remark of Dr. Johnson's. "If I come to an orchard," said the lexicographer to Boswell, "and say, 'There's no fruit here,' and then comes a poring man, who finds two apples and three pears, and tells me, 'Sir, you are mistaken, I have found some fruit,' what would that be to the purpose?"

Bacon tells us that "the transmutation of species is in the vulgar philosophy pronounced impossible" (s. 525). The Darwinian theory, therefore, was not the common knowledge of the time. And yet the author of *The Winter's Tale* insists on the possibility of the transmutation of species as confidently as the author of the *Sylva*. And there is a marvellous coincidence on which I think my Shakespearean critic would do well to ponder. The *De Augmentis* was published in October 1623, and *The Winter's Tale* was published for the first time in the following November or December. If my friend will take the trouble to read the second chapter of the second book of Bacon's masterpiece he will find a protest against the philosophers who hold that art is "something different from nature," a mere *additamentum quoddam naturæ*, which can perfect, mend, or assist nature, but cannot change it. My friend is familiar with the mind and art of Shakespeare, and if he will turn to the contemporaneous discussion between Perdita and Polixenes about the "streak'd gillyvers which some call nature's bastards," I think even he will own that the footmarks of Bacon may be detected in the Bohemian garden of *The Winter's Tale*.

Another word before I make my escape from the follower by whom, to use the language of the Nationalist about the Irish police, I have been "shadowed." The anti-Baconian editor of Bacon, Mr. Spedding, claims to have been the first to note the resemblances of thought and expression that exist between *The Winter's Tale* and the *Essay on Gardens*, which was published for the first time in 1625; and Mr. Spedding candidly admits that if the essay had been published before 1616 he would have suspected that it had been read by Shakespeare. My friend, to use his own expression, is not so "liberal in admissions," and in confirmation of his theory that the comparison of the seasons of flowers with those of the life of man was one of the commonplaces of the time he cites a passage from *The Blazon of Gentry* by a forgotten notability of the name of Ferne, and he remarks that "the parallel between Ferne and Shakespeare is in its idea much closer than that between Shakespeare and Bacon." If my friend will allow me I will make him the present of a more specious argument. His Stratford Shakspere we know was anxious to be considered a gentleman and to obtain a grant of coat-armour from the College; what was then more natural than that he should consult *The Blazon of Gentry* by a herald?

But why continue this discussion? I might easily confute all that the Professor has said by way of confutation about the theory of storms, the theory of flame, the theory of the stars, the theory of the heavens, and all the other Shakespeare-Baconian speculations through which I have been shadowed by my critic. But I fear I should cease to be "entertaining," and I console myself with the reflection of Archbishop Whately, that the world will never miss the brilliant things that I have failed to say.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

THOMAS E. WEBB.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

SIR,—In my article on "Mercantile Cruisers and Commerce Protection," in the July number of the *National Review*, I regret that I made the mistake of crediting Admiral Sampson, the United States Admiral, with flying his flag in the *New York*, a merchant cruiser, during the war between the United States and Spain, when it should have been *the armoured cruiser New York*.

Whilst regretting the error, which was due to similarity of name, it does not invalidate my argument, which was that we required merchant cruisers of great speed to meet similar vessels of Foreign Powers, and that it was their duty to show a clean pair of heels to any regular men-of-war cruisers.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

G. R. FREMANTLE (Admiral).

THE NATIONAL REVIEW

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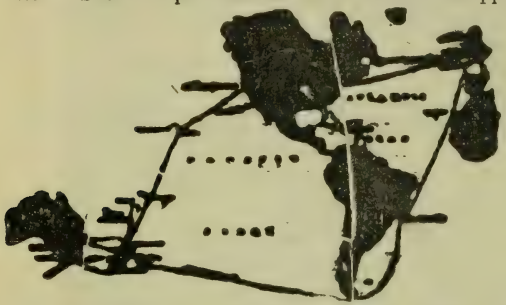

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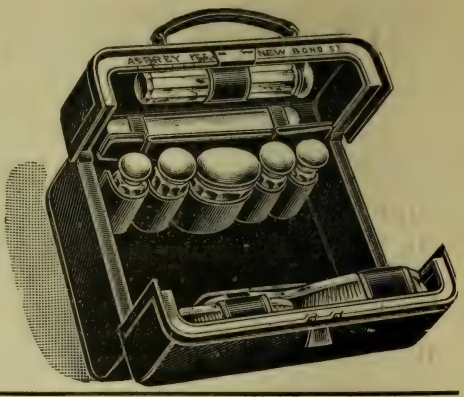

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